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AN ANCESTOR OF WALL STREET

BY HALLBOWLIN ELMES

Here is a tale of the fine old days when privateering was a "gentleman's business." Mr. Hallbowlin Elmes has carefully studied his historic setting, and the story conveys that correct impression in which the best type of historical fiction is often so much more successful than sober historical narrative. It is so important to know what manner of men and what were men's manners in forming our estimate of any period or movement. But the main purpose of a story is entertainment, and we would not print "An Ancestor of Wall Street" if it were not a rousing good story.

For our next number we are able to announce a novellette by Jane Belfield, whose story, "The Mammon of Unrighteousness," appeared in our April number and was very widely and favorably noticed. .Miss Belfield's new story is entitled, "Locusts," and is a careful study of modern social conditions, and is absorbingly interesting. It is in no sense a "problem" story, but it is thought provoking as well as entertaining, and will be remembered by all who read it.

We have now published seven of the twelve complete novels or plays promised to our subscribers at the beginning of the year. Shall we continue this feature? Let us hear from you about it, for it is your magazine, not ours, and we are trying to make it what you want it to be.

AN ANCESTOR OF WALL STREET

BY HALLBOWLIN ELMES

NO question about it, Bully Mayoux was a man of force. Some of it was sheer size, some of it his big deep voice, and most of it the brute in him that men saw and feared; but he generally carried his point just the same, and smaller men snugged up to him the way they do to big fellows, ate where he ate, drank where he drank, agreed that whatever Mayoux did would probably turn out all right—for him, at least, and for his followers—and so they followed.

In a ponderous way he was clever, and, what is unusual in big men, avaricious. It was rare to see a great, broad-chested, big-bellied man wrapped up in the love of gain, but that was the dominant interest for Bully Mayoux, the thing he schemed and dreamed and plotted about day and night. He was successful too, money coming in the easy way it does to men of size, not in enormous quantities but enough so that they treated him with consideration at the Blue Bombardier. Money talked then, just as it does now, it usually talked clear and forcefully in New Orleans in the days of His Sacred Majesty King Louis the Fifteenth of France.

Besides it was a year ago now since they followed his lead and put their hard earned savings into Master Henriot's venture. It took a full thousand crowns to get Master Henriot and the Vampire out of the harbor: the landlord paid two hundred of them and Papa Dinan two hundred more,—indeed that was all Bully Mayoux put in himself, though every one regarded him as the leader of the enterprise. Even Gossip Jacques scraped together a hundred crowns, while William Austyn, who was no Frenchman but a grave, thoughtful colonist from Philadelphia,—one of the kind who, a few generations later, when the war came, were City Troopers of his home town in their smart brown coats with the white facings—Austyn put in three hundred crowns, the biggest sum of all. Master Henriot had no money but he was to get a third of the profits of the venture for his services.

The Vampire had a nominal destination and a pretence of a cargo, but

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when a clipper-built ship had four brass cannon on board, and space between decks full of ammunition, it was simple prudence for peaceable merchantmen to give her all the sea room she wanted and more. Her real mission, of course, was to levy tribute on the world's commerce as a privateer. Plain piracy—robbery on the high seas and murder—were plenty good enough in those days for honest merchants, solid men in the community, to invest money in, and widows and orphans helped out too. It was a crude, elemental way of getting rich quick and has been marvellously improved on since then.

"You're a pack of cowards, that's what you are I tell you." It was Bully Mayoux shouting across the tables at the Blue Bombardier, as they talked round and round the subject that was next to their hearts. "What's a year to gentlemen adventurers, I'd like to know. There never was a safer man on the coast than Master Henriot, and the minute he's out of sight you give him up for lost."

"He's been out of sight a lot of minutes now," grumbled Papa Dinan. "He may get back well enough but what's the good of that to some of us if he doesn't hurry a bit."

"What good to you anyhow, Papa Dinan," the Bully snarled. "A man as old as you has no business thinking about money. You go up to the chapel and pray the good God to forgive you the wicked life you've led. Money indeed! Leave Lisette to look after the money for you, Papa."

"And leave you to look after Lisette, maybe," thought Papa Dinan to himself. But aloud he said nothing, for he was old and wrinkled and preferred sitting in his chair in the corner and keeping quiet to getting into an argument with this bull of a man. So he only muttered under his breath. But the landlord was younger.

"That's all very well, but Master Henriot himself said six months would see him back, and so did you Messire Mayoux. You remember that night, don't you Gossip Jacques? We don't grow younger, not one of us, not even you, comrade."

Nothing hurt the vanity of the Bully quite so easily as the suggestion that he wasn't as youthful as he let on to be. Besides, getting angry and shouting his antagonist down was an easy way to answer and a habit with him.

"Will you put lies in my mouth, you," he roared, banging on the table. But the tavern keeper stuck to his point.

"Am I not right, Gossip," he persisted. His finger singled out Jacques, who certainly had no wish to confront the Bully, but he could scarcely deny either.

"It's not true, you know it isn't true," Mayoux bellowed furiously. "I allow, now, I may have said such trips commonly ended in six months. So they do, too, you know that yourself."

It wouldn't have needed much to bring the Bully to blows and the tavern keeper was an undersized man. He weakened.

"That's true enough, comrade, but—

"Hang your 'buts,' mine host," broke in Mayoux. "I never said he'd be back then for sure. I never said for sure that he'd ever come back. How could I? Answer me that, how could I?"

"Of course you couldn't, comrade." The innkeeper was pacific. "No man can say what will come out of the sea."

"No man can," the Bully agreed, a bit less ruffled. "Yet you all say he is gone—shipwrecked—dead. *I* say," and he thumped his fist on his chest in a way that made Papa Dinan, who had no chest, jump in his chair, "*I* say Master Henriot is well, *I* say he is growing richer every day, *I* say he will come back to New Orleans some fine day and make us all rich for life."

"That may be, some fine day," said the host, "but for my part I wish I had my two hundred crowns."

"You and your two hundred crowns. You must have wept two hundred times over every crown. That's the worst of it. Not one of you dares take a chance! When you do, you go to crying over it before you know whether you've won or lost."

"Two hundred crowns is two hundred crowns, Messire Mayoux. I wish I had a tenth part of that sum back in my pocket now."

"A tenth part indeed! Look here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you double that. I'll give you forty crowns in gold, fifty I'll make it—I'm no niggard. Fifty crowns out of my own pocket for the two hundred you're blubbering over. But mind you, if you take them and the Vampire comes home safe, you don't get a penny of your share in her, it all goes to me."

The landlord wasn't quite ready for this but he did not want to refuse either.

"I'd like a little while to think that over, comrade Mayoux. Maybe, after all, the ship is safe."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said the Bully heartily. "When you lose heart again, remember I'll make that offer good any time in the month. And you too, Papa Dinan, I'll do as much for you or any of the others. Only if any of you take it you get none of the treasure Master Henriot is going to bring home."

Everyone was silent after that. They might have their fears, still such a flat-footed proposal as that called for deliberation.

However that night it blew a gale that lasted two whole days and nights and over into the third day. It kept folk to their houses and Papa Dinan wasn't able to take his accustomed seat in the corner at the Blue Bombardier, and at the chapel they offered up prayers for them that lay in peril of the deep. By the close of the week the landlord was fifty crowns richer, Gossip Jacques had twenty-five in the canvas bag under his shirt, and both had signed away their share in the winnings of the Vampire to Bully Mayoux. His share now amounted to five hundred crowns, a third of all the plunder if the privateer came home.

Papa Dinan also despaired of ever seeing her return but he was bound he wouldn't sell out to the Bully. He hated to lose the money but

somehow he distrusted the big fellow and Lisette, his daughter, shared the feeling. The Bully used to court her in his insolent, swaggering way; he was so big and overbearing he couldn't see she hated him. Austyn, the silent Philadelphian, saw it, and he hated the Bully too.

But he was sorely tempted to take the money just the same. Not that he wasn't confident the ship would come back, he felt that she would; but the thing was how long she would be in coming, for he needed the money. Three hundred crowns had been a lot to sink in the venture. Besides, any man that courted Lisette had need to have money if he looked for a good reception from Papa Dinan.

Three weeks dragged by and all the news from the sea was bad news. Austyn said little but he worried. It was so hard for an Englishman to get on among the French. Only Lisette was kind to him, the men distrusted him and held aloof. Sometimes it made him burn with indignation. What right had these Frenchmen down in these parts at all. They had their own province up in Canada, and a great big river to take them to the sea. Why didn't they keep to that and leave the rest to the colonists of Virginia and Georgia and Pennsylvania, where the country was already getting filled up.

One day Bully Mayoux met him on the street as he was making his way over to Papa Dinan's shop.

"Well, Messire Austyn, what do you think of the Vampire these days?"

Austyn didn't want to say what he thought.

"What do you think yourself, Messire Mayoux?"

"She'll come in," replied the Bully. "Not a doubt of it she'll come in. Not but what she's a mighty long while gone, a mighty long while, and things do happen at sea at times." There was a shade of anxiety in his voice.

The Philadelphian didn't trust Mayoux very far, his answers were guarded.

"She should come in soon if she comes at all," he said.

"Oh, you couldn't say as to that. Ships have been gone two years, three, four even, and turned up after all, safe and sound with all manner of wonderful tales. She'll come in, I'm quite sure of that, but you couldn't even hazard a guess when it will be."

"It's a long while to wait. There are only three of us left to share it now, not counting Master Henriot."

"Only three, and I, for one wouldn't be sorry if there were but two. And you can guess which two I mean, Messire Austyn. These old fellows with a foot in the grave have no courage."

Austyn glanced keenly at Bully Mayoux but the latter was looking along the street and did not notice the glance. It came into the colonist's head to do a little fishing.

"If, now, Messire Mayoux, a man had need to raise money in haste, I suppose one might borrow something on the prospect of the Vampire getting home?"

"Well, as to borrowing I wouldn't say. It's a hard matter to raise money at all these days. Even to sell a share outright wouldn't be easy. Folk want to know the ship and the man that sails her before they put up money. There's only Papa Dinan and me that know Master Henriot, and as for Papa Dinan—if you were starving you might talk yourself hoarse for all the good it would do you there."

"I think you're right,"said Austyn.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," went on the Bully, as though struck by a sudden idea. "I know you, Messire Austyn, you are a man after my own heart. If you want to sell your share in the Vampire I'll give you a hundred and fifty crowns for it."

The shadow of a smile flitted across the face of the colonist.

"I thank you, Messire Mayoux, but you have misunderstood me. I did not wish to sell. I merely asked if a man could raise a little money if need were. I have all I want for the present."

Bully Mayoux saw the trap he had blundered into. He turned red and stammered.

"Oh—oh—yes, of course. Well, just the same, if ever you want to give it up any time, remember me." And he marched off down the street.

Austyn mused a moment.

"I don't quite know what you're up to, Master Frenchman, but I see that the price goes up. Fifty crowns in the hundred! Gossip Jacques got but twenty-five."

Lisette was very fond of Austyn, in fact there was a very clear understanding between them that her father knew nothing about. She was a very proud little body and very loyal, and when Papa Dinan said sarcastic things about young men who hadn't enough money to ask for the hand of a decent girl, she would flare up.

"This is a man's land, father. Back in France it's altogether different. What's the good of money here where the Indians come in the night time. What can money do for you when you take up land with bushes and undergrowth all over it and you can't get help because there aren't enough men to go round."

"That's all very well, but money is a fine thing, my dear, just the same," Papa Dinan objected.

"A man can do very well without it here if he can ride and shoot and dig and chop down trees. I hate all the pasty-faced, dressed-up townsfolk that live on what they cheat each other out of, and I hate Bully Mayoux too, that talks so big and swaggers about like the governor, and never did a tap of honest work all his lazy life."

"There now," protested Papa Dinan weakly, "who said a word about Messire Mayoux. You know I don't like him any more than you do."

"Oh, I know you don't but you want his money just the same, and you'd have me marry him rather than see it slip away from you."

"Well, my dear, when you're a bit older you'll see what a precious important thing money is. A girl like you doesn't want to throw herself away on some smooth-tongued fellow with a thread-bare coat that the

Jews over by the money changers jeer at when he goes by."

When Austyn came he told her about his interview with Bully Mayoux, as they leaned with their heads close together over the counter of Papa Dinan's shop, while the old man was busy in the back room. Lisette always contrived an excuse to set her father to work rummaging for something in there as soon as she saw her lover coming down the street. Papa Dinan had awfully funny ideas about young people.

"Don't you ever let that man have your share, William. It's our share, isn't it, dearest," and she smiled up at him so that Austyn wanted to vault the counter and make her say it all over while he held her in his arms. "Don't you do it, no matter what he offers."

"But we've only a little money left, Lisette, and it doesn't grow bigger. I wish I had never put those three hundred crowns into that venture. I could have bought a farm close to the city here and we might be married by now."

"It's too late to cry over that now, and besides I don't trust that man. When he comes round buying up everybody's share you mark my words there's something in the wind."

"I don't trust him either, darling, but I haven't enough left to buy a farm and if I let him have my share maybe—"

"If you let him have it I'll never forgive you William, never. Besides —there's something I never told you about Bully Mayoux. I didn't know what it meant at the time, and I don't know now, but I've got a feeling there's something queer about him, and about Master Henriot too."

She glanced into the back room. Papa Dinan was busily engaged and she came round to the outside of the counter and Austyn perched her on top of it and seated himself beside her so that his arm could be around her as she talked.

"It was the night before the Vampire went down the river. Bully Mayoux and Master Henriot were down near the levee, I could see them by the light of the lantern over the Port Captain's office.

"They stood ever so long talking together, and at last I got curious to hear what they had to say and I slipped down, keeping out of the light of the lantern so they couldn't see me coming. Bully Mayoux had his back to me and I crept up quite close behind him; he was so big and fat Master Henriot couldn't see round him to where I was. It was almost too late for they parted just after I came up, and Bully Mayoux almost swept me off the levee as he swung round. What a clumsy brute he is! And he gave me such a look, as though he half suspected I had been spying. William, I hate him!

"Well, just before they broke away I heard Mayoux say: 'It's quite easy to find. It's the only one on the coast. Remember, a green light for two evenings after the new moon.' "

The Philadelphian looked perplexed.

"That would seem to be a signal, though why any man should want to signal Master Henriot and the Vampire I don't know. But if Bully Mayoux is in it, I'll be bound it's not for good—at least to us."

"But you won't sell him your share, William, will you?"

"Not for all the gold in New Orleans. I promise you that, little one," and Lisette gave him an extra kiss.

That evening William Austyn called ceremoniously on Papa Dinan and demanded the hand of his daughter Lisette. He had expected to be ordered out of the house and was vastly surprised to find Papa Dinan's manner, if not cordial, at least neutral. Later he learned how, a little while after his visit to the shop in the afternoon, Bully Mayoux had come to make a similar demand.

But the swaggering Frenchman, taking his acceptance for granted, proceeded to lay down in unmistakeable terms his ideas as to the "dot" or marriage portion that befitted a bride worthy of the hand and heart of Messire Mayoux.

Now Papa Dinan was fond in measure of his daughter, but the sorrow of parting with her was as nothing to the pain of severing himself from his savings; even Mayoux's love of money was no deeper. He was afraid to show his indignation or refuse the Bully outright, so he took refuge, as usual, in mumbling unintelligible things in his beard, and pleading for time before making up his mind to part with his dear, dear daughter, his only hold on life. He was a terrible coward, was Papa Dinan, as well as a skin-flint, and at the moment of the colonist's arrival his one thought was how to avoid granting the big fellow's demand without incurring his enmity by a direct refusal.

The entrance of Austyn upon the scene suggested a plan to the old man. He heard what the young man had to say ,and questioned him carefully about his finances and prospects, sitting in his tattered old chair by the fire place and nodding his head sagely. He appeared absorbed in the recital, although he knew every word of it long ago. As a matter of fact his mind was busy working out the details of his deliverance.

"Messire Austyn, what you say about being young and able to fight your way in the world is all very well. I was young once myself, I know how it feels. But it appears to me—you will excuse my bluntness, but this is an affair of business—it appears to me that while you have fine prospects you haven't much else. You can't buy a farm near the city here, you admit it. You will have to go out many leagues and take up new land for a farm. Is it not so?"

Austyn, his hand in the girl's, admitted it.

"A new land, with new problems and new dangers too?"

Austyn made no reply. The old man was silent for a while. Then he asked sharply:

"You don't say what you're expecting for a marriage portion. Eh?"

The other looked up in surprise.

"Père Dinan, I hadn't given the matter a thought."

"Oh, you hadn't," chuckled the old man with a sneer. He had heard of men with these liberal ideas but he had never met them and was openly incredulous.

"Hadn't given it a thought. Well, well, that's strange. It's a very

important detail, young man."

Austyn flushed; he didn't care to have his word questioned. He made as if to rise but the old man motioned him back into his chair with a half apologetic shrug.

"In my country we think of such things, I assure you."

He relapsed into silence for quite a long while. Finally he raised his head.

"Messire Austyn, you are a young man, but you are a man of affairs. You are aware that one does not get pearls for pennies in this world. I know you are industrious and have a right to hope for success. But these are prospects. Not money, only prospects! You will admit it is so?"

"Yes, Père Dinan, it is so, I grant you."

"Well then, if my daughter should marry you,—mind I do not say she may marry you—but if she does, it seems to me that as you throw into the pot nothing but prospects, that is plenty for her to bring, too. What do you say to that, young man? No money, just prospects for a 'dot.'"

"I don't understand you at all, Père Dinan, though what you say appears fair. But I have never worried about the 'dot.' All I asked of you was the hand of Lisette; her heart I have already," he added proudly.

Papa Dinan's manner didn't betoken conviction. The idea that a man would marry a girl whether she brought him money or not didn't make much of an appeal to him.

"Messire Austyn," the old man went on, "as you know, I have a share in the profits which may be made by Master Henriot's venture. If he ever gets back to port that share will be worth a lot of money." There was a wicked smile on Papa Dinan's face.

"Just at present, though, it also is only a prospect. On one condition I'll let you marry my daughter,—on one condition, note you—but even if you accept that condition all the 'dot' I'll give her is my share in the Vampire."

William Austyn's heart gave a bound.

"Père Dinan you are too good. I don't know how to thank you"—he began, but the fond parent cut him short.

"Wait a minute. You haven't heard the condition yet."

"The condition—" The young man's face fell.

"Yes," said the old man sternly, "the condition. It is that you two must elope. You can't have any formal wedding here. You're not the only man that wants Lisette and I'll have my work cut out explaining things as it is."

II.

It all raised a fine to-do in their little circle. They talked about it for days at the Blue Bombardier and quizzed Papa Dinan over the daughter that a starveling English colonist had stolen from him; and Papa Dinan let them talk and let on to be sorely put out at the trick. Bully Mayoux taunted the old man to his face in his brutal way, but then everybody knew he was bitter against William Austyn for going off with the girl he wanted for himself, so no one was surprised, and the old man sat back in his

corner and muttered, and chuckled to himself to think how he had cheated the Bully out of his girl and the Englishman out of a 'dot'.

The young couple themselves were little affected by the gossip, they had other and sterner interests. With little money to buy a developed farm near the city theirs was the ultimate resort of the colonist, to go further afield, leave the beaten track and break ground in unknown parts. It seemed a mighty undertaking to them, and it surely was in that day, when savages came unchecked so close to the settlements, and the forces of civilization were so scattered and feeble. Yet on the map it looks a little distance, not more than a day's journey for a well mounted rider.

They located on high ground overlooking the sea, a spot that Austyn had picked out long before because of an old stone tower that stood close to the cliff's edge, a monument to some lost race that even Indian tradition was silent about, and a landmark to vessels at sea that might put into the bay or take shelter from the weather behind the long, low island outside.

It was neither the charm of history nor love of the antique that dictated the choice of the hard headed colonist. To his practical mind here was a home ready made for them. No need to live miserably in a tent for weeks, or maybe months, while he felled trees and hewed out a dwelling with infinite toil, leaving the land that was to sustain them unbroken. A fine stone house, impervious to a night raid of Indians even with its usual accompaniment of fire, and where they could store their belongings in the upper part safe from marauders—what more could a man want. He could start work clearing ground the day they arrived.

And start he did, working with a will in the lengthening spring days, so that the land might begin to yield them sustenance by the time their own stores ran low. Lisette worked beside him, the light cares of housekeeping were no excuse to her to shirk the outdoor labor, the blood in her veins could be traced back through generations of French peasant women whose backs had bowed to the toil of fields.

Starting from the old stone tower a widening circle of cultivated land began to sweep back the trees and bushes and undergrowth; in their fight against Nature the young couple almost forgot the hopes that had buoyed them up in the city, when the gossips at the Blue Bombardier speculated interminably on the Vampire's return. Lisette remarked on this one evening, as they gazed out to sea, where a tiny speck showed a vessel rounding the island and heading for the bay.

"There comes a ship in from the sea now. Wouldn't you rather be here, William, with our home and our land and every day's work to make us better off. Back in New Orleans we were always waiting and watching, and never getting a penny the richer."

"Yes, little woman, I guess that's true. After all there's nothing like hard work to make a man wealthy."

"Then if we saw a ship like that one there," went on the girl, "we were all excited, running down to the levee to watch her come up the river. And after, when she came close, and we could see that it wasn't Master Henriot we would all sulk and mope like a lot of babies. Now a ship like

that makes the offing there perhaps once a month, and I never give her even a thought."

"Once a month, eh!" ejaculated Austyn.

"Yes, about that I should think. Oh, I know what's in your mind William. You're thinking of that ship still, and Bully Mayoux and what he said about new-moon time."

"And if I am, what about it. Why not?"

"Well, it's new moon now but that couldn't have anything to do with it. No one lives here to signal to them, you see, and no one ever has lived here either. It couldn't be them. It's just a ship taking shelter for the night for fear of foul weather upon a strange coast. She'll be gone by morning."

Gone she was, sure enough, when Austyn looked for her at sunrise.

"Oh, well, no doubt you're right Lisette. After all it couldn't be them."

Summer came and the little crops began to look big and bigger as the sun stood more and more nearly overhead. William made a trip to the city, selling a comfortable stock of produce and bringing back a useful assortment of tools and stores. Of course he put up at the Blue Bombardier and they chaffed him over the runaway match; he took it all good-naturedly, even from his old rival Mayoux. He could afford to now.

Of course, also, they talked of the Vampire. Here was the year stretching to a year and a half and never a sign of her, never a ship faring in from the old world bringing tale or tidings. There were only two of them that had an interest in her now besides the master,—Bully Mayoux and Austyn. Each of the three had a third share, but still everyone was curious to know the fate of the privateer that had sailed away so bravely with all their hopes, and such a deal of their money.

"I, for one, never will give up," persisted the Bully. "No matter if everybody thinks she's cast away this long while. I'll wager my soul she comes back safe and sound and gives you all the laugh."

"Messire Austyn," he added later, drawing the Philadelphian aside, "a young man like you goes straight to my heart. I make no doubt, now, you will grow wealthy and come back and lord it over us all."

"I'm glad you think that, compère," replied the colonist gravely, not much impressed by the patronizing air of the other. "If hard work can do it, we'll be well to do."

"Not a doubt of it you will. It is rich land too, out there. I know it well, I've been all over it. And you have built yourselves a comfortable cabin, I suppose."

"Indeed no, compère, we didn't have to," and Austyn told him of the old tower.

Mayoux, by nature a bully accustomed to find men in fear of his sword or his fist, had never schooled himself to hide his emotions. It did not need even the keen eye of the colonist to note astonishment and confusion on his face as he heard how Austyn and his wife had taken up their abode in the ancient landmark. He listened open-mouthed to the

recital. At last, feeling the eye of the other upon him, he pulled himself together. It would not do to have them suspect how gravely they had complicated his plans.

"That is marvelously entertaining, Messire Austyn. You are to be congratulated indeed. As I told you, I have journeyed through that country and I know this tower you speak of. You have wonderful good fortune, comrade."

Austyn was watching the Bully with new interest. Why should the story of the old tower interest him so mightily, and why was he so clearly upset at hearing of its new use? His mind worked furiously to solve this riddle. Mayoux was at his ear again.

"Another thing, comrade. Should you want for money with this new farm of yours, remember Mayoux."

"You're very good, Messire, and I surely will. It's money we're working for after all."

"Yes, always money. Not that I'm rich, mind you, far from it. Still it would warm my heart to help such a man as you."

"If I ever need help I'll certainly know where to come," said Austyn cautiously.

"That's right, comrade, that's right. There is that share in Master Henriot's venture, for instance. It may never be worth a penny piece, still, as a speculation, just a gambler's chance you understand—"

"I really don't think to part with that, though, Messire Mayoux. My hope is as great as your own."

"Well, well now," there was a shade of impatience in his voice that was not lost upon the other, though he tried to conceal it. "I'm right glad to hear a man speak so confidently. You've a stout heart, compère."

"You will bear me witness I also have always felt sure Master Henriot would come in some day or other."

"Of course he will. Just put what I say in the back of your head, though, and if you need a little help some time command me."

"I may be out that way myself," he added, "to pay you a visit before long. Farewell Messire Austyn."

"You'll be welcome when you come," the colonist called after him, as the burly figure of his rival vanished through the door of the Blue Bombardier. Then he added to himself.

"As welcome as the fly to the web of the spider, Master Bully. Now I've got to the bottom of your secret."

William Austyn went home exultant.

"Lisette I have it. It's all as plain as day, you will wonder why we never thought of it before! What did you say were his words to Master Henriot?

Lisette repeated them. "'It's the only one on the coast. It's quite easy to find. Remember, a green light for two evenings after new moon time.'"

"My dear, *this* is it, this tower. IT is the thing that is easy to find, the only one on the coast. And that ship you have seen slip into the bay

at sundown every month is the Vampire and Master Henriot looking for the signal."

"It was all fixed up between them," he went on. "Master Henriot was to stay away till everybody gave up hope—everybody but Mayoux. *He* was to be confident all along, just as an excuse to buy out everyone's share as cheaply as he could. Then when he had it all, when there was only the Bully and Master Henriot to divide the plunder between them, Mayoux would come here and give the signal, from this very tower, and in would come Master Henriot sailing up the river with a brave tale of the terrible times they had, and not a crown on board for anybody but himself and Bully Mayoux."

"Oh, the scoundrel! What a nice trick to play upon us all. What are we going to do, though, William?"

"To do, Lisette? Well, we're going to have some fun with Messire Mayoux."

"Well we'll never give him a chance to signal the Vampire from this tower. We'll either have to signal her ourselves and take our third share, or else leave her outside forever."

"No, we won't do either. Master Bully isn't through with me yet. I'll let no Frenchman play fast and loose with me."

"But what else is there to do?"

"That man is going to come to this place. He'll come because he can't help it, and when he comes he's going to be caught in his own trap. Just wait and see, little woman. When the green light shines for Master Henriot and the Vampire there won't be a sou on board for Bully Mayoux."

So it came about that William Austyn, hard working farmer, idled away a whole morning over a splintered fragment of timber, whittling and painting and lettering till, at a glance, it could be told for the shattered remnant of a boat, and on its white surface one could still faintly pick out the letters

A M P I

As soon as the job was finished the shattered fragment vanished and the ordinary labors of the farm absorbed the day as before.

The colonist's prophecy came true. On a day in late summer, after the moon was in the last quarter, there arrived a visitor, none other than Messire Mayoux riding on a fine horse, and with a breezy greeting on his lips. The Philadelphian was nothing if not sincere when he bade him welcome, and the big man praised with enthusiasm the fine showing the young couple had made.

"Compère," he said heartily, "you are to be congratulated. Lisette, there, threw me over and took you, but I bear grudges against nobody. She is a fine girl and it is a fine home you have made for yourselves together. Sometimes, compère, when I see a home and all the peace and comfort of it just as you have it here, I wish I wasn't a crabbed old bachelor. A man might do big things with such a girl to help him."

Lisette, who knew the treachery in his heart, gave him back his smile,

but grudgingly; the game was yet to be played, it would be worse than useless to mar it by raising animosity—and suspicion. They gave him fair words and cooked a hearty meal, and as they all sat round after it, in the cool of the evening, the Bully came round to his old topic.

"Yes, my friends, some folk never have courage to abide by the chances they take. Now I, for one, have never lost faith. I am sure the Vampire will come back and when she comes we will all three make our fortunes. I know it."

"But in the meantime there's never a sign of her, Messire Mayoux, and so we toil all day at our little farm, striving to win back the money we lost in her."

"Not lost, compère, not lost, only invested," burst out the Frenchman. "You are a venturesome man and one after my own heart, yet when I hear you use such a word as 'lost,' I can't help suspecting that in your own breast, though you never would admit it, you really have given up hope after all."

"Not I, Messire," stoutly asserted the other.

"Come now, I'll make you an offer just to prove it. Here you have this farm, that you have worked on with a will, yet you'll admit you have no more than broken ground. And it's a long way from the city too. I'll wager you couldn't get five hundred crowns for it."

"Very likely not but we can wait. It grows always."

"Well now, I'll give you that much for it right as it stands and as much more for your share in the Vampire. How does that strike you, Messire Austyn? A thousand crowns for your farm and your share."

The colonist paused long before replying. He seemed to be weighing the offer with care, and so he was. The bids were certainly rising, even if there was but one bidder. The Bully watched him with poorly concealed anxiety.

"Think, compère! For a thousand crowns you could buy a fine farm close to the city, where you could come in to market every day, and take your ease at the Blue Bombardier. And you could rest on Sundays and take your wife to chapel all dressed up in her Sunday best. It's mighty pleasant living close to the town."

Austyn's head was deep on his chest. Evidently he was profoundly impressed. At last he raised his head.

"Messire Mayoux, you do me less than justice. I tell you, I have always told you, I have a trust as great as your own in Master Henriot's venture. And to prove to you how earnest I am in this I will make you a counter-proposal to the one you have just made me. I will sell you my farm for your own share in the Vampire."

"For my share of the Vampire. *My* share," Mayoux shouted.

"Yes Messire," Austyn's tone was as smooth as silk. "For it I will leave this home that I have made for myself on the chance of that vessel's return."

Again the Bully's face was a mirror of conflicting emotions. The eye of his tormentor lost no last detail of the perplexity, the doubts, the disgust

that had play in his mind and could not fail to make themselves evident on that expressive countenance.

What if Austyn knew anything! But he couldn't! Could he suspect then! Impossible! Still what did this confident air mean? Assuredly this man Austyn was no fool, he had some idea in his brain, but what it was Bully Mayoux couldn't make head or tail of. So he stammered and spluttered and blustered and beat around the bush and neither side giving way, they went to bed with honors even.

Next morning Lisette and her husband, setting about their work, pressed their guest to rest the day with them before he resumed his journey. Bully Mayoux agreed readily enough, there was a whole lot to puzzle out and something must be done; he needed time for thought. So he offered to go down to the beach and dig for clams for the evening meal. In those days a guest didn't expect to sit round idle while his hosts had all the work to do. After breakfast he departed on his errand with a basket on his arm.

"Will he find it," mused Lisette.

"Never fear! 'Tis so placed he will stumble upon it on his way down."

"But what will he do with it I wonder. Is there a chance he'll bring it back and show it to us?"

"I know Mayoux better than that. He'll keep it to himself and try to save his own pocket at our expense if he can. If he does play fair though, I'll see he comes to no harm. If he hides it and tries to trick us he'll be caught in his own trap and I'll have no mercy upon him."

The day's work went forward. On the farm Lisette and William Austyn labored on the ripening crops of vegetables and cleared the daily share of land that was to be wrested from the wilderness and turned to cultivation and profit. Down on the beach Bully Mayoux found what he found and thought what he thought, and if he found anything more absorbing than clams, or if he thought anything of what he chanced to find, he made no mention of either to his host when the day's work was done, after justice had been administered to the steaming dish of clams and they sat once more in the cool of the evening in front of the tower.

"I'll wager you have stormy weather on this coast at times, compère," said the Bully.

"We do indeed, terrible storms! They make a man tremble for the poor folk upon the sea."

"Ah, that's true, it's a sad business. A ship might get caught upon a shore like this in such a storm and that would be the last that would ever be heard of her."

"You're right," replied the colonist. "I remember less than a month ago, just when the moon was new we had such a storm." The Bully pricked up his ears, but Austyn did not appear to be paying any particular attention to him. He went on:

"Just at new moon time, I recall it well, and how we saw a ship

(*Continued on page* 114.)

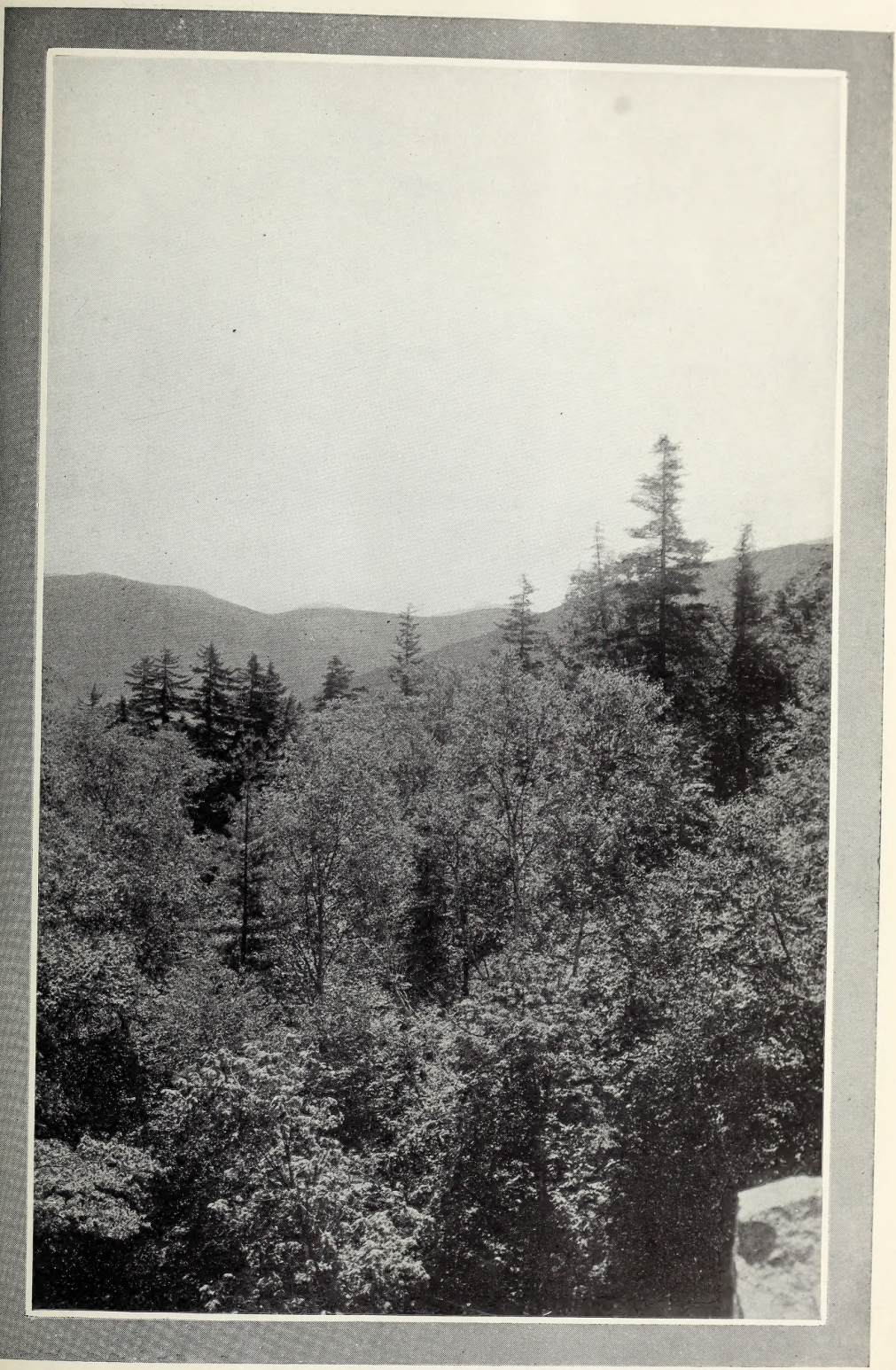


Beautiful New England

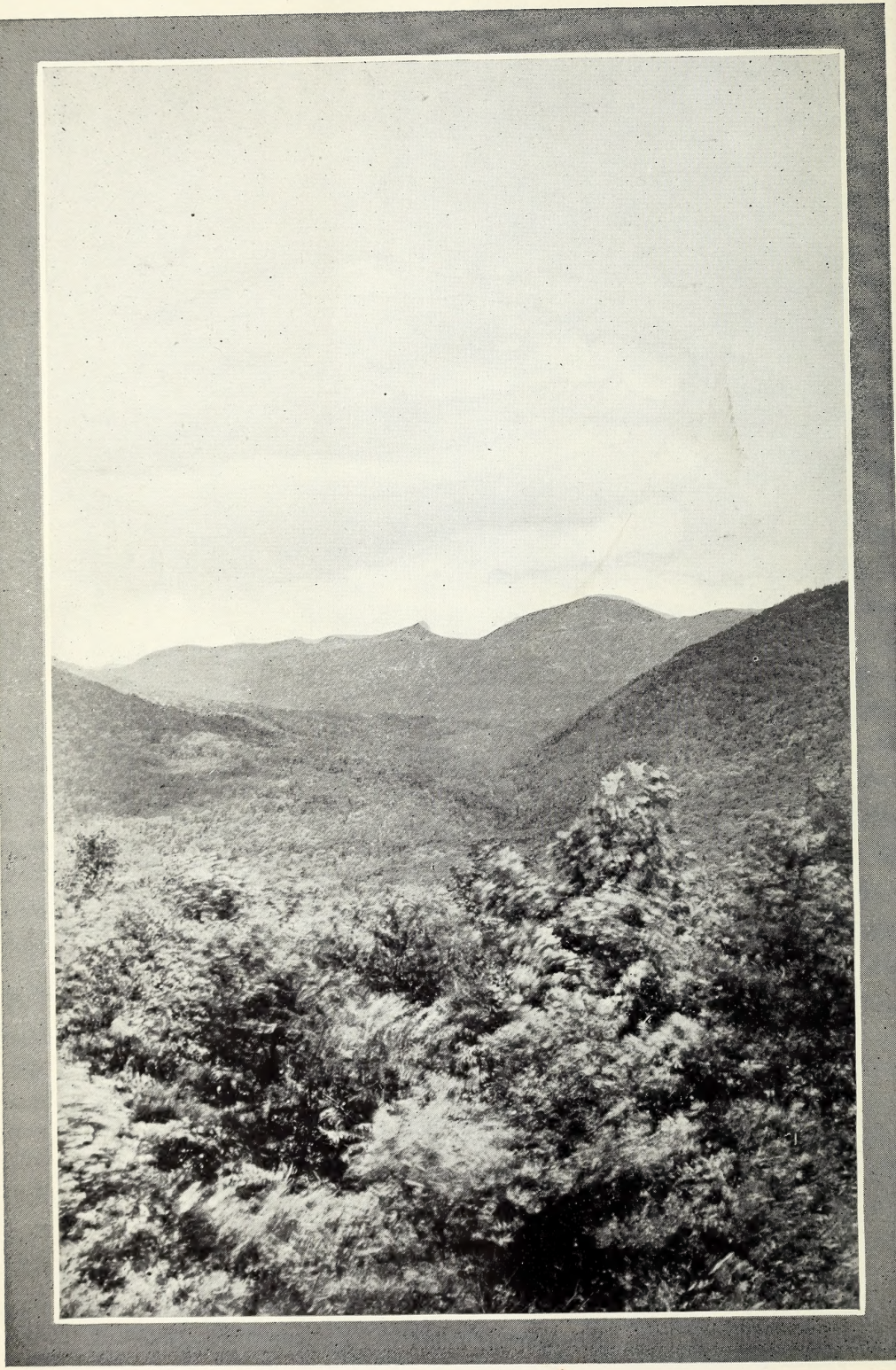




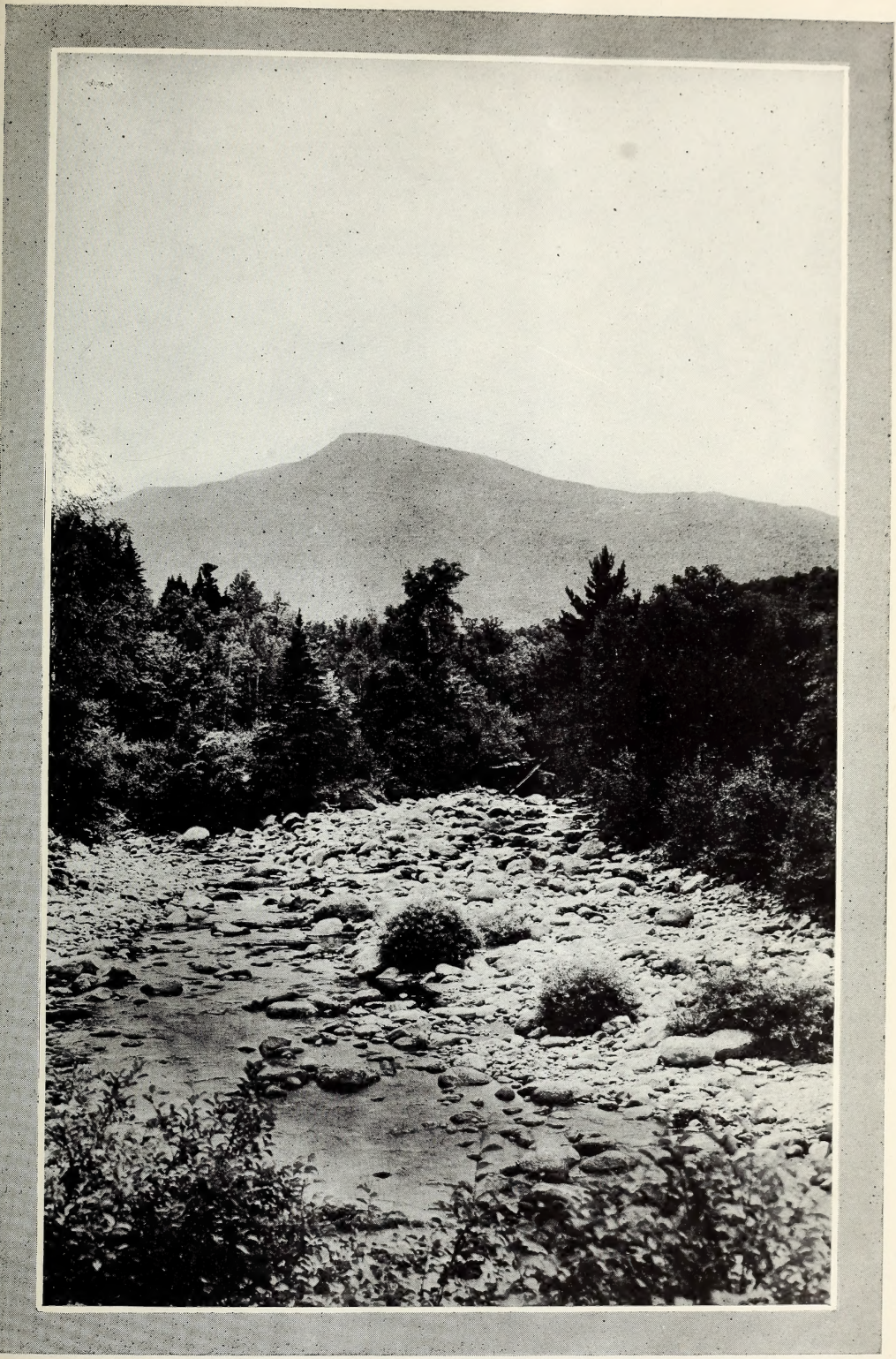
Assaquam Brook, Crawfords, N. H.



September Foliage in the White Mountains



A Riot of Fall Coloring



At the Foot of the Mountain



The Road Across the Intervale



Lone Mountain Dome



Drawn by Leslie R. Benson

See page 3

"He Gazed with Satisfaction at His Completed Work."

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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SOME SALT MEADOWS OF MASSACHUSETTS

By DANA C. WELLS

SURVEYS indicate that, in Massachusetts, there are some 90,000 acres of those almost level areas variously spoken of as salt meadows, salt marshes, marsh lands or tidal marshes.

As perhaps is generally known, they are the result of the partial exclusion of the sea by barrier beaches whose sands have been heaped together some distance from the main land. The quiet areas inside these bulwarks become the resting places for the sediment of streams and for a variety of animals and their remains. Thus begins a shoaling. When the water depth has diminished to less than fifteen feet a low order of flowering plants, such as eel grass, appears. The work goes on with the help of other plants and seaweed until the entangled sediment and the flora and fauna remains have built a plain whose top is reached only by the high tides.

On this plain grow the grasses for which the marsh land is first valued. There is the black grass, known by the dark red color of its top and giving its place a parched look; the goose grass coming up in bunches and bearing blooms which might be likened to kernels of wheat; the salt grass which covers a greater area than either of the others and has the appearance of lawn grass. The salt grass is of two varieties. One attains a height of twelve inches and the other about six inches. The shorter grows on the moist portions of the meadows. It is quite as attractive to cattle as is the common English grass because of its tenderness and the noticeable amount of salt which it contains. The black grass is the sweetest and choicest. It is gathered in July while the goose grass is reaped last, in late August.

From an economic point of view the foregoing three grasses are the most important but the marsh lands carry a variety of verdure which astonishes the close observer. The coarse thatch might be mentioned in passing. It eclipses all else along the water courses. Tall, tough and full of silica it is unfit for food and is gathered for stall bedding and as a non-conductor of heat when, for instance, perennial plants are to be protected in winter and ice in summer.

The marshes supply little that is edible for man without his supplementary efforts. What has been said of the grasses has been with the tacit assumption that at least some ditching has been done. A close examination of a flourishing marsh field will reveal a system of ditches, gridiron in plan. They are known as the lengthwise and the crosswise sets. The former are about twenty feet apart while the latter are separated by a somewhat greater distance. Both are two or three feet in depth and six inches wide. They are made by a ditching machine and the turf turned up is thrown into the marsh ponds to fill them.



SCOOPING TOGETHER THE HAY

Their function is to drain and to carry the water to the main creek or its branches. A rather interesting development is the closing over of these narrow trenches by the soil and the plant life, forming underground channels.

When draining has begun the tidal marshes become salt meadows, and daily increase in value. There is a limit, however, for the tides still have access. The next step, then, is to exclude the tides by diking. This has been done all over the world and for centuries. Familiar examples are those in the Evangeline Land of Nova Scotia, where the tides are kept from entering estuaries of the Bay of Fundy, and in the mighty performances of the Netherlands, where lives a sturdy, prosperous nation a dozen feet below the level of the sea.

Massachusetts has her dikes. One of the earliest was that at Marshfield in Plymouth county, south of Boston. It was completed in 1872 at a cost of $32,000. The object was to shut out the sea water from the Green River Harbor marshes. It continues to do its work although damaged by the dynamite of antagonized interests. It has a length of 1,600 feet and is a twenty-two foot highway across the harbor. Fifteen acres of land have been made productive by this dike.

Another dike, and one of the more recent, is at Wellfleet, Cape Cod. Here the Herring river flows amid barren wastes and between forbidding sand dunes into Cape Cod Bay. There are probably few places where the mosquito was more at home, more vigorous and apparently more nearly gigantic than in this region. Through the initiative and enterprise of Mr. L. D. Baker, Jr., and Mr. Howard, aided by town and state, a change has been effected by the throwing of a dike across the Herring river near its mouth. Its length is 935 feet and it carries a roadway twenty-two feet in

width. The principal object was to make the locality less attractive to the mosquito and this has been realized so well that the pest is almost exterminated. About 1,100 acres are affected, all of which may become productive farm land.

These two dikes have smaller counterparts in Massachusetts wherever there are marsh lands. Along the seaboard one may find many instances where roadways, railroad embankments and the earthworks on private estates have prevented the free flow of salt water. This is especially true of the so-called Plum Island marshes which extend from Cape Ann, Massachusetts, to Rye, New Hampshire. Here we have the largest area of tidal marsh in New England—10,000 acres or fifteen square miles. A number of tidal streams flow through it, the important Merrimac river among them. Attempts have been made to interest capital in the isolation of at least part of this area but without success. The only reason that can be surmised is that the need for this rich land is not keenly enough felt.

What has resulted from the freshening of the salt marshes is surprising.



A Marsh Shoe

Even with a slight obstruction to the tidal water twice as much and better hay is cut above the obstruction than from the



Plum Island Marshes, a Profitable Area



MARSHFIELD RECLAIMED LANDS

seaward side. By ditching alone, without diking, it is possible to reap five times as much of a good grade of salt grass as compared with an indifferent grade and thatch. Add diking to the ditching and most of the usual farm products together with English hay will flourish. Crops may be expected year after year for a generation without the use of fertilizer. Two or three years' protection from salt water will make the ground ready for plow tillage. Then herds grass and red top is grown. Constant plowing will finally win the land from its old associations, and, as Professor Shaler says, it will produce "all the plants raised on truck farms, the crops being more abundant and maturing somewhat earlier than elsewhere in the same district." At Wellfleet a company is preparing to cultivate cranberries on a suitable portion of the diked area.

Disregarding the agricultural point of view one may look upon such marshes as



A FINE CROP ON RECLAIMED LANDS

the "Plum Island," specially portions back of Salisbury and Seabrook Beaches, as noble creations of nature. There is restful enjoyment in the sight of their gentle undulations, in the graceful hay cocks on their staddles and the play of color over all. One is aware of a unity of the whole which in detail is ever different.

Unobtrusive and very quiet are these lands, their verdure contrasting with their clear little ponds and their silent winding waterways. The artist delights to depict them and the weary layman methinks should ever find in them solace after the cares of an energetic world.

Along A New England Roadway

By LORING HOLMES DODD.

WHEN I walk the rural way
On a sun-rich summer's day
Myriad the bright eyes there,
With a sweet, familiar air,
Looking up do welcome me.

Buttercup and golden-rod,
Bluebells frail that sway and nod
In each vagrant breeze that blows,
Shy, retiring dwarf wild rose,
Yarrow, creamy Queen Anne's lace,
Tawny lilies full of grace,
Purple vervain Gothic-spired,
Lowly heal-all less admired,
Black-eyed Susan, daisy white,
Primrose that unfolds at night,
Steeplebush, pink bouncing Bet,
Jewel weed and violet,
Spreading dog-bane, meadowsweet,
Devil's paint-brush at my feet,
Ladies' tresses, fragrant, tall,
Parsnip wild o'ertopping all,
Clover yellow, white and red,
Bristly crowfoot, turtle head,
Then beneath the lofty pine
Pipsissewa of quaint design.

Myriad the bright eyes there
Welcome sweet to me declare
Walking thus the rural way
On a sun-rich summer's day,
And when I these old friends see,
Alone I cannot lonely be!



On the Border With Our Army

By WALTER MERRIAM PRATT

PART II.

The Manœuvers at Leon Springs.

When I was awakened at 3.35 all was dark. It seemed but a minute since I had lain down. Through the openings in my tent I could see that the camp was all life, lanterns bobbed about in every direction. In quick succession, a detail arrived for my bedding roll, my "striker" brought my ration of bacon, bread and café, and my orderly arrived with my horse. Wagons had been left standing at the end of the company streets the night before, and now were fast being filled. The amount of work to be done was so enormous that it seemed an almost superhuman task to complete it in time, but at exactly five o'clock the regiment moved out, every man and team in line. It was beautiful. Ten minutes before it would have been a safe ten to one bet that it was impossible. As the day dawned it became hot and humid. The men had been allowed to put their blankets, ponchos and "pup tents" on the wagons but carried their rifle, haversack, canteen and mess-kit (about thirty-five pounds). Soon the last of the thatched Mexican huts on the outskirts of the city were left behind and the trail commenced to wind its way through a wilderness of chaparral growth. The column would march for fifty minutes and then rest ten. As the sun climbed higher in the sky the heat and dust commenced to tell on the men who became as white from the dust as the ground itself. Now and then a man would fall by the wayside to be picked up by the ambulance which followed in the rear of each regiment. These men were a pathetic sight. They hated to acknowledge defeat and give in, and so when they finally dropped they were pretty much "all in." Rattlesnake hill was reached at 9.25, a distance of sixteen miles. The camp was pitched and the men were allowed to rest for the

balance of the day. The surrounding country was the home of rattlesnakes and scorpions, the tarantulas and the centipedes, a place where the grasshopper is four inches long and the sand is mixed up with millions of fleas, where the toads have horns and the redbug lives, and razor-back hogs roam wild. As soon as I had eaten, I filled my revolver with slugs, and with my good friend, Captain Bolger, an Irishman whose home was in Chicago, and who kept me in good spirits all day long, set off through the chaparral which stretched out on every side to the horizon. This so-called chaparral consisted of an almost impenetrable growth of mesquite trees, which somewhat resemble our smoke trees, growing rarely over ten feet high and various kinds of cactus plants. The ground was covered with rocks, sand, and alkali dust, with no vegetation whatever. For several miles we pushed our way through this tangle, occasionally coming upon the white skeleton of some animal. Once we found a wild cat only partly decomposed, probably the victim of a rattlesnake, overhead the sun was at a white heat, the mesquite trees offering no shade, now and then a heavily moving buzzard wheeled in circles or balanced himself with outstretched wings between us and the hot sky above. An occasional jackrabbit with his exaggerated ears gave us a start as he shot off through the cacti, but outside of these and two armadillos, which the soldiers call possums in heavy marching order, we saw no signs of life, and so after three hours of aimless wandering through the chaparral we followed the hand of our compass back to camp.

After retreat, and we had eaten, the regimental band, which like every other was never overworked, played "The Merry Widow," "The Prince of Pilsen," and other airs, taking many of the men



Juarez Bauai

back to "Old Broadway." It was a strange feeling to be here in this wild country listening to a band playing these familiar tunes while about one gamboled lizards and horned toads. After the music had stopped, I continued to lie on the ground looking up at the sky and thinking of what was happening two thousand miles away in Boston. They seemed very near, and made the world seem very wide as I lay there with only a blanket between us. It was a warm night and I was tired after my ride and tramp, and soon I stopped thinking about Boston. Indistinctly I heard taps, and the next thing I knew it was morning and everyone was hustling to get his baggage ready for the wagon. At 5.30 we pulled out and "hiked" through Leon Springs to our station at well number 5, twelve miles away. As on the previous day many men could not stand the pace, and were picked up by the ambulances. The heat was intense and after the first five miles men and horses hung their heads and walked on silently and dejectedly. The white alkali dust rising in clouds from the ground made the men look like flour dumplings. Canteens were emptied ere long, and throats became dry and parched and many were almost on the point of suffocation when camp was reached.

The practice of these long hard marches in intense heat, seems a needless inflicted hardship, but their true value is made clear when it comes to a real fight. Hence the great importance of training men in times of peace, in waterless marches, night marches, and quick marches.



After the Battle at Juarez

The next day there commenced the largest manœuvers ever held by the army in times of peace. The three brigades of infantry, the Artillery and Cavalry brigades, the Engineer Corps, and the

Signal and sanitary troops all participating.

Different problems were taken up each day, sometimes we fought an imaginary enemy and again the division was divided into two armies. There were outpost problems, employment of the reduced division against a re-enforced brigade and the selection and occupation of defensive positions, involving simulated attacks. The following is a sample of an order which would daily reach our regiment from Division headquarters:



FEDERAL SOLDIERS IN BUILDINGS AT JUAREZ

MANOEUVER DIVISION,
SCHASSE RANCH, TEXAS,
6 June, 1911, 5-30 p. m.

Field Orders,
No. 17.
TROOPS.

Indep. Cav.
Lt Col. Morgan.
1 Prov. Regt. Cav.
Det. Sig. Bn.

1. The enemy with a force of all arms is reported in camp six miles northeast of 14.
2. This Command will continue its march on NEW BRAUNFELS tomorrow.
3. (a). The Independent Cavalry will march at 7-00 a. m. via H and I to M covering our left.
   (b). The Advance Guard will clear 9 at 7-00 a. m. and march 12-13-14.
   (c). The Main Body will follow the Advance Guard at 800 yards.
   (d). The Right Flank will march at 7-00 a. m. via 4-17.
   (e). The Signal Battalion will maintain communication between the Independent Cavalry, Brigades and these Headquarters.
4. Ammunition sections will accompany regiments. Trains will await orders in camp. One ambulance Company will accompany the Right Flank Guard

Advance Guard.
1 Regt. 1st Brig.

Main Body. (In order)
1st Brig. (less 1 Regt.)
Art. Brig. (less 1 Regt.)

2nd Brigade.
2 Field Hosps.
1 Amb. Co.
Sig. Bn. (less Dets.)

Right Flank Gd.
Brig. Gen. Hoyt.
3rd Brig.
1 Regt. F. Art. (less 1 Bn.
Det. Sig. Bn.

the remainder of the Sanitary Troops will follow the Main Body well closed.
Messages will reach the Division Commander at Tanks southwest of 4 until 8-30 a. m.

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR GENERAL CARTER:
S. C. MILLS
Chief of Staff.

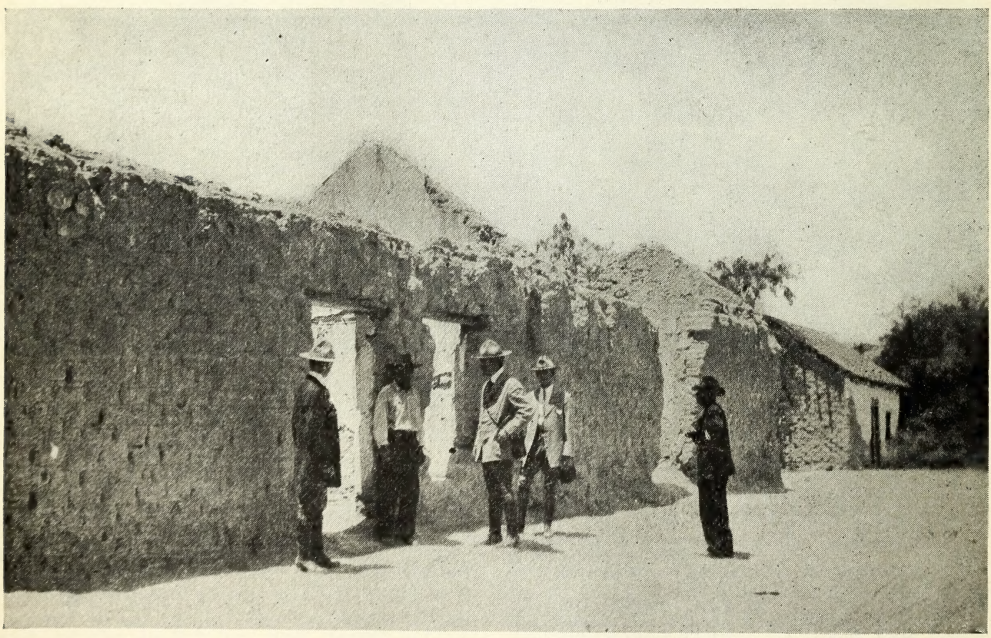
Day after day we hiked across this wild country, climbed the barren hills,

waded through long stretches of prairie grass, sometimes coming across acres of brilliant colored wild flowers. In our leisure we killed rattlesnakes and hunted for wild bees' nests and honey. Whenever the men halted for a rest, there were always some who busied themselves by turning over stones in search of centipedes and scorpions and when found a crowd would gather to watch the fight to death between the insects. At night we went to sleep viewing the stars and listening to singing insects. During the day the sun would blind and scorch, but at night the dew would fall like a cold rain and one would shiver with two blankets. It was a country where there were no roses, but where everything that grew had thorns, few trees, no running streams, but an ocean of gray chaparral with white dusty trails, cactus trying to rob you of your clothing, and poisonous bugs and insects at every hand. It was the kind of country which made General Sheridan say that if he owned both places he would rent Texas and live in Hell.

It was therefore with little regret that on the ninth of June the water suddenly ran dry in the artesian wells and we were forced to immediately leave for Fort Sam Houston which seemed like a great metropolis in comparison. Why the reservation was named Leon Springs is a puzzle, and to the troops the name has long ceased to suggest an oasis in the desert with waving palms and crystal waters. To all that have been there it spells dust, thirst, perspiration, strained sinews and profanity.

General Carter had ordered an all night forced march to the Fort, 28 miles away. But so glad were all to go, that no one was dismayed at the ordeal ahead. I was detailed to accompany the regimental baggage train, and pulled out with it at 5.30, starting on what proved to be a unique experience. Participating in an all night march with a division, I found was as new to the regulars as it was with me. It is not often that one is called upon to sit in the saddle and watch the sun set across the prairie, watch the moon come up and go down and still be in the saddle when the sun appears in the east.

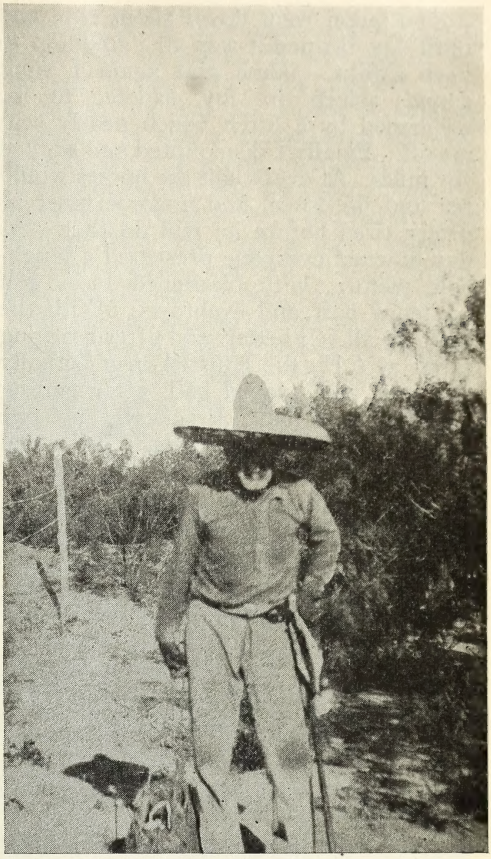
We proceeded about three miles when the baggage train was obliged to halt to allow the artillery to go ahead; this



After the bombardment and fire at Juarez.

caused a delay of nearly two hours. At last we started forward in clouds of dust. So suffused with dust was the air that only now and then were we able to see further than the wagon ahead, only by tying handkerchiefs about our nose and mouth could we breathe without choking. The night was bright with moonlight and but for the dust, the trip would have been enjoyable, so picturesque did everything appear. As in the day marches the column halted every fifty minutes, and when it did, the men would drop in their tracks and be asleep before the bugle sounded attention. I knew that before morning I would need rest, so dismounted each time, throwing the reins over my horse's head, which prevented his straying off, and lay down in the road, in dust two inches deep. Here there was less likelihood of being bitten by insects. Once however, as we started forward I found a tarantula in my hat, and the next day I found that I had twenty-two fresh red-bug bites, but this was part of the game we were playing, and you might as well try to catch Texas fleas with boxing gloves as to hope to visit Leon Springs and not get bitten by red-bugs and jiggers.

About two o'clock in the morning we reached Lyons Ranch with its general store and saloon. I rode up and looked in at the door. It was a scene such as Frederic Remington used to draw. The room was cloudy with smoke and the men sitting about tables with cards or dice, or leaning against the bar were the kind you see imitated on the stage in the east. Their sombreros with rattlesnake skins or leather straps about them, the broad kerchief knotted about their throats, leather leggings which came to their waists, cartridge belts, and revolvers, all seemed like clever make-ups. But it was the real thing, and they had ridden miles from other ranches to see the army pass and "have a night of it." These cowboys are not a bad lot, and when you know them you can't help liking them for their sincerity and squareness. They haven't much respect for the law, but live on a code of their own, which I'm not so sure but what is pretty good. In this country if a man insults



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your wife, all you've got to do is to go out and blow his head off, and the law backs you up. As Captain Bill McDonald used to say, "You've got to be willing to charge Hell with a bucket of water" to make good with these fellows. "Come in brother and have a beer," greeted me as I stopped before the door, and to my inquiry as to when the first of the troop passed, I was told 7.30. My baggage train was the end of the division which stretched out nine miles. Does this impress the reader? It did the cowboys, and as one expressed to me confidentially, "My God! Enough troops have passed here to-night to lick Japan and Mexico and Germany thrown in." All of which only goes to show how little the average civilian knows about the comparative strength of our army with foreign nations.

The moon went down about two, and until day dawned it was all I could do to keep awake. Time and again I went sound asleep in my saddle, to be awakened by a lurch which nearly sent me off. Finally I dismounted and walked for miles. At every halt the horses would try and lie down, and a horse must be pretty tired before he will do that. As day dawned everyone presented a laughable picture, with blackened faces and whitened hair and eyebrows. With the light we all felt better, and after reaching camp at 6.15, the enlisted men actually got out and played ball, after getting cleaned up a bit. Practically no one thought of taking any sleep. The actual time made by the Thirteenth Infantry was ten hours and eleven minutes, including ten minute stops every fifty minutes, a distance of approximately twenty-eight miles.

PART III.

On the Banks of the Rio Grande.

The next day I left for Eagle Pass on the Rio Grande, one hundred and six miles as the æroplane travels. My disgust for the country increased in geometric progression with each hour I spent on the trip. The country through which I traveled was flatter, dryer, hotter, and less interesting than that at Leon Springs. There were stretches for miles with not even cactus or sage brush to relieve the eyes or mark the way. It is this strip of country that we actually went to war with Mexico over, and as "Dick" Davis says: We should go to war with Mexico again, and force her to take it back. No one who has not seen the utter desolateness of the place can appreciate the barrenness from description. It is a country where hardly twenty-five centimeters of rain fall in a year, a place of sand storms and burning heat and no natural deposit of water, where the thermometer goes as high as one hundred and seventeen in the shade and one hundred and fifty in the sun, where cattle die of starvation and practically no white men live. It is Mexican in its people, its language, and its mode of life. The inhabitants of this wilderness are ranch-owners and their cowboys. A ranch consists of a saloon and a few thatched adobe houses. These ranches are on an average twenty miles apart. Life in the field in this country is as near that of the stone age as men often come.

At Eagle Pass were two troops of the Third Cavalry. They were camped among the ruins of old Fort Duncan, which was abandoned and allowed to fall into decay about twelve years ago. These two troops patroled the bank of the river for fifty miles in either direction. On the East they touched another troop of the Third, who in turn patroled fifty miles beyond, while to the west was a detachment of six mounted infantrymen. In this way a constant patrol was kept up from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico.

I arrived at Eagle Pass about seven, and reported to the officer in command, who was temporarily Captain Van Way. I found the camp situated on slightly elevated ground with a picturesque setting. The sun was seeking the peaks of the barren hills to the west, their long shadows nearly reaching to the adobe ruins of the old fort. In front flowed the historical Rio Grande. It was muddy and sluggish, but it was water and wet, and bespoke of life and vegetation after many miles of desert. This great river, starting as it does in the San Juan Mountains in Colorado, flows generally southeast into the Gulf of Mexico, and forms on its way the entire boundary between Texas and Mexico, eighteen hundred miles long. At all points along the course eager hands seize it, and appropriate its substance for irrigation purposes until during the summer it ceases being a howling, rushing, dangerous stream, and late in the fall hardly more than dampness is left in the bed. What more noble act could man perform than to be impoverished that many may be fed.

My stay at this post was made especially interesting by the kindness and courtesies of Captain Van Way, who accompanied me on my trips across the border. He had just made, prior to my arrival, a record ride of one hundred miles in a little less than twenty-four hours. He had accompanied the Colonel down the river fifty miles below his

patrol, and on his return in a kind of off-hand way continued to ride all day and all night, changing horses at the different camps. But Captain Van Way looks capable of doing that kind of a "stunt" once a week without minding it. Another man whom I was fortunate enough to meet, and later come to feel as if I knew, was First Lieutenant Kelton L. Pepper, Twenty-third Infantry. Pepper was in command of the detail of six men who met the Eagle Pass detail fifty miles to the west. He had practically been exiled, for although the detail of unlisted men was changed every three weeks, he had been kept here for five months from his family and friends, in solitary person had been seen. Pepper stated that at times he had grown so nervous he had turned his revolver over to one of his men, not daring to keep it himself. It was a particularly pathetic sight to see this young man with a taste and fondness for the pleasant things of this world, living here in the desert wilderness with only bacon three times a day and nothing but bad smelling alkali water to silence the thirst that followed.

He was as glad to see me as a brother and talked for hours about God's country with tears in his eyes. He asked about current events, the theatres, the men at San Antonio, all in detail. I felt sorry when I left Pepper, and I am told that



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY

the most God-forsaken place imaginable, —twenty-one miles from the nearest house, no shade whatever, and with drinking water that had to be fairly strained through the teeth. When I met him he was a physical wreck. He had dysentery and had lost nearly sixty pounds. He was so nervous that he could scarcely lift a cup to his lips, his hand shook so badly. His only complaint was that there had been no fighting or attempt to cross the border upon his patrol to relieve the monotony. With the exception of a man who passed the fifth of each month in an automobile, not one he has since been retired on account of his health with three-quarter pay.

Enlisted men were not allowed to cross the border in their uniform and commanding officers in most cases preferred that the officers should not do so. Being virtually a command their wishes were respected.

Most of the Mexican border cities have race tracks, gambling tables, cock fights and lotteries, with a bull-fight every Sunday, and a well filled cartridge belt with a couple of automatics command more respect than Uncle Sam's uniform, unless it is equally well backed up.

Cindad Porfirio Diaz, or Padris Nuadris as it is now called, had just been taken by the insurrectos when I arrived, and the international bridge was gay with flags, flowers and bunting. All business and public work was suspended and the entire city awaited the arrival of the victorious general. Political refugees, who for months or even years had not stepped on their country's soil paraded the streets and sidewalks and greeted their friends. Troops of insurgent cavalry made up of boys and wrinkled, gray haired men guarded the approaches to the city. Their horses and arms were in excellent shape, but their hats and clothing plainly showed the hard usage consequent to a long campaign over the cactus covered plains and mountains. They were a strange looking lot with indescribable uniform. Every man carried three to four and sometimes five revolvers, two cartridge belts about the waist, and two others across the shoulders, a carbine and a sabre, and about the great white hat many wore a band on which was written "Viva la Madero." General Navarro, an old man broken in health and spirit, was in Diaz at the time with four hundred and ninety-one soldiers, the remnant of the Mexican army that opposed Madero at Juarez. Many of the officers and enlisted men were just able to leave the hospital.

There was more or less bad feeling existing between these bodies of men and street fights were constantly to be seen, and the writer was looked upon with more or less suspicion on both sides.

One day I met and was introduced to Miguel Ahumada, for many years Governor of Chihuahua, and his secretary Colonel Antonio Ramos Cadena. They had been ousted from office by the change in political affairs of Mexico and were on their way to their homes. Ahumada has always been very popular. His visit was always a fiesta time, but even his popularity could not stem the tide against Diaz.

Nearly all the border towns are alike. Most of them are dirty, unattractive places only interesting for their strange and foreign appearance. The streets are largely long lines of grayish walls of the low flat-roofed adobe houses with heavily barred windows and door-ways. The streets are narrow and the sidewalks are so small that one is constantly obliged to step into the street to get along. The market place is as a rule unsanitary; the meats are left exposed to the sun and flies. Many of the houses, however, have beautiful courts, and often the ugliest walls are found to hide the gayest of gardens with fountains, parrots and singing birds. But to one from the States, the northern border of Mexico is a dirty, dreary place and when you read glowing accounts of it you can make up your mind that it's only the conception of a poet who has never visited it.



A MACHINE GUN PACK MULE

Will The Nation Repudiate Her Debt To New England?

By EDWIN SHIVELL

MEASURED by its threatened consequences to the great manufacturing and industrial interests of the country, the Presidential and Congressional campaign of 1912 will probably be the most important one in all our history.

The forces of the two great contending parties are already being lined up and their policies and plans of action are prepared or are in active preparation. As they stand to-day the advantage appears to be with the foes of the industries of the nation. Their success would in all likelihood be a calamity from which it would take years to recover. While its effect would be universally felt throughout the length and breadth of the land, New England would be the greatest sufferer of all. Her prosperity, her wealth, her very life is in her manufacturing interests. From no natural resources and no natural advantages excepting her water power and harbors, she has built them up little by little through a century of determined energy and great sacrifice, first to provide for her own necessities and then for those of the nation. From her prosperity she liberally supplied the men and money and credit that peopled and developed the cities and farms and home and industries and opened and operated the mines of the West.

Of all our wide domain, no section has done so much for the good of all as has New England. Her sons are representatives of character and ability in every state of the union. With possibly here and there a rare exception, wherever you meet one of them you meet a man!

If there is such a thing as gratitude in the heart of a nation, it is a thousand times due to New England. If there is a section of the United States of which all may be proud that section is New England. She has excelled in all that contributes to make a people and a nation great. Her purposes have ever been righteous, her ideals high, and her spirit indomitable. It was this spirit that built her own and then helped build the other industrial interests of the country. It is this spirit which provides employment for her people and which houses and feeds and clothes them, and provides for their education and happiness as no other people ever were provided for before since the world began.

Notwithstanding all this and the fact that she is the best buyer and constitutes the best market for products from all other sections, and that her money is being continually distributed in all directions almost as fast as it is made, her manufacturing interests have been maligned by a viciously sensational press, her prosperity has been assailed by blatant demagogues playing to socialism, the counsel of her statesmen has been disregarded, her respect for law and order has been derided as hypocrisy, her careful conservatism in great affairs has been libeled as old-fogyism, and her business energy, acumen and success have been attributed to extortion and double-dealing instead of to genius, integrity and high capability. The good she has done and is ever doing for every worthy cause is all too frequently forgotten or ignored and is rarely mentioned, for she is too modest to mention it herself.

It is time that the people of the United States should be reminded of these things and of many more of equal importance.

It is also time for every New Englander to stand up boldly for New England, not alone for her traditions and her past, but for her present and her future—for all the men and institutions and enterprises and industries that have made her great and are making her greater and on the success of which the prosperity of her every citizen and practically of the entire country depends.

The Pinckney Street Cats

By ROBERT M. DEWEY

WHOEVER has lived on Pinckney Street must remember the neighborhood cats—a skulking squalling species of feline, much given to midnight carousals, and whose name is Legion.

Perhaps no neighborhood in Boston has a quainter aspect, or better preserves the character of its earlier times than this ancient and secluded street. Located on the harbor side of Beacon Hill, almost in the shadow of the State House dome, and running down to the Charles, it presents to one entering its upper end two parallel rows of weathered-brick fronts rising directly from the brick walks and facing each other across the narrow street with a vista of blue river at its foot. It is a street of glass door-knobs, dormers and chimney-pots, which are the only ornaments of these tall stiff brick houses of a century ago. Indeed, to this day, although these establishments have long been conducted as cheap lodging-houses, the narrow street still retains an air of austere respectability highly creditable to the spirit of its founders.

Scarcely less striking than the old-fashioned houses, or the genteel atmosphere of this section is the cat population of its alleys and back areas. Whether they are the companions of the widowed and spinster landladies of the vicinity, or are kept as a protection against the mice that breed in the ancient walls, or if it is because the secluded street makes a safe and quiet rendezvous, I do not know, but certain it is that Pinckney Street is inhabited by as convivial a colony of cats as one would wish to see. This company includes, not only the breeds peculiar to the cat family—Egyptian, Angora, Manx, and the like—but all dispositions, from affectionate young pussies to marauding old grimalkins; all conditions, from plump house-cats to scrawny street-cats; and all sorts of personal peculiarities as well. Here are tabbies, tigers and tortoise-shells; long-haired and short, short-legged and long, square-built and slender, broad-faced and narrow, spotted, barred and striped; both Thomases and Marias by the score; crew enough, in colonial days, to have convicted of witchcraft every respectable old lady on the street.

Over this tribe, according to the police captain who told me the story, there once ruled a tawny, battle-scarred warrior with one eye, known on the Hill as Old Tom. Tom was the property of Miss Constance Savage, who kept a lodging-house in the vicinity. This good lady in her younger days had been sadly disappointed in love and that vexation, combined with the trials of twenty years as a landlady, had turned her disposition, once as mild and sweet as a pan of new milk, to the sharpest vinegar, so that she could no longer tolerate any companion, nor, indeed, could any companion tolerate her save the scarred and battered Tom-cat. What his breed and pedigree may have been no one ever knew, for no one ever dared inquire. For aught the Hill knew he might have descended from the witch-cats which in former times in the colony accompanied their mistresses on broomstick excursions through the air, and certainly his disposition would have justified the opinion, for if ever there was a spiteful, ill-favored, misbegotten fiend in the shape of a cat, Old Tom was one. Still, judging from his wide chest, square firm loins and broad head, there must have been a streak of genuine Angora in his composition.

As for his evil disposition, it is quite as likely that Tom acquired it from his mistress as from a supernatural ancestor;

but, be that as it may, he was the terror of the Hill. He was the veteran of a hundred brawls, a shameless participator in orgies, an enemy to dogs, a murderer of cats, a devourer of kittens, a despiser of mankind; in short, a monster. Moreover, he was the possessor of a harem that would turn even a Utah cat green with envy. His growl could be heard two blocks, and when in the night watches his war-cry rose above the house tops the night-man in the Joy Street police station never failed to feel nervously for his gun.

Once a heavy, silver-blue, Angora hearth-cat came over from Beacon Street It was a cat that had been reared on puddings and kidneys, that had sharpened its claws on the tiger skin in the library and terrorized the mistress's pet pug until it had come to believe itself a creature of great prowess. This animal met Old Tom on the border of his domain and the oldest inhabitants do not remember a night when the screeching was more terrible. The Beacon Street family had the silver-blue Angora disposed of when it crawled home next day, burying it in the small grass plot which they called their lawn. Here, I am told, they erected a monument bearing a suitable inscription over its remains.

Another time a rangy, mangy, gutter-cat, that had fed on refuse and fought the wharf-rats along the water front, came up from Charles Street on purpose to meet the monarch of the Hill. The combat lasted for two mortal hours and was most appalling. It was in this fight that Old Tom lost his right eye, but the gutter-cat never went back to Charles Street.

Cats were not the only creatures, however, with which this furry demon waged war. You might live on Pinckney Street from year's end to year's end, you would never see a dog venture between its stiff brick walls. Any canine within a mile would have thought sooner of trotting out to the Medical School and offering himself as a sacrifice to the cause of science, than of scampering through this quiet thoroughfare. In fact, Tom and his followers were so dreaded by the dogs of the Hill that, had those worried animals entertained any idea of a canine Inferno, Old Tom must have figured in it as a veritable feline Satan. The last dog to stray into the street was Tim McGuire's brindle bull pup, which wandered over from Cambridge Street one pleasant Sunday morning. Now it happened that Tom was in one of his worst moods, for he had just made the disagreeable discovery that his most trusted lieutenant had eloped during the night with a favorite member of his harem, and he was already looking about for something on which to vent his rage when McGuire's bull pup came in sight, wagging its tail and sniffing the pavement. A gleam of delight lit up Tom's one eye. Suddenly the lodgers on Pinckney Street were brought out of their Sunday morning dozes by the agonized yelping of a canine in distress. Those who were most prompt in getting their heads out of windows beheld McGuire's pup dashing down the street toward the river with a tawny fury spatting and clawing on his back.

Although Old Tom's leadership was due to a vigorous personality, there were others among his followers hardly less noteworthy than he. Of these a white vixen belonging to a Madam Pepper stood high in Tom's favor, though she was as inconstant a mistress as ever walked a back fence. Another wicked looking, gaunt, black creature was the property of a German baker who kept a small pastry shop close by; and since the owner was a native of Ilsenbourg in Saxony it is not surprising that he bestowed upon his cat the appropriate name of Mephistopheles. Then there was a termagant tortoise-shell with one blue and one yellow eye; a rakish tabby that had lost an ear; a roistering Maltese; a corpulent tiger-cat with a rich bass voice whose mistress, a literary old maid, called him Falstaff; and others too numerous to describe.

It was into this locality, when Old Tom's reign was at its height, that Gideon Buck, a stout, bald-headed man, who in all his fifty-six years had never slept one night outside his native village, came to spend what proved to be the most memorable summer of his quiet ex-

istence. He was directed to Pinckney Street by a friend who assured him that it was "a nice, respectable street, where they don't ask you all outdoors for a room."

So Gideon located with Madam Pepper in a little room on the fifth floor under the eaves in the rear. From his low window, over the irregular outline of the roofs of the houses on the lower street, he had a view of the harbor and the shipping. By leaning far out he could look down into the areas behind the houses, each surrounded with a high brick wall and containing an assortment of ash barrels, garbage cans, coal-hods, wash tubs, boilers, brooms, mops and the like. Stretching across the areas from the tops of the walls were clothes lines some of which were always filled. On the whole, though he was not a man of artistic instinct, it did not take him long to discover that his glimpse of the harbor between his neighbors' chimney stacks was more attractive than his bird's-eye view of the back areas. He little knew how soon those huddled groups of barrels, hods and cans would prove of interest to him.

On the night of Gideon's arrival Old Tom had taken his following and gone over to Mount Vernon Street to pay his respects to a cat that had recently arrived on that street; so it was not until the second evening of his stay that Madam Pepper's new lodger made the acquaintance of the neighborhood cats. He had already seen a few of them sitting on door steps or peering out of windows, but had thought it nothing unusual. On his second evening, however, as he came down the street soon after ten o'clock, his attention was attracted by many skulking shadowy forms slinking along the walls, crouching in the gutters, or dodging down alleys into the murky darkness.

"Great Scott, what a street for cats!" he exclaimed.

A long, black, snaky form darted from under his very feet and sped across the street. On the other side it paused to utter a long-drawn wail. The apparition was so sudden and uncanny that it startled Gideon in spite of himself.

"Scat, you beggar!" he cried.

As he put the big brass key that Madam Pepper had given him, into the lock of the ponderous front door a white ghostly creature spatting viciously sprang from the shadow of the door-post and dashed between his legs. I shall not attempt to quote the new comer at this point, for I fear his ejaculations were more forcible than proper as he hurried to place the stout oak panels of the ancient door between him and the shadows of the dimly lighted street.

Any old resident could have told him that when Mephistopheles sped about from alley to alley, pausing now and then to emit his melancholy slogan, it foretold a turbulent night among the back areas. But all this Gideon was soon to learn for himself. He had not been long in bed when the first cries of the assembly came floating up to him from the alleys below; faint at first then louder, more frequent and more piercing, drawing nearer and nearer until they seemed to come from beneath his very eaves-hung window. For a while he did not mind the sounds; a cat fight was no new thing to him—their own Topsy at home often engaged in a nocturnal bout with their neighbor's Maltese—but as the wailing increased he began to stirr nervously in his bed, for such an astounding convention of felines was entirely outside of his experience. He recalled a story he had read in his youth of Bishop Hatto, who was besieged in a tower on the Rhine and eaten alive by an army of rats, and, despite the fact that he was on the fifth floor, he could not repress a shudder as he reviewed the details of that reverend gentleman's fate. Nor was it any wonder, for the caterwauling of Old Tom and his band was like no other sound so much as that of a Walpurgis Night celebration.

Tom himself moaned and groaned as though he were already in the bowels of utter perdition; and Mephistopheles' long, quavering slogan—the mournful cadence of which was like the wail of the siren whistle on the box factory in Gideon's native village—was enough to set even the most healthy nerves atingle. Madam Pepper's Cleopatra, too, squalled

a solo in an amazingly high key, to which the termagant tortoise-shell, the one-eared tabby, the roistering Maltese and the rotund tiger-cat screeched a chorus. Then there were cats that snarled like dogs and cats that howled like demons and cats that whimpered like children, so it is not surprising, when all snarled and howled and whimpered together, that the perspiration stood out on Gideon's legs and forehead as he lay muffled in the bedclothes.

The concert continued for an hour, when, to Gideon's relief, the company drew to a more remote locality, leaving him to sink into a troubled sleep, in which he dreamed that he was besieged in an ancient chateau by an army of cats commanded by an old fellow in a cocked hat, top boots and a red sash.

On the following night he lay awake for two hours expecting a renewal of the festivities, but never a yowl did he hear. On the next night, however, they were at it again. Tom was finishing off a rival in the presence of his entire retinue.

It went on in this fashion with only occasional intermissions, until Gideon dreamed of cats every time he closed his eyes. In these night-mares Old Tom usually sat upon his stomach and stared him out of countenance with his one green eye, while Mephistopheles danced a hornpipe on the foot-board. Cleopatra herself frequently favored him with a ballet on the top of the old-fashioned dresser, during which the rakish tabby, the roistering Maltese, the tiger-cat with the bass voice, and the tortoise-shell with the mismatched eyes grinned approval from the window sill. At such times the bedposts became erect attenuated felines with glowing eyes and bristling mustachios, and borders of waltzing kittens spun round the room. Sometimes, when roused from his distressed slumbers by the revels in the areas below, Gideon would believe that the whole cat population of the Hill was swarming up the weather-worn wall into his bedroom window. These dreams were so frequent and so vivid that, in spite of their fantastic character, he was never quite sure afterwards just what he had imagined and what he had actually beheld, or where the dream left off and the reality began.

For want of rest he became haggard and irritable. The squeaking of a hinge, a sneeze, the cry of a newsboy, or any sharp or sudden sound startled him greatly. To be sure, he eventually lost—at least during his waking hours—the feeling of timidity that accompanied his first experiences on the street, but he still started nervously if a cat dashed across his path and always walked briskly when he came down the quaint old street after sunset. Nevertheless, as I have said, Gideon had ceased to sweat and tremble when Old Tom and his band went on the war-path and instead had taken to throwing missiles at them from his fifth-story window. First it had been the toilet soap, then the hair brush, followed by a pair of slippers, one of Madam Pepper's cheap vases and a bottle of hair tonic. Others did it now and then, though for the most part the lodgers in that vicinity seemed either more used to the disturbance or of less nervous temperaments and snored through some of the most strenuous celebrations. But with the new-comer it soon became a business, and when on Sunday afternoons he took a walk into the suburbs he always returned with his pockets full of stones to be used during the coming week. Although by far the greater part of these missiles did not hit the animals at which they were thrown, one now and then struck its mark, but the only apparent result ever produced was the introduction of a more spiteful note in the creature's squall.

It happened one sultry Sunday afternoon in the dog-days as Gideon was returning from his walk, his pockets bulging with stones from the road side, that he fell in with a big dark-complexioned man with a short beard and a stiff black pompadour. The fellow, who had an easy off-hand manner that quite won Gideon's confidence, soon remarked that the latter seemed to be carrying a great load in his pockets. Upon this Madam Pepper's lodger related his experiences on the Hill, concluding by saying that he feared he must eventually change his location, though, being a stranger in the city, he was at a great loss to know where he was to find another as

respectable.

The dark man thought for a moment and said, "I'll tell you what to do, old man. You get a box of those big torpedoes that the children have on the Fourth of July and just throw a few of them at the confounded cats. I guess you'll see 'em scatter."

The idea so delighted Gideon that he could hardly wait for the opportunity of trying it. Lying in bed that night he chuckled to himself as he pictured the scattering of Old Tom's band.

Monday afternoon he walked into a sporting goods store and to the young man behind the fire-arms counter said, "Let me have some of your biggest torpedoes, your very biggest."

The clerk who was a pert-looking fellow turned to his shelves with a mischievous twinkle in his eye and turning back plumped down on the counter a wicked-looking black sphere about the size of a baseball, saying, "How will this do?"

It was a hand-grenade.

The customer's face lit up with anticipation. Here was a little engine that would do Old Tom's business in what promised to be a most effectual manner.

"I guess that's about right," he said, "and I reckon one will be enough."

As the moon rose over the irregular line of Pinckney Street house tops that night it beheld a stout bald-headed man in a flowered bath robe and slippers sitting at an open window peering down into the back alley from one of Madam Pepper's fifth-floor-rear bedrooms. From time to time he chuckled to himself. Everything was still. An hour slipped by and he continued to wait and chuckle. Another hour passed. He had ceased to chuckle and had lighted a cigar. A third hour dragged by and still not a sound came from the alleys. By the moonlight that flooded the tiny room the watcher had counted the red poppies on the wall opposite him to one hundred, twenty-seven and had then fallen asleep in his chair, where he dreamed that he was playing at tenpins with the dark stranger, the pins being Old Tom and his coterie and the balls giant torpedoes and hand-grenades, until the damp east wind of the morning came in at the window and set him sneezing.

Gideon, nevertheless, being a man of some persistency, and knowing, moreover, that two nights of complete calm were not likely to come in succession on the Hill, posted himself at the window again on the following evening with the grenade before him on the sill. It was another moonlight night. The back areas were as light as day and the shadows of the old brooms and pails were as though inked against the ruddy brick walls and floors. Thus it was not difficult, even from Gideon's aerie, to distinguish a long, lean, black creature slinking up the alley, pausing now and then to utter a distressing wail. It was Mephistopheles.

The watcher listened attentively. Presently from the direction of the river came a reply to the slogan and then another from over on Joy Street. Before long he saw a white figure, which he recognized as Madam Pepper's Cleopatra, slip over a wall into the alley and soon after some six or seven other similar forms of varying shades followed the first. Now there were calls answering calls from all quarters and every minute new heads rose above the area walls. Gideon had by this time lived long enough on the street to recognize the assembling of Old Tom's band.

He was aware also that Madam Pepper's area was a favorite haunt of theirs, so he was not surprised that they should now assemble in the narrow enclosure immediately beneath him. There seemed to be scores of them, ghostly creatures with sinuous bodies, lashing tails and eyes that shone with a baleful green light as they occasionally turned up their faces toward the watcher and the moon. Sounds like the tuning of an orchestra broke the quiet of the night as the animals grouped themselves in the center of the area. He was tempted to hurl the grenade without further delay, but a desire to include Old Tom in the destruction made him wait, for Old Tom had not arrived.

Had it not been that Gideon's window faced the east he might have noticed that a bank of dark clouds, brightened from

time to time by quiverings of heat lightning, was collecting on the western horizon. Evidently the murmur of the distant thunder or the fitful gusts of the west wind did not reach the animals below, for they continued with their preparations for what promised to be a carnival of unusual proportions.

Presently all heads were turned toward the top of the area wall with such an air of expectation that Gideon partly rose from his chair and leaned a little out of the window to see what was about to happen. Suddenly Old Tom appeared on the wall. To this day Gideon cannot say whence he came and declares that he has seen many less amazing tricks done on the stage by some who have called themselves magicians, but the only likelihood is that he sprang to the top of the wall from an adjoining alley. Still, if one believed that there was anything uncanny about the creature, there certainly was as good evidence here as anywhere to that effect, and it would be hard to disprove a theory that he materialized from the air or alighted from a broomstick.

Old Tom sprang down in the center of the area. The other cats falling back a little faced him in a circle. He snarled a few times, lashing his sides with his tail as Gideon had seen a caged tiger do in a menagerie, and then, throwing back his head, gave voice to a screech which vibrated with such malicious fervor that the watcher, who perhaps entertained a somewhat guilty feeling at the part he was about to play in the performance, drew back suddenly from the window.

At this the circle of cats began to sway backward and forward, advancing and retreating in time to a purring sound punctuated at intervals by shrill ecstatic cries, and revolving about Old Tom who kept up a continual pirouetting, arching his back, bristling his tail, and spatting violently meanwhile. The revel went on after this fashion for some time, the cries becoming momentarily more frequent. Now the time was ripe, so Gideon thought, for him to avenge himself for the uneasiness he had suffered during the past weeks. He took the little black ball in his hand and leaned far out over the window ledge, his bald spot shining in the moonlight. Five stories below him Old Tom caracoled in the center of his whirling circle. The man above could distinguish every animal, the rakish tabby, the fat tiger-cat and all the rest; he could even make out the spots, bars and stripes of their fur.

Whether these creatures were performing some mystic rite, learned in the days of antiquity by their great ancestors on the banks of the Nile, cannot be determined, but, according to Gideon, during the moment that he paused to observe their antics he suddenly became fascinated and forgot the little ball poised in his right hand. How long this hypnotic influence might have lasted, or what might have been its result to the corpulent man in the flowered bath robe, who hung so perilously far out of Madam Pepper's fifth-floor-rear window, will never be known, for before Gideon quite lost his senses Tom threw up his head and gave another of his diabolical wails. The sound brought Gideon to himself. The circle of cats was just drawing in and at the leader's cry broke into a chorus which the lodger was never able to forget. The hand that held the grenade was already raised and Gideon threw.

Down whizzed the black sphere five stories to the pavement of the area below. A flash, a report and a chorus of squawks in a dozen different keys accompanied its arrival. Before the flat echoes of the stiff brick walls or the tinkle of broken window glass had ceased Gideon had jumped into bed, bath robe and all, and drawn the clothes over him.

Not many seconds passed before heads were thrust out of windows opening on the alley and a detail of police came on the run from the Joy Street station. Investigation showed that a large section of the paving of Madam Pepper's back area had been torn up and the barrels, pails, brooms and other implements had been badly battered and much scattered about. The greater number of the windows in the adjoining houses had been shattered by the concussion and even a part of the coping of Madam Pepper's area wall had been blown away. As for the cats among whom the wicked little ball had descended, there was little left

to determine to what extent they had suffered. The most that could be found was a few detached claws, one or two tails and various nondescript patches that might have adorned almost any section of feline anatomy. The chinks in the adjacent walls, however, were liberally filled with fur of many colors, prominent among which was a shade that, despite singeing, might still be distinguished as originally of a tawny complexion.

Whence came this distruction nobody on the Hill ever knew, for Gideon guarded his part in the affair very carefully, but as soon as it became known that Old Tom and the greater part of his retinue had disappeared about midnight in a blaze of fire accompanied by a loud detonation and followed soon after by a thunder storm of unusual violence, some who had long looked askance upon the nightly revels, expressed a belief that Satan himself had come for the old rascal and that an often expressed wish of theirs had been fulfilled at last and the Devil had him.

Gideon long ago went back to his native village. Miss Constance Savage is no longer the keeper of a lodging-house, but is herself a lodger in a mansion where inconstant lovers and delinquent tenants alike cease to trouble. Madam Pepper, too, no longer lets the fifth-floor-rear or any other room to corpulent gentlemen, or to any gentlemen or ladies of any description, and there are few left who remember Old Tom and his following of felines.

Nevertheless, among the older inhabiof the Hill it is said that some times on summer evenings, when the glimmer of distant lightning is reflected among the chimney-stacks, a ghostly band of stealthy felines goes skulking up the back alleys, lead by a tawny old fellow with one green eye.

Catalpa

By ALICE D'ALCHO

I see the laughing beauties of the Spring,
Forth to the breeze, their scented garments fling,
Mocking my bare estate.
In gay procession radiant hues unfold—
Purple and rose, with many a gleam of gold—
But I—I wait.

I watch them bloom—I see them fade and die—
Till round my feet the scattered blossoms lie,
Mingling in common fate.
Mourning I stand, till Spring's bright course is run,
While wondering birds my leafless branches shun,
And still—I wait.

So the days pass, and lo, one glorious morn,
Fair robes of bloom my outstretched arms adorn
With kingly state.
Pure as the snow, and fragrant as the rose—
Yet sweeter still the secret I disclose
To those who wait.

The Providence Athenæum

By JOSEPH LE ROY HARRISON

THE Providence Athenæum is one of the few survivors of the "public" libraries of our forefathers, a distinctive type whose ownership is vested in its proprietors and whose origin and fullest growth cover the half centuries preceding and following the Revolutionary War. That it may be seen in a proper historical perspective, as a representative type of the proprietary library, a brief summary of the development of library history in the United States is essential.

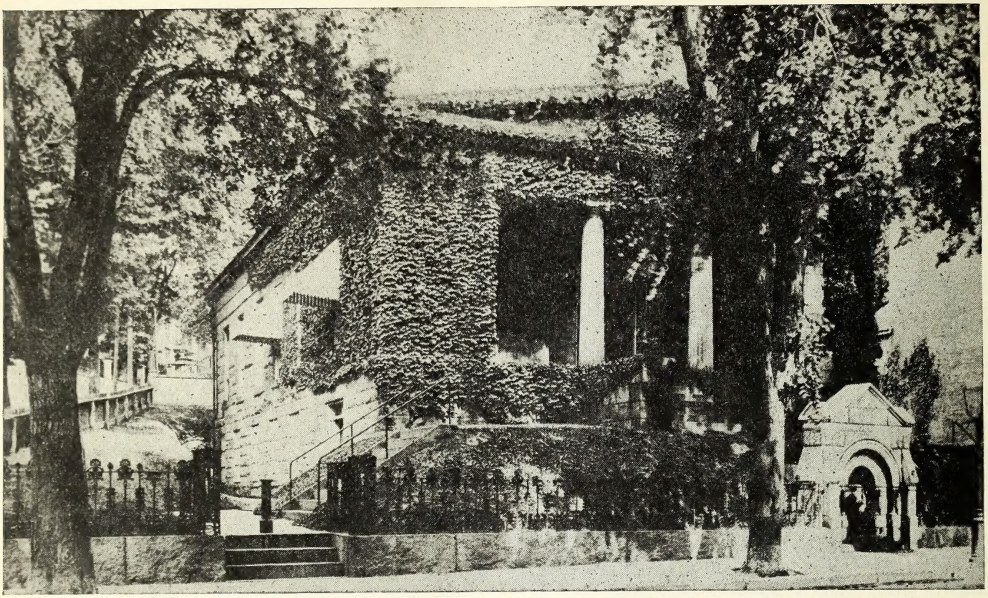
Early Library History.

The public library as we know it today is the result of a gradual and natural development, of which the period of the proprietary library forms one link in a chain whose beginning is happily anchored to the small and solemn private libraries of early colonial days.

In 1620 the first library in America designed to be used by a constituency larger than the family was bequeathed by the Rev. Thomas Burgrave to a projected college at Henrico, Va. In 1636 Harvard University was founded and two years later its library. The period from the establishment of these libraries to the organization of the Philadelphia Library company covered something more than a century. This period witnessed also the foundation of William and Mary and Yale College libraries, 1693 and 1701; the establishment, 1697 to 1730, by the Rev. Thomas Bray, for a brief period commissary of the English church in Maryland, of a large number of parochial and lending libraries, extending from a nucleus of nearly thirty parishes in Maryland into Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and the occasional organization of "town," "parish" or "neighborhood" libraries, whose origin and history are for the most part obscure. The following, however, can be mentioned with certainty: Boston, Mass., King's Chapel library, as early as 1688, and Town library, as early as 1653; Concord, Mass., Town library, as early as 1672; Philadelphia, Pa., Parish library of Christ church, 1695; Annapolis, Md., "one and probably two public libraries," 1696-1697; New York, N. Y., Sharp collection, given in 1713 to found a "public library" and the Millington bequest, 1730, foundation of the "Corporation library," and Louisquisset district, in what is now Lincoln, R. I., then within the limits of Providence, "Circulating library," sometime before 1711.

The year 1731 began a new era in the intellectual life of the American people, an era of co-operation for the procurement of books. It was in this year that Benjamin Franklin proposed to his fellow members of The Junto, a debating society which subsequently became the American Philosophical society, that they bring their books, obtained in these early days with difficulty and at great cost, to the club where they might be enjoyed by all. The direct result of this co-operation was the formation of the Philadelphia Library company, the establishment of which is so important, not only as the first of its type but historically in connection with library development in this country, that Franklin's account, as given in his Autobiography, is of special interest:

"About this time, our club meeting, not at a tavern, but in a little room of Mr. Grace's, set apart for that purpose, a proposition was made by me, that, since our books were often referred to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might



THE PROVIDENCE ATHENÆUM

be convenient to us to have them altogether where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus clubbing our books to a common library, we should, while we liked to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was liked and agreed to, and we filled one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected; and though they had been of great use, yet some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

"And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and, by the help of my friends in the Junto, procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterwards obtained a charter, the company being increased to one hundred: this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous. It is become a great thing itself, and continually increasing. These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries, and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colcolonies in defence of their privileges."

Franklin's very simple, but hitherto unthought of device, that of the joint stock library association, was contagious. Naturally adopted first in and about Philadelphia it soon spread throughout the colonies. Before the first shot of the Revolution was fired at Lexington the seed of library co-operation had taken firm root. Libraries had been founded as follows:—

Pennsylvania: Carpenters' Library company, 1736; Four Monthly Meetings of Friends, 1742, and German Society of Pennsylvania, 1764, Philadelphia; Darby Library company, 1743, Darby; Union Library company, 1755, Hatborough; Chester Library company, 1769, Chester, onies in defence of their privileges."

New Jersey: Burlington Library company, 1757, Burlington;

New York: New York Society

library, 1754, "Corporation library," 1730, and Union Library society, 1771, New York city.

Massachusetts: Prince library, 1758, and New England library, 1758, Boston; Social library, 1760, Salem; Social library, 1763, Leominster, and Second Social library, 1758, Hingham;

Connecticut: Proprietors' library, 1737, Pomfret;

Maine: "Revolving library," 1751, parishes of Kittery and York, and Portland library, 1763, Portland;

South Carolina: Charleston Library company, 1748, Charleston, and Winyaw Indigo Society, 1755, Georgetown;

Rhode Island: Redwood library, 1747, Newport, and Providence Library company, 1753, Providence.

Besides these libraries, which may be characterized as general in their scope, college libraries were founded by Princeton, then the College of New Jersey, 1746; University of Pennsylvania, 1755; Columbia, then King's College, 1757; Brown, 1767; Dartmouth, 1770, and Rutgers, 1770. College society libraries had their start at Yale by the founding of the Linonian and Brothers of Unity libraries, 1753; theological libraries by the Moravian Archives, Bethlehem, Pa., 1742, and scientific libraries by the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, 1743.

These libraries, together with those noted under the second period of library development, were the chief means of general literary culture open to Americans before the Revolutionary War. They represent the first half of the third period of library growth. The second half extended from the close of the war to 1826. The entire period covered nearly a century, that is, from 1731 to 1826, and has exerted a pronounced, though gradually lessening influence, to the present day. The growth of the proprietary library was naturally checked by the Revolution, but from 1785 to the close of the century and during the first quarter of the nineteenth century Franklin's idea spread rapidly throughout the country. "Society," "social," "town," "association," "Athenæum," "company," and "Franklin society" libraries, as they were variously called, continued to be established in the colonies, and in most of the new states as they came into the Union, including Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Alabama.

During the latter part of this third period of library development there began to appear a new and distinct type of library. Though open to all, they were designed, as their names imply, for young men of the merchants' and mechanics' classes. Some of the more important of these libraries, with the dates of founding, were the Mercantile Library, Boston, 1820; Mercantile Library, New York, 1820; Mechanic Apprentices' Library, Portland, Me., 1820; Mechanics Apprentices Library, Boston, Mass., 1820; Mechanics' Society, Detroit, Mich., 1820; Apprentices' Library, New York, 1820; Apprentices' Library company, Philadelphia, Pa., 1820; Charitable Mechanics' association, Salem, Mass., 1820; Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, 1821; Association of Mechanics and Manufacturers, Providence, R. I., 1821; Printers' Library, New York city, 1823; Middlesex Mechanics' association, Lowell, Mass., 1825; Mechanics' association, Bangor, Me., 1826; Young Men's Institute, New Haven, Conn.

In that a fee was charged for their use they were allied to the proprietary library, but their scope was broader and their establishment one step nearer the free public library. They were not exclusive, as the college library, or limited to those who could afford the initial cost of a share, as the proprietary library, but were open to all for a comparatively small annual fee. They were designed not only to furnish books but to provide a general higher education for young men who desired to supplement their school work.

In leaving this third period of library development, essentially the period of the proprietary and mercantile libraries, it may be said that an interesting and important chapter of library history, one closely allied to the educational history of the country as well, has never been written, and offers a rich field for some future historian. From the special viewpoint of library history the period is im-

portant for its libraries are the foundation on which the free public library of to-day rests. They gave much to their successors, in earnest purpose, in spirit, catholicity of view, even in methods, but above all they prepared the way and demonstrated the need of something more than they could supply.

For the purpose of this introduction, essentially concerned in the history of the proprietary library as a background for the subject of this article, the subsequent steps in the development of library history in the United States may be briefly stated.

The fourth period of development was the real beginning of the public library system in America. It dates back to the year 1826, when Governor De Witt Clinton, of New York, advocated in his annual message to the legislature the establishment of free school libraries. The founding of these libraries by state governments recognized one of the most important functions of the public library, that is, it recognized the library as an essential part of the system of public education and as such entitled to a share in public taxation. That the state should educate its citizens and for that purpose maintain schools was a principle already firmly grounded, but now for the first time in history it recognized the library as both the complement and supplement of the school, a factor in its educational system.

The fifth step was that of libraries endowed by private generosity and thrown open to the public on such conditions as their founders thought wise. The old Astor library, of New York, and the Peabody Institute, of Baltimore, are examples. The origin of endowed libraries dates back to about the same time as that of the free public library and to a great extent their scope and interests have been identical.

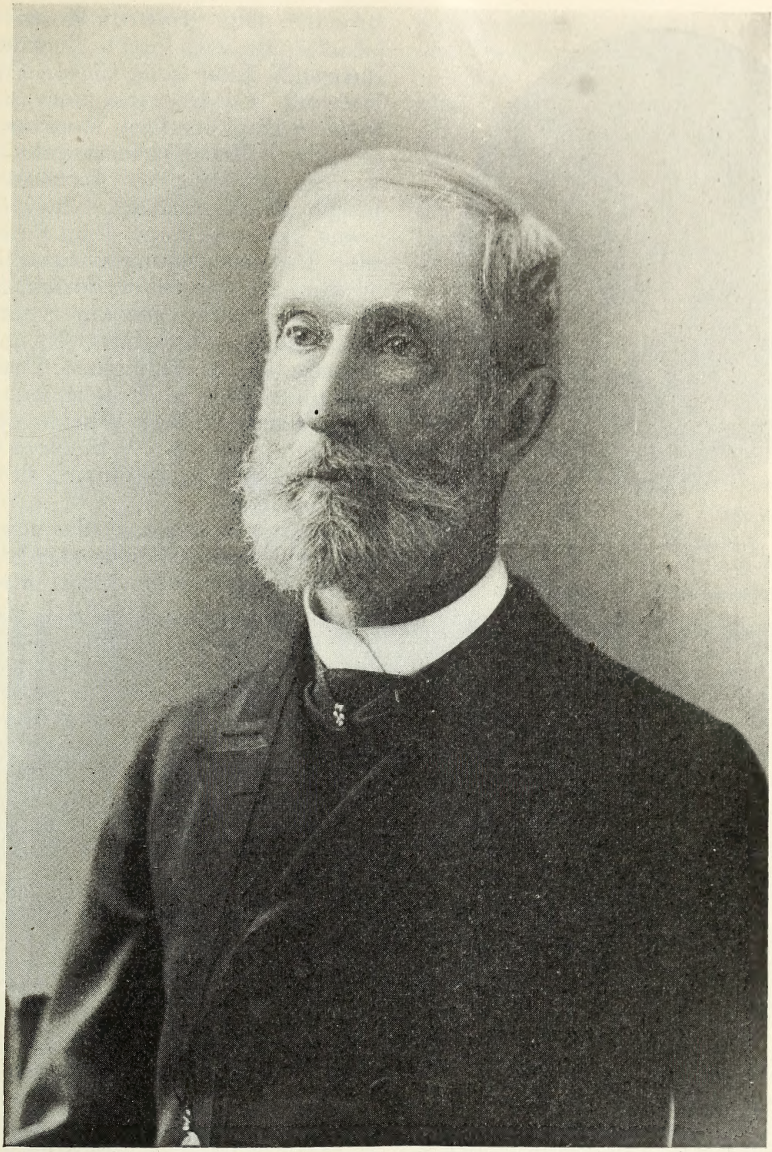
Such is the history of the library movement in the United States up to the time when that movement, with the founding of the Boston Public library in 1854, broadened in its scope and became the free public library movement; which, in its turn, underwent such an awakening in 1876 as to begin a new epoch in the history of libraries, an epoch already spoken of as the modern library movement.

The origin of The Providence Athenæum formed by the union of the Providence Athenæum, dates back to the first of the third period. It was one of the direct results of Franklin's influence and Providence was among the first towns to follow Philadelphia in the establishment of a library, if, indeed, in the neighborhood circulating library in the Louisquisset district it did not antedate it At least only twelve towns throughout the colonies, exclusive of those in which the Bray and college libraries had been established, anticipated Providence in founding a library, that is, Kittery and York parishes, in the Province of Maine; Boston and Concord, in Massachusetts; Pomfret, in Connecticut; Newport, in Rhode Island; New York city, and Philadelphia and Darby, in Pennsylvania.

The history of the institution divides naturally into that of the Providence Library company, 1753 to 1836; the old Providence Athenæum, 1831 to 1836, and The Providence Athenæum, 1836 to 1911, and will be treated under these three heads.

Providence Library Company.

Among those most interested in the formation of the Providence Library company was Stephen Hopkins, governor of Rhode Island and signer of the Declaration of Independence. There is a striking similarity between his experiences in Providence and those of Franklin in Philadelphia. Like Franklin he was a lover and collector of books, and at the home of his grandfather, Captain Samuel Wilkinson, in the Louisquisset neighborhood, he undoubtedly used the circulating library of which mention has been made. Removing from his farm in Scituate, R. I., in 1743, he found he had soon absorbed the few books to which he had access, and then, like Franklin, not finding book-shops at hand, he joined with his friends in sending to England for books. These books subsequently became the nucleus of the Providence Library company as those of the Junto became that of the Phila-

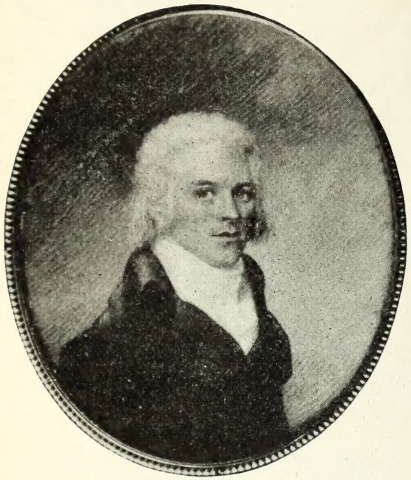


STEPHEN H. ARNOLD

delphia Library company.

The Providence Library company was established in 1753. The preamble to the subscription list, dated March twenty-second of that year, reads:

"*Whereas* a Collection or Library of usefull and Edifying Books will most certainly tend to the Benefit and Instruction of the Inhabitants of this Town and County of Providence, and the Rising Generation thereto belonging.—*Therefore We* the Subscribers considering the Advantages thereof, and the Improvements which may be thereby made, not only by us but by our Posterity, and for the Encouragement of the Same, have hereunto voluntarily Subscribed our Names, and opposite thereto such Sum of Money as we are willing to Contribute towards the usefull and Laudable Design afore-



Miniature by Edw. A. Malbone
NICHOLAS POWER

said. Which said Sum by us Severally Subscribed opposite to our respective Names, We the Subscribers do hereby Promise to pay on Demand, unto such Person or Persons as shall (when the subscription is full) be by the Majority of us the Subscribers nominated and appointed recieve the Same, and which, by and with Our Approbation, or the Majority of us, is to be by such Receiver appropriated to and for the Use aforesaid, and to and for no other Use or Purpose whatsoever. *In Witnesses* and Confirmation of which We have hereunto Severally set our Names this Twenty Second Day of March Anno Domini One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty Three.

"*N. B.* There is no Subscription for the Use aforesaid to be taken under the Subscription of Twenty Five Pounds Old Tenor, but as much more as any well Spirited Subscriber shall think proper."

The list contains eighty-six names, eighty-one subscriptions at £25, three at £27, 10s, one at £30 and one at £50.

Among the original subscribers, all prominent in the business and social life of Providence of that day, may be mentioned:

Nehemiah Allen, Nathan Angel, Samuel Angel, Job Arnold, Jonathan Arnold, Jonathan Ballou, Benjamin Bowen, Ephraim Bowen, James Brown, John Brown (son of Elisha), Nicholas Brown, John Brown, Moses Brown, Obadiah Brown, Joseph Bucklin, Sarah Burrough, John Cole, Gideon Comstock, Nicholas Cooke, Benjamin Cushing, Stephen Hopkins, Ejek Hopkins, George Jackson, Richard Jackson, John Jenckes, Samuel Nightingale, Jonathan Olney, Joseph Olney, Richard Olney, Thomas Owen, Ambrose Page, John Power, Barzillai Richmond, Joseph Russell, Darius Sessions, Joseph Snow, Joshua Spooner, Richard Steere, Thomas Steere, Paul Tew, Elisha Tillinghast, Nicholas Tillinghast, Daniel Tillinghast, David Vanderlight, Resolved Waterman, Thomas Waterman, William Whetan, Jeremiah Whipple, Joseph Whipple, Stephen Whipple, Jacob Whitman and David Wilkinson.

The first meeting of the new society was held at the house of Mr. Joseph Angell, December 15, 1753. Mr. Nicholas Brown was appointed clerk and Messrs. Nicholas Brown, Nicholas Tillinghast and John Randal a committee to collect subscriptions. The second meeting was held on Christmas day following, also at the home of Mr. Angell. Messrs. Stephen Hopkins, Samuel Nightingale, Ephraim Bowen, Nicholas Cooke, David Vanderlight and Paul Tew appointed "to make out a Catalogue of Books, with the sterling prices affixed in order to send to England for the intended Library.* Subscribers were allowed to "put in such Books as the Com. judge proper to be received to the full value, or any Part of their Subscriptions." At a meeting on January 5, 1754, the catalogue prepared by the committee was accepted. On February first the committee on subscriptions reported that it had collected £1500 old tenor. It was voted to deliver this sum to Mr. Paul Tew, who reported on February sixth "that he had contracted with Mr. Obadiah Brown..... to deliver him One Hundred Pounds Sterling worth of Books.....to be delivered at Rhode Island within six months."

*In all quotations from the old record books the spelling, punctuation, capitalization and phraseology of the original have been retained.

Messrs. Stephen Hopkins, Nicholas

Tillinghast, Paul Tew and Nicholas Brown were appointed on August second a committee to draw up "such Rules and Orders as are requisite for the well regulating said Library." Five days later the committee reported a body of rules containing seventeen articles, of which the following extracts are of interest:

"That when the Library is so far furnished with Books as to make it fit to be opened for use, some proper Person be appointed Librarian....to attend one afternoon in each week the opening of the Library....to shew the Library to all Strangers, who are Gentlemen, and desire to see it.

"That no Proprietor shall have at one Time more than one Folio, or one Quarto, or one large Octavo volume, or two small Octavo or Duodicimo volumes; the Folios to be returned....within three months Quartos within two, and Octavos and Duodicimos within one month....

"That....any Person of a good character may hereafter be....made a Proprietor....he first paying to the Librarian Three Pounds Sterling....

"That all Ministers and Preachers for the Time being among the Different Denominations of Christians within the Town of Providence shall be allowed the same Liberty....as tho they were Proprietors....

"That whenever the General Assembly sits in the Town of Providence the Librarian....shall deliver to whomsoever they appoint the Keys of the Library.... so that the Members may have opportunity to read any of the Books, if they see Cause, trusting to their Honor to leave them in their Places.

"That Mr. Nicholas Brown be the first Librarian, and every Saturday, from two



WILLIAM GILES GODDARD ART MEMORIAL ROOM

to five of the clock in the afternoon be the Times of opening the Library."

If Mr. Brown kept his contract, the books probably arrived in August, 1754. They were placed by permission of the general assembly, granted the February previous, in the council chamber of the Town House (also referred to as the "Court House" and the "State House") which stood on Meeting street, just above the Friends' meeting-house, on the site of the present Meeting street school house. The old "Register book" contains a nineteen page "Catalogue of all the Books belonging to the Library in Providence, as well those which were procured here as those which were purchased in London." This catalogue is neatly arranged alphabetically under the size of the book, that is, folio, octavo, duodecimo and twenty-four mo, the customary grouping of those early days, and the number of volumes and cost sterling is given with each title. Five-hundred-and-eighty-three books are listed. Though every title is of interest, as an indication of the sturdy character of the purchases of those early libraries, the list is too long to give in its entirety. Those which survived the fire of 1758 and are on the shelves of the Athenæum to-day may be enumerated as perhaps fairly representative of the entire collection, or at least of the books in circulation. They are as follows: Henry Baker, Microscope Made Easy, Lond. 1744; George Bickham, Universal Penman, Lond. 1743; John Campbell, Lives of the Admirals, Lond. 1750; Nicolas Fouquet, Counsels of Wisdom, Oxford 1736; James Fraser, History of Nadir Shah, Lond. 1742; William Gibson, Farrier's New Guide, Lond. 1735; Pierre Gilles, Antiquities of Constantinople, Lond. 1729; Hugo Grotius, Rights of War and Peace, Lond. 1738; Stephen Hales, Statical Essays, Lond. 1740; Herodotus, History, translated by Isaac Littlebury, Lond. 1737; Francis Hutcheson, Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue, Lond. 1753; John Keill, Introduction to Natural Philosophy, Lond. 1745; Thomas Pitts, New Martyrology, Lond. 1633; Sallust, Works, translated by Thomas Gordon, Lond. n. d.; Sharaf-ad-Din-Ali *al Yezdi,* History of Timur-bec, Lond. 1723; Peter Shaw, Chemical Lectures, Lond. 1755; Sir John Spelman, Life of Alfred the Great, Lond. 1709; John Tillotson, Works, Lond. 1752.

A little more than four years after the installation of the library the Town House was burned. There is a gap in the Register from 1755 to 1762, but under date of the latter year the following account of the fire is given:

"The Books being arrived from England, neat and proper cases were erected in the Council Chamber, in the Town House in Providence for receiving them; and being placed there in proper Order, the Library was opened, and the Books received and returned by the Proprietors, agreeable to the foregoing Rules, and continued to be used in that manner, to great Satisfaction, as well as Profit and Advantage, until the twenty fourth Day of December One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty eight, when the Town House with all the Books in it was entirely consumed by Fire. This Accident was occasioned thus. The General Assembly Sitting in the Court House the preceding week, when the weather was very cold, Large Fires were kept in the chambers. The chimneys, not being built from the ground, but founded on the chamber Floors, were supported by Timber, to which the Fire communicated itself through the Hearths, and there remained concealed, from Saturday, when the Assembly left the House, until the Sunday following, about Ten o'clock at Night, when the Inside of the House was discovered to be wholly in Flames. The Fire being got to so great a Heighth, it was impossible to save the House or any Thing in it. One Dwelling House also which stood next to it, was burnt down. The Friends Meeting House, and another House which Stood near it, suffered great Damage by the Fire, but were saved by the Diligence and great Activity of the People, with the Help of one Water Engine, the only one then in the Town."

Immediately following the account of the fire is this record of the successful attempt to re-establish the library:

"The Library being thus lost, except about Seventy Volumes then abroad in

the Hands of the Proprietors, Application was made to the General Assembly, who at their Session in the month of February one Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty granted a Lottery, the Deduction from which, namely one Thousand Dollars, to be appropriated to the purchasing Books for a New Library, of which Books when purchased, the Proprietors of the Former Library were to be the Owners together with all such others, who should take Sixty Tickets apiece on their own Risque in this Lottery. The Lottery being compleated, one Thousand Dollars were delivered to a Committee appointed by the Proprietors for that Purpose, who Sent it in Bills of Exchange to Mr. John Richardson a Stationer in London together with a Catalogue of Books to be purchased, who procured and Shipped them to Boston, where they arrived some Time in the Month of January, 1762.

"The Proprietors having Advice that their Books, to the Amount of Two Hundred and twenty Pounds eleven Shillings and Six Pence Sterling were arrived in Boston, met together in Providence the thirtieth Day of January one Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty two and having chosen the Honorable Stephen Hopkins Esquire Governor of the Colony of Rhode Island to be their Moderator, they voted and ordered a Tax to be assessed on the Proprietors at Forty Shillings old Tenor and one Quarter of a Dollar in Silver, that the Librarian collect, and the Treasurer receive this Tax, and that no Proprietor receive any Books until this Tax be by him respectively paid. It was further resolved that Mr. Silas Downer be Librarian, and Mr. Nicholas Tillinghast Treasurer of the Proprietors; And that the Hon'ble Stephen Hopkins, Nicholas Cooke Esqr., Mr. Esek Hopkins, Mr. John Cole and Mr. Nicholas Brown be a Standing Committee, who are to provide a proper Place for the Books, procure them to be transported from Boston, to receive of Mr. Joseph Lawrence what Books belonging to the late Library are in his Hands, and to do every other Necessary Thing more especially to draw up and present to the Proprietors at their next meeting a Sett of Rules and Orders for the Good Regulation of the Proprietors, respecting the Library.—adjourned to Feb. 12, 1762.

"1762. On the ninth Day of February A. D. 1762. The Books were brought into Town from Boston, and put up in Order in Mr. Esek Hopkins's Shop."

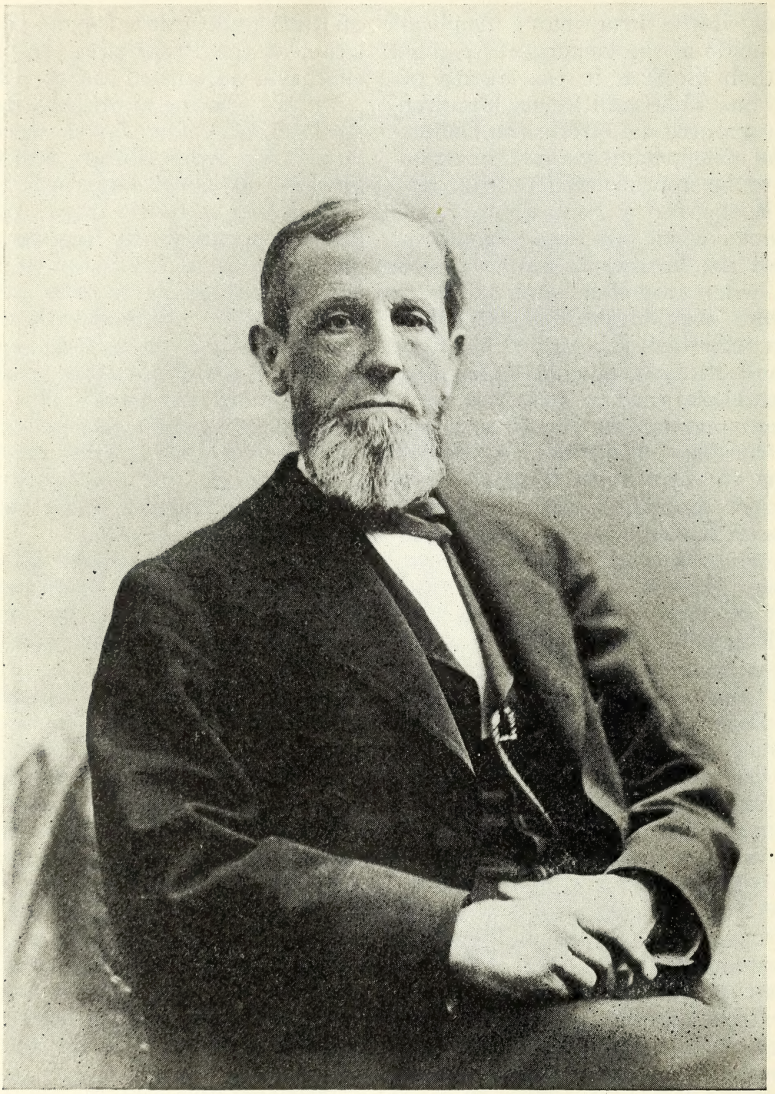
A catalogue of the books of the new library appears in the Register under the general heading, "A Catalogue of all the Books belonging to the Providence Library, Those marked with an Asterisk (*) are such books as were saved in the Hands of the Proprietors when the late Library was burned." This catalogue, containing 911 titles, was printed in 1768, together with the "Rules for governing the proprietors of and institutions for rendering useful the books belonging to the Providence Library."

The books remained in Mr. Hopkins' shop from 1762 until 1764 (probably the fall of that year) when the Register contains this note of their removal to the new Town House:

"1764. This Day the Library was removed from Mr. Esek Hopkins's, where it hath been kept ever Since it arrived from England, into the Council Chamber, where proper, and very neat Shelves, with large pannelled Doors, were put up at the charge of the Proprietors, and so contrived, as not to take from the Beauty of the whole Finishing of the Chamber, which is elegantly done in Belection Work. For the Privilege of keeping the Books in this Place, the Members of the General Assembly are to have the Inspection of the Books, during their Session here."

Between 1764 and the granting of the charter in 1798 the Register contains little of importance in the history of the institution. The "Charter and by-laws of the Providence Library company," published in 1818, contains, however, this interesting note:

"In the year 1770, Rhode Island College was established in this town, and the college edifice erected the same year—on this occasion the Library company offered the use of the books to the officers and students of that institution, until a library could be procured sufficient for that respectable establishment.



SAMUEL W. PECKHAM

Under these circumstances and from the doors being left open to accommodate the members of the Legislature, other persons in the absence of the Librarian, had access to the books; many of which were lost, and the value and usefulness of the Library was evidently declining; and the Proprietors having no corporate powers, had not sufficient authority to enforce a compliance with their votes and regulations. It was therefore determined to apply to the General Assembly for an act of incorporation; and on that being obtained to adopt such other measures to preserve the books and increase their numbers as might render the Institution more useful and respectable, and to bear some proportion to the progressive increase of the town."

As early as March, 1783, it was proposed that the next meeting of the board should consider "the Expediency of Petitioning for a Charter." The minutes of the April meeting, however, contain no

mention of such consideration, nor do those of any subsequent meeting until that of March 7, 1795, and the library was not incorporated until October 31, 1798. The act contains seven sections, in addition to the following introduction, which is given in full because of the interesting light it throws on the early conditions, struggles and purposes of the library:

"State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

In General Assembly,
October Session, A. D. 1798.

AN ACT

To Incorporate the Directors and Company of the Providence Library.

Whereas, Jabez Bowen, Moses Brown, William Richmond, John Smith, Nicholas Brown, Joseph Jenckes and Paris Jenckes Tillinghast, the standing committee of the Providence Library company and others, proprietors of said Library, have presented their petition to this General Assembly, setting forth, that the Library of which the said committee have the superintendence, was established in the year 1753, with much exertion, and with the design that it should prove beneficial to future generations. That at a certain period of its existence, the said Library consisted of upwards of eight hundred volumes of well selected books, but that the number at present is much reduced, the sets broken, and the volumes mutilated and defaced. That this diminution of the number and quality of the Books is to be attributed principally, to a want of power in the proprietors, to establish laws, ordinances, and regulations, for the government of the said Library; in which power is included that of determining the manner and form of obtaining transferring and conveying the rights or shares in said Library, and that of imposing taxes upon the rights or shares, so that the institution may possess the faculty of supplying the decrease and diminution, natural to such establishments, and also the means of providing such compensation for the Librarian, as would induce a person qualified for that office to give such attention thereto as would accommodate the proprietors and preserve the Library from injury. That one further object of the proprietors is, to increase the number of Books in the Library, and, if thought expedient, to add thereto such other articles and apparatus, in addition to the Books, as may facilitate the study of the different sciences; and that at several meetings holden in pursuance of publick notice in the newspapers, the company have resolved to petition this Assembly for an Act to incorporate them. Where fore, the persons before mentioned prayed, that they might be incorporated with the powers before mentioned, and such further powers as might be necessary to carry into effect the purposes of the company as before mentioned. And, whereas, this assembly are sensible of the utility of the said institution, and are willing to grant to the proprietors such powers as will enable them to effect the purposes thereby intended."

The two decades from 1798, the year of incorporation, to 1817-1818, when the charter was twice amended, were interesting years in the work and development of the institution. In January, 1801, the governing board took up the question of increasing "the Library by the Admission of Subscribers for the number of One Hundred and forty new shares." The effort was successful, and the added revenue was largely used for the purchase of books.

With the renewed life of the institution the board began as early as 1802 to consider the advisability of securing new quarters, realizing that the Court House was inconvenient of location and that for too large a part of the time it was inaccessible because closed. At a meeting held in September a committee was appointed to look into and report on the matter, but no definite action was taken. Seven years later, in 1809, a committee was appointed to confer with those having charge of the building of a new grammar school as to the feasibility of an additional story for the use of the library. During this same year an offer of land "North of Angell Street" was made by Mr. Moses Brown and even a vote to build was passed. In 1813 the "Committee for Procuring a room for the Library" was instructed "to confer with

Mr. Thos. Burgess on the Subject of purchasing the building in Bowen's lane" occupied by him. And again, in 1815, it was "Voted that Mr. Tillinghast be a committee to draw up a subscription paper for the raising a sum of money to enable the Company to erect a building for a Library Room." The matter of location was finally settled in 1816. On August 16 of this year what was known as the "Literary and News Room," which Mr. Howland speaks of as "a very respectable literary establishment, which had been purchased by a number of gentlemen in this town" was absorbed by the Providence Library company on the basis of admitting its members as proprietors in the company. At a meeting of the company held in September it was voted to accept an offer made by Mr. Thomas Arnold of the rooms occupied by the Literary and News Room, in Cheapside, as Market Square and the beginning of North Main street were then called, and the books were soon removed from the Court House to the literary quarters.

At the close of a six-page narrative covering the history of the Providence Library company from 1753 to 1818, Mr. John Howland says:

"It then became necessary to apply for further powers and for such alterations in the act of incorporation as a change of circumstances had rendered necessary and proper; and at the session of the General Assembly held in February, 1817, the act, altering and amending the Charter, was passed; since which the By-Laws and Regulations which follow the same, have been passed and established by the Company.

"To encourage, particularly among the youth of the town, a taste for reading, it was deemed advisable to establish a Reading room in connexion with the Library. Accordingly one has been opened in the Library Room, to which the Proprietors have access every day, and also such persons as have become annual subscribers, pursuant to a resolution of the Corporation. Many have availed themselves of the opportunity of becoming subscribers, and the beneficial effects of the establishment are already apparent. All true friends to the literary character of this community must feel an interest in its increased prosperity; to insure which, and to render it permanent and worthy of the town, only requires the liberality and attention of the wealthy, and the punctual payment of the assessments by the Proprietors in general."

The charter amendment of 1817 was general in its scope, that is, practically a new act of incorporation, while that passed by the general assembly at the October session of 1818, entitled "An act granting additional powers to the directors and company of the Providence Library," conferred upon the company the right to sell shares for non-payment of dues.

The last eighteen years of the life of the Library company is of no great interest. In 1825 a committee consisting of Mr. Charles F. Tillinghast and Dr. Joseph Mauran was appointed to "devise ways and means to increase the funds of this institution," and the year following it was "Voted that a Committee of three be appointed to Petition the General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island at their present Session for the grant of a Lottery to raise a sum not exceeding Ten Thousand Dollars to aid the funds of the Corporation with a view to the Enlargement of the Library." At a meeting in June, 1827, it was reported that Moses Brown had "signified his intention of making a donation of a lot of ground and a sum of money for the use of the Library." At a meeting of stockholders, in March, 1831, was ordered recorded a deed, dated October 14, 1830, from the heirs of Nathan Waterman to the Providence Library company, conveying the Waterman homestead, providing a library building should be erected on the lot within five years. The deed also contained this curious condition: "That the said Library building shall be erected without a cellar, it being the object and intention of the aforesaid Grantors, to preserve undisturbed, the remains of their ancestors, deposited on said lot." A committee consisting of Messrs. Horatio G. Bowen, Moses B. Ives and Charles F. Tillinghast was appointed "to procure drafts and estimates of a building." It

reported on December 22, 1835, "that so much time passed while the committee was making the necessary arrangements, that before they had fully completed them, the time within which the Company could build upon the Waterman lot expired."

It is probable that during the closing period of its existence the library was twice moved. In May, 1820, it was voted to remove to "the rooms now in the occupation of the Eagle Insurance Company," and in January, 1824, the Providence directory gives the address of the Library company as No. 8 North Main street. In April, 1824, it was voted to move into rooms over the Washington insurance office, No. 1 Market Square.

From July, 1832, to the close of its separate existence the "Minute book" contains repeated entries of conferences between the Company and the newly started Athenæum with a view to their union and also of the appointment of various committees to meet those appointed by the Athenæum in an endeavor to arrange a satisfactory basis of union.

The record of the last meeting of the Company, December 22, 1835, closes with the following minute:

Resolved that Messrs. Lachr. Allen, William R. Staples and Thomas B. Fenner, be a committee with power in their discretion, to sell or dispose of the property and settle the debts of this Corporation and to pay the ballance of the proceeds if any shall remain, after said payments, to the Treasurer."

The final entry in the old Minute book, after recording the proceedings of a special meeting held May 14, 1836, reads, "Meeting adjourned sine die."

The Register and Minute books contain many interesting and often quaint records.

In 1769 it was voted "That the School Masters for the Time being. . . . who shall keep School in the Brick School House . . . . shall have the privilege of the Library," and in 1802, "That the Preceptors of the Public Schools have the use of Bickham Universal Penman. . . . each to have it one month only in Rotation."

The printers of the local papers were allowed the use of the library in return for printing library notices. Notices of missing books were published in the papers but were not always successful in bringing in the volumes for on at least one occasion, in 1799, the directors themselves waited on the delinquent proprietors and demanded the books. Mr. John Smith, Esq., and Mr. Joseph Jenckes were appointed "to collect the books from the Weybosset Bridge Northward. Capt. Joseph Tillinghast and Mr. Nicholas Brown Southward from said Bridge, William Richmond, Esq., and Paris J. Tillinghast on the West side of the Bridge, Jabez Bowen, Esq., to apply at the College."

In 1795, it was "Resolved that this Meeting be further adjourned until Wednesday next at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. That the Town cryer at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day go through the Town and notify the said meeting and the Business to be transacted and Request the attendence of all the Proprietors and that all Books belonging to the Library then out in the hands of the Proprietors be brought in."

In 1818 the directors initiated a novel method of securing a quorum at their meetings by agreeing to fine themselves fifty cents when absent from any meeting and twenty-five cents if fifteen minutes late. The money so raised was to be used for "binding or rebinding" the books of the library and as the rule continued in force during the existence of the company a small income was assured for that purpose.

The Providence Library company issued two catalogues of its books: Catalogue of all the books belong to the Providence library. . . . Providence, N. E. Printed and sold by Waterman and Russell, at the new Printing Office, at the Paper-Mill, M, DCC, LXVII;" containing also the "Rules for governing the Proprietors," and "Charter and by-laws of the Providence Library Company and a catalogue of the books of the library. Providence, Printed by Miller and Hutchens, April —, 1818," a book of forty-six pages, containing Mr. John Howland's history of the institution, the charter of 1798, the amended instrument

of 1817, the by-laws and regulations, and a twenty-eight page catalogue of the books in the library, then numbering 1851 volumes. Besides these sources of the history of the Company mention should be made of the "Register book," 1753 to 1835, and the "Minute book," 1774-1836.

The officers of the Providence Library company, with the dates of their election, were as follows: Presidents, Jabez Bowen 1799, Moses Brown 1801, Nicholas Brown 1807, John Howland 1812, Rev. Henry Edes 1813, and Joseph L. Tillinghast 1832; Secretaries, Nicholas Brown (clerk) 1753, Theodore Foster 1774, Jonathan Gould 1787, Samuel Danforth 1795, Paris J. Tillinghast 1799, George R. Burrill 1803, Walter R. Danforth 1807, George J. Olney 1811, Walter R. Danforth 1815, William E. Richmond 1816, Benjamin Cowell 1817, John Taylor 1823, Josiah Lawton 1825, George C. Arnold 1827, Thomas C. Hartshorn 1828, and Horatio G. Bowen 1830; Treasurers, Nicholas Tillinghast 1762, Joseph Jenckes 1799, John Howland 1812, Obadiah Brown 1816, Richard J. Arnold 1823, George Curtis 1824, Charles F. Tillinghast 1825, and Allen O. Peck 1827; Librarians, Nicholas Brown 1754, Silas Downer 1762, David S. Rowland 1767, Theodore Foster 1774, Peregrine Foster 1783, Jonathan Gould 1787, Samuel Danforth 1809, George J. Olney 1811, Dudley Robert Taylor 1799, Walter R. Danforht 1809, George J. Olney 1811, Dudley C. Chappotin 1815, Samuel P. Bullard 1815, John Johnson 1816, James W. Fosdick 1820, Wheeler Martin 1822, Charles F. Tillinghast 1823, Charles Fitch 1825, Horace Draper 1827, Moses D. Southwick 1828, Horatio G. Bowen 1829.

(To be continued.)

The Squaring of Mr. Jack

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

WITH neat celerity Miss B. put the tiny rooms in order, and then went out into the store to "open up." It was seven o'clock, and Hayden's Notion Store always opened at seven.

As usual this morning, Miss B. left the outer door wide open while she removed the dust-cloth from the counter, and patted into precision the cards of hooks-and-eyes in their orderly rows of boxes. The act was symbolical of her whole life—always had Miss B. patted into precision any irregular hopes, ambitions, or experiences that had ever dared to obtrude a corner into her habit-smoothed existence.

She turned now complacently to view her work—and confronted a man; a disorderly looking man who had stumbled through the doorway, and who was gazing at her now with the eyes of a hunted animal at bay.

"For God's sake—don't give me—away!" he begged. The next moment he had dashed by her and dropped out of sight behind the counter.

The woman caught her breath and rubbed her eyes dazedly. She was sure she was dreaming. There could not be a man, really, behind that counter—her counter!

Outside a swarm of men and boys headed by two policemen swept into the street and broke into irresolute little groups. Then one of the officers darkened her doorway.

"You didn't see a big, dark-haired chap, runnin'; did ye?" he panted. "Bill thought he made fur this doorway. He might ha' slipped in when yer back was turned, ye know. If ye don't mind, we'll look." And he strode across the room, leaving his colleague to guard the door.

It was then that the extraordinary happened: Miss B. deliberately turned and

walked behind her counter; and when she had taken up her position, her skirts entirely screened the hiding man.

The building was a small one. It comprised the store, with a bedroom, bathroom, and living-room behind it, and a wide, unfinished room above where were a few surplus goods, trunks and boxes. A search in this limited area naturally could not be of long duration; and the officer was soon back in the store.

"You're off, Bill," he growled. "He ain't here. Thank ye, ma'am," he nodded toward the woman behind the counter. The next moment the door banged shut, and the gesticulating men and boys took themselves noisily out of sight.

In the store the woman backed hurriedly away from her position. All the bravery had fled from her manner. She stood white and trembling, waiting.

There was a moment's silence, then from the shadows peered a man's face.

"They gone?"

"Yes."

The man gazed at her curiously; then his eyes softened.

"See here, little woman, you sure was game," he murmured. "But—why did you do it?"

The woman shook her head.

"I—don't—know," she stammered.

"You don't know!"

Again she shook her head.

"Your eyes—they looked somehow like—Bobby's," she faltered.

The man smiled.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to—Bobby," he said gravely.

"You see, there was a dog after him, just like those men were after you," explained the woman, hurriedly; "and he ran to me for protection just as you did. I kept him then almost a year."

"You kept him!"

"Yes. Then he died. He'd got to be a real big cat then, though."

"Oh-h!" murmured the man. "Oh-h!"

"And he was such a good cat! He always—sh-h—be careful!"

The warning was scarcely needed, for the man, too, had heard the step at the street door, and had drawn back hastily.

The customer was a woman. She said she wanted a spool of number sixty thread; but she spent just one minute buying that—and ten minutes talking about the recent excitement. Not that she knew who the fugitive was, or what he had done. She knew merely that dozens of men and boys were scouring the neighborhood, and that as yet they had not found him. She speculated vaguely as to where he might be, adding nonchalantly, as she turned to go:

"But then, I reckon he's left these 'ere parts long ago."

"You see," shivered Miss B., tremulously addressing the dark corner a moment later. "You'll really have to go—man!"

Two reproachful eyes looked out at her.

"But, my dear lady, I've just come."

"But they're looking for you—everywhere!"

"They are—like dogs, for my life." It was a trial shot, but it hit the mark. Miss B. winced visibly. "You see, if I could just camp here till dark," went on the man, softly, hurrying to follow up his advantage.

"Till dark—here! No, no!" shuddered the woman.

"Of course not, here, under the counter," agreed the man, crawling from his hiding-place, and rising to his feet; "but in there—behind the store. Sure, little woman, you ain't goin' back on me—now!"

"But I must! You couldn't! You—run!" she broke off frenziedly, leaping to the door that led to the rear room, and throwing it wide open. A moment later she stood shaking, alone, her back against the closed door. Then the street door opened, and a woman entered.

"Why, land o' love, Miss B., don't jump so. It's only me," laughed the newcomer. "Did ye think it was the man they're chasin'? He's gone ages ago, I'll warrant ye. Say, I want some black elastic—the round kind. Got any?"

"Yes," said Miss B., faintly, as she forced her shaking limbs to carry her to the elastic-box behind the counter.

Trade was good at Hayden's Notion Store that morning. The rush of custom—and gossip—gave Miss B. no time, indeed, to attend to that fearsome secret

behind her living-room door until noon. Then she managed timidly to open the door and peer into the little room. At once she stepped inside and shut the door very quickly, her eyes wide with surprise and terror.

The man stood before the stove scrambling eggs. The table was neatly set for two, and the room smelt pleasantly of coffee and baked potatoes.

"Getting hungry?" smiled the man. "It's 'most ready. I thought you'd be comin' in about now. I couldn't find any meat, but my scrambled eggs are great. You just wait and see!"

Miss B. moistened her dry lips and tried to speak, but no sound came.

"If you'll just sit down," suggested the man, cheerfully, motioning her toward the nearer chair.

The woman shook her head. This time she spoke, but her words were not at all what she had supposed they would be.

"It's broken—that chair."

"Not much it is!" laughed the man, whisking the chair bottom side up. "I mended it—see? Now try it," he ordered a moment later. And to her dazed amazement Miss B. found herself obeying—it was a favorite chair, and she had long missed its use.

"I reckon we don't want—visitors," chuckled the man, then, crossing to the door and turning the key. "You see, you might not hear that 'ere bell on the store door."

"No, no, you mustn't—I can't! You must go!" she protested incoherently.

"But—you wouldn't send me off—hungry!"

Weakly Miss B. fell back in the chair the man had mended, and gazed at the dinner the man had prepared. Then she sighed.

"No, I'll not send you away—hungry," she murmured faintly.

"Thank you," said the man, and sat down.

The afternoon was but a repetition of the forenoon except that now Miss B. utterly refused to discuss the morning's excitement with one of the dawdling shoppers. At five o'clock she found an opportunity to open the living-room door and toss the evening paper, which had just come, on to the table. She had not read the paper, but she had seen that there were huge black headlines. She could imagine what those headlines said:

At six o'clock Miss B., with a sigh of relief, closed and locked the store. The day was ended. It would be a simple matter now, she said to herself. In less than two hours it would be dark, and then her castle would be her own once more.

In the living-room only silence and exquisite order greeted her. Even the newspaper was gone, and the man was nowhere to be seen.

"Where are you?" called Miss B., sharply.

There was no answer.

With heightened color and compressed lips Miss B. crossed the floor to her bedroom door. If he had dared—

But he had not dared, apparently. The room was exactly as she had left it that morning. Miss B. turned then her steps toward the stairway that led to the unfinished storeroom above. At the top she paused, and peered into the shadowy room before her. On the floor lay the prostrate figure of a man. A loose board under her feet cracked sharply, and the man sprang half upright. At the sheer terror that leaped to his eyes Miss B. shuddered and drew back.

"You needn't fear. It's only I," she faltered timidly—and she had meant to be so stern!

The man, too, shuddered.

"I must have dropped asleep—a minute," he muttered. "I thought—" He did not finish his sentence, and after a moment the woman spoke again, unsteadily.

"Come; you must have something to eat—before you go." And she led the way down the stairs.

It was Miss B. who prepared the meal this time. The man tried to help her, but his hands shook, and his feet stumbled as if his eyes could not see. Miss B. noticed then that his face had grown white and set. There was now no merry smile on his lips. At supper, too, he ate almost nothing. Miss B. thought she understood—it was those headlines. No man could have an appetite after being

a two-inch headline in a horrid newspaper! And to her surprise she found herself urging him to eat. She told him he needed it; that he did not know where he would get his next meal. He winced at this, and fell silent. But he did not eat.

At seven o'clock Miss B. lighted her lamp.

"It will be dark—quite dark soon," she said feverishly.

The man roused himself and rose to his feet.

"Miss —er, are you Miss Hayden?"

"Yes; Miss B. Hayden. Every one says 'Miss B.'"

"Well, I wonder, Miss B., if you know —what you've done for me—to-day?" he asked in a low voice.

She stirred restlessly, and raised a protesting hand.

"And I wonder," he continued slowly, "if you'd be willing—to do—more."

"No, no, I mustn't! There's nothing I could do," she cried excitedly, staring into his face.

He turned and walked the length of the room, dropping himself into a chair before he spoke.

"Somewhere, years ago," he began, "I read a bit of history about some judges that had condemned a king to death. They had to hide to save their lives, and they came to New England. A minister took one and hid him in a secret room for twenty years. And no one knew that he was there. So you see—it can be—done."

The woman paled and started forward in her chair.

"You don't mean—you can't mean—" she stammered wildly, "that I—I—" She could not finish her sentence.

He made a gesture of dissent. The old whimsical smile came back to his face.

"Not for twenty years, of course; but, perhaps—for half of—twenty days," he murmured.

She sprang to her feet.

"No, no, never! It is impossible. I never heard of such a thing!"

"But I have just told you of one—for twenty years."

"But, I alone—a woman! Things like that don't happen, really, nowadays. They—couldn't!"

"No, they couldn't," echoed the man in a dull voice, with a sudden change of manner. "You are right. They—couldn't." He rose from his chair and went over to the fireplace. He seemed suddenly bent and old. "Don't worry. It will soon be dark," he murmured with forced cheeriness. "And then—I'll go."

Miss B. sat down impotently. Her whole face was drawn into anxious terrified lines.

"Was it the—paper?" she asked.

He turned sharply.

"Did you—read it?" he demanded.

"No; but I thought maybe those—headlines—" she stopped helplessly.

An odd relief showed in the man's eyes. With a nervous movement he thrust his hand into his hip pocket and crowded into smaller space the half-sheet of newspaper that was there.

"It was—the paper," he acknowledged. "They're after me—and they'll get me, of course."

Miss B. wet her lips.

"But what could I do?" she stammered.

For a moment he did not answer; then he spoke, his eyes carefully avoiding hers.

"If I could stay—up there,"—he jerked his thumb toward the room above—"for a week, or maybe two, there'd be a chance then that I'd get away—without their—spottin' me."

In thinking it over after she had tremblingly gone to bed that night, Miss B. could not tell just how the man had carried the day. She knew only that he had carried it, and that he lay now in the room above on an old mattress that had been stored there. In her own room Miss B. had protected herself with lock and bolt, and with a huge trunk barricading the door. Even yet she could not realize it—this fearsome thing she had done. That she had, of her own free will, given a strange man secret shelter beneath her roof seemed incredible.

With the coming of dawn began strange days for the mistress of Hayden's Notion Store. Miss B., accustomed half her life to solitary meals prepared by herself, found now a curious charm in those prepared by, and shared with, an agreeable companion who plainly did his ut-

most to please. Her daily life, too, began to take to itself an unwonted interest, perhaps because of the excitement of listening every evening to thrilling tales of travel and adventure in a world that Miss B. scarcely knew existed. Even the little rooms themselves awoke to a change, for everywhere broken springs and unglued joints responded as if by magic to the touch of strength and skill; and in one corner a wonderful set of shelves (made from a packing-box) displayed to view the realization of one of Miss B.'s dearest longings.

So one by one the days passed. That she was doing wrong in thus harboring a fugitive from the law never occurred to Miss B. She was alone in the world, and as she looked at it, there was no one to whom she was answerable, even though she did choose in this way to help a fellow-being.

The man himself was deferential, anxious to serve, and always pleasant. He seemed never to forget the service being done him, though he seldom referred to the cause that had called it forth. What he had done to occasion the search of the officers, he did not tell, and Miss B. did not inquire. He did ask once for the newspaper, but only once, for Miss B. had nervously replied:

"I've stopped it. That first night it—it seemed to worry you; so I thought maybe 'twould be better if you didn't see it for a while."

"You think if I don't know where *they* are, they won't know where I am; eh?" he had asked a little wearily.

He had told her that his name was "Jack"; and "Mr. Jack" she called him. It is doubtful, however, if she realized in the least how very large on her horizon this same Mr. Jack was looming.

In the store Miss B. had from that first day stopped all talk concerning the disquieting morning when her house was searched; and as no one but she herself ever had any business in the rooms behind the store, her visitor's presence was easily kept a secret.

There came a day, however, when the unexpected happened: Miss B. was taken ill. A hard cold, dosed faithfully all day, refused to yield to treatment, and by night had developed really alarming symptoms.

"You should have a doctor; you must have a doctor," asserted Mr. Jack.

"No, no," croaked Miss B., huskily. "As if we could have a doctor come here! Besides, there's no one to get him. *You* can't go for a doctor, and I haven't any telephone, you know."

Mr. Jack set his lips suddenly into a straight, hard line, whereat Miss B. hastened to add:

"I don't need one, anyway. I'll be better in the morning."

"You will, indeed—or there will be a doctor," retorted the man, savagely, as he bent himself to the task of preparing a flaxseed poultice for Miss B.'s throat and lungs.

Miss B. went to bed that night with neither bolt nor lock nor barricading trunk to guard her door. It was all her hot, shaking hands could do to prepare herself for the smooth sheets that felt so cool and restful to her aching limbs.

In the room above Mr. Jack did not go to bed at all, but sat up all night with his door wide open so that he might hear if from below should came a feeble call. As the night advanced his face became more haggard, and his mouth more sternly set. Long before dawn he crept down stairs and carried back with him a pencil and some paper. After that he wrote busily by the light of his little oil lamp.

At six o'clock Mr. Jack went down stairs to get breakfast. After a time he tapped at Miss B.'s door.

There was no answer.

"Miss B., how are you?"

Still no answer.

The man drew in his breath then and held it suspended while he softly turned the knob and pushed open the door.

"Miss B., I'll have to know if you're—sick," he stammered.

In the bed a wild-eyed, flushed-cheeked woman sat straight up, staring into his face.

"Go away," she whispered. "I don't know you!" Plainly Miss B. was ill—very ill.

With a dismayed exclamation the man closed the door, and hurriedly effaced all evidences of his recent efforts toward

breakfast-getting. Then, tucking into Miss B.'s workbasket the letter he had written during the night, he thrust his hat far down over his eyes, unlocked the back door, and watched his chance to slip out into the alley.

For some weeks Hayden's Notion Store remained closed to the public. In the rear rooms Miss B., with the anxious aid of the doctor, a nurse, and sundry kindhearted neighbors, was making a brave fight for life. It was a long fight, and a hard one; but in the end Miss B. opened wide her eyes, alight with her long-lost reason.

She began to ask questions immediately. There seemed to be something that she wanted to say—and yet she did not say it at once. At last the doctor heard this:

"Doctor, that man who ran away from the police—did he ever get caught?"

"Yes; but as it happened, the man he shot didn't die, after all, so it won't go hard—" The doctor stopped suddenly. Miss B. had fainted.

It was not until Miss B. had been up and dressed in her wrapper for three days that she found the closely written sheets of note paper in her workbasket. Then with a little sobbing cry she settled herself to read them.

"Dear Miss B.," Mr. Jack had written. "It ain't daylight yet, but I'm going to write this now, as I'm afraid it will be too late to-morrow. I shall be gone then, for I'm sure I'll have to get a doctor to you somehow in the morning.

"But first I want to tell you a little how I feel. I'm afraid I can't though. I don't know where to begin. Here I am sitting up here worse than helpless while down stairs the woman I love—there! I've said it. That was the part I didn't know how to get out, and here it's come the first thing. I reckon, anyhow, I hadn't ought to said it. I know you'll say so when you read the rest of this letter.

"You sure have been game, little woman, and I haven't been worth it. Still—well, I *have* led a rough life, but not a bad one—not a really bad one. I shall not forget these seven days, nor you neither, Miss B., and I want to explain right here about—what I did. I didn't know until the paper came that night that I'd really killed that man—though he deserved killing all right. He was Bud Durgin, the rascal that married my little sister May years ago, broke her heart, and then deserted her. She's dead now, and I hadn't seen him for years till I met him by chance that morning. We quarreled, of course, and he said something about May—a black lie straight from the black heart of him—that made me crazy mad. We pulled our guns, both of us. His shot missed, but mine—didn't. He fell, and I ran, and found—you. Of course by the time you read this, I shall been caught, and it will be all up. But I wanted you to know.

"I hope you'll be better in the morning, but I'm afraid you won't. And if you ain't I shall hide this somewhere, and go out and telephone for a doctor. Anyhow, I've made up my mind I shall have to tell you all this pretty soon, no matter what comes, for I'm ashamed to impose on you any longer, or to play the sneak. I'm going to speak up. If things had been different—if my hands weren't stained so you'd shudder to touch them, I'd made you love me sometime. I sure would.

"And now let me say that I'm glad—glad to do this thing for you. Don't fret about me when you find out how—I was caught. Just remember I was glad to do it. Somehow, it seems to square things—for me. And now, just this once, as long as it is the last time, I reckon you'll forgive me if I sign myself,

"Yours with a heart just breaking with love and sorrowfulness,

"Jack."

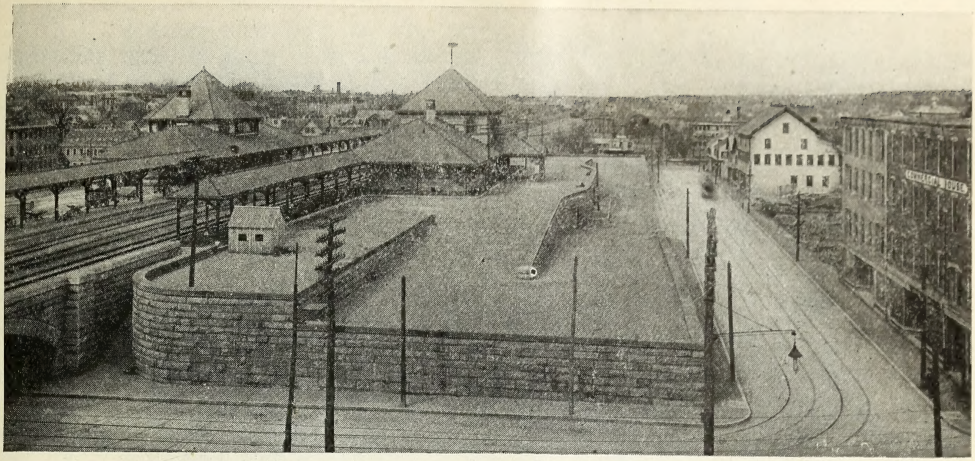
Miss B. sat very still. Her eyes were wet, and her whole face was a rosy flush. Once more she read the letter through; then with a wondrous light in her eyes she rose unsteadily and crossed the room to her desk.

Long minutes later, when her halting little note was finished, she paused with her pen suspended.

"I'll have to ask the doctor his name, and—and where he is," she murmured tremulously. "One couldn't very well address a—a love letter just to 'Mr. Jack.'"



Brockton City Hall



Railroad Approaches and Station, Brockton

Brockton, A City of Enterprise

By HAMILTON LOWE

IT was "in the seventys" that Brockton acquired that habit of success which has ever since made it one of the most American of all our eastern cities. Back of that one can find history enough, but it is not the history of Brockton. The story of North Bridgewater (which was post-Brockton Brockton) belongs to the history of Bridgewater—North, South, East and West, and does not differ in essential characteristics from the other sections of the town from which it was essentially severed. But about all that North Bridgewater really contributed to Brockton was a citizenship of a few thousand people that were so much raw material on which or in which the new leaven worked so complete a transformation that almost any spot on the map upon which you could place your finger has more resemblance to old Bridgewater than has the hustling little city whose growth and prosperity seem to be a bit of the west plucked up by the roots and planted in New England.

It would be unjust to Bridgewater not to admit that the raw material was very good. Bridgewater is a fine old town, and the stock was of the best. But it has never made Brocktons out of the other Bridgewaters. Back in those days when the real Brockton was born, you could always tell a Brockton man by his smile. He was just about the most thoroughly alert and modernized commodity that New England had to show. He was not up to the times, he was ahead of them. Only think of it, Brockton was the first city in the world to light its streets by electricity. It was the first city to run electric cars and the great Edison himself came on from New York to see the wheels go round. It was a leader in installing police telephone service, and when the Brockton city fathers went on to New York to see how it was done in the Metropolis, they found that it was not done at all, and New York had to come to Brockton to find out how. The city sewerage filtration plant has been studied by engineers from all over the United States. It works. It pours no filth into streams or harbors. I understand that it is currently believed in Brockton that they were the first to discover that the world moved around the sun. However that may be, they



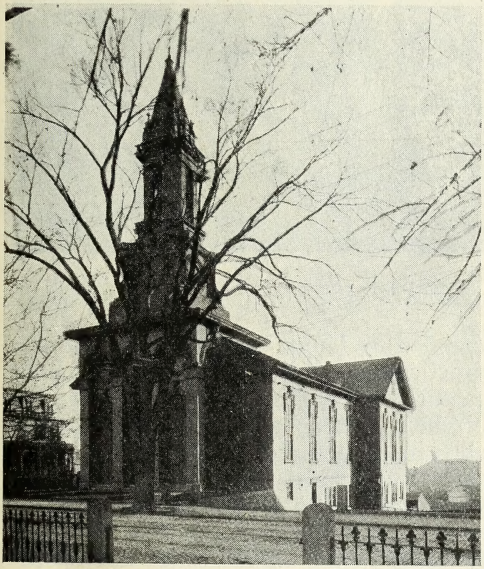
THE ANGLIM BUILDING

certainly did get it bred into their very bones that the world moves. There was a Brockton spirit, and it was a spirit unafraid of traditions, and yet not in any sense anarchistic. Brockton acquired a habit of success, and with it a habit of growth.

Twenty years ago the city engineer plotted a curve of the probable population increase of the city for a considerable period,—clear up to 1930, I believe, and in no year has he been more than five hundred out of the way, while in one year he came within eight of the correct number and the average discrepancy between the figures indicated by his "curve of growth" and the facts is less than two hundred. That in a city of 60,000 is coming pretty close to the mark. He modestly calls it good guessing. As a matter of fact it was very scientific guessing. Now, of course, that is an interesting little story of itself, but the really interesting thing about it is that, just as some communities have a habit of not growing, Brockton has a habit of growth that can be counted on as a pretty sure thing, and that, according to that habit, a very few years from now the city will take her place in the same rank with Worcester, Springfield and Lowell.

Of course, you will say, "that all depends on shoes." It depends more on men than it does on shoes. A community with the enterprise and spirit of Brockton is quite sure to meet successfully manufacturing conditions as they develop. If shoes cannot be made profitably, they will make something else, but there is no reason why they should not be making shoes for a long, long time to come. They certainly know how to make them, and we certainly must wear them. In an age of universal specialization, there is no reason why a city should not

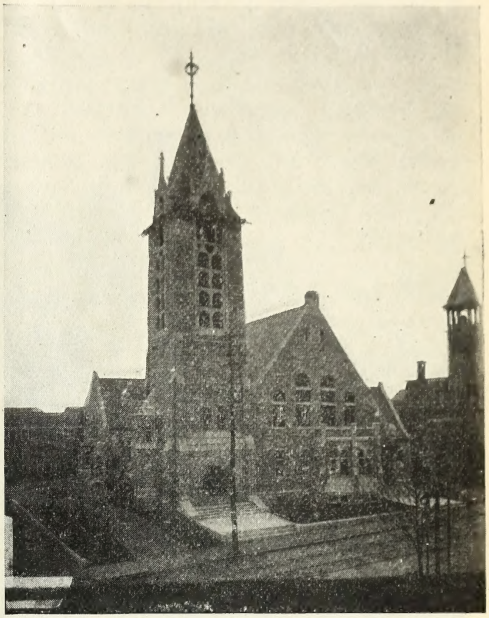
specialize to some extent, as well as an individual. Undoubtedly as Brockton continues to grow a wider diversity of industries will become increasingly desirable, and as the need is felt, it will be met. There is a little movement that way already. Still, the principal advantage that Brockton has to offer to-day is to the manufacturer of shoes. Its prime advantages in this line are the confidence of the whole world in the brand of "Brockton Made," the possession of a larger number of the most skillful workmen in the shoe industry than any other community in the world can claim, and the highly developed state of the business in all its phases, including the presence of



PORTER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

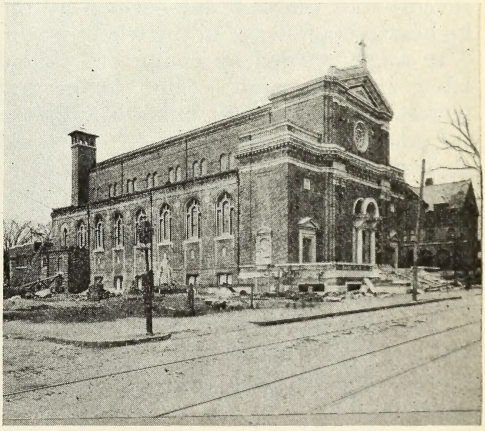
allied industries utilizing waste and supplying parts. These are very solid advantages, and are not to be over balanced by cheap power or quick transportation, in neither of which directions Brockton is particularly deficient, but in which she lays claim to no special advantage.

It is proudly claimed for the city that its statistics show, side by side with those of Newton, the lowest death rate in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. This is borne out by the actual figures, but the real reason for it is to be found in other

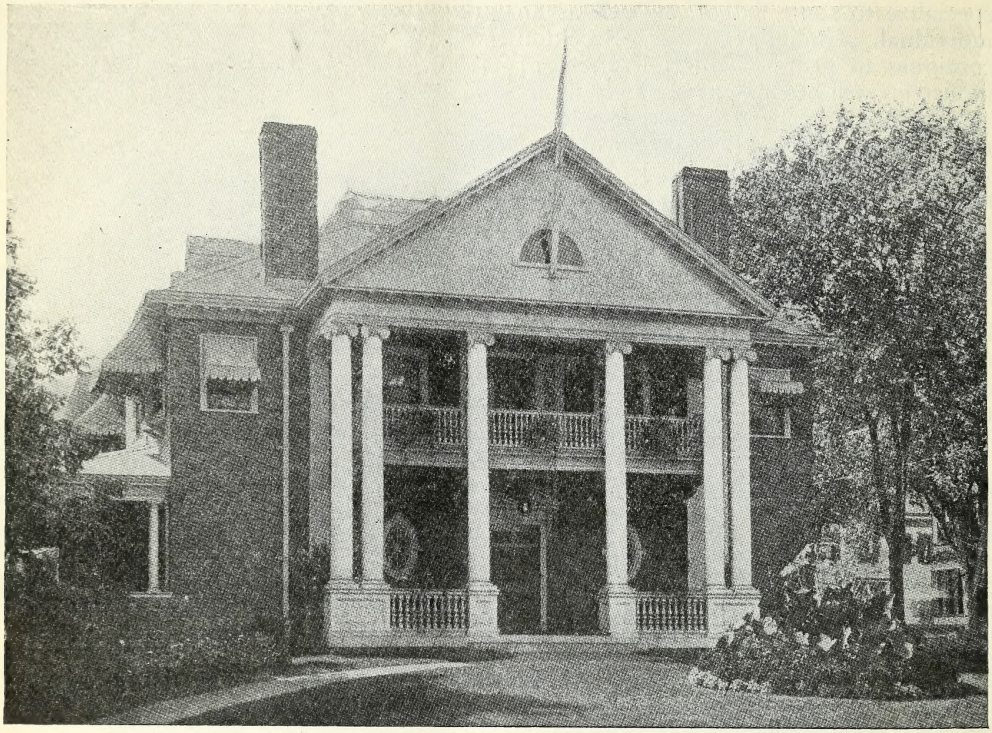


FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

than climatic conditions. Brockton is well located on high, dry ground some seventy feet above the sea although but fourteen miles from the shore. It has good water, taken from Silver Lake with two reservoirs to equalize the supply. It enjoys the benefit of careful sumptuary regulations. But the real cause of a high death rate apt to maintain in cities is the infant mortality in the congested districts, and the cause of a low death rate is the



NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH



HOME OF BROCKTON COMMERCIAL CLUB

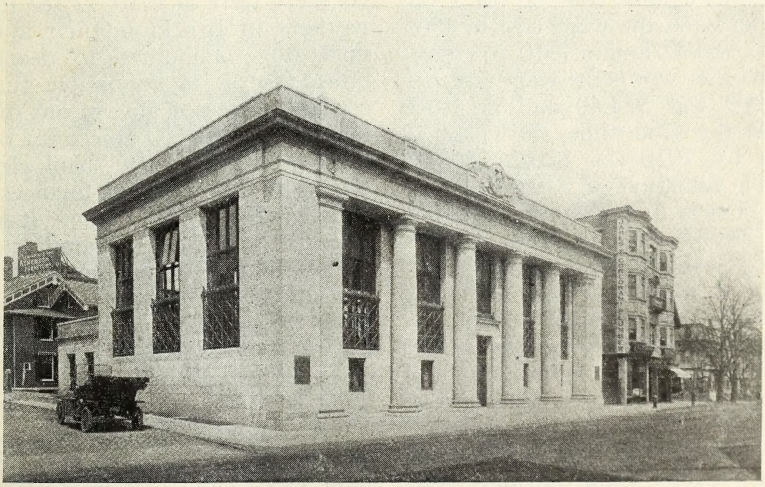
absence of such districts and the intelligence and prosperity of the mass of the people. Brockton has no slums. The lowest wage paid in the city for common day labor is two dollars and a half for eight hours, while the average wage of all wage earners is three dollars and seventy-five cents a day—which is the highest average wage in the whole world. The wages earned by competent skilled labor are very high. Shut downs and strikes are practically unknown, to the joy and enrichment of the mercantile element of the community, as well as to the prosperity of wage earner and employer. The people are therefore prosperous, live well, educate their children and the low death rate is a natural consequence.

The high wages that rule in Brockton are largely the result of Union activity. Brockton is a Union city, and that fact alone entitles it to the careful study of the economist. The first and most palpable result of the high wages demanded by Union conditions is that it is practically necessary for Brockton manufacturers to turn out only a high-grade product. Cheap goods cannot be profitably manufactured on so high a wage scale. Brockton made good shoes ten years ago. She makes better shoes today. The Brockton made shoe is manufactured by the highest paid shoe operatives in the world. This brings to her factories the most skilled laborers and the manufacturer cannot afford to set such labor to work on careless designs or poor material. The Brockton shoe is therefore, in reality a high grade shoe, and its reputation as such is substantial and enduring. Occasionally a manufacturer may become restive under this restriction and desire to meet the large demand for a cheaper shoe. But on the whole, he is compelled to admit that the Brockton reputation, based on facts is worth more to him than such an extension of his market as would compromise that reputation. Another fact is that the

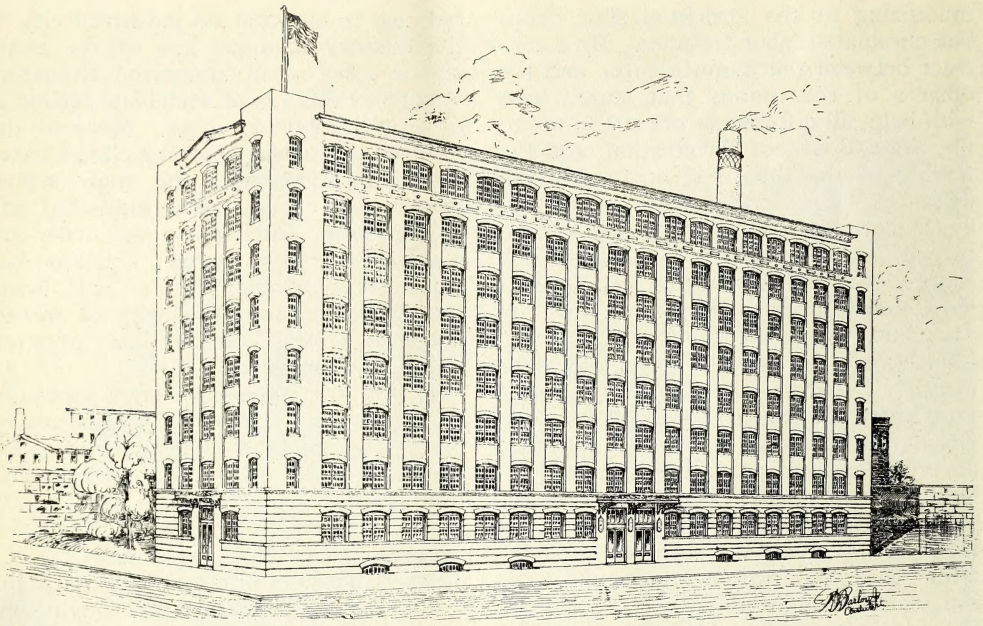
unionizing of the Brockton shoe shops has eliminated labor troubles. By a contract between the manufacturer and the officers of the unions that supply him with help, all differences are submitted to the State Board of Arbitration, and the finding of that board is honored in all instances. The local unions are backed by the national unions, and a laborer who refuses to abide by the decision of the State Board of Arbitration cannot find employment in a union shop. The arrangement is, therefore, far from being a one-sided one. Nor is this condition a merely hypothetical one. Differences frequently arise, are carried to the Board, settled without strikes or lockouts and the decisions peacefully accepted by both parties. These decisions are sometimes in favor of the employer, sometimes in favor of the wage-earner. In either case the decision is accepted with the same law-abiding spirit. This use of the State Board of Arbitration by the Brockton shoe industry is of itself an important theme and worthy of far wider development than it is possible to give it in this article. Of course, there must be a point where the wage reaches its highest possible price without destroying the industry and killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Wisdom in finding and not exceeding or falling short of this point is the vital soul of the plan. It is but just to say that no industrial city in the country contains less of the anarchistic spirit than unionized Brockton. Whatever there is of socialistic feeling is of a very moderate type. More of the children of the wage-earning classes carry their education into the high school grades than in any other industrial city in the state. Intelligence and order are manifest in a high degree. Brockton has for twenty-five years been a "dry" town, which in an industrial city of 60,000 people is a remarkable evidence of intelligence and morality.

Any re-arrangement of tariff schedules that seriously menaces the wage-scale of a city like Brockton should give the most serious concern to our national legislature.

The inevitable tendency toward the manufacture of high grade shoes created by the labor conditions as well as by the traditions of Brockton is brought out very forcibly by the latest available statistics. The year 1910, as is well known, was a trying one in all lines of business in the United States. The uncertainty always created by tariff legislation was enhanced by a new fear, a fear of the unknown, a suspicion that there was, after all, something unsound in our attacks on the great corporations called "trusts," and that the result of such attacks, persistently followed up, might



New Building of the Home National Bank



BROCKTON FACTORY ASSOCIATION'S PROPOSED FACTORY NO. 1

bring us to some new and unheard of disaster. Whether these fears were well or ill grounded, they resulted in the restriction of production and business caution. The total output of shoes in Brockton for the year 1910 was less by 24,374 cases than for the year 1909. The total number of cases shipped in 1910 was 819,926 as against 844,300 for 1909. On the other hand the wage cost in 1909 was $12,157,920.00, and in 1910, $11,806,-934.40. In other words the wage cost per case in 1909 was $14.40 and in 1910, $14.52. At the same time, the value of the output for 1910 was $20,263,200.00 as against a valuation of $19,678,234.00 in 1909. That is to say, for the smaller output by 24,374 cases of shoes, Brockton received $446,884.80 more money.

It should be noted in connection with these statistics that, in spite of this decrease in 1910, in which Brockton shared in the general business conditions of the country that year was the second largest in the history of the city, the decrease being by comparison with its banner year, 1909. Under equal business conditions 1910 would have been easily the banner year, as in amount of money received it actually was, and the general condition of the city was correspondingly prosperous. The last year in Brockton is always the banner year. Brockton is steadily increasing its output, raising its standard, with a resulting increase in monetary value, and paying higher wages. As there were in 1910, 12,183 union shoe workers in Brockton, their average annual wage amounted to nearly if not quite (for it is impossible that a percentage were not always out of employment) to $1,000.00 apiece. I opine that there are a good many "bank clerks" who would like to exchange finances with the shoe-workers of Brockton. It may be of interest to those unfamiliar with the figures and their meaning to know that the shipments indicated in these figures mean the manufacture and sale in Brockton of 19,678,234 pairs of shoes in 1909, or of 20,263,200 pairs of shoes in 1910. That is to say one person in five in the United States could have been shod with shoes made in the busy little New England shoe center. It is doubtful if any other industry in the United States, un-



THE BROCKTON FACTORY ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE

M. A. Davis	W. R. Buchanan	Le Baron Atherton	C. E. Eaton
J. I. Kent	F. B. Howard	J. E. Frazer	Wm. L. Wright

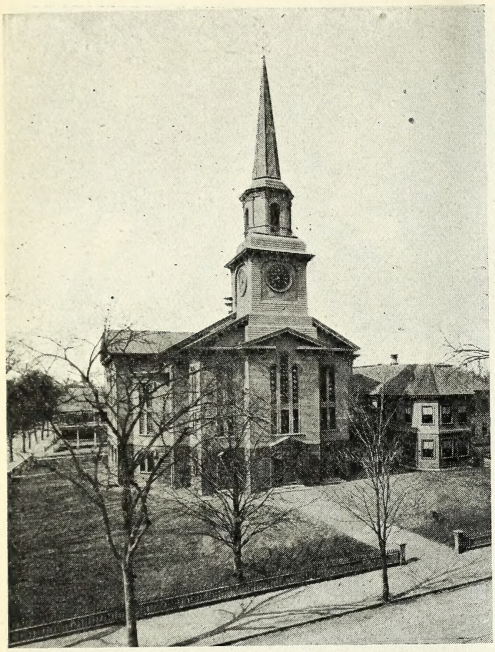
less it should be the manufacture of steel, which is controlled by local conditions and a great trust, can show anything like the same centralization of skilled labor and manufacturing brains.

It would not be possible within the scope of this article to tell the story of the individual firms engaged from time to time in the manufacture of shoes in Brockton, nor even of those that have been most immediately instrumental in the development of the industry. Among the best known names and brands are the Douglass shoe, manufactured by ex-Governor W. F. Douglass, the Walk-over shoe, manufactured by the G. E. Keith Co.

The Nesmith Shoe Company, Stacy Adams and Company, The M. A. Packard Company, the Brockton Co-operative Boot and Shoe Company, Thomas D. Barry and Company, Churchill and Alden Company, Condon Brothers and Company, E. F. Copeland and Son, the Charles A. Eaton Company, the Field Lumbert Company, and the Fred F. Field Company, A. E. Little and Company, the Howard and Foster Company, the Preston B. Keith Company, the C. S. Marshall Company, J. M. O'Donnell and Company, Bion F. Reynolds and Luke W. Reynolds, the Geo. H. Snow Company, the E. E. Taylor Company, Thompson Brothers and the Whitman and Keith Company.

An indication of the growth of the city and its present wealth may be gathered from the following facts—I do not call them "statistics." They are more than that. They are vital indications of the city's prosperity. Brockton erected in 1910 new buildings to the value of $744,875.00 and showed an actual gain in valuation of $2,732,302.59. The full valuation for 1910 is $43,353,741.

For the maintenance of public schools the city expends $265,000.00, and in no city of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts are the interests of the schools more

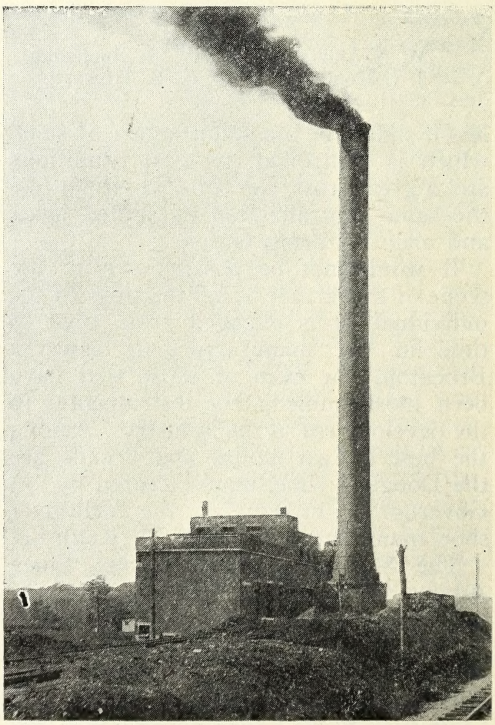


South Congregational Church

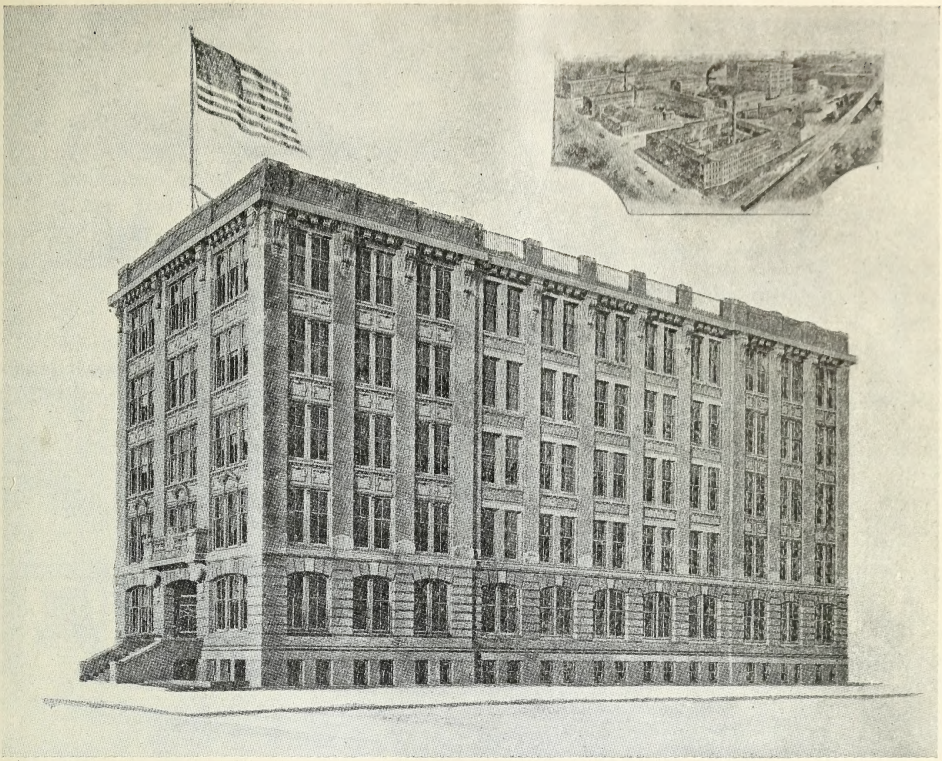
jealously guarded. Her savings bank deposits were increased by $1,203,199.81 in 1910, bringing the splendid total up to $10,575,893.13. Since 1900 the city has increased in population by 42 per cent, and with her 134 manufacturing establishments, stands seventh in the list of 33 cities in the state in the value of manufactured products. As we have already indicated, the yearly earnings of all her wage earning population, including day laborers, is the highest of any city in the state and is figured at $658.47.

The foremost social organization among the business and professional men of the city is the Commercial Club, whose handsome building on Main Street, attracts and interests the visitor. The object of the club is largely social, but it is none the less active in promoting the industrial good of the city. In a recent address Mr. Frank S. Farnum, the president of the club, said: "That the club spirit still lives is plainly evident in the fact that a large number of our members are sons of the founders of this club and are keenly watching their fathers and that they (the fathers) keep in touch with club affairs."

The public service corporations of Brockton have undergone a very notable development. The street railway service is under the management of the Boston and Northern Company. Beginning with five miles of track, three cars and one snow plow, the company now operates 230 miles of track radiating to nine cities and towns and 793 motormen and conductors and 300 repair men handle the 445 cars and 47 snow plows that handle a passenger traffic of 1,000,000 daily. The growth from 1,750 daily passengers to 1,000,000,000, is, of course, due to the growth of the city. On the other hand, it may be truthfully said that, in no small degree, the growth of the city has been fostered by the enterprise and spirit of the street railway people. Not only has the service kept pace with the demand, it has created the demand by its wise extensions and careful attention to the interests of its patrons. The company entertains modern ideas of the obligations of a public service corpora-



Edison Electric Co. Power House



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND PLANT OF GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO

tion, and studies the problems presented to it in the broadest possible way. It is a factor in the development of the public school system, in the reclamation of abandoned farms, and by offering reduced fares to laboring people at the morning and evening hours needed by them, has encouraged the owning of homes and the building up of the outlying districts. Its efficient service has also made a wide circle of surrounding country tributary to Brockton.

Equally interesting is the story of the growth of the Edison Electric Company in Brockton, and equally illustrative of the advanced ideas that obtain in that city and of its growth of the last two decades. The present Brockton station was the first Edison Central Station in the country from which current was distributed through three-wire underground conductors, and the construction of the work was carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. Thomas A. Edison. It supplied current for the first fire station ever lighted by incandescent lamps. An automatic switch was so arranged that the sounding of an alarm at night lighted lamps in the building and at the same time liberated the horses. And this was a very marked advance in fire-fighting provisions. It is also a matter of local pride that the first Sprague electric motor ever built was made and tested in the local power house, and it is generally accepted locally that the current supplied by this truly historic plant operated the first electric car line. No wonder that Brockton people have acquired a habit of keeping to the forefront of progress! The Brockton Electric Station was formally opened for commercial service October 1, 1883, and was equipped with three Edison bipolar generators, having a capacity of 1,800 sixteen candle power lamps.

To-day there are 23 generators, supplying a current sufficient for 121,200



THE JAMES EDGAR BUILDING

sixteen candle power lamps. The company supplies electric service to Brockton, Whitman, East Bridgewater, Bridgewater, West Bridgewater, Stoughton and Avon and disposes of a surplus to the Electric Light and Power Company of Abington and Rockland, which supplies another wide circle of thriving towns, such as the Abingtons, the Hanovers, Cohasset, the Scituates, Egypt, Greenbush and Norwell. Thus does Brockton, through the enterprise and progressive spirit of another of its public service corporations extend its influence and commercial supremacy. That electric power is increasing in popularity among the manufacturers is shown by the fact that in 1905 there were connected with the Edison lines 678 horse power and in 1911 the total had increased to five times that amount, or 3,606 horse power. Previous to 1859 private parties in Bridgewater owned a small gas-works property but in that year a corporation was chartered under the title of the North Bridgewater Gas Light Company, with a capital stock of $12,000. The private plant was purchased, including between three and four miles of pipe, an annual capacity of 1,500,000 cubic feet and a storage capacity of 10,000 cubic feet. To-day this company has a magnificent plant occupying three acres, and distributes its product through 110 miles of pipe. Its annual capacity has grown to the enormous total of 250,000,000 cubic feet with a storage capacity of 1,000,000 cubic feet. In 1881 the name of the company was changed to the Brockton Gas Light Company. A very interesting paper is the first treasurer's report from which it appears that the revenue from the first six months' business was, for gas $1,650.77, for tar, $72.50, for sundries $21.60, a total volume of business of $1,744.88, for six months. It is good to note these figures and to consider by what gradual steps

and from what small and careful beginnings so many of our successful corporations have grown.

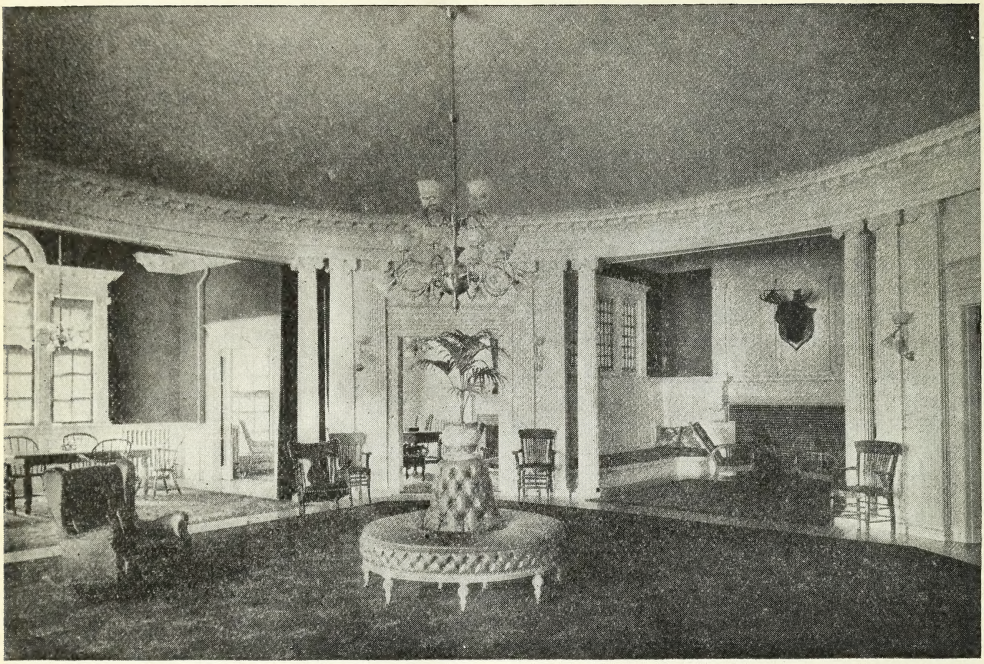
The standards of a community cannot well rise above the standards of the public institutions of that community. The systems that have for their incentives the betterment of the educational, social, religious and physical conditions of men and women, which gain only as they can produce the evidence of their worth, are after all the creators of public standards. The community is judged by its churches and schools. The last word has not yet been spoken on our public school system at large, but among the foremost schools from the standpoint of scope and efficiency, of the corps of teachers, and the quality of their work, and of comparative rating among schools in New England, Brockton is found.

No one will venture a final word in the matter of the service the church should render its community; though all agree that there would be no community of any moment, if there were no churches in it. The Brockton churches of all denominations have given themselves to the community interest, for the sake of the community and the leavening influence of the Christ Spirit, rather than the building up of material appearance, though some splendid architectural specimens exist.

It may be said of the Protestant churches in Brockton, that while they are not far distant from Plymouth geographically, they have enlarged their visions of church functions to so great a degree that the church of the Pilgrims exists only in its fundamentals. No better illustration of an effort on the part of the church to be all things to all people can be found than that of the South Congregational Church. In a recent circular the different phases of the church activities were classified as religious, social, educational and physical. Religiously, apart from regular preaching and prayer services this church maintains the largest Congregational Sunday School in the state, 1,338 members, with an average attendance of over 700, and other activities of corresponding strength and vitality, including many forms of social, educational and evangelical work. The



Barrister's Hall

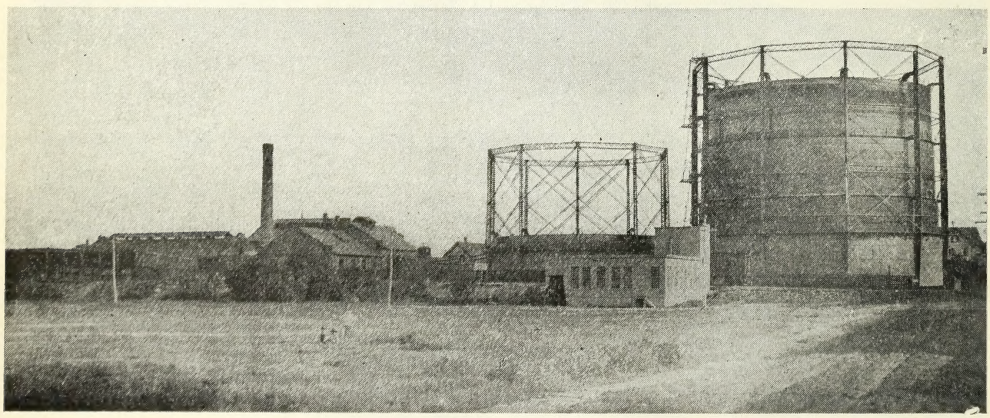


Y. M. C. A. Reception Room

particular facts concerning this great church are only selected illustratively and because it would not be possible to enter the story of each church in the city, of many of which a story as interesting and inspiring could be told.

It would be pleasant to be able to give an account of the work of the Brockton Y. M. C. A., one of the most wide-awake and active organizations of its kind in the Eastern States, conducting a particularly fine work among boys and among the foreign population, conducting citizenship classes, a vacation farm and many other earnest and useful activities.

The Woman's Club of Brockton is another strong organization working for the welfare of the city. With a membership of 600 and a waiting list of 400, it is

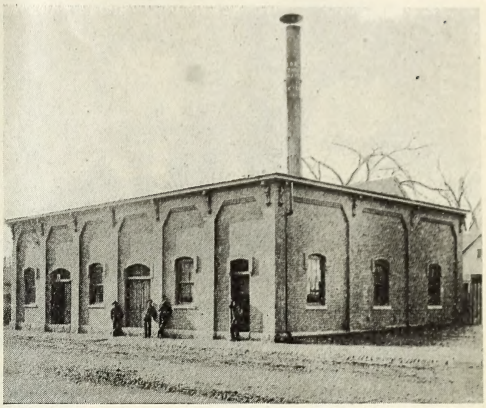


Plant of Brockton Gas Company

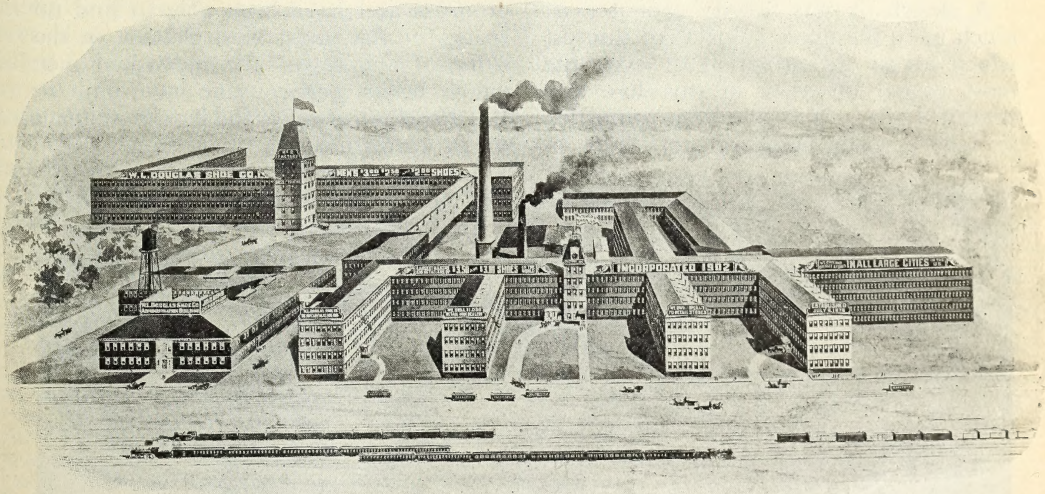
one of the strongest clubs in the state. Perhaps its most distinctive and important public work at present is the nucleus which the club is forming for a museum of art in Brockton. Several fine pictures have been purchased, and the plan of work is such as to interest every citizen, as only small contributions from individuals are accepted.

To interest every citizen! Have we not accidentally come to the phrase that is the keynote of Brockton's success? With every citizen interested, Brockton's future is assured beyond the reach of accident.

The extension of the manufacturing interests of the city are not being left to chance. In addition to watchful individual efforts and the usual Board of Trade activities, a fine brick factory is about to be raised from funds subscribed by Brockton business men, as an available plant for any suitable industry, shoe manufacturing or other, that may desire a location in the city. It is not at all probable that this substantial inducement will go begging, and Brockton, within the next year, is almost certain to enjoy the increased prosperity and the growth incident to the location of a new and substantial industry. The Brockton Board of Trade is undergoing something of an awakening at present, and it is probable that the services of a regularly salaried expert will be engaged as a secretary, although there is something of a movement in favor of resolving the commercial organizations of the city into a Chamber of Commerce. As a matter of fact, the community has rather outgrown the stage where voluntary and accidental individual initiative will suffice for the further development of its commercial interests. There is no falling off in the "Brockton spirit," but the problems are too big to be handled in that way, and call for organized activity and regularly employed expert service.



Old building of Edison Electric Company



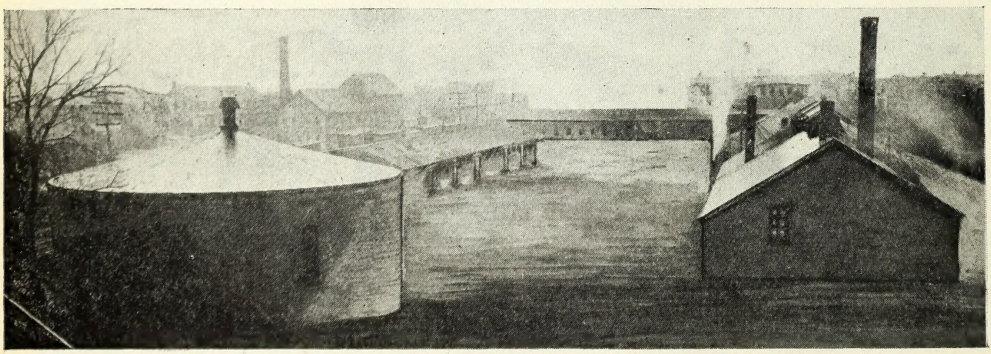
The Douglas Shoe Company Plant



OFFICERS OF THE BROCKTON BOARD OF TRADE

Dr. C. S. Millett C. W. Bixby Ellery C. Dean E. S. Thompson Kenneth McLeod
F. T. Youngquist A. H. Andrews, Pres. H. A. Poole, Sec. G. E. Spear

A sketch of this brevity cannot even touch upon the many subjects of interest which arrest the attention of even the most casual observer in this live and beautiful city. We have been compelled to ignore many improvements now in progress and have been able to find no space for that most vital element in the story of any town—the individual men whose brains and courage have built it. But Brockton itself is the best monument of Brockton men.



OLD PLANT OF THE BROCKTON GAS COMPANY

The Prohibition Crisis in Maine

By ROBERT J. SPRAGUE

ARTICLE XXVI of the Constitution of Maine reads: "The manufacture of intoxicating liquors, not including cider, and the sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors, are and shall be forever prohibited." This constitutional provision is reaffirmed and enforced by the statutes of the State. For violation of the prohibitory law both fine and imprisonment are prescribed; however, under another general statute regulating to sentences of all kinds the law reads as follows:* "When it is provided that he shall be punished by imprisonment and fine, or by imprisonment or fine, or by fine and in addition thereto imprisonment, he may be sentenced to either or both." This little item in Chapter 136 is known as the "joker" in the law which allows the discretion of the court in the matter of sentencing to fines, imprisonment or both.

This puts success or failure of the liquor laws wholly into the hands of the court, for the traffic cannot be stopped by fines alone, and imprisonment, although called for by the prohibitory law, is discretionary under the other general statute. So the whole matter is really out of the hands of the people as long as the present statutes are allowed to stand, as far as effective enforcement is concerned, and is run in each county according to the principles, whims or interests of the county attorney and judge.

All municipal and county officers are supposed to enforce these laws, and in addition to them the State provided in 1905 an "enforcement commission" whose special duty it should be to investigate the conditions within the State and, where the local officers could not or would not enforce the law, to see that it should be executed by means of special deputies appointed by the commission for the purpose. These deputies were sent by the commission over the whole State and scattered or concentrated according to the necessities of the case.

The county sheriff is usually expected to search out the liquor sellers, and the local police often leave that for him to do, but when the State deputies appear on the scene both the police and the sheriff are liable to lie down and let the visitors do the work. The State deputies have been very unpopular in some localities and, in the performance of their duties of seizing liquor and arresting law violators, have sometimes been set upon by mobs and beaten badly.

Two important steps were taken by the Legislature last winter, viz., the State deputies were discontinued and the prohibition amendment to the constitution was resubmitted to the people for reaffirmation or repeal next September. So the whole issue of constitutional prohibition in Maine is before the people again.

**How Prohibition Actually Works in Maine.

Numerous investigators have visited

*Revised Statutes of Maine, Chapter 136.

***Whenever a person begins to discuss the liquor question in Maine his qualifications should be made known. I am a native of Maine and have lived in the State at different times about thirty years, having resided in four other states in the East and West and being familiar with many other countries. All the observations mentioned here have been made within the last three years. There has been so much prejudiced expression concerning the conditions in Maine and the settlement of the present crisis is of so much interest, that the truth should be known in order that the country may understand the problem and results. Never since prohibition became established have conditions been so critical as now, and the State needs to see the problem from every aspect.*

Maine and given a great variety of reports. Some say that it works as well as any human laws do, others declare it is "rotten" and that there is more drunkenness in the State than anywhere else in the nation.

Coming to Maine for information on the liquor situation is like going to the Bible for the support of a creed, you can find evidence enough to defend any kind of a belief or theory on the effect of prohibition legislation. The fact is that no generalization can be made concerning the enforcement of the prohibition law over the whole State. One town may be perfectly dry and another at the same time be running wide open; again, the same town may be dry in the spring and soaked in rum in the fall. One sheriff backed by a prohibition county attorney will close up nearly everything in a county, while the officers following him may allow the booze to flow over the whole region. In any chosen town everything may be closed up tight for a while before a municipal or State election, and then free sales permitted after that political event.

While the State deputies are in town or on the watch over a place the lid may be clamped down hard, but when they have gone it may fly off with a bang.

The enforcement of the law differs somewhat according to the industries and classes of people found in the various sections of the State. Towns through which woodsmen pass or in which they congregate are pretty sure to have an abundant flow of liquors, Bangor being the most prominent example of this class of places. Seaport towns also cater to the demands of sailors, while purely industrial cities usually have better enforcement.

The best enforcement of all is found in the rural towns and villages, and there is the backbone of the prohibition power. Maine is largely a rural state and a large majority of her people probably live under a fair degree of enforcement.

Prohibition in Maine works to a considerable degree like local option: where public sentiment demands enforcement the people stand behind the officers and keep the lid down, but where a majority of the people are not watchful and insistent there is a strong tendency to open up the shops This fact might be illustrated by the situation in Bangor during the past year; in the spring of 1910 under the pressure of political necessity and a strong local enforcement club the Chief of Police struck out to make Bangor a dry town, he raided saloons, haled men before the municipal court, and succeeded in creating the most arid situation that the city had ever seen (except under the emergency military government succeeding the great fire of April 30). Convictions were secured in 166 cases and in 119 of them both jail sentences and fines were imposed. These cases were appealed to the Supreme Judicial Court acting in Penobscot County of last August (1910) where not a single jail sentence of the municipal court was reaffirmed by the above named court under the direction of the County Attorney, and where only five indictments were secured out of 200 with overwhelming evidence presented by the local police and State deputies.

The record for the August term for that county for violators of the liquor laws was as follows:

109 cases nolprossed, dismissed and special docketed.
43 cases paid costs.
22 cases continued.
4 cases continued for sentence.
6 cases judgment affirmed.
1 case sent to the Law Court.
3 cases defaulted.
Suits against defaulted bail:
4 cases given judgment for cost.
4 cases dismissed.
49 cases paid costs.
6 cases continued.
2 cases defaulted.

This record of the County Attorney was placed before the people in the election of the following September, less than a month after these decisions were given and the same man was re-elected by the most sweeping majority that he has ever received. This looks as if the people either were indifferent to rum selling or that they desired to maintain this manner of handling liquor dealers and to sup-

port the saloon contrary to the statutes and the constitution of the State. Thus at times the law acts the same as a local option system, but without the regulations and limitations when the County is allowed to go wet, and without the income to the government from licenses. The probabilities are that a great many of the men now selling liquor under the prohibition law could not possibly get a license to sell under some legally regulated system, for the illegal saloon, proprietor and liquors are the worst of all.

The Maine Saloons.

The most common form of saloon in Bangor and some other Maine cities is to have a restaurant, lunch counter or cigar store facing the street, with a bar room in the rear half of the building separated from the front part by a partition. Liquors are not advertised openly on the street, but when the partition door happens to be open the bar and drinkers can be seen from the sidewalk. The barroom often takes up most of the space and the lunch counter or cigar shop serves merely as an entry to the saloon. The conditions in the barroom differ very much according to the pressure on the trade at any specified time. At present in Bangor liquors of all kinds are set out in great quantities, shelves of whiskey, brandy, rum, gin and wine being displayed with confidence. Beer and ale are sometimes both on draught, but beer is often confined to the bottled stuff. The stronger drinks are sold in all quantities in the usual way. One may purchase for drinking on the spot or for carrying away, he may also order a keg of ale or a case of beer delivered at his residence, and, although I have never tried this myself, others tell me that the delivery never fails.

The conditions mentioned above are found when the lid is off, but when an enforcement campaign is on the situation is somewhat different. In these times all the advertising liquors disappear and the sales are usually restricted to ale, bottled beer and whiskey, all of which is kept out of sight and brought back in small quantities from the rear as needed for the trade. The ale, however, is usually handled openly. During the strictest enforcement of the State officers I have made it a point to visit the bars occasionally to see what could be obtained by a complete stranger without pass word or sign, by walking boldly in and asking, "What have you got to drink?" and I have always been offered ale, bottled beer and whiskey, often rum. Last year during the strictest enforcement of the State deputies I walked into a saloon on a prominent corner and asked for draught beer. The bar tender replied, "I can give you all the whiskey and bottled beer you want, but there are too many damn deputies around to keep beer on draught."

I have never yet heard a man say that he could not get all the strong liquors he wanted, but I have known respectable business men to complain that they could not get good beer on draught in the convenient commercial center of the town as freely as they desired.

Hotels.

The first class hotels in Bangor deal in liquors discreetly and as a general thing only for the use of their patrons. Banquets are sometimes held in these hostelries when liquor flows freely.

Some months ago I attended a banquet of a group of business men when all kinds of liquors were displayed and drank before dinner, and after the gathering broke up the barroom was thrown open and everybody desiring to do so helped himself to what he liked best of spirituous or malt liquors. A few weeks ago the bar association held a banquet at a leading hotel where liquors were served. This event was attended by the Chief Justice of the Maine Supreme Court and the prominent law men of the city, including the prosecuting attorney of the State deputies. I do not know that these men drank and I am not criticising them for attending a champagne dinner, but am only trying to show the situation in a State where prohibition is written into the constitution and statutes with the largest possible letters.

Probably the second and third class hotels present the liquor problem in its worst form because in them it is sometimes combined with other vicious evils.

These houses usually have a smoking and loafing room behind which is a barroom where liquors are sold to all comers, for immediate or future consumption. I have seen more drunken debauchery in these houses than anywhere else on the planet except perhaps at the British ale houses on a "Bank Holiday." I have sometimes seen from three to ten drunken men piled up somewhere in the back hall, dead to the world, spewing over one another, while out in the smoking room others in all stages of drunkenness would be lying on the floor, lolling over the chairs or babbling hideous nothings to every passer by. This is not what one finds at every visit to these places by any means, but it is a true picture of what I have at times found.

After seeing one of these places with all of its horrors on a Saturday night I visited it the next Sunday morning. At this time the barroom was closed but an attendant brought out bottled beer and whiskey and delivered it to those in the smoking room who either drank it or carried it away. One interesting fact is that this was done while a policeman stood on the sidewalk not over five feet from the screened doorway of this room.

Bangor is undoubtedly the city where liquors are sold with greatest freedom and regularity, but no general statements are safe concerning the Maine cities as a whole. Liquor can be obtained with ease in every one in which I have made any inquiries. I was in Portland one evening a few weeks ago and asked a prominent citizen where "rum" could be obtained. He mentioned several streets near the center of the city where he thought there were plenty of shops. I took the first street mentioned and walked into the first shop that had the familiar aspect of a drinking place. There were seven men standing at a twenty-five foot bar drinking. I called for beer and was handed a bottle at once. Rows of bottled liquor stood on the shelves behind the bar, but when I asked if whiskey could be obtained the bartender replied that I could get that in the next room. I did not go into this room but saw several men standing around a bar there.

Across the street at a large corner drug store I asked if brandy could be obtained and the clerk produced half pint bottles of imported stuff. Further down the street were many drinking places, in one I counted seventeen men standing around the bar, and the noise of their fun could be heard for several doors away. There seemed to be little drunkenness, but there was nothing secret or covered about these conditions as far as a stranger could see. Some of these places pretend to sell only an imitation ale, a one per cent stuff, in some others they sold "anything you want," in others no lager but whiskey, etc.

In some of the smaller cities the liquor selling seems to be confined to kitchen barrooms, but in others the traffic is very open.

The Strength of Prohibition

Is in the rural regions, for throughout a large majority of the small towns there is no open selling of intoxicants, no saloons in the true sense. Some small places, however, have such elements in them that drinking houses are run wide open. Italian workmen in large numbers nearly always carry a liquor trade and open bar. The woodsmen also are pretty sure to stimulate the traffic wherever they congregate.

Liquors of all kinds are transported from the cities into the country regions by all the established methods of trade, they are also sent up from Boston to all parts of the State, but still there are hundreds of small towns and villages where the sale of liquor in any open way is very rare.

General Results of Prohibition in Maine.

How much does prohibition reduce the consumption of liquor in Maine? It is impossible to know much in particular about this.

Maine pays for one federal license to sell liquors for every 700 of the population, while Massachusetts takes out a license for every 500 of her people. The probabilities are, however, that the average licensee in Maine does not do as much business as the average Massachusetts saloon, but on the other hand probably thousands of Maine citizens order liquors

from Boston wholesale dealers with more or less regularity, receiving it by express without its passing through the hands of Maine sellers.

Sometimes the number of arrests is taken as an indication of the extent of the amount of "rum" consumed, but this in Maine is an entirely unstable basis of judgment, because the arrests are an arbitrary thing and vary greatly according to the administration in power and the policy adopted. A large number of arrests may mean only a better vigilance against the drunks, not more liquor consumed, while a falling off in the same may indicate merely laxity of enforcement and perhaps more drinking.

It is often reported that there is much drunkenness in Maine, and this certainly is true, at some points in the State there is more than I have ever observed any where else in America, conditions being equaled only in such Anglo Saxon centers as the slums of Edinboro and Glasgow.

The reasons for this drunkenness are not the great amount of liquor consumed but the peculiar circumstances attending its consumption, viz., (a) The drinkers are largely Anglo Saxons and French Canadians, two bloods whose unsettled classes are especially prone to over indulgence wherever they may be found.

(b) The vile stuff which the people drink under present conditions. Although the dealer may not fear imprisonment or fine very much, yet he must be ready to spill his stock at any moment, for the caprices of officers, State and local, and the political changes make the business generally unstable except in some localities where fairly permanent policies are put in force. Now this causes the dealer to handle the cheapest possible stuff, which he can afford to dump occasionally when the interests of the trade demand it.

And yet the drink must have all the effects of the real article. These conditions are often met by manufacturing the liquors on the spot. In a village a few miles from where I write a druggist sold "rum" for forty years in a discreet way and became the wealthiest man in the town, but he was never known to buy any liquors. Recently, after his death, his property was sold by the administrator, in the cellar of his business premises were found two barrels of alcohol and various cans of other ingredients used to concoct salable drinks, all arranged in proper order on a platform. On a post were nailed formulas for mixing the various intoxicants used in the trade and the significance of the elements was indicated as follows:

Alcohol for "intoxication."
Prune juice for "color."
Sulphuric acid for "kick and sting."
Sugar for "taste."

Some form of opium was used for the complete "knock out effect." The more closely the trade is followed up by the officers the more the manufactured stuff is used, and, conversely, the freer the sale the better the liquors. During closed time in Maine drugged liquors are more common than anywhere else, where I have known the conditions. Drugging is associated with other vicious evils such as robbery and prostitution which are liable to flourish at all stages of the liquor traffic.

(c) Rural wage earners and "young bloods" being unable to get liquors on tap in their localities as easily as desired, come into the centers where they are sold and have a "blow out" to the profit of the rumseller, the disturbance of the public and the wonder of the foreign visitor.

(d) As already mentioned above, the woodsmen and river drivers, en route to and from the woods and while waiting for jobs, supply many of the drinkers.

As to whether these decoctions are finally more injurious to the human constitution than good liquors would be I will leave the reader to judge for himself. On this point there seems to be a wide difference of opinion, for many insist that alcohol in any form is the worst possible stuff that can be taken into the system.

Social Effects of Prohibition.

Prohibition as now enforced in many parts of the State make it difficult to obtain a good mild drink, but easy to get the powerful intoxicant. The respectable, self controled citizen who would

use mild liquors in a temperate way cannot get them handily perhaps, but the booze and tough element can have every want supplied. Observation leads to the conclusion that the more respectable citizens are drinking to an increasing degree in their homes, while at the same time supporting the general doctrine of prohibition. The lack of social opportunities with drinking is supplied to large numbers of the wealthier citizens in the cities by the clubs which sometimes retail liquors to their members and sometimes give opportunity for each individual to keep what he pleases on the premises using it with friends at his pleasure.

The social spirit in Maine is weak, the people are intensely individualistic. There is no great common social institution in which the people can mingle freely, democratically and cheaply, where they can learn to talk, to trust each other and to enjoy human fellowship. He who will invent a desirable, non-intoxicating drink which the most of people will enjoy, the moralists accept and all can afford, which might become a common social institution will confer greater benefits upon this individualistic and conservative population than any other social reform of which I can think. It would influence the people to mingle more freely in society, prevent suicides due to social isolation and perhaps lead to cooperation in industry and politics and develop a stronger faith in our fellows which is so essential to that social heaven of which we all dream or have dreamed.

The lack of a common loafing and playing institution complicates the liquor situation a great deal. Through about half of the year in Bangor hundreds of woodsmen and other wage earners are loafing and waiting for jobs, these men have no interesting places in which to spend their time except in saloons and cheap boarding houses where liquors are sold. The moving picture shows have been a great boon to this crowd but the provision of temperance hotels, loafing and playing places would relieve some of the demand for liquor and make it easier to control the traffic.

Political Effects.

Prohibition has always been more or less of a football in State politics, but after it was voted into the constitution the supposition was that the matter was settled for good and there would be no more agitation of the subject. In the last few elections, however, a resubmission party has arisen and at last has forced the issue into a special State election of this September. The prohibition problem has sometimes been used as sand to throw in the people's eyes when blindness was desired to other needed reforms. The subject is always alive and usable in State politics, but it cannot easily become a local civic or political issue, as it frequently ought to be. The people in the towns and counties rarely have an opportunity to express themselves directly on local enforcement because the liquor question can hardly be separated from general State politics, and the county attorney controls the results of local prosecutions. The prohibitionists must not only supply the necessary majorities when the general issue is up for a ballot by the people, but they must, after the law has been written into the constitution and statutes, also run continually the dominant political party in the localities where the laws should be enforced. They have failed to the extent that they have not remained constantly in the field with a fighting and dominant political organization. The experience of the State has shown that there is no other way to get complete and consistent enforcement.

It is usually claimed that continued defiance of the law in one particular will lead to lawlessness and demoralization in all lines but I do not believe that this result is evident in Bangor, or in other cities where prohibition is defied. Except for its laxness in the enforcement of the prohibition law and regulation of conditions attending this evil, Bangor is a well ordered town with an unusual outfit of efficient institutions, both private and public, with a law abiding, intelligent population and a strong government, one of the richest and, all in all, one of the finest towns in America in which to live. But Bangor does not believe in the pro-

hibition law and has never enforced it with a sustained effort so as to get established results.*

What Next in Maine.

Suppose prohibition in the constitution should be repealed, what then?

The statutes would remain in operation just the same as with constitutional prohibition, but the following legislatures would have power to handle the matter as they pleased and that would precipitate a struggle for local option in place of the present condition. The "Prohibs" claim that even with the lax enforcement the present law is better than any other and if the whole matter should be given over to the Legislature there will be no end of political conflict over the question.

What would local option mean in Maine? (a) The State would probably have prohibition in all the towns where it now is in force because the people believe in it and would get together and enforce the law. (b) The question would come up as a distinct issue in the places where it has been confused with general politics, and some towns might get actual prohibition that have had unlicensed liquor for an indefinite past.

(c) The frequent revival of the liquor question would keep the temperance people active and alert and cause the better enforcement of the law after it had been secured by a local fight. The temperance problem is primarily a moral issue and requires eternal watchfulness against the forces of evil. Under state prohibition the people often deceive themselves into thinking that the snake is killed because he is sentenced to capital punishment in the constitution and statutes, and they are inclined to lay down their arms and enjoy the victory. For many years in Maine there has been less dynamic, effective, temperance agitation of the moral kind, with the purpose of strengthening the individual against the temptations of the cup, than there used to be. The people have depended more upon the constitution and the officer to make intemperance impossible rather than to make temperance an established moral principle of the self controlled life. Real temperance must rest upon character and moral self control, and any system of prohibition which neglects to cultivate this vital force must ultimately fail. The good templars lodges have well nigh passed away, the W. C. T. U. is quiescent and the voice of the temperance lecturer is rarely heard in the land.

The serpent of intemperance cannot be killed by statute alone, his head may be politically ground in the dust but as soon as the pressure of the heel is off he is hissing and stinging again in every city and towns. Eternal vigilance and warfare are the only effective methods against the demon of "rum." A local option system is a good one by which to keep the temperance soldier always under arms and in motion.

If Maine should adopt local option for a year or two and then, after a trial of this method, go back to state prohibition, I believe the people would, in the end, be better satisfied and the law more strictly enforced. The discontented would have had their trial and this generation would know from experience what it wants. As it is to-day the present generation has lived under no other system, and weaknesses are sure to appear in any plan kept in force for many years. It will take a struggle to find out what we want and how to get it. There has got to be a fight in Maine over the liquor question and law enforcement in order to find out who is master and what condition shall prevail. Let it be a fight to the finish, and the sooner we get into it the better.

The present anarchistic defiance of law and government on the liquor question cannot continue indefinitely, and the State retain its self-respect. The people need experience which will develop convictions strong enough to put down opposition and establish authority and law

**After the great fire of April 30, (1911), Mayor Mullen, one of the most patriotic, far-sighted and efficient officers in public service in America to-day, ordered the saloons all closed as an emergency measure. The order was carried out to the letter, for about two weeks, when the lid was lifted.*

enforcement backed by a determined and organized majority. The trial of some other plan would help to form these convictions and establish a system consistent with the expressed will of the State.

If the people reaffirm the constitutional law by a small majority we shall probably have the present condition of anarchy continued. Let the struggle be as fierce as it can be in order that the fighting blood of the prohibitionists be aroused enough to secure enforcement, if the present law is to prevail, so that somebody may know that he is licked and out of the game.

To insist upon established prohibition and allow the present conditions of open sale in so many places is a disgrace to any self-respecting commonwealth and an exhibition of stupid inconsistency and puritanical blindness. Let no man vote for the continuance of the law unless he is determined to fight the rum traffic at noon and midnight, by precept and organization, ready to sacrifice petty interests, prosecute fellow townsmen, impeach every officer that may fail in his duty and maintain aggressive political activity in defence of the system. If the "Prohibs" don't intend to do this let them stand back and allow some system consistent with good laws, self-respect and social morality go into effect.

As long as the Federal Government maintains its present attitude on the interstate commerce in alcoholic liquors, in spite of State laws, prohibition on any plan must be a running fight without permanent victory. We have conducted that fight for many decades under State option and enforcement with varying success, perhaps a trial of local option and enforcement would give new light and experience on the subject.

The Lamp of Love

By HENRY GODDARD LEACH.

I.

MY heart the lamp, her love the flame—
A year ago she lit my arrant way,
But now she comes and gently calls my name;
Out of your life I cross the gulf to-day
And must dispel this last reluctant ray!

II.

And as a mother bending low
Whispers her sleeping child a fond "good-night"
And turns the fading wick so soft and slow,
Grieving to lose the dear one from her sight,
And pauses ere she quench the dying light.

III.

So lingers she o'er love's last spark.
Hushed by necessity, powerless as in sleep,
I watch the path of life again grow dark.—
But if the child awaken there and weep?
If I her tender wrist should seize and keep?

The Sister

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

As the showy coach of the Lawton's swept through the streets of Beulah and up to the door of the Sister's house, Ruth leaning forward, wondered a little what would be Deborah's greeting. Mrs. Lawton had prattled all the way about Beulah which her husband had founded, until Ruth's cheeks grew redly indignant at this belittling of the Sister's might.

But now in the door-way stood the tall figure of Deborah and she smiled on them with her beautiful tranquility, as if their arrival was not wholly unexpected.

"Welcome to Beulah, Martha," she said folding her sister in her embrace which must be counted an honor rather than a familiarity.

"You ought to be glad to see us, we have had the time to get here. Why don't you ask your state for better roads? I'm jolted monstrously."

Deborah loosened her hold on Dolly now, to look with smiling composure at Martha. "Our union with the outside world is close enough. There are already too many longing to come to the life of Beulah."

"It must be a good longing to take them your rough ways," muttered Martha, shaking out her rustling skirts.

"Where didst thou meet Ruth?" Deborah turned and looked at Ruth, and Dolly Lawton, noting the color rising in the fair cheeks, giggled.

"Down the road a piece. Her horse was frightened at our coach and ran home here, so we took her in with us."

Ruth wanted to give Mrs. Lawton a grateful glance, but could not bring herself to what seemed like a humiliation.

"Where is Sarah?" asked Martha. On the drive she had not asked after Ruth's mother, and Ruth herself could not speak of her death.

Ruth looked away, her eyes filled with tears.

"Did I not write thee?" asked Deborah. "Sarah hath passed beyond some months ago."

Martha threw up her plump hands and sat down heavily on the stair behind. The ready tears came into her snapping eyes.

"No, no, I had not heard. I was counting on seeing Sarah. What did she die of?"

Then with a quick sob, Ruth stepped over Martha's knees and fled up the stair-way.

"Why doesn't the child wear black so people can be prepared? Well, well, Debby, I thought you could keep folks from dying. Here's Caleb, now! How do you do, Caleb. Do you know me? Martha Lawton! Are you still alive? Why didn't you die instead of Sarah Williams?"

Caleb's mouth drooped forlornly at the corners. "Why, why, Marthy. Would you rather see me in heaven?"

"Well, I hope to some time, Caleb, but perhaps not just yet."

"Martha," said Deborah's deep voice. "Wilt thou come into the council room or go above to thy chamber."

"I'll go upstairs; come Dolly. You and Ruth will have good times together, though she is much older than you. She doesn't show her age, Deborah, she has the manner and looks of a child."

It was a little later when Ruth was sitting forlornly in her room that she heard a knock; in response to her "Come," Dolly pushed open the door.

She went straight up to Ruth and gave her a hearty kiss. "I'm very sorry about your mother," she said. "There, there

don't cry any more," for Ruth's lips quivered. "I want to talk with you. Do you think 'twill be monstrous dull here."

Ruth, who had sat a little embarrassed at the unexpected embrace, unbent a trifle, shaking her head and smiling faintly at Dolly.

"I know not what thou dost call dull," she said after a moment in her melodious voice. "I have my work to do and I am happy, but there is naught of the world's gayeties here."

"Well, you've got some nice neighbors; there's George Trowbridge. Oh, how you blush!" Dolly giggled and clapped her hands.

"What knowest thou of George Trowbridge?" asked Ruth again stiffening.

"Oh, he's quite a young man in the city. A little grave for some perhaps,—I do like more mirth in a gentleman. But he's quite rich, his uncle adopted him and left him his money. You're really very lucky to have such a young man so near. Or perhaps there are agreeable and gay young men in Beulah, are there? Or are they all terrible dull?"

A flicker of a smile caught Ruth's mouth. "They are quiet, well seeming young men who go to all the meetings of the Sister, and for their pastime walk quietly about or chant the psalms."

"Oh, Luddy!" exclaimed Dolly. "What am I to do this long summer?"

"Take not the name of the Lord in vain," said Ruth with disapproval that could not be wholly grave. "I know not what thou wilt do, Dolly, if thou dost not follow after the pleasure of the spirit and go to the meeting and walk sedately about.

"I told mama how 'twould be; but she must visit her sister, and the silly doctor declared that I was needing a change. Well, 'twill be a change. But, oh, Ruth! we can go ariding down the road—" Dolly looked at Ruth and, covering her mouth with her hand, laughed.

Ruth struggled to hold her face gravely, but before this absurb young girl, she could not help but smile with a little conscious curl at the corner of her lips; then after a moment she sobered and said almost sadly:

"Thou dost not understand how I chanced to be speaking with George Trowbridge. 'Twas an errand, and had to do with my mother—"

"Oh, 'tis all right," said Dolly easily and quickly. "I wish I might have an errand from my mother likewise—there, forgive my tongue, I meant nothing."

She went over to the window and stood looking out.

"Nay Dolly, dear," Ruth began gently. "Dost thou not understand that I am in Beulah, as an example to the other maidens, that I must be careful how I walk and talk? My life work lies here, I shall be somewhat like the Sister some day I hope."

Dolly shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, Luddy, 'twill be monstrous dull this summer for me," she said, turning away, "and yet—perhaps you—" then she stopped, laughing slyly.

It was several days later when Dolly pattered along the hall again to Ruth's door.

"Come, Ruth," she said thrusting her head in. "Are you to come below?"

"In a moment," said Ruth, for to-day was the Sister's monthly levee.

It was a day when the Sister kept open house, and when psalms were chanted spiritual matters discussed, sometimes a prayer offered, but always an interchange of thought allowed,—a time when the Sister met her disciples on a social footing. Mary Bennett always had ready elderberry wine and ginger cakes, and this combination of spiritual and material attractions, drew the people not only of Beulah but of the surrounding country, like a magnet. Any person might converse with the Sister then, and strangers visiting the neighborhood were very glad to avail themselves of this chance to meet with her whose fame had spread through the region round-about. It was then that Deborah exercised her social powers, that they might not lie dormant; but might attract to her the more disciples and followers. She could yet charm when she would.

Dolly sat on the edge of Ruth's bed and watched her fold her clean white kerchief about her neck and fasten it across her bosom in front.

"Is that what you're going to wear?"

"Going to wear?" repeated Ruth turning about from the glass. "What should I wear?"

"Don't you ever dress up?"

Ruth looked at Dolly, from the little red shoes to the gay flowered gown with lace at the short sleeves and low neck; then at the little curls of hair resting on her forehead.

"We do not think it best to dwell on the vanities of dress," she said gravely looking down at her own plain brown gown; then, as she looked up at Dolly, she smiled, shaking her head at her. "But alas, Dolly, did we all look like thee when gaily dressed, I know not what we would come to."

"Look like me, la! This is an old thing! You'd look a thousand times prettier than me if you were dressed up. Mama won't admit it, but you're a beauty. Don't you know it? Didn't anybody ever tell you how your color comes and goes and about your eyes and hair? Why I've been told a dozen times my eyes were like stars, and they're not near so big and bright as yours.

"Dolly Lawton," said Ruth in a low voice looking straight into the starry eyes. "Did a man say such things to me, I should think he meant an insult. How canst thou listen to such vanities?"

"Listen!" cried Dolly, tossing her head. "La! I love to hear 'em."

Ruth threw her head back and laughed out with her merry tinkle.

"Thou art a sad case, Dolly; but thou hast the truth and that is much. And have they told thee that thy lips are like a thread of scarlet and thy temples like a pomegranate between thy locks."

"La, no, they wouldn't think of that, that's lovely! Where did you get the words?"

Ruth suddenly clapped her hand over her merry mouth and sobered. "I should not jest about such things. There is a beautiful symbol underlying my thoughtless words; but indeed, Dolly, vanity is a sad sin; let us pray that it doth not seize upon us."

"I fear I'm past praying for," said Dolly rising from the bed, "but since you're not to dress up any more, let's go down. Oh, I forgot," she looked at Ruth with twinkling eyes. "Did I tell you? You have a caller."

"A caller?"

"Yes, a caller, did you never have one before? George Trowbridge is below and has asked for you."

The color Dolly had spoken of, came quickly into Ruth's cheeks; beneath the white kerchief her bosom rose and fell. Dolly watched her with merry eyes.

"Are you coming? Yes, go back if you like and take one last look in the glass; or let me fix your hair like mine. Though that dear little white cap you wear is vastly becoming."

Then Ruth looked at her with a little quiver of her lips. "Dolly, dear, I pray thee tempt me not with light words. I have a high and holy work before me. I pray thee remember it and help me to be strong as the Sister."

"The Sister!" Dolly tossed her head, "mean you Aunt Debby? Mama says she was as gay as any when she was young. They were Quakers and must dress quietly, but mama says all the men were running after Debby Stebbins to get a look from her eyes. And none could control her, she would go her own—"

"Dolly, what art thou saying?" Ruth put out her hand and clutched Dolly's arm tight. "Speak never, never so to me again or I shall take back all my friendship. The Sister is great and holy and her name is not to be taken lightly by thee or me."

They came to the door of the council-room now. At intervals around the room, sat the women and men of Beulah mingled with a few strangers from outside. The Sister was sitting on her throne at the end of the room, and next her Ruth saw even as the door opened, George Trowbridge. She did not look at him as she slipped softly in; but she saw him nevertheless; he was still pale and his black locks made a striking contrast, hanging over the clear olive of his forehead.

Ruth nodded gravely to those she knew through the room, then seated herself as soon as possible near a woman whose child had been ill. She began to inquire after the patient. When she ventured to raise her eyes, George Trow-

bridge was not looking at her; his face was half turned and he was talking earnestly to the Sister.

How beautiful Deborah was now; there was a moving color in her cheeks, her splendid regal beauty was a little subdued as if in deference to the one with whom she was speaking. A strange sick feeling moved beneath Ruth's bodice. He did not look her way. Dolly had paused near the door and was chatting with James Foster whom Ruth had rigidly passed by. Presently the Sister would nod to Ruth and then Ruth would go to each person in turn and conduct them to Deborah's throne.

"Who is the handsome young man beside the Sister, is he not of the world?" asked the woman to whom she was speaking.

Before Ruth could answer, Dolly, the irrepressible, was beside her.

"Go forward and speak to him, you foolish thing! He came to see you."

"I must not interrupt the Sister."

Dolly laughed. "Here comes mama, see her interrupt." And in swept Mrs. Lawton with ruffles and furbelows and a general imposing presence; her figure had grown stouter in the years and there was an excellent expanse to rustle and wave. "Now you'll miss your chance," whispered Dolly.

Ruth rose so that the woman next might not hear and she spoke in a low tone to Dolly. "Thou dost not yet know the rules of Beulah, it is not fitting for me to go and speak to him, and doubtless he came to see thee and thy mother. Thou dost know him so well."

And then despite the sacredness of the place, Dolly snickered and Ruth fixed her with her haughtiest glance.

The two girls were a marked contrast; Dolly with her coquettish shoes, ruffled and beflowered gown, and elaborately dressed hair was fashionably pretty; Ruth's simplicity of dress was such that one scarce glanced at her garb, but looked to where all her beauty was concentrated, —to her face, showing between the white cap on her hair and white kerchief at her neck, like a flower of Nature's own fashioning.

Mrs. Lawton interrupted the tete-a-tete between Deborah and the gay young man so coolly that people stared and wondered; but Deborah took it with her beautiful serenity and invited Martha to seat herself on the other side of George Trowbridge. Then, as the man rose to welcome the new-comer, he caught sight of Ruth and his face brightened and he made a quick, almost unconscious step forward. Ruth's face, swept by quick color and lighted by a sudden smile, was lovely; but she did not move towards him, she only gave him a still little nod, and he, trying to hide his confusion, was about to turn to Mrs. Lawton when Dolly came forward and his next step met hers. Such doings to move about freely through the centre of the room were unknown at Deborah's levees, but these were people of the world. How well they went together, he in his smart costume and his flowered waist-coat, and Dolly in her bright gown. The little sick pain at Ruth's heart grew stronger, as she stood before her chair now quite alone since Dolly's desertion. She was about to drop into her chair when Deborah beckoned to her. Ruth came halteringly forward. Perhaps now she could speak to George Trowbridge; but before she was quite at the throne, Deborah stepped out and down, and said in her ear:

"Ruth, wilt thee go without and assist Sister Mary. Sister Dorcas may bring the people forward to-day."

Therefore, for the rest of the levee, Ruth was little in the great council room, except for a moment at a time; and she noticed once that George Trowbridge was talking with Dolly, who would laugh outright, even in the room of the Sister; then again he seemed spellbound by the Sister's glamour and beauty. When he talked with her, he seldom let his eyes wander from her face. Once, when Ruth was passing the cakes, with her eyes on the two, one of the old elders said gently:

"Thank thee, I have enough, Sister Ruth," Ruth looked, to find that the cakes were slipping from the plate, in a stream, into the old man's lap. She colored and stammered; and yet, she found it most difficult to keep her eyes from those two heads so close together; there was some-

thing about the sight that pained and charmed her.

She came out into the kitchen and sat drearily down in the first chair; Mary Bennett looked at her and marked the droop of her mouth.

"What ails thee, Ruth?" she asked, her long ugly face was marked with sympathy.

Ruth smiled at her. "I am but a little weary."

"I wonder will the Sister be pleased at the next marriage."

"The next marriage?" Ruth started and flushed guiltily.

"Yea," nodded Mary Bennett grinning, "dost thee not know?"

"Tell me what thou dost mean, Mary." Ruth's voice was as near a command as she could make it.

Here there was a rustle at the door and Martha Lawton stood there yawning. "'Tis not much of a function, that levee. Debby puts on as much style as the President and his lady; indeed more. And no young men and maidens speaking together. Is she as set as ever against marriages?"

Martha still stood in the door-way between dining-room and kitchen with her voluminous skirts filling the space. She chuckled in her short neck. Ruth looked at her unsmiling.

"If you want to marry, Ruth," went on Martha, "you'll have a sad time if Debby objects."

"I never want to marry," Ruth declared with flaming cheeks and high head.

"I've heard girls talk before—" said Martha, nodding at her until Ruth choked with anger.

"But I know one who marries without her consent," said Mary, grinning in her turn. "He asked me once, but I would never have him, not I. A man who is like to die on your hands any minute, though he has lived to a good old age. And though I know he lies, 'tis troublesome to hear his dying groans on a sudden."

Ruth leaned far forward in her chair and seized Mary's wrists.

"Mary, art thee speaking of Caleb Brown? Is he to get married to the Widow Beekham?"

Mary nodded solemnly into Ruth's intent eyes. "And I promised I would not tell the Sister, but I can tell thee,—why not?"

"Oh, you are a master hand at secret-keeping," laughed Martha.

Ruth had arisen from her chair, she was looking still at Mary.

"When would he be married Mary?"

"Before the levee, he went to the widow's and they were to set out to the minister's in the town."

Ruth rushed into the little back hall off the kitchen and taking down Mary's shabby old hat tied it under her chin, and flung Mary's rusty every-day cloak about her. "I must stop them. I will go to them. I will get my horse, perchance I can overtake them."

She rushed out at the door which, on the opposite side from the church, opened into the yard on which the stable fronted. The levee was now over; she could see the people walking sedately homeward. Ruth hurried forward to the barn; but suddenly was brought short up in the path by a figure and a voice.

"Ah, well met, Miss Williams. Have you come to let me thank you for the warm welcome you gave me to Beulah."

Ruth stiffened and gave George Trowbridge a fleeting glance as he stood before her on the flagged walk.

"Thou—thou didst seem well content," she stammered.

"The Sister is indeed a remarkable woman," he answered half smiling, "and it is small wonder she has followers; she can blind most by the light of her eyes."

Something stirred in Ruth's heart, a touch of that strange pain of a little before. She hated herself for it, half understanding.

"I knew thou wouldst love her when thou didst know her," she said stoutly.

He shook his head, her eyes seem to go no farther than the stock at his throat, yet she knew he was still smiling.

"I fear she no longer loves me," he said. "She was determined to quarrel with me if I would forswear all else and follow her. But I see not how people can believe—Pardon! We will not talk of her now, I would rather speak of you. Why did you not come and speak to me

and at least shake hands?"

Ruth looked up at him; there was an appeal in her lovely eyes. "I—I did not know," she stammered. "I—" she gave a little fleeting smile, "what was due to a caller of fashion."

"Will you not shake hands now and tell me I was not unwelcome."

She gave him her hand and the little smile had crept to her eyes now.

"Now Dolly Lawton did know how better—"

"Not a whit better, you are perfect in the art—" he was still holding her hand, he bent toward her a little. "Do you know, I like your way of using all the name. Must I always say Miss Williams?"

"It does sound strange," said Ruth, moving her hand a little in his.

"Then it shall be Ruth and I am George and—"

"'Tis Sister Ruth in Beulah."

"But I do not want you for a sister, I—" he was bending closer.

"Ruth," the clear voice rang out behind them. "Why does the young man hold thy hand?"

A little snicker was heard as Ruth turned and met the Sister's eyes, scornful and clear and sharp. Ruth's strength seemed to suddenly become fluid and flow like water through her veins to ebb away in the hand George Trowbridge dropped.

"I was bidding Sister Ruth, good-bye," he said clearly and calmly. "And very glad I was to meet her while on my way to untie my horse."

"Thy pleasure is evident,—" Deborah spoke sweetly and smoothly, but her eyes looked meaningly into the young man's over Ruth's head; the two were of unusual height. He smiled as he met their look.

"'Tis not our custom in Beulah to spend so long a time in farewells."

He bowed and Ruth's soft eyes went from his, smiling lightly, to Deborah's; she saw Dolly in the door-way behind the Sister.

"Thank you, I leave at once, but this was also my greeting from Sister Ruth whom I came to Beulah chiefly to see."

"George Trowbridge," said the Sister as if in gentle explanation. She reached behind her now and closed the kitchen door in Dolly's face; then stepped out in the path. "Beulah is not the place to come with carnal desires; if thou dost come hither led by spiritual need, I shall ever stand ready to help. Our next meeting will be on this day next month."

The smile died out of his face. "At the next meeting I should like to consider with you what is counted carnal and what spiritual."

The Sister bowed; he turned to Ruth, and again held out his hand.

"Will you not say good-bye and ask me to come again?"

Ruth's hand went out unconsciously; but half-way, it paused at the Sister's voice:

"How many farewells art thou in the custom of receiving, George Trowbridge?" There was that strange curve to her smile as she spoke.

Ruth would have withdrawn her hand, but he had caught it and was shaking it heartily and naturally. He laughed easily now.

"It depends on the one to whom I make my farewells. And will you not ask me to come again?" He looked at Ruth gravely; her face flushed and paled, her eyes met his,—then at the word "Ruth," they went back to Deborah's glance.

She tried to fix her eyes on the Sister boldly, but there was something in the gaze of those black orbs that numbed her brain; her own eyes grew softer and more frightened, her face turned white. She pressed one hand against her bosom, with the other she almost warded him off.

"Tell the young man to go Ruth," said Deborah with her steady smile.

"Go," whispered Ruth after her, "go I pray thee." There was a sound at the window beyond, Dolly Lawton's laughing face showed around the curtain. From the corner of her eyes Ruth saw it; she suddenly straightened and swung about —"And come again," she finished with a strange little ring in her voice; then she rushed past Deborah into the house.

She ran up to her own room and flung herself on the bed. But there was no key in her lock and in a moment Deborah opened the door and walked into the

room.

"Why, Ruth, Ruth," she said in her sweet voice, "I am surprised at thee. Such excitement over so slight a thing as asking a young man to come to Beulah. Thou must work much among young men. I would have thee used to their ways and doings. 'Tis ever the fashion of young men of the world to play the gallant."

Ruth sitting on the bed, with Mary Bennett's old bonnet pushed back on her head and the old cloak twisted about her slender figure, wiped away the tears that streaked her cheeks.

"Then why should I be ashamed before him?" she demanded. "Why should I not play the lady?"

"Because thou art greater than a mere woman Ruth," the Sister's voice was honey itself, her eyes were tender. "Ruth, Ruth, it's a pain in my heart to think that perhaps thou art weak; canst thee not gain strength Ruth, that thou mayst be a leader in Beulah? Thou hast all things but that. Canst thou not win that also?"

"Oh, I know not," said Ruth ready to cry again.

"Ruth how I love thee!" the Sister's rich voice thrilled her. "Thou art not bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; but thou art soul of my soul and spirit of my spirit and that is more—much more."

Ruth was silent a moment then suddenly she sprang up from the bed. "Oh, I forgot, shame on me they must already be married!"

"Married," echoed Deborah, but still in her steady voice. "Who?"

"Caleb Brown and the Widow Beekham. 'Tis shameful but I did not—think—'twould go so far—I should have told thee. But do not—rebuke them too greatly—perchance they do—but, nay, 'tis not possible they can love one another?"

"What dost thou know of love, Ruth?" asked Deborah calmly, as though dismissing Caleb and his widow.

"I know naught of love," said Ruth softly; she rose from the bed and shook off her cloak.

"Praise the Lord," said Deborah with equal softness. "With most love is but desire, such as fiends of hell might feel for righteous souls. I know, Ruth, that Caleb and the Widow Beekham are of the flesh, fleshly, they are of the earth, earthy. The widow is like a female animal whose highest duty is to care for the male and his family. But—there are others, Ruth, who want not this life of the flesh, who are born for the life of the spirit and would not suffer the degradation of marriage."

Ruth paused in folding the cloak, and her small hands clutched it tightly. "Yet there are many women wanting not marriage who would suffer the degradation because of love—for some man." Ruth went to the window and spoke the last words against the window-pane.

"What didst thou say, Ruth?"

"James Foster is coming doubtless with news of the marriage."

"I will go below and I may have to go to Widow Beekham's, if she still be a widow; to see to this; but thou dost know thy duty."

Ruth did not move from her place by the window after Deborah left the room; she stood, still looking out, when the door again opened and there came a burst of laughter behind her. Then Ruth turned and saw Dolly Lawton sitting on a chair by the door, with her head thrown back and her eyes half closed in laughter.

"Oh, 'tis so funny; is she not a Tartar? Most folks would be tickled to have so good a young man about. My mama will be dying to have me catch him. But la! I never can, he's head over heels in love with you. He looked at no other at the levee—a precious levee it was. Oh, but won't you have a time of it with Aunt Debby. Now I tell you, stick up for your rights. You won't find another such a husband—"

"Dolly!" cried Ruth, she turned away from the window and dropping upon the bed hid her face in the pillows and burst into tears.

"Oh, la! don't, don't cry!" said Dolly, running to her and putting one arm about her, "you're the strangest girl."

"Oh, I pray thee leave me, leave me!" came Ruth's muffled voice and Miss Dolly flung herself out of the room muttering:

"What a girl she is. I've known many

to cry for want of a man's love, but not because they had it."

CHAPTER II.

The Attack.

"Where in the world is Debby gone so late to-day?" asked Martha Lawton peering into Deborah's room at sunset time, and addressing her question to Ruth who was bending over the great ledger.

"She has gone on some private business to see the Indians in the north."

"Private business forsooth?" Martha's lips curled. "Let me see what thou art doing?" She sat down and drawing her chair close to Ruth's leaned over so as to look upon the ledger. There was no hiding it from her prying eyes.

"Does that mean what has come from your mother's property? Well, you are a helpful disciple," she looked at Ruth with amusement in her eyes. "I should suppose Patience and her doctor would be turning an honest penny here, but doubtless they are afraid of Debby, so send along all monies. What would Debby do without you?"

"I hope I may be of some little help."

"Oh, you are," Martha nodded at her with a spark of malice in her small eyes. "In more ways than one, Ruth."

Here, along the hall came a clatter of footsteps and Dolly flung herself into the room with a burst of little shrieks.

"Oh, mama what did I tell you! In this God-forsaken spot! We shall all be scalped and murdered—oh,—the Indians are coming."

Mrs. Lawton's shriek rang forth, capping her daughter's heartily.

Ruth lifted her brown eyes from the ledger and smiled faintly.

"Nay, Dolly, there is no danger. There are only Indians in the reservation to the North and South and they are quiet and friendly."

But Dolly would not be comforted. "I was but now talking with Andrew,—and a nice pretty lad he is, and he said that the Sister got word this very day from some secret messenger and she has gone to the Indians to the North to get their help to protect Beulah from those on the South."

Ruth closed her ledger now and rose.

"I will inquire further from Andrew," she said running from the room and down the stairs, leaving the mother and daughter staring at one another in pale-lipped dismay.

In a moment she was back again. Dolly stood at the window looking at the setting sun.

"Oh, Ruth, what of the Indians, and see a storm is brewing! The clouds are thickening."

Ruth ran across and looked out at the window; beneath scurrying black clouds, there was a streak of light, like a golden band binding the brow of light.

"I must go and warn Widow Beekham, she is in the line they will come, and she has none but Caleb, who will surely think his time is come. Andrew does not know much. I think there is small danger. Doubtless a few Indians have been drinking too much of spirits and want to show off some deeds of valour against the white man. It may be the town has sent for soldiers and they have already stopped the Indians—if they only knew of it in time. I am going now to the warning of the Beekhams—I mean the Browns—" she smiled a little. "I will soon be back."

She was about to leave the room when Dolly sprang at her. "Are you going to leave us alone? You must not."

"Why, thou hast several men here to defend thee, and the Sister will return soon with her Indian following. Thou art quite safe."

"But you should not go yourself. You may meet them in the woods.

"Oh, nay, I have no fear. I will soon be back."

"But we are so frightened, mama and I," said Dolly, still clinging to her.

Ruth pushed her gently away, half laughing. "But thou canst comfort one another and then thy fear will be soon past."

A moment after in the brown bonnet and long cloak she flew through the hall and down the stairs. Going to the window of Martha's room, which had once been Sarah's, Dolly and her mother could see Ruth's slight agile figure, skimming across the field toward the woods.

(To be continued.)

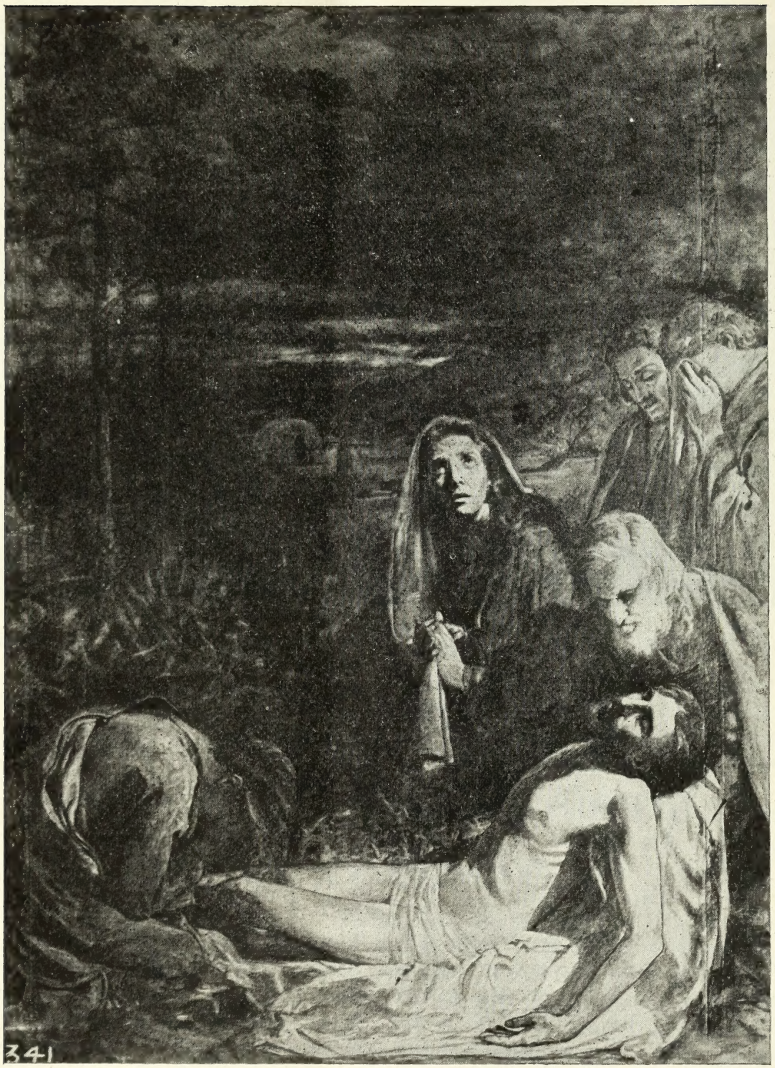


FAVRILE GLASS WINDOW IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, N. Y. SUBJECT, "ST. MICHAEL"

EXAMPLES OF RECENT WORK FROM THE STUDIO OF LOUIS C. TIFFANY

By ETHEL SYFORD

EVERY little while some one sets forth a dictum upon the "future of American art," or the worth of it, or perhaps, upon its comparative progress. The average reader inspects the contents with a certain intellectual nonchalance. The more serious minded go carefully to work to blue-pencil or to color the arguments set forth, with their interpretation of the evidence of economic or sociological conditions. I venture that, in this very probing tendency to quibble over what is prophecy at most, there is evidence of a lack of an elemental demand of things artistic,—a sense of perspective. Let us try, for the nonce, to stop the wheels of our feverishly and anxiously active American minds and cease the discussion of the last acquisition to the art museum or the improvement in the work of some American painter or sculptor. Perspective may, perhaps, help to a truer evaluation. Distance yourself from the present clatter of things and go forth five or six hundred years into the future. How much of all that America has done, up to the present time, artistically speaking, will be recorded in the chronicling of that age as epoch-making? How much of present American art will be recorded as significant, or at all? It may as well be admitted that, thus far, America has done very little, artistically, which has not been done in the spirit and nature of "catching up" with what has been or is being done some where else. However, supposing that the next few hundred years will show an improvement as to the artistic side of American life, there are a few present-



"The Entombment," in Tiffany Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine

day artistic achievements which are bound to be vital values in the force of American artistic life for long to come. Allowing for the best and most that American music can attain in the next few hundred years, that best can not depart far from the spirit of the standards of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Whatever there is of real artistic craftsmanship, of artistic glass-making, of the art of glazing, of decorative art, at that time it is certain to reflect, be dominated by or aim at the spirit of the work of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany. The name has long been a cachet in the field of unique and artistic jewelry, but the Tiffany studios is the home of the personal and intimate touches of his own hand. This age of the dominance of American artistic glass and glazing is largely the personal achievement of this one man. It is not only true that Mr. Tiffany has accomplished things with glass which America had not done be-

fore, nor is it merely true that he has revived and elaborated the best of the achievements of historic glass making, nor that he has accomplished more artistic interpretations than had ever been done in glass; he has as scientist, experimented and found processes for kinds of glass never before existent and new values for glass as an artistic medium. He has revived, improved and revolutionized the possibilities of artistic glass.

Stained glass is simply glass which has been fused with color while in a molten condition. It is worked into designs by two processes. One process is that of purely mosaic work, carried out by cutting sheets of glass into pieces of proper size and shape and color, to suit the design and fastening them together by means of lead joints. The other method is to use the colored glass more simply and in larger pieces and to perfect the design by painting on its surface with opaque enamels. These are burned into the glass and become, to this extent, a part of it.

Though the use of colored glass in mosaic dates from the first century of the present era, the development of stained glass work is practically co-incident with the development of pointed or Gothic architecture. The eleventh century witnessed the beginnings of stained glass as an art instead of a mechanical artisan's trade. The art reached the zenith of its mediæval floresence in the thirteenth century. It was in the thirteenth century that the real sincerity of the art was maintained. The glazier thought and worked in the very spirit of glass, of its value, its depth and brilliancy. These mediæval artists not only developed pictorial design by the medium of light transmitted through glass, they had reverence for the power of glass and worked reverently with it. Their constructions were on purely mosaic lines. They were inspired with the power of glass and it was their chief concern. The glazing was wonderful; medallion and rose windows in mosaics of fragments of glass and in glorious splendid colorings unsurpassed. They did not care to add paint.



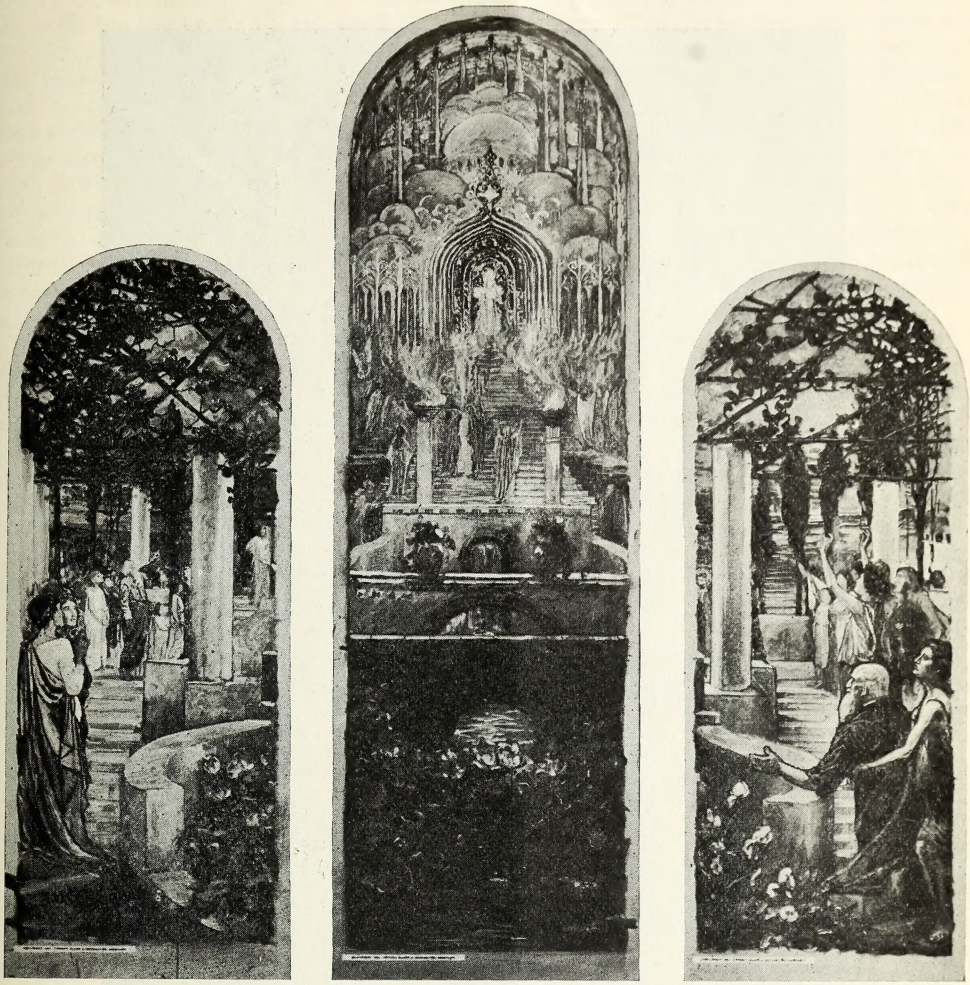
A. J. Dull Memorial Window, "Faith"

But their followers were possessed with the painting of legend and superstition. They aimed to produce a *picture* and they began to cease to be reverent glaziers and the decadence of the art had begun. The mosaic idea was almost abandoned. They used large pieces of glass upon which they painted their saint lore, resorting to brushing on much stain and enamel to work out the detail. The effect was weak and dull and it was simply a picture on glass instead of canvas. This "painted glass" soon practically displaced the mosaic method,—in fact so much so that the term "antique glass" is usually employed to designate painted glass windows. Still the refinement and the expense of the work can usually be judged by the extent to which it has been carried out in mosaic. The reason for this is that the painting as has been said, is done with opaque enamel so that the brilliancy and beauty of the glass is lessened.

The practice of the art rapidly declined at the close of the age of the building of the great cathedrals. For many years the work was of the most inferior description. The great Protestant movement with its hatred of anything approximating idolatry was a strong influence in the deterioration of the art and of the destruction of some of the best examples of it. Violent hands were laid on all available forms of church decoration and but few of the finer examples of ancient stained glass windows survived this era of fanatic destruction. With the mellowing of Protestantism and the modern awakening of the artistic sense among the Western nations, there has been a growing demand for the revival of stained glass.

There may be said to be two schools of stained glass,—the Continental and the American. They are usually classified as three,—English, German and American but the English and German aim at the same thing—to copy and to emulate the work of the mediæval period. The glass which they use is flat,—of even surface and equal thickness. They believe in painting upon this glass—upon almost every piece of it. The drapery is drawn. There is much shading. Most of the designing is drawn upon the glass. Their only restraining concern is not to do too much of it, to pick out lights. Such stained glass is at its best *repression* rather than *expression* of feeling. The Munich school aims at the same idea. They are even a little more musty in spirit. They brush in a little more of the traditional saint lore. The result of so-called modern "antique glass" is a wearisome lot of stiff, ascetic-looking figures, conventional drapery, wooden-like attitudes. The reason is because its aim is imitation and imitation is never the spirit of real art. Because Burne-Jones had individuality and he had the good fortune to live when it was possible to have his ideas executed at the works of William Morris and because the results were successful is no argument for "antique glass." When an architect takes a quartet of church deacons to inspect an antique glass window by Burne-Jones he ought to be honest and add, "But, dear sirs, Burne-Jones is dead, William Morris is dead." Nine out of ten "antique glass" windows look cold and stiff. They depict a Christ and apostles who look ill and as though they needed a tonic. There is no inspiration in the scenes. One feels sure that he would have had pneumonia if he had been there. Yes, Burne-Jones and William Morris had individuality but they are dead. A William Morris, in other words the spirit of *sincerity* in art, occurs about once during a century. The William Morris of this century in America is Mr. Louis C. Tiffany. The best so-called "antique glass" of to-day is only a studious, slavish, uninspired imitation, in design as well as in technique, of the extant examples of antique work. Even the dirt has been imitated! A study of the finest examples of the glass of the thirteenth century at once reveals that much of its inimitable beauty is due to the long result of dust and atmospheric effect upon the glass. Accordingly we have all sorts of meretricious devices for the reproduction of these effects of time. They are as transient in endurance as they are dishonest.

The American school which was founded in 1875 and of which Mr. Louis Tiffany is the foremost figure, began in



THE MARSH MEMORIAL WINDOW, "RIVERS OF WATER"

the true spirit of the art. It began to endeavor to preserve the innate properties of glass and, while doing reverence to the best of the old, to aim to increase and broaden the possibilities of the art, to increase the range of color and shade, and to increase the power of expression by added plasticity of the glass. One of the pioneers of the school reached out into the field of color and became an artist in his knowledge of the power of the juxtaposition of certain colors and the richness of color to be obtained by the fusion of many lead lines with jewel-like pieces of glass but got no further.

One of the results of the beginning of the American school was the effort to produce a glass having in itself something of the density of tone and beauty of surface of the best antique work. This effort resulted in the production of "opalescent" glass, a material containing clay and oxide of tin by means of which a degree of opacity is secured, coupled with an opalescent or pearly effect. This last is heightened by roughening or corrugating the surface so as to secure a wider range of cross-play in the light. Opalescent glass, so-called, cannot be successfully enameled and very seldom



"The Tree of Life," Memorial Window erected by Mrs. Russell Sage at Far Rockaway, L. I.

takes a successful stain. It is necessary, therefore, in its use, to carry mosaic effects much farther than was the custom in antique work.

To render this less difficult, the glass is manufactured in variegated sheets, and the workman searches these pieces for parts which accidentally possess some shading or combination of colors which he desires. To produce the lines of drapery with greater economy of labor and mosaic minuteness, the process led to the invention of what is known as "drapery" glass, a heavily ridged material by means of which drapery lines may be crudely represented by actual sculptural effect. The difficulty lies in that work of this kind may be very cheaply done and the process has resulted in the multiplication of crude and outrageously inartistic windows. The work has been so cheapened both in design and in the

quality of the material used as to throw discredit on the art and on account of this gross and careless material and its use, many architects will tell you that they desire no stained glass in any of their buildings.

The foremost searcher for the ultimate truth which could be found concerning the possibilities of glass manufacture and its artistic use has been Mr. Louis C. Tiffany. He culled from the foregoing attempts at improved American glass, the best which it had. He experimented and discovered the process for a beautiful quality of glass formerly unknown in the history of glass. This beautiful product is known as Favrile glass. The term is a softening of consonants of the old English word "fabrile," meaning hand-made.

Favrile glass is produced exclusively at the furnaces of the Tiffany Glass Company and used only by them. In range, depth and brilliancy of color it has never been equalled. It carries beauty of surface to the very highest degree without the extreme opacity or heavy corrugations which characterize the ordinary "opalescent" glass of commerce. A very thin film-like corrosion of the surface produces the wonderful rainbow iridescence which is equal to the effect of corrosion upon Pompeiian and other ancient glass through being buried. In the case of Favrile lustre glass, a more thick deposit reflects from the fumes the action of the heat and the metal. The beauty of these surface effects are so thoroughly under control that they have been carried through an extended range of color. The result is that in these studios alone, is possible a unifying, a blending, a mellowing of color effect which no glass of any age has ever before been capable of producing. Mr. Tiffany has stepped through and beyond the doors which have hitherto been closed to glass workers. Such a colossal achievement as the recent completion of the mosaic curtain for the National Theatre of the City of Mexico would have been impossible as far as beauty and atmospheric effect are concerned, from any other glass and from any other studios in the world.

It is thus that a man in America has signalized the lead in one form of art. Tiffany glass greatly reduces the criss-cross action of light and each piece of glass tells more nearly for its own value. The multiplicity of color possibilities effects the blending and the result is a much more refined and accurate medium for the designer's use. Favrile glass is an emancipation, pictorially and decoratively,—pictorially because of the limitless possibility of atmospheric effects and decoratively because of the intrinsic beauty of the material and the extent to which its mosaic treatment is carried.

Naturally, this increased power of expression brought about new processes of work. Formerly the artisan who cut the various pieces of glass worked purely mechanically. He needed no artistic sense for color or relative values. The interpretation of the cartoon rested wholly with the glass-painter. The Tiffany windows are entirely in accordance with the mosaic theory, without the intervention of paint, stains or enamels. This process necessitates the encouragement of artistic craftsmanship on account of the demand for artist-workmen who can interpret the artist's cartoon. It will be seen that this is a genuine furtherance of a real art spirit in America. Formerly the leading was simply a means of holding the pieces of glass together and entirely utilitarian in purpose. The leading now frequenting forms much of the design which was formerly painted in. In fact every part of the work is more genuine in spirit. The development by Mr. Tiffany of a higher class of basic material and its illimitable color and shade gradations have demanded this quality of workmanship.

There is much to be said against the modern or American school of stained glass, if one has in mind the crude creations from commercial opalescent glass of several artists who have merely dabbled in color effects and allowed the art to run riot for theatrical effect. This is simply flamboyancy of expression.

On the other hand the spirit of the modern school as expressed by the Tiffany Studios, is not only in the spirit of true art, but of progressive art. There are, in every age, a few savants,—and

they are never artists,—who mumble adoration of antique classicism over and over to themselves. They refuse to admit the power of enlargement in any art. It is as lacking in the spirit of an appreciation of glass as an art to insist that only "antique glass" is proper in a church or building because the edifice contains a few, often imperfect, hints at Gothic architecture, as it would be to insist that Paderewski must play Mozart compositions on the same wheedling and imperfect instrument that Mozart used and to refuse to acknowledge the increased possibilities of the modern piano. That is not even the spirit of classicism with which such savants credit themselves; it is antiquarianism, than which there is nothing more musty or deadly.

Real art moves forward and not backward and to insist upon imitating "antique glass" is to stand still in the art and reduce it to an achievement similar to the action of a reflex muscle,—a would be achievement rather than a real one. Nor is there any virtue in *defying* the mediæval period's attainments. The realest, sincerest art, the real neo-classicism is to do reverence to and reach out for the best of classic art, to refuse and deny that part of it which was puerile and crude and to glorify the glory of it by giving it the benefit of our centuries of human experience which means, to give it fuller expression. That is why Mr. Tiffany stands for the genuineness of progressive American art, for that is what he represents. He has had the judgment to keep the art sane. He has assimilated the spirit of the best of mediæval glass and fused with it the best of the modern spirit and that means that he has evoked a really valuable form of neo-classicism. To *imitate* mediæval glass, to insist upon "antique glass" is to affect a style. That means that we aim to excuse and perpetuate all its faults. Granted that the imitation be successful, it is only suited to one kind of architecture and is only an imitation. To be true to the art, the ideas must come conceived in glass; the artist must not conceive the design and merely translate it into glass. Granting this, it is easy to see



EXHIBITION WINDOW—SNOW ON A PINE TREE

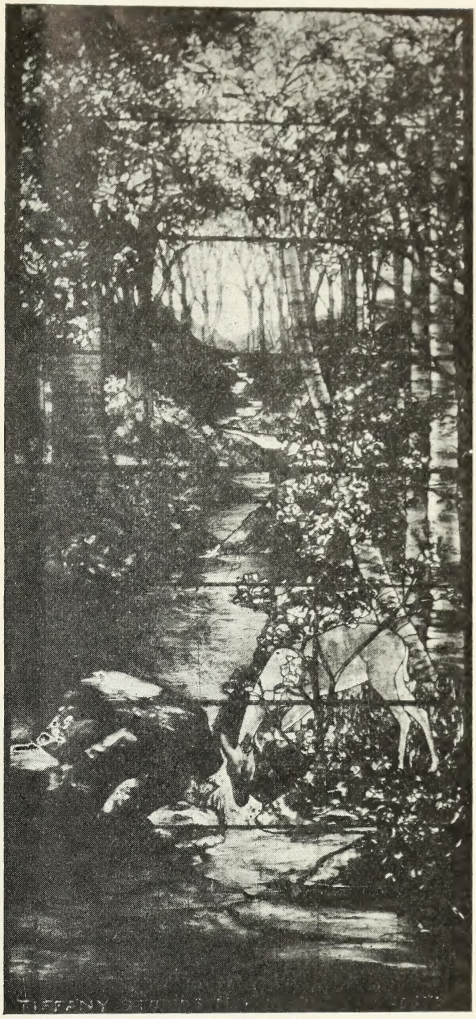
that the improvement of basic materials which has culminated in Favrile glass makes a glass window,—whose proper problem is the glory of light and color which can only be obtained by the transmission of light through pot-metal glass,—a glorification of anything which the mediævalists ever accomplished and more.

There is, in the Tiffany Studios the window designed for the First Presbyterian Church, Kittaning.

It is a glorification as to richness of color and of true devotional spirit. It contains any glory that any thirteenth century window ever had. It contains atmospheric effect, distance in its landscape and the qualities of life and blood which *no* mediæval window ever had. The richness of the heavy jewels reaches forward to a plane with the window. The landscape reaches back and still farther back. The whole is minus that ascetic uncanniness which some savants like to believe is religious because it is fearful. It has, in place of this the truly religious spirit of inspiring devotional ecstacy.

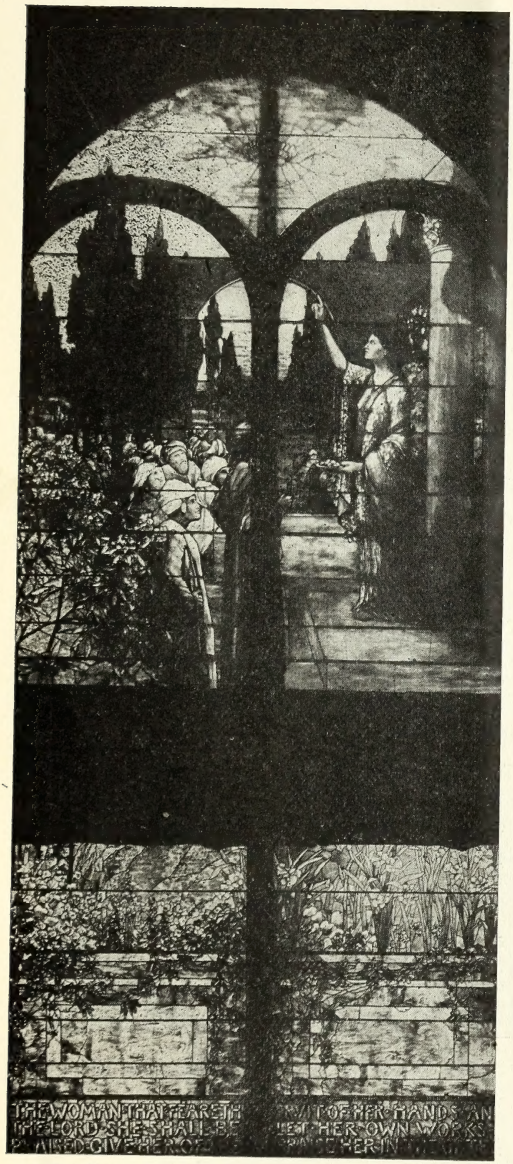
It is folly to demand, because an edifice is in seventeenth century style that the glass artist shall glaze no better than the 17th century glazier which was very poorly. Glass that is a painted picture is no more the spirit of real glass than it would be to carve merely the outlines of a statue in marble and paint in the rest of the idea. Because a man builds a villa after the style of Early Italian architecture would he be wise to refuse the power of a Lenbach portrait and to have requested Lenbach to paint a face after the processes of Botticelli? To imitate architecture in glass is unwise. To be in harmony with its spirit is the essential thing. Suppose a church has features suggestive of some old cathedral's architecture. There is no more reason for filling it with stiff painted or antique glass to imitate its model than to demand that the pew holders dress in mediæval style and that the musty odor of the cathedral be reproduced.

It seems to take Americans a long time to realize that sincerity is the only road to progress in art and the only possibility



Landscape Window executed for Miss Helen Gould

for real art. Every musician wants to play *like* someone. Would-be poets try to write like Swinburne. Millionaires like to believe they are furthering American art by ransacking Europe and un-socketing and up-rooting cathedral seats and other reliques which lose their identity as soon as they are placed in some museum or mausoleum-like structure under the lock and key of cold storage. Eastern cities are full of places manufacturing antique furniture. This is an exact parallelism to the use of



STILLMAN MEMORIAL WINDOW, 'THE VALIANT WOMAN"

"antique glass." The Boston Public Library needed frieze decoration for one of its rooms and a corridor. Accordingly they chose two great names and set them to work. Sargent and Abbey are great artists in their own line, but neither of them are artists at mural decoration. A certain chromo-like effect would have been avoided if each artist had been allowed to record upon the walls something that he was uniquely inspired to do and capable of doing. The same thing is often done by churches. They chose Sir Joshua Reynolds, because his was a great name, to design the cartoons for the windows of Christ Church, Oxford. The cartoons must have been beautiful, but Sir Joshua knew nothing about stained glass and there could be no more dismal failure than the result in the finished glass.

Every window and mosaic which leaves the Tiffany Studios bears not a touch from anyone who has not worked artistically in the spirit of glass.

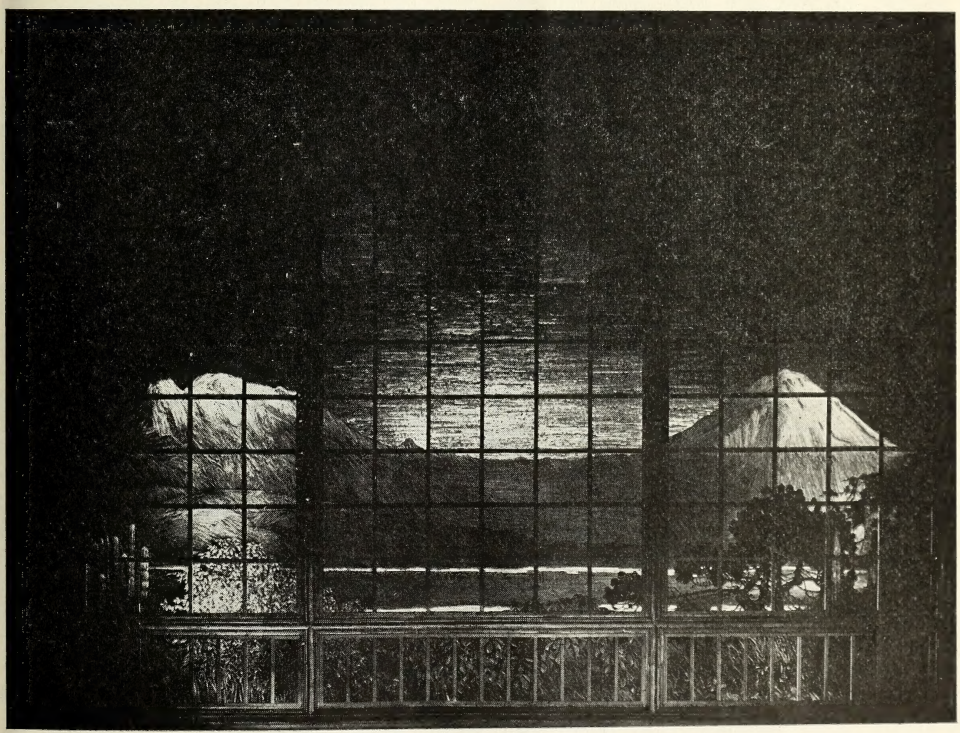
Even if Mr. Tiffany had never discovered Favrile glass, the methods of his work, the truth-searching sincerity of it, would make his name representative of what is genuine and best in American art. It is impossible to go down the avenues of American art affairs in many lines and not meet the forceful identity of this man. As photographer, architect, designer, painter, glazier, goldsmith, enameller, worker in gems and mosaics he has in every case exceeded the practice of the craft because he has not only dextrous skill and judgment and enterprise but *imagination,* which is more rare.

Mr. Tiffany was a pupil of George Inness and Samuel Coleman and of Leon Bailly in Paris and this training is revealed in such cartoons as the Entombment, Power, Head of Joseph, Pine Bough covered with ice-atmospheric effect.

The marvellous glass curtain recently completed for the National Theatre in Mexico City is the colossal triumph of artistic glass. If the Tiffany Studios were to be known by this achievement alone it would mean that the art of mosaic glass reached its zenith in this execution of its possibilities. The power and beauty of its appeal would have been impossible from any other than Favrile glass. With this for a medium and the artistic genius of Mr. Louis Tiffany to breathe a vision into it, a wonderwork in glass was evolved which is as remarkable for its imagination and poetic effect as it is for its skill of construction and

the magnitude of the undertaking. The curtain weighs twenty-seven tons. It is composed of two hundred separate panels, each three feet square, containing nearly one million separate pieces of Favrile glass, which have been inlaid into a concrete composition impervious alike to heat and moisture. The glass was made at the Tiffany furnaces at Corona, Long Island, especially for this particular work. It has been under the constant personal supervision of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany from the beginning. Twenty mosaic workers have been continuously employed in its construction for a period of over fifteen months. The bronze work, which constitutes the frame for this enormous curtain, was designed and executed in the Tiffany Studios Metal Factory at Corona. The curtain will be operated by hydraulic pressure and the time required to raise or lower it, seven seconds.

The scene depicted is a veritable symbol of Mexico in its natural beauty. The snow-capped peaks of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl rising thousands of feet into the cloudless sky, the luxuriant valleys, the fir trees etching the foreground, the gorgeous Bougainvillea and Aralia and the solemn giant Cacti,—all these breathe out the charm and the reality of this tropical and unthrottled expanse. The curtain tells the romantic legend of Ixtaccihuatl,—the beautiful daughter of a powerful monarch. Many suitors sought her favor. She was cold to all until Popo came and to him she gave her love. But the king required him to win battles and show his prowess before he would yield him his beautiful daughter. In the meantime Popo was not even to see the princess. But his love was stronger than the king's commands and Popo returned before the appointed time and the lovers met in secret. The old monarch learned of these meetings and in his wrath he turned them into great volcanoes. Ixtaccihuatl, the beautiful princess, was to lie there cold and dead before Popo, the prince who is to be forever consumed with the fires of love



CURTAIN EXECUTED IN FAVRILE GLASS FOR THE MEXICAN NATIONAL THEATRE

which would never die within his breast. The fires still smoulder deep within the heart of this volcanic lover while nearby lies the white lady, with her hands crossed on her breast in the peaceful attitude of death.

The opalescence, irridescence and beauty of finish of Favrile glass have made possible accuracy of perspective and reality of atmospheric effect. With the aid of various colored lights thrown upon the surface, the scene becomes that of dawn, of sunset, of moonlight in this silent valley of romance. At times the whole seems to fuse into a flood of glow and the white of the mountains is reflected in the water. The sky is all glorious only to slowly fade to a clear, calm blue, the lover-mountains become mounds of loneliness and the valley stream, with its glimmer of peaceful blue creeps softly, while the tall cacti huddle together like shrouded Druids. To the foreground the gnarled and sturdy fir trees force themselves and the gorgeous Bougainvillea seems to push through the bronze lattice. This moonlight scene is full of imagination. The cacti seem grey ghosts hovering below the spirit of the beautiful maiden. The stream flickers between them and her, plays with them, taunts them and they can not cross to disturb her peaceful sleep. So eloquent is the effect that one almost hears the silence and the lull. Slowly the moonlight wanes. A faint warmth fuses the whole. Finally a glow of dawn, in its glory, bursts forth and the ghosts huddle in darkness and retreat into gloom to wait until the purple of sunset bathes them into forefingers of warning of their moonlight ghost life.

It is a wonderful achievement, this marvellous curtain,—a symphony of glass, an epic in expressiveness, a poem in its noble, lofty imagery, its condensed suggestiveness, and the creative spirit pervading the whole.

At Dusk

By FLORENCE SEYLER STAFFORD.

HE mystic light I saw a genie bring
That clothes with Unreality the lanes;
A wizard-haze has transformed everything.
This is the hour the god of Fancy reigns.

The hedge is changed to phantom guards in files;
That huddled form—was it a garden chair?
The pale mists in the rhododendron aisles
Are troops of spectral shapes that linger there!

Shadows that play upon the grass—could some
Be ghosts that hurry to their reckoning?
Voices, wind-bourne, and faces pass. There come
Footsteps and sighs and white hands beckoning.

A Pot of Tulips

By ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN

JOHN LIVINGSTON stiffened his tall figure against the blast and thrust his head forward combatively, as he struck into the last half mile of the unbroken road between the "City" and Flagg's Corners. An arctic wind, clean, clear, invigorating, swept through his lungs and tingled in his blood like a challenge, while the white-draped wood from whose hooded eaves he had just burst forth looked quite savage enough to loose a pack of hungry wolves at his heels. As a matter of fact, it probably harbored nothing wilder than the timid deer or the confiding squirrel, for this was merely an unfrequented back road skirting a Vermont hill town.

It was by no means the traditional season for city boarders in Vermont; but science, not tradition, is the modern doctor's watchword, and it seems not impossible that the North Pole will some day be a popular health resort. It was John's New York physician who had sent him to the Green Mountains in midwinter, and he was pluckily working the cure "for all there was in it." Nevertheless, his breath came in quick, painful gasps when he attained at last the shelter of the Flaggs' recessed side porch, and paused an instant to recover himself before setting his numbed fingers to the latch. Instantly the door swung inward with a flattering air of expectation, and the gust of warm air that struck his half-frozen face seemed to waft the delicate perfume of a woman's personality, even before a sweet, high-pitched voice broke out:

"Oh, Mr. Livingston! You're awfully late to-night! Oh, I do hope you haven't got too tired!"

The solicitous welcome of the voice was frankly painted on the face—a child-like face of a singular purity, with honey-colored eyes and straw-colored hair, poised on a long, slender neck like a columbine on its stem. The figure matched the face, for it was of that slight, curveless New England type that appeals so much more to the imagination than to the senses.

John Livingston strove gallantly to constrain his chilled muscles into a smile, as he stumbled into the brightly lighted sitting-room and fell apologetically into the nearest chair. The girl, meanwhile fidgeted about, still talking as she stuffed more wood into the round-bellied, roaring stove, or pretended to straighten a fork on the table that was set for supper in homely country fashion, but with a meticulous neatness.

"Mother and I have been worrying about you this hour," she confessed. "It's quite a walk to the city at the best of times....and with the roads not even broken!....You must be nearly dead ....And on my birthday, too! You see, I'm all dressed up....and mother's fixed a regular company tea in honor of the occasion....and there's only you and me to sit down to the table. She and pa and the hired man had theirs in the kitchen an hour ago."

"The walk is nothing," John declared, as soon as he had thawed enough to speak. "It's just the sort of thing I like ....breaking paths! I haven't forgotten your birthday, either," he added, fumbling with a brown paper parcel, which presently disclosed a nest of cotton-batting and white tissue paper. The last film disappeared and he set his offering in the middle of the snowy table-cloth.

A cluster of straight, green stems, each winged with a pair of half-shut emerald leaves, bore three splendid incurved blooms of a dazzling scarlet. In their triumphant simplicity, they seemed to

dominate everything in the room—to strike a new note, as it were. Perhaps only John was conscious of it as he drew an old-fashioned rush-bottomed arm-chair opposite the little country girl in her best blue cashmere, the lace collar pinned just below the round column of her white throat with her mother's cameo brooch.

The tea was hot...the ham savory ....the biscuit light as a feather; and as the two ate and drank in the unquestioned intimacy of their blameless tête-a-tête, the tulips seemed to go to John's head. Was it partly the intoxicating draught of pure color in their frankly offered cups? or the final effect of exhilaration from his struggle with the invisible forces of the Ice-King?..or was it only the innocent freedom of her country-bred manner, and the sleepy warmth in those honey-colored eyes that undid him at last? However that may be, it is certain that John Livingston forgot all about the social gulf between his mother and hers ...forgot even the gruesome threat of the White Plague, the death's-head at his feast of life...lost sight completely of all those reasonable considerations that had chiefly occupied his thoughts during weeks of a growing infatuation, and opened his lips to say that which could not be unsaid.

"Melissa...."

Something of uncharacteristic recklessness in the tone caught the girl's quick ear, and a curious watchfulness crept into her pose. Besides Mr. Livingston had never so named her before; he had always been, as Melissa phrased it to herself, "a perfect gentleman." She had innocently revelled in his correctness... in the minuteness of his social observance ...the hitherto foreign ceremonial of gallantly opened doors and knightly sweep of doffed head-gear. It may be that she had valued these refinements even more than she had admired the New Yorker's blonde, pointed beard, his square shoulders, his immaculate neatness and irreproachable tailoring.

Melissa, young as she was, knew perfectly how to keep her rustic admirers at a distance; she had all the clear-eyed competence of the unchaperoned, but self-respecting country girl. It occurred to her for the first time that her pattern of chivalry, her glass of fashion was after all a man of flesh and blood...one who might conceivably be tempted, like the others, to inadmissible familiarities. Therefore the invisible claws were unsheathed.

John saw nothing. Curiously enough, she who knew nothing of ideals, embodied his; she was incarnate maidenhood. He could no more have profaned that ideal, even in thought, than he could have admitted an unlicensed fancy into the hallowed circle of his prayers. Therefore he moistened his dry lips and began again.

"Melissa, you didn't know that to-day is my birthday, too? You are nineteen... I am twenty-nine, but this day born into a new world...and it is you who have opened the door!"

What could he mean? She stole a glance, but drew back in haste from the glowing caverns of those intensely blue eyes in his, deep sunk in a pale, ascetic face. It was a face that she had never seen before, and she rose in frank dismay.

"I...I...Mr. Livington, it's getting late. I'm afraid I must be saying good-night!"

He rose, too, and stretched out a fine, bloodless hand as if to detain her.

"No, no, little girl, it's not late! One minute...."

The simple, human pleading that shook those usually self-contained tones overturned all her composure, and Melissa fairly fled from the unknown possibilities that gaped like yawning caverns under her feet.

"Oh, yes, I'm afraid it is, Mr. Livingston, please! There's a fire in your room; I think you'll find everything comfortable...Good-night!"

By the next morning, John had locked his heart and thrown away the key. The "reasonable considerations" had rolled back upon him with irresistible force. Accordingly, he met the little country girl in her transparent, new-born shyness with an invincible, an impersonal courtesy and kindness that went far to restore his own self-respect, while it all but con-

vinced her that she must have dreamed his looks and words on her birthday evening. She, too, had thought matters over and decided to make the gentleman "keep his distance," though by less obvious methods than those successfully employed with Dick and Syl. But she was secretly annoyed to find her rustic weapons glancing quite harmlessly from the glittering armor of her knight, in which no smallest crack or flaw appeared.

Matters went on, outwardly the same, for a short week. Then, after several mild days that transformed all out-doors into a dreary lake of melting snow, came the not unnatural decision on John's part to go south for a month or two. He left by the next morning's stage; not without expressing his gratitude for their kind attentions, substantially in crisp bank notes, and verbally with appropriate ornament, and declaring himself "entirely cured."

"What'll you do with the gentleman's posies, Melissy?" Her mother spoke a little fretfully, taking up the common round of life again, after the unexpected and singularly profitable episode of the "winter boarder." The fiery chalices of the tulips had shrivelled, but their leaves still glowed like jewels in the bold March sun.

"Pitch 'em out," replied the girl, curtly, frowning her discontent.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that! You let me set 'em in the border and they'll blow again next year. Kinder looked to me as though Mr. Livingston sot a good deal by you, child!"

"Don't you say such a thing, mother! That clothes-pole! Syl Warner's got more blood in his little finger than *he* had in his whole body," declared Melissa.

"Your father don't set no great by Syl." retorted Mrs. Flagg.

"No silk socks and almond cream in mine," pronounced the girl, rudely. "I like a man as *is* a man!"

Mrs. Flagg was silenced, albeit she set out the tulips; and Dick and the rest were downcast, for in the months that followed it was six-foot Syl, with the crisp, black curls all over his round head, the bold, black eyes and robust virility, whose escort was accepted to all the picnics, on Circus Day and to the yearly "cattle show." At Thanksgiving time they were married; and when Melissa's twentieth birthday came round she was Melissa Warner, in the little house opposite the saw-mill on Swift River, a short mile from the "Corners."

Syl wasn't one to "take account o' birthdays an' such truck," as he would have said himself. He had gone with a load of pine boards to the "city" on that particular twenty-seventh of February, and had spent most of the afternoon in "Cy Whitaker's place." The effect of several drinks was quite noticeable in walk and voice by the time he got home. It was long after dark; supper had waited an hour, and wasn't improved by waiting; but Melissa had on her best blue cashmere, and she had taken special pains with the table, in the middle of which there stood a pot of scarlet tulips.

"What's the party for, old gal?" her husband suggested, with ostentatious good-nature, as he pulled out his chair. "An' say! where'd the blows come from, Melissy? Yer mother's, hey?"

"To-day is my birthday...and Mr. John Livingston sent the flowers." Melissa spoke pleasantly, but there was a hard glitter in her eye.

"What! .... that fly dood sendin' flowers to *my wife?* Wal, if that ain't the best joke goin'!" And Syl threw his curly head back and laughed long and boisterously.

When the next twenty-seventh of February dawned bleak and gray on the lonely reaches of Swift River, a black-eyed baby girl lay snuggled beneath patch-work quilts at Melissa's side, in a bare little chamber up under the eaves. Her mother, moving heavily about in creaking slippers, had just set, without comment, a pot of scarlet tulips at the bed-head. Melissa said nothing either; the poor ghost of a smile just lifted the corners of her pale lips.

She had acknowledged the earlier remembrance in a prim little note to which she scrupulously signed her married name, and now, after several weeks, she sent a picture postal to John's New York

address, upon which she had scribbled the one word, "Thanks!"

Melissa was never a ready writer at the best, and from that time on she made no further sign, notwithstanding that a pot of flame-colored tulips, inevitable as fate, continued on each recurring birthday to disturb her simple mind with mixed emotions.

There was nothing that even a happy wife need resent in the trifling attention, as impersonal, as passionless as the tulips themselves...as undiscouraged by neglect. But it is a psychological fact that the iteration and reiteration of even the simplest act will in time produce a cumulative impression out of all proportion to its original importance. The woman in her, dearly loving homage, and no longer expecting it, was touched more deeply than she ever admitted to herself. There was, moreover, a natural curiosity as to "how long he'd keep it up," and finally, after some years, an unreasoning irritation at his mute persistence...for there was no longer even a card with the bowers, which always reproduced so perfectly the effect of that first birthday offering, as he had removed its many wrappings with clumsy masculine fingers, and set it in the middle of her festive table.

Melissa, with two fretful youngsters clinging to her skirts was tired and draggled and discouraged, and it was provoking to be reminded so vividly, so implacably, of her dead youth! For once she was on the point of tossing pot and all out of window...but somehow her hand was stayed, and she set it gently upon the sunny window-sill instead and watered it with unusual care. Not until the last little flame had flickered out into silence was the pot carried down cellar, whence the dry bulbs emerged after a month's retirement to join their mates in the long bed under the kitchen window. There every April witnessed a miracle of resurrection—Nature's eloquent tribute to forgotten springs!

The very next year little John, reaching up unsteady baby hands, caught and overturned the pot; and Melissa, when she heard the crash, and beheld the ruin of her gift, flew into a foolish rage and slapped him hard. But his pitiful, frightened sobs soon brought her to her senses, and she was a long time making it up to him with unwonted tenderness.

And the next was that black birthday night when Syl, coming home late from "Cy's place" and uglier than usual, hurled the tulips straight through the window-pane into a snow-bank, with curses both loud and deep.

Without a word, Melissa recovered her insulted posies and fiercely smoothed their ruffled plumage, ignoring utterly the ragged hole in the window, through which the relentless wind streamed in an icy flood. In the morning, a sulky and shame-faced Syl made it his first business to mend the broken pane; and, after that, though he might now and then fix the tulips with a malevolent eye, he more often seemed not to notice them at all. To his wife, whether she knew it or not, they represented the joy of life—the solitary grace of an increasingly squalid and heartsick existence.

She had been married ten years, and there were four children in the poor little house, and one asleep under a coverlet of stainless white, when one short December afternoon Melissa's mother came over to "set awhile." She had satisfied the clamorous brood of grandchildren with apples and gingersnaps out of a paper bag, and languidly canvassed the neighborhood gossip before introducing her news, not without a dull curiosity to see "how Melissy'd take it."

"Your pa got a city paper yistidy, and there was suthin' marked in it...a death notice! You ain't gone an' fergot Mr. Livingston, Melissy? Why, of course you ain't!...Wa'al...he's dead."

Melissa's pale eyes were fixed in a stony stare; she went on with her poor pretence of work, and gave no sign. But something deep within her breast seemed to flutter wildly, and then to sink heavily downward. She even recognized the feeling, and dimly perceived it to be utterly selfish.

To escape from self, one must borrow the wings of imagination, and that supreme flight was beyond her. For John Livingston, the man, she did not greatly care... had never cared. But

the delicate, the poetic tribute of the birthday flowers—not dead flowers, but living!—was it not the sole romance of her poor little starved life? What else was there to redeem it from utter and hopeless ugliness? From the hour in which he learned that he was dead to the next twenty-seventh of February, there was not a day, scarcely an hour, in which Melissa did not think of John Livingston, did not consciously try to steel herself to the prospect of a birthday exactly like all the other three hundred and sixty-four gray days in her cheerless calendar.

It was the final bitter fling of a Vermont winter, and a fresh snow-fall upon the wings of a savage wind, had filled level full the long stretch of road between the ruined saw-mill and the scowling wood...the road where John Livingston had struggled manfully through just such drifts, eleven years before. The back-country stage, with its two powerful horses, had almost made the distance before Melissa, dragging heavily to and fro at her unending task, happened to raise her eyes to the window. Then the sudden leap of blind and reasonless expectation almost choked her, and she stood with a broken-handled cup in one hand and a dish-towel hanging limp from the other, unable to move an inch until she knew the answer to that question in which her whole being seemed to concentrate itself. *Would it stop?*

Not until the smoking horses actually fell back on their haunches before the broken gate, and the driver's sharp "Hello!" smote on her straining ear, did Melissa fling open the door, careless of the rush of icy air, stumble half-shod through the drifts, and receive the familiar parcel in both upraised hands.

These were flowers not only living, but immortal! Reverently she cleared a place for them on the bare table cluttered with unwashed dishes and the meager remains of food, and stood gazing at them with something very like a prayer in those honey-colored eyes. At last the miracle had been wrought! John Livingston had cared...cared enough to continue his gracious thought of her even beyond the grave. She knew, now, that the scarlet flag of his unrewarded devotion would never fail! In the light of that dumb chivalry her imagination awoke, and life seemed no longer a weary burden to be borne, but a battle to be gallantly fought ...and won.

The Plaint of Helios

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON

Serene, bewitching fair, yet ever coy and far;
Retreating all times, if too near anent my car
Is driven; of lingering, mayhap, all enticingly
Besmiled and poised:—ah! me, who quail such coquetry!—
With cool, exasperating grace to scorn my fire,—
Such is the maiden whom I most admire.

Sometimes she hides from me for days, perhaps displeased;
Who knows? It is my lot forever to be teased,
Forevermore to rise betimes in earliest morn
And seek Her with my flaming steeds across the dawn.
She is the Lady Astra, Dian of my sky,—
Yet, oh! I cannot win this maiden though I try.

An Ancestor of Wall Street

(*Continued from page* 16.)

rounding the island there as the sun went down and the wind came up. Lord have mercy on us, how it blew that night!"

"You don't say so," ejaculated the Bully.

"Indeed I do, compère. Never do I recollect so terrible a storm. All night long we could hear the breakers on the beach down there, and the wind screaming past us up in this tower here. Nothing on the water could have lived through that night."

" 'Tis a desperate calling, the sea, Master Austyn."

"It surely is, compère. When morning came and the wind died down, I looked everywhere for the ship I saw putting into the bay the night before but never a sign of her could I see. It was a wild night if ever there was one, and it has often come into my mind what may have been the fate of that ship."

The two men were silent for quite a while, Mayoux appeared to be thinking deeply. At length he remarked, as if thinking aloud:

"A sad and dangerous trade, the sea. It were well to be away from it."

"Yes, Messire Mayoux, a risky business indeed! A man is better advised to stay on dry land where he has but to work and live his life in peace."

"Very true, Messire Austyn. And that reminds me. I have been thinking hard all day upon that proposal you were so good as to make last night—I mean the one to buy my share in that venture of the Vampire."

"Oh yes, I remember that, compère."

"There was a time when I surely thought no living man could tempt me to desert my good friend, Master Henriot."

The colonist was silent.

"But when I see all this prosperity you have here," he went on, "and how a simple life and hard work is surely making a fortune for you, do you know, Messire Austyn, I am almost willing to follow your example."

He looked up enquiringly at the colonist as if seeking encouragement, but Austyn's face was a blank. Now that the Bully was walking into his own trap he would let him set his own gait about it. Mayoux went on:

"After all, Messire Austyn, I may as well admit I am over old to be trusting altogether to chance. A young man—yourself, for example—can do these things. You have many years before you, you and your wife."

"If the good Lord is merciful to us, compère."

"I will own that I begin to envy you this home you have made here for yourselves. If it pleases you, Messire Austyn—and mind you I am as confident as ever that the Vampire will return—if it pleases you I will let you have my share in her in return for your farm."

Austyn's voice was very solemn as he replied.

"I am not sure, compère, that it is not a sinful thing in me to sacrifice this home on a chance like that. Remember, I have a wife depending on me too."

"That's true, of course, that's true. But then you are both young. You have time, all a life time in front of you, while I grow no younger."

"Still a home is a sacred thing in a way, Messire Mayoux."

"You admit yourself it would scarce fetch five hundred crowns. I doubt myself you could get three hundred upon the market. There's not much that's sacred about that. Besides, the proposal is your own."

There surged up in the mind of the colonist a longing to thrash this great hulking Bully, who would cheat another man out of the roof over his head in his unholy craving for money. He started to rise out of his chair, but second thoughts sent him back into it again. After all, the revenge he planned would hurt Mayoux far more than blows.

"I have made the offer," he spoke with deliberation, "and I'll stand by it. The crops that are now ripening are mine, and it will take me a few weeks to harvest them, but we will draw up a deed this night and the farm shall be yours. As soon as we can be gone it will be at your disposal. Does that satisfy you, Messire?"

"It certainly does, compère."

Mayoux held out his hand to the man he thought to betray, and Austyn, looking at him, shrunk from this shabby trickster who would stoop so low for a pitiful farm, worth, as he admitted, scarcely three hundred crowns. Still he gave him his hand, the game should be played to its end.

"A few weeks are all I need, Messire Mayoux, then you can have the farm. And may you prosper here as you deserve."

At sunrise, the richer by a farm, the poorer by one-third share in a ship whose wreckage had risen beneath his feet to confront him, Bully Mayoux departed well satisfied with the shrewdness that had saved a tidy little farm out of ruin of his hopes. William Austyn, two-thirds owner of the privateer that was to round the island at sundown, watched his departure with a smile of meaning. That night and the next a green light from the tower flashed its signal to the waiting mariner below.



AMALFI.

By HERBERT RANDALL

Here, sitting at Amalfi's feet,
Enraptured by her dream-kissed seas;
Awed by her cliffs that fringe the sky
With gleaming gold of lemon trees,
Stirred by the breath of orange-boughs,
Of ripening fig and tangarine,
By faces made for Raphael,
And bells that herald worlds unseen;
Here, in this sunny land of bloom,
Built by some Hercules of old
The land of everlasting light,
Of wonder out of chaos rolled
I lift my eyes, I lift my song,
Fair Italy, in praise of thee,
And yet, and yet, a father land
From far away, is calling me.
Across the rocking leagues of foam
The spirit-voice of love I hear;
O home-land song that thrills the heart
With memories most sad, most dear,
What majesty of towering wealth
Inspires my soul at thy command;
New England, Queen of Beauty still!
I turn my footsteps; here's my hand!

—From the Hartford Courant.

Amalfi, Italy, July 10, 1911.

The speech of President Taft at Hamilton, Mass., August 26th, is easily the most important event in New England of the past thirty days. Mr. Taft's integrity and earnestness are, by this time, universally admitted. The wisdom of his demand for scientific tariff legislation in place of a political log-rolling tariff bill cannot be questioned. Whether or not the passions of men will permit them to vote in accordance with their convictions, remains to be seen.

The New England Magazine is, however ready to predict a landslide in favor of the "regular" element of the Republican party as against Democrats and Insurgents this fall, particularly in Massachusetts. People were told all kinds of things in the last Massachusetts campaign, and many a man "out on the cape" voted in the belief that the election of Mr. Foss to the governorship of Massachusetts was going to change business conditions and lower the prices of the necessities of life! It seems absurd, but they really did think so, and now "they've got it in" for the insurgents, a disposition that has been vigorously fostered by the conduct of the insurgents themselves during the last part of the extra session of congress. The following quotations from Mr. Taft's speech convey its tone and purport:

"I am here to speak words of encouragement as to the outlook for Republican success. You have a State election immediately before you into which it seems to me national issues ought to enter. We have just finished an extra session of Congress, and the matters considered were of such importance to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that I do not see how the people of the State can withhold an expression of opinion upon them. The extra session of Congress was called for the purpose of confirming the Canadian reciprocity treaty, which it did by a support made up of votes from both parties. I have no doubt Massachusetts, by both parties, would confirm its adoption.

"Our Democratic friends, however, were not content to allow the session to pass with the accomplishment of the purpose for which it was called. They assisted—most of them—in the passage of the reciprocity bill because they be-

lieved in its usefulness, and in doing so they united with the Republican support and did not—as I have had occasion to say to their credit—did not 'play politics' in its passage.

"I am very sorry to say, however, that, having pursued a purely statesmanlike course, with reference to reciprocity, they did 'play politics' of the most irresponsible character in respect to three tariff bills, which, by uniting with certain Republicans in the Senate, they were able to pass and present to the executive for his signature.

"Never in the history of the government, I venture to say, have important public interests been dealt with in such a lighthearted way, with such absolute ignorance of the effect of legislation and with such willingness to sacrifice business interests to political exigencies as in the present legislation which has just been defeated.

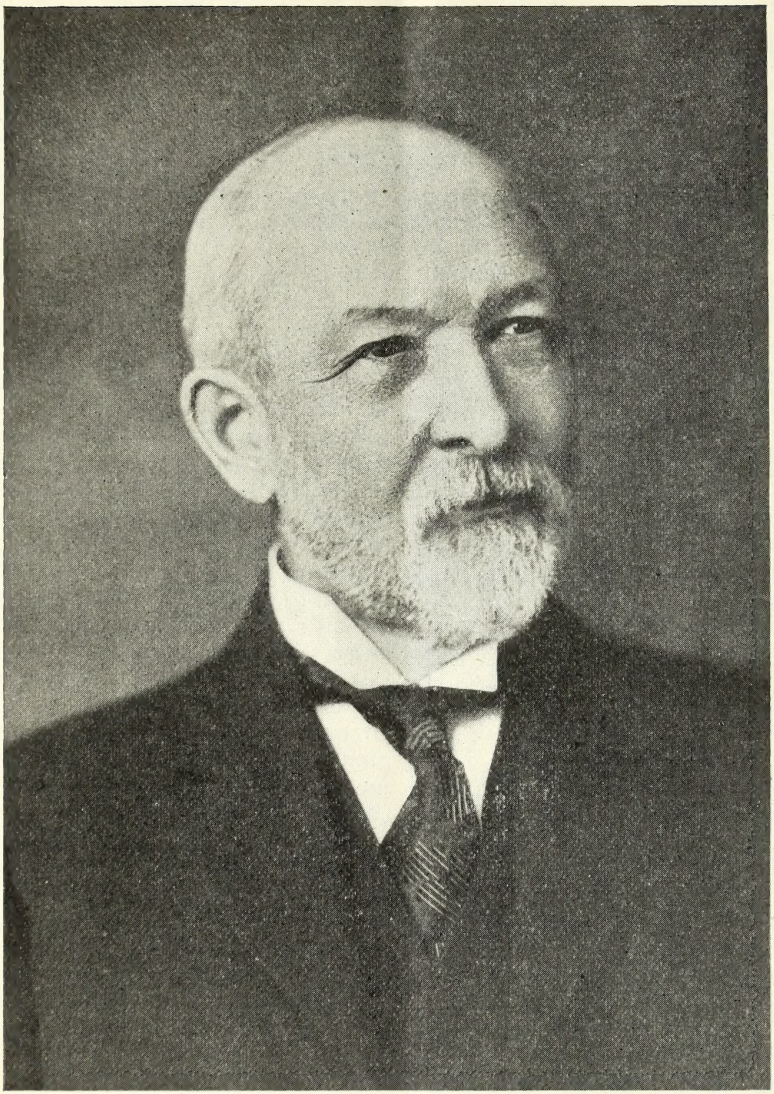
"Under these conditions, men of Massachusetts, it seems to me that the slogan of your party should involve a national cry and not be confined to mere State."

This is not a continuous quotation, but a selection of such parts as were most striking. They are the kind of words at which it is easy to rail—like the conclusion of the great inaugural address of Lincoln. They are full of holes for the insertion of the mere politician's knife. But they are also the kind of words that get themselves remembered. Not only tariff legislation, but the method of tariff legislation is an issue before the American people. In fact, the tariff legislation of this and the coming congress will be seen, in the perspective of history, to have far transcended mere expediency, and to be *the greatest moral question* before the American people at the present time. Because the president treats it as a moral question, his words will stand.

HON. CARROLL SMALLEY PAGE

THERE is much quiet satisfaction manifest throughout Vermont over the work of Senator Page. And among careful observers of affairs at the national capitol, to whom it was a question of serious moment that a new figure had joined the circle of New England senators, long so influential in the upper house, there are many expressions of pleasurable surprise. That a man whose first experience in Washington affairs was through his sudden induction into the important office made vacant by the death of his predecessor, should have carried himself so ably and become so promptly an important factor in the work of legislation, was more than could have been reasonably expected.

It is, of course, not true that Senator Page entered upon his work without political experience, but that experience had hitherto been confined to the boundaries of his native state of Vermont, a state always enlightened and progressive in its legislation, but of necessarily limited resources and activities and whose domestic affairs are only casually known to the nation at large. Indeed it may not be too much to say that his own private business affairs were often on a larger scale and have been a more potent factor in his training and present usefulness. It was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance for Mr. Page that the beginning of his legislative career at Washington should have been coincident with the overwhelming precedence of strictly business legislation. Mr. Page succeeded the veteran Senator Proctor, than whom no one at Washington was more deeply versed in legislative processes, and it was a hard position to fill. But he also stepped into the midst of a tariff discussion which was absorbing the attention of the entire country, and he came with expert knowledge concerning at least one very important item in the discussion. As the largest dealer in green calf skins in the country, if not in the world, he was able to speak with authority on the complicated questions that arose in the settlement of the shoe and leather schedules. This knowledge he used modestly and never speaking at length and never excepting to make a definite and vital point. The result was the very natural one that he immediately commanded earnest and careful attention. He won, in fact, the respect and confidence of his compeers in that single session to an extent that has cost many another good man years of



HON. CARROLL SMALLEY PAGE OF VERMONT

endeavor. And this advantage he has retained. During the discussions of reciprocity with Canada in the present session, the fact that his home is practically in a border town and many of his dealings for years have been with Canadian interests, has enabled him to enter the discussion at times very pointedly and conclusively,—as for example when he so effectively punctured Senator Stone's statistics concerning the relative wages of agricultural labor in Canada and the United States.

These incidents are very likely to prove prophetic of the future place and work of Mr. Page in the senate. He has thus far revealed himself as a careful, exact and painstaking man of business. He has shown a very quick and acute preception of the fallacy in misleading statements, and has been able briefly and effectively to put his finger on the weak

spot. He may not be a great orator, but he is a very dangerous listener. It will indeed be a bold man who faces Senator Page with slovenly statistics and flamboyant generalities, particularly on those subjects on which he is by long training a master. And he appears to have set out to make himself master of the business side of congressional legislation.

Senator Page is chairman of the Committee on Cuban Relations, a committee always important and likely at any instant to become of the very first importance. He is a member of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, and of the Committee on Claims and in both of these capacities he will be able to serve his state to great advantage, and, indeed, has already done so in more than one instance. He is also a member of the Committees on Naval Affairs, on Interoceanic Canals, on Indian Affairs, on Printing, on Education and Labor, and on the Geological Survey. Here are surely activities enough to absorb any man's attention and to afford him opportunity for the highest usefulness.

Vermont has been in the habit of continuing its United States senators in office for long terms. It seems very likely that Senator Page, a man of mature years but of vigorous health, will be no exception to this rule. We look for his steady growth into a position of great influence and wide usefulness in the senate.

A few biographical facts may not be out of place here as Senator Page may still be regarded as a new member of the New England senatorial group. He was born at Westfield, Vermont, January 10th, 1843. He was educated in those typical New England institutions, the old New England academies, and is being claimed by both the People's Academy of Morrisville and the Lamoille Central Academy, in both of which he studied. His residence for many years has been at Hyde Park, county seat of Lamoille county. In addition to his large leather interests, he is president of the Lamoille County Savings Bank and Trust Company and of the Lamoille County National Bank, and Treasurer of the Morse Manufacturing Company and the Hyde Park Lumber Company.

Hyde Park is located in the heart of a prosperous dairying section and, with its railroad facilities, became a natural point for the shipment of hides from the surrounding farms. From a modest beginning as a dealer in calf skins, Mr. Page has built up an enormous business, handling hides from all over the Eastern States. The buying and selling, handling, sorting, classifying and shipping of these vast numbers of hides is a complicated business requiring skill and sagacity and minute attention to details. A business of international scope, as it has grown to be, involves the handling and solving of big problems, and one can readily understand how the business has grown by talking with Mr. Page and how Mr. Page has grown as one comes to understand the business and its many requirements.

He has served in the Vermont House of Representatives from 1869 to 1872, and in the Vermont Senate from 1874 to 1876. He was a member of the Republican State Committee of Vermont from 1872 to 1890 for a part of which time he was secretary and treasurer of the committee and from 1886 to 1890 its chairman. He was delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1880, and from 1880 to 1891 held the office of Register of Probate. From 1884 to 1888, he was savings bank examiner and from 1890 to 1892 Governor of Vermont. He was elected in 1908 to fill the unexpired term of Senator Proctor and re-elected to the senate by a vote in which members of all counties united.

In educational matters Mr. Page has always taken an active interest in his own town, in the State of Vermont and now in his position of wider influence in the United States Senate. His ideas are progressive and his earnestness is that of a man who has himself risen by his own efforts and desires the blessings of a thorough education for the boys and girls whose circumstances and ambitions he so thoroughly understands. If his bill for national aid to the states in industrial education becomes a law, he will have conferred a lasting benefit on his own State of Vermont as well as on all the other States of the Union. Vermont is

peculiarly situated so as to reap great benefit from such a movement, a situation which she shares with many of the Western States.

This is not the place for the discussion of the provisions of this measure. It is only mentioned here as typical of the man and his work, his spirit and the sagacity with which he is using his high office for the common good.

These facts point to a life of service and tireless work. And they also emphasize what we have previously said as to the direction in which Senator Page is likely to develop as a member of the United States Senate.

Senator Page thoroughly represents Vermont. He is a typical Vermonter. He is a native of the State, educated in its schools and has been moulded by its traditions and ideals. As he wins for himself, he wins for his state, an important and influential place in national affairs. One of the least of the states in population and wealth, Vermont has always taken a high rank through the type of its citizenship. In the person of Senator Page this proud leadership bids fair to be maintained for many years to come.

A WISE SUITOR.

"No, Harold," said the girl of twenty-eight, "I cannot marry you."

She was quite firm about it.

"It is just as well," said the man of thirty, sighing deeply, "though I love you dearly, it would be embarrassing, when you were my wife, to have people taking you for my daughter."

After which, of course, all he had to do was to measure her finger for the ring. —September Woman's World.



This season Miss Helen Ware will appear in a new play, Henry B. Harris, her manager, having selected a drama by George Broadhurst, entitled, "The Price," for the use of the young emotional actress. The play is in three acts. Miss Ware will be supported by an excellent company and is booked for an engagement of three weeks at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston.

The play deals with modern folk and conditions and derives its name from the old adage of paying the piper. It involves in the primary plot four people, artist, his wife, a doctor friend, and the artist's secretary. Miss Ware will play the part of the secretary. The artist and his wife are badly mated and quarrel constantly. Into this menage comes the secretary and wins love of the painter, but the doctor reveals to the girl that her feeling for the artist was not genuine love but gratitude for the artist's kindness and consideration. The secretary is in a quandary how to break off her relations so that she can marry the doctor to whom she has become secretly engaged. The wife is suspicious of her husband and his secretary. The artist should undergo an operation but the doctor finds his heart action so poor that he does not dare to attempt it and tells him he is all right, but warns the secretary that a sudden shock would be fatal. The artist, delighted with having escaped the knife, announces his determination to rid himself of his wife and marry the secretary. Face to face with the problem she forgets the warning and tells the artist she does not love him. The shock of this news causes him to fall dead.

After this tragic event the doctor marries the secretary. They are very happy. The artist's widow, in spite of the protests of the wife, who fears her, is taken into their home as housekeeper. She immediately begins to arouse the wife's jealousy and succeeds so well that the wife becomes convinced her husband is enamoured of a young girl who is making their home with them. He is called out of town and to protect the young girl whom he goes to assist lies to his wife. The housekeeper discovers the lie and tells the wife.

On the doctor's return his wife accuses him of being false to her. He



Miss Helen Ware in "The Price" at the Hollis

finds that the housekeeper is at the root of the trouble and determines to discharge her. At last, her chance for revenge having come, the housekeeper tells the doctor that his wife was the mistress of her husband, the late artist. To prove it she produces the artist's diary and by means of this forces a confession from the wife, although the majority of the entries in the book were written by the housekeeper herself. The doctor's Puritan blood is shocked by this revelation and he is only prevented from casting her off by fear of the scandal when suddenly it dawns on him what the shock was that caused the artist's death. He flings his wife from him and leaves the house. His medicine case is on the table and the wife selects a poison with which to end her misery but is prevented from taking the rash step by a servant. This scene leads to the unexpected denouement which ends the play.

"The Price," will give Miss Ware, it is said, every opportunity for the display of her great ability as an emotional actress. In the last act the audience is kept at high tension. Mr. Harris has



MISS GERALDINE O'BRIEN APPEARING IN "EXCUSE ME" AT THE TREMONT THEATRE

selected for the company to support Miss Ware such well known players as Jessie Ralph, George W. Barnum, Gertrude Dalton, Austin Webb and Margaret McWade.

Continued success is the reward of the Coronation pictures at Tremont Temple. They reproduce in colors with all the reality of life, the ceremonials and processions of the recent great event in London, and they bring to us the actual scenes and incidents exactly as they were. Many things have happened recently to demonstrate their increasing popularity. Mrs. Jack Gardner went one afternoon with a friend intending to spend only a few moments, but remained the whole two hours, bought three tickets on her way out, and came back later to purchase seven seats for a single performance. John Hays Hammond, the special ambassador to the Coronation, was an interested spectator recently, and expressed his delight. These are but a few instance of many that might be cited. The entertainment is given twice a day, at 2.30 in the afternoon and at 8.15 in the evening.

The fourth season of the Castle Square under John Craig's direction begins Friday evening, September 1. The box office will open Monday morning at nine o'clock for the sale of seats, and until

Friday the workmen will be completing the repairs and renovation, the refurnishing, the redecorating and the recarpeting which has been going on uninterruptedly during the past three weeks. Mr. Craig intends to make the coming season notable in the history of the Castle Square, and to that end he has engaged a first class company of players, and secured a repertory of standard plays of every variety that is certain to please his public.

The opening play will be "The Rose of the Rancho." David Belasco's romantic drama which has never before been given in Boston at popular prices. It is a combination of comedy and emotional drama, of spectacle and picturesque action, and it will be staged with every possible care so as to represent the beautiful scenes of Southern California. Its plot concerns the fortunes of a Mexican maiden and an American visitor to that region and its acts pursue their way amid the most romantic of scenes and a number of strikingly sensational hairbreadth escapes. "The Rose of the Rancho" was first produced on any stage in Boston a few seasons ago, and this production of it at the Castle Square is its first return since then.

The cast will do full justice to the play. The role of Juanita, who gives her romantic nickname to the play, will be acted by Mary Young, and it will bring out all her powers. Kearney, her lover, will give Mr. Craig an effective character, while Don Luis, his rival, will be in the hands of Morgan Wallace, who becomes a regular member of the company. Other principal roles will be played by George Hassell, Walter Walker, Al Roberts, Robert Middlemas, Gertrude Binley, Mabel Colcord and Florence Shirley.

The success of "Over Night" at the Shubert Theatre is something remarkable, for crowded houses have been the was the redoubtable Sherlock Holmes rule during the three weeks of its run and the advance sale warrants the prediction that they will continue through the engagement. This sprightly comedy depends for its success upon no one quality, aside from its intense humor, more than its genial atmosphere. Miss Margaret Lawrence, who plays the role of one of the two brides, is the ingenue of the company and she is exceptionally clever. Moreover, she is very pretty and altogether fascinating. She has a perfect foil in Ernest Truex, who, as the milk-fed husband, plays the role to life. The others in the cast are excellent, but there is no disputing the fact that Arthur P. Aylsworth, as the hotel clerk, plays the role so cleverly and so originally as to extract every particle of laughter from the part.

"Excuse Me," the episodical farce by Rupert Hughes, which began its engagement at the Tremont Theatre last Monday night, has already succeeded in shattering a belief heretofore generally prevalent among theatrical producing managers, that the conquest of Boston was not a wise thing to attempt before the middle of September. From the opening night on the play onward the theatre has been accommodating audiences of winter holiday season size and box office indications are that this condition of crowded houses at every performance will obtain for many weeks. The experiences of two dozen persons of widely contrasting types who are fellow-passengers for several days in an overland limited train could hardly fail to be amusing even to one not gifted with more than average sense of humor. The subtitle of "Excuse Me" is "A Pullman Carnival" and that is most aptly descriptive.



Everyone is still wondering over the theft of Mona Lisa, if theft it be. Never more needed and never could amateur detective find a more delectable opportunity for the exercise of his brilliant abilities. For the "regular force" appear to be traditionally ineffectual and unavailingly zealous in the work of running down "clues." Why don't some-

body buy a box of Havannas and sit down in the Louvre and smoke the secret out?

But passing over the absurdity of the incident, a deal of discussion has been raised over the real merits of the famous painting, and the occasion seems to us an apt one for comment on a text that much needs enlarging.

There are many people to whom Mona Lisa seems intolerable. Why? Because they could not tolerate the subject in real life. And that is something with which every artist must deal—the intrinsic beauty of the subject represented. However heterodox this may seem from the standpoint of "art for art's sake," it is none the less true that no man is ever really educated (or, more properly, miseducated) into such a degree of artificiality that he can escape the predilection for or against a picture that arises from his feeling toward the subject that lies back of the picture. In literature to even raise the question of this being true would be a piece of folly. No one ever pretends to "like" a book whose subject matter is offensive to him. But plastic art has ignored this limitation under which literary art regularly works. The painter (rather more than the sculptor) has gone so far in his enthusiasm for his "art" that he is often ready to lavish the wealth of his technical skill on the most unworthy themes. That embodiment of self-consciousness and feminine cunning that goes by the name of "Mona Lisa" is not a representation of a type that is admirable to the majority of right thinking people. Most of us, could not tolerate her society for five minutes. Why, then, should we go into raptures over her "counterfeit presentiment?" No art can make us do so. In a great dramatic picture such a character may well have a place. As a separate, individual study, it becomes a study only, and loses sight of the mission of art to interpret and uplift the soul. In all of this, we are aware of our hopeless provincialism. Sometimes it has happened that the "provinces" were the only corners where the remnant of truth had any existence, and in such instances it is surely good to be provincial. At any rate we believe that we are laying down a principle before which all works of art must appear for final judgment—after it has been decided that it is well done, which is to be taken for granted (else why bother with the performance at all) it remains to ask, was it worth doing. The badge of art cannot excuse a man from that question which is applied so inexorably to all other branches of human activity. Indeed, we believe that the really great artist can almost certainly be told by the selection of his subjects.

New England, never more than this summer, has been the mecca of artists. This is not only because her seas and shores, hills and villages, afford so much of inspiration to the seeker for her beauty, and her much maligned climate is so finely suited to the man who works. It is also due to the fact that within her boundaries are to be found so large a percentage of those whose appreciation and purchasing power make the practice of the arts possible. No more interesting feature of summer life occurs to us than the many artist colonies that flourish and grow through the New England summer.



Maria Gay and Zenatello are in Cadiz, Spain, studying new roles for the coming season. Both of them are among the most satisfactory artists whom we see in Boston opera. Maria Gay's "Carmen" is one of the unique interpretations of modern times. Whether we approve her daring and realistic insertions or not, we are obliged to grant her originality and histrionic force. The two artists have travelled in Russia, Germany, Italy, France and Spain. In Paris they found a series of Beethoven concerts in progress, under the direction of Weingartner. They spent several days in classic Verona, Barcelona and Arragon, finally locating in Cadiz, where they will remain until the grand opening performance of Boston Opera in Saint Saens' "Samson and Delilah."

Joseph Lhevinne, the virtuoso pianist, whose marvellous technique dazzled us several seasons ago, will arrive in America on January first. He is remembered for his marvellous, and breathless mastery of the Mendelssohn Presto and the Paganini Etude. For encores he played such things as the Balakirew Oriental Fantasie, "Islamey." It is to be hoped that he will omit the Schulz-Evler fricassée of the Strauss' "Blue Danube Waltz" this time.

Another great pianist who has not been heard in this country for three seasons, is to come to us this fall. Rudolph Ganz,—whose interpretations of Liszt compositions are the result of a saner and deeper appreciation than Liszt usually receives from great pianists,—is to play in America during October, November and December. Mr. Ganz was one of the first of the great pianists to champion the so-called "Modern French Impressionism" in America.

There seems to be a low growling over the Liszt Rhapsodies as a renewal of the discussion as to whether Liszt wrote piano *music* or piano technique. I have stated this proposition conversedly. The growling is over Liszt's capability. They can only think of the trite old whine that the Rhapsodies were a most ordinary thing for a musician to write. They seem to forget that he wrote the Dante Symphony and a Symphonic poem, to say nothing of several other things. But even granting this lapse of memory, the Rhapsodies are not at all bad. Almost every composer has at least one elaboration on some one's else stunt. Even Beethoven had. And almost every one has pulled down the blinds and had an enjoyable time with these much maligned Rhapsodies at some time during his musical existence. Saint Saens is still able to endure them. I quote a few words from that gentleman on the subject: "It is wrong to say that they are merely brilliant show pieces; they are, in truth, a reconstruction and, one might say, a 'civilizing' of a whole nation's music, of the greatest interest. What the composer had in mind when writing them was not technical difficulties which did not exist for him but a picturesque effect and the suggested imitation of the bizarre orchestra of the gypsies. In none of his pianoforte pieces is virtuosity an end but always a means. Unless the player looks at them from this point of view, he misunderstands them and makes them unrecognizable." A few of the "great pianists" who play the beautiful Etude in D Flat Major, ought to paste the above quoting on their pianos.

In honor of Gustav Mahler, the late conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, two performances of his Eighth Symphony will be given in Vienna next season. This Symphony requires one thousand players and singers. Mahler was a serious master of music in the best sense. He was a master musician, a master conductor and a master composer. His works are not the sort that have ever or will ever be the material out of which a "fad" is contrived (à la Debussy). He is a great modern composer in the best sense of what modernism should be. He was not a Romanticist in the popular sense. He was not a classicist in the old sense. He was a man whose insight saw farther than either, as a sane goal. He fused the best that is in both of these musical orders, or at least he attempted to do so, and even that, whether he succeeded or not, is an achievement in this day of riotous sensationalism and maudlin Debussyaic degeneracy. Gustav Mahler was a neo-classicist. He will be better known for it a half century hence than he is recognized by that title now. He was not an imitator of any one. He was sincere. His creations were not perfumed with personal exoticism. He tried to see sanely. His Eighth Symphony was a colossal achievement. He did something,—quite a great deal,—toward leading us into a saner musical horizon,—toward the realer, absolute music, toward that which Brahms held up his hand to proclaim. Brahms might have succeeded better, had not the beginnings and germs of this maudlin Romanticism which clutches us to-day, already begun to work.

Felix Weingartner was not anxious to come to America for a fortnight of conducting of operatic performances so he

asked what he thought would be a prohibitive price for such a professional visit. However, Henry Russell promptly accepted the terms. Weingartner will come to America in February. He will conduct Tristan and Isolde in Boston twice, with Nordica and Schumann-Heink, and Urius and Faust and Tosca with Miss Marcel. The programmes which he will give in this country will include some of his own compositions. Before coming to this country Weingartner and Miss Marcel will make several tours in Europe, including one in Northern Russia and one in Southern Russia and Poland. The Vienna Philharmonic concerts are still under his direction.



MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS

This charming story brings into clear relief the qualities which have given such wide popularity to the work of Kate Douglas Wiggin. The New York Herald says of this author that she is "of all her celebrated women contemporaries, perhaps the most difficult to catalogue precisely." That must have been before the publication of this most transparent of volumes, or the critic went rather wide in his search for phrases. Few volumes are allowed to express more directly and frankly the author's personal sympathies than this. And it is just because those sympathies are broad and sweet that the book is so appealing. People do get sick of morbid fiction, and honest, wholesome sympathies that are expended on what is good instead of being mawkishly lavished on what is irretrievably bad find, when expressed in bright and clever fiction, a ready acceptance.

And Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) is always bright and always clever. Her work reminds us forcibly of that of Louisa M. Alcott—the same brightness and good cheer that is always a womanly victory over sorrow and trouble, the same sad, sweet silence about the world's dark things, and the same patient heroism in good. There is, too, the same simplicity of plot and trust in the power of natural situations and domestic sympathies to win and to hold the interest. The father's death, the struggles of the mother and her brood and their triumphant victory—how many, many times has this simple story been told? In plot it is hardly broader or deeper than Sunday school literature. But the breadth and depth are there, if not in the plot, in the brain and heart of the story teller. And no bigness or originality of plot could replace that, or excuse its absence.

I would not seem to imply that the author is deficient in artistic skill. As a craftsman she is much more sure and competent than her great predecessor in the same field of fiction. Everywhere is evidence of that power of selection, trained and instinctive, that hits on the one most vitally characterizing incident or quality. Pictures are drawn in a single phrase. We are located by a timely word that conjures up time and place with an infallible power of suggestion.

By this power we move through a very real world, a world that we all know a great deal about, and the characters, in consequence, take on a very real and vital presence.

It is interesting and to some degree significant, that this author, not a native New Englander, for she was born in Philadelphia and has lived for years in California, associated with public work there, should have selected New England as her field. Nowhere else in America could she have found the same association of ideas, trains of suggestion and connotation of words. Nor would the same romantic background attach to other localities. And while all of these things are admirably suited to her purpose, they emphasize again the wealth of charm that is the New England heritage. For this and many reasons more, the people of New England should and will take Mother Carey's Chickens to their hearts. The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for $1.25.

THE INDIAN BOOK.

The author of Old Harbor and The Clammer, in this new book, has given to the children of America a very delightful account of the real American Indian. Mr. William John Hopkins is a master of simplicity. The large type and simple, direct illustrations increase the ease with which its contents can be mastered by boys and girls of from six to twelve. The book is written in real "once-upon-a-time" style, and at the same time tells a great deal about Indians who are not such very bad medicine, and are not calculated to make little boys and girls dream bad dreams. The volume is attractively printed and bound—and is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., at $1.25.

WORLD LITERATURE BY R. G. MOULTON (MACMILLAN CO.)

"World Literature and Its Place in General Culture" is the title of a comprehensive and scholarly volume by Richard G. Moulton, Professor of Literary Theory and Interpretation in the University of Chicago. Mr. Moulton is also well-known as a university extension lecturer in literature in England and America. In the preface the author says: "This book presents a conception of World Literature not in the sense of the sum total of particular literatures, but as a unity, the literary field seen in perspective from the point of view of the English-speaking peoples."

In an introductory chapter he makes a plea for the reading of foreign literature in translation. He admits that something is lost by this but seems to think he has solved that difficulty by asking whether that which is lost *is literature*. He says that it is merely language. It seems an unscholarly plea, inasmuch as literature has no function except as an interpretation of life as it is lived and I do not believe this can be felt in anything like as forcible a way in translation.

Another introductory chapter is called, "The Literary Pedigree of the English-speaking Peoples"; another, "World Literature from the English Point of View."

He makes exhaustive explanation of the great Literary Bibles. He classifies them thus:—The Holy Bible, Classical Epic and Tragedy, Shakespeare, Dante and Milton, Versions of the Faust Story. In a chapter on Comparative Reading he mentions, as evolving from the story of Alcestis, The Alcestis of Euripides, Browning's Balaustion, Alcestis the Second of Alfieri, Love of Alcestis in William Morris's Earthly Paradise, Longfellow's Golden Legend. Another comparative Reading Group includes The Bacchanals of Euripides, the Book of Ecclesiastics, the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam, Tennyson's Vision of Sin, the Second book of Spenser's Faerie Queene.

In a chapter on the Essay in World Literature he shows its Hebraic origin and speaks of what he calls Wisdom Literature and especially Ecclesiasticus. The Essay he develops out of the Gnome. He next considers the modern counterpart,—Essays of the Bacon type. He then believes that in Tupper and Walt Whitman there was a reversion to the Hebraic type. The Hellenic origin is less marked, especially Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, Modern Counterpart, Type of Pascal and La Rochefoucauld. In the Modern Essayists he notes a reversion to the original type with enlargement,—Macaulay, Saint-Beuve, Emerson. He speaks of these as the interest of personality flashed on variety of topics.

It is a most thorough and exhaustive and painstaking work and invaluable to students of literature. It is written in clear crisp style and shows keen insight and vast knowledge. A bibliography at the end of the volume and a complete syllabus increase the value of the work.

"KENNEDY SQUARE"

One turns to a novel by Francis Hopkinson Smith with the same intent as one turns to a lacrymose sunset of late Autumn, or Chicken a la Maryland, or a Song Without Words by Mendelssohn; sure of receiving back a certain characteristic mood, an emotion experienced a hundred times before, but still delightful a hundred times again to dally with; an

emotion not violently elevating, but sure to hold for one something of the nostalgic, the chivalrous, the peace-bearing. In "Kennedy Square" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) devotees of Mr. Smith will find precisely what they have been accustomed to find each time one of his full and mellow volumes has dropped from the press—except that here the characteristic Smithian qualities seem epitomized with remarkable completeness —one could hardly pick from among his works a more roundly characteristic volume.

The ante-bellum South is here, of course, rather the traditional than the real thing—but this is the fault of Mr. Smith's emphasis. The arbiter and ensample of all the gentlemanly virtues this time bears the name of St. George Wilmot Temple, known even to the well-behaved town of Kennedy Square as "Gentleman George." There is rather more in the way of actual story than the author sometimes vouchsafes us, working up towards the end into a few pages of melodrama *comme il faut.* In all justice let it be said that the young fellow who is the cause of most of the rumpus is a likable chap, if somewhat explosive. Mr. Edgar A. Poe is brought into the tale by the forelock, as it were, but puts up a rather sorry appearance; we suspect that he would have shone to better advantage in other company. The minor characters —the colored servants, the townspeople —are beautifully done, whether conceived in a vain grave or gay. We have enjoyed Mr. Smith's well-bred story and we are sure that many readers will do likewise, which is a comforting thought, for America needs Mr. Smith, and this is Mr. Smith at his best.

"The NE'ER-DO-WELL"

Kirk Anthony's one aversion was work —under that name. Not that he objected to physical activity, if he could be certain that it served no useful end; he played good football while at college, never allowing his studies to interfere with his education, so that four years after bluffing through his finals he found himself still coach of a winning team. Nor was he by any means averse to leading the rough-house on the night following the big game. It was rather successful rough-house; the team ended by killing a detective and letting a thief loose on the town, which latter, by way of kind regards, doped Mr. Kirk Anthony and put him aboard a steamer bound for Panama.

All this is merely by way of introduction to Rex Beach's new and diverting history of "The Ne'er-Do-Well" (Harper & Brothers, New York). Kirk's further adventures begin when he finds himself next morning bound for the Isthmus, seasick and penniless. He falls in with a lady aboard ship whose diplomatic attainments are truly marvelous, by whose aid he is introduced upon arrival to official circles and rapidly finds a job. Here he actually works, during the hours when he is not having highly colored adventures and developing a promising romance. Then suddenly papa becomes acquainted with the facts, writes to his prodigal offspring proposing to pay off his debts and provide him with a situation out West. Kirk gets in his comeback at the old man by sending him the astounding news that he has no debts to pay and will require a salary of about six thousands dollars a year; also that his wife doesn't like the West. This sounds like the end, but it isn't—quite. The reader who gets this far will probably want to finish for himself.

To suggest that Mr. Beach's story has any serious purpose outside pure entertainment would be absurd. The characters are stereotyped; the action is rapid, impossible, melodramatic; the narration coarse, undeniably forceful, and possessing the qualities that make for big sales.

Locusts



By Jane Belfield

We are publishing this month a second complete novel by the author of "The Mammon of Unrighteousness," which pleased so many of our readers. In this new production, Miss Jane Belfield has presented with appreciation and sympathy one of those tense situations which are only possible to the complexities of modern life. Of our own day, also, is the humanitarian feeling, the human brotherhood transcending conventional restrictions (not despising or ignoring them) out of which the primary situation of her story grows. In this story Miss Belfield has achieved a distinct success in a most difficult field and one cultivated only by the masters of the art of story writing. Over and above all, Miss Belfield writes a story, not a sociological essay nor a "problem" drama, but a good story that could be told by a fireside on a winter's night. There is none of that overstrained effort after significance that drives so many readers away from fiction of this type. "Locusts" will interest and delight you.

Locusts

By Jane Belfield

I.

THE man was on his way to prison. The girl was on her way to be married.

He had stood, handcuffed between his guards, an hour at Charing Cross Station bareheaded in the rain, waiting for the train that was to convey him to the jail. The crowd passed, turned curiously and pointed, whispering. Then a rumor as to the identity of the distinguished looking prisoner spread through the station, and little groups of two and three waited to watch, whisper and point again, comparing the high brow, thin cheeks and smooth shaven, pointed chin with his portrait in the papers they held.

The man did not raise his eyes—so that those who mocked, could see only the silent figure standing motionless, pilloried in shame.

The outgoing train was late. Still the man stood and waited, while another crowd poured from the restaurant.

Then it was that the girl, having finished her luncheon, turned in the direction of the pointing, whispering groups and saw—the man!

The very man who had for the last hour occupied her thoughts! She knew the face for all its downcast eyes—the face that she had glimpsed from the car window earlier in the day. As their trains passed, hers had slowed at the station above where his had stopped, and she had noticed this white emaciated face, delicately beautiful, gazing at the trees with such a fever of intensity, she had wondered—was the man going blind? But for an instant the pale eyes had shifted looking into hers—and she had not forgotten the agony of that glance.

The girl paused. She looked at the white face of the prisoner almost womanish in its refinement—at his sullen guards, coarsely impatient at the delay. She looked at the curious crowd—the falling rain. The man raised his eyes. With sudden impulse the girl dropped her bag, and opened her umbrella.

"I can't bear it," she said simply and moved to his side as the prisoner's eyes slowly lifted again to meet the agony of pity in hers, "if you let it break your heart."

II.

It was over. The man had gone. At first his surly guards had objected.

"The rain won't 'urt 'im, leddy. It wets 'is betters."

But the girl's blue eyes had plead—and the girl's soft voice.

"Let me stand by him, please. Let me stand by you, please—" as though she asked an audience of the king.

The guards had mumbled a gruff consent—the man had not spoken.

Only his eyes lifted and fell—lifted and fell—and each time they lifted, they turned to the girl—and each time the girl hoped a little edge of their anguish was dulled.

It must have been fifteen minutes that she stood there. The crowd nudged each other, knowingly.

"His girl!" a woman grinned edging near. "His girl!"

"One of them," another answered—but the girl's ears were closed. She continued to earnestly regard the man as though they two were alone on a desert island.

And the girl put all the intensity of her pity and sympathy and belief in the man into her look—that he might, she hoped, have something to take to prison with him—since he was deserted of his friends.

The minutes seemed hours. She wanted the prisoner to know she had not heard of him, nor why he was here. As his train pulled in and the guards edged nearer, before she closed her umbrella, the girl bent forward.

The man's hands were bound—she must not seem to see—to insult him by an offered handclap. She looked deep into the dumb eyes that continued to regard her as from the car window they had regarded the passing trees—as though compelling the vision.

"I am from the country," the girl whispered fervently. "Good-bye."

The prisoner did not answer—but she knew he heard.

"Good-bye," she said again. "Good-bye!"

He was hurried to the train. The girl found that she had missed hers—but there was another in two hours.

Then she was suddenly aware that she had become the centre of curiosity. A young man, in a checked suit, came hurrying towards her. He drew a tablet from his coat pocket.

"Friend of the prisoner, miss?"

The girl turned away.

"Oh, come now—don't be so scarce. No harm meant! I'm reporter on 'The Strand.' What's your name, miss?"

The girl walked into the waiting room and calmly addressed the matron in charge.

"Will you dismiss this person, please?" she asked pleasantly. "He is annoying me."

The officious gentleman in the checked suit vanished at the nod of authority.

"Thank you," the girl deposited her umbrella, her bag, and herself in a secluded corner. "I have two hours to wait for my train."

She drew a little brown book from her pocket and began to read. But she did not turn the page for one line caught her thoughts and held them.

"And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

The girl's lips repeated the verse again and again, as though she derived some secret, intangible comfort from the pledge:

"I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten—that the locust hath eaten."

III.

The woman approached the shop uncertainly—glancing timidly at the array of jewelry in the window, and the watcher guessed she was making her first visit to the pawnbroker. She opened the door quickly lest her courage should fail and the man across the way, followed. A moment he waited on the door step. She must have time to make her business known—then he closed the door noiselessly and stood by her side.

The woman had opened a small chamois bag and laid four diamond rings on the counter.

"Can you give me four hundred dollars for these?" she asked timidly.

"Four hundred dollars?" The broker carried the rings to the window, examined them, and whispered to his assistant. The woman's eye followed—evidently

unconscious of the man by her side.

"Seventy-five dollars apiece, madam," the dealer returned the rings decisively—spreading out his hands with a deprecating smile, "Three hundred dollars for the lot, we can advance you."

"But," the visitor returned with effort—her face suffused with red, "they are surely worth more than a thousand. I know how much they cost."

"But—madam knows we cannot advance so much. We are not buying the rings, madam. We are—"

"Let me see the rings," the man by the woman's side held out his hand for the little chamois bag. "I beg of you, madam. Yes"—disregarding the pawnbroker's indignant protest—"they are easily worth much more than a thousand. I will advance that sum if madam will allow me." He glanced gravely into the upturned, feverish face. No—she did not recognize him.

"Yes—yes, take them—do. I will gladly sell them for that," the other returned breathlessly.

"Suppose we conclude the matter elsewhere?" The man opened the door for her to pass. "Will madam step with me to the bank?"

The woman dropped her veil. Her gray eyes dark with desperate, frightened appeal lifted a moment to his.

"Where—where is the bank?"

"Around the corner—on the avenue." He slipped the little bag reluctantly into his pocket. How unpracticed she was! She might as readily have given the rings to a thief. Her name—what was her name? Twenty years he had wondered—eighteen years he had searched for her. A moment since from the window of a street car he had glimpsed her passing face and followed—and now to lose it again after twenty years!

The man thought quickly. They had reached the bank. He went to the teller's window. He was grateful for the length of the waiting line that gave him opportunity to study her through the corner of his eye.

Not changed, he thought gratefully—but matured. The woman had lived, but the woman had arrived. The reddish hair drawn smoothly back from her unlined forehead was not touched by gray. The woman had taught herself not to frown. The corners of her mouth lifted by habit. But the eyes had not lost their look of innocent confidence—eyes that yet might soften with instant sympathy for a prisoner standing bare-headed in the rain. Steadfast gray eyes in the flower-like face—usually masked in calm, he was sure, though now they glanced apprehensively at every passer-by!

Whom did the woman dread? What had the years done to her?

His turn came at the window. The woman's eyes were on him as he cashed his check for a thousand dollars.

"Shall we walk on?" the man ventured earnestly. "Perhaps you might be observed or even followed if I give it to you here."

The woman hesitated. "Let us go to the nearest drug store and phone for a cab," she returned nervously.

"As you please."

He followed her across the street, his brain benumbed at the thought of losing her. As they waited, he made ready a tiny packet. Before he could decide upon any plan of action, the cab arrived. In silence he walked with her to the curb, and—still in silence, handed her the roll of money.

"Thank you!" the woman whispered fervently. "I am not ungrateful—but oh, I *don't* want to tell you my address. Ask the driver to go up the avenue."

"But—aren't you going to count it?" She stepped inside. He leaned forward.

"No—no"—her hand closed feverishly on the little packet—"I am sure the money is all right. Thank you—thank you again and—good-bye!"

The woman sank back in the carriage—turned instinctively and saw him standing there, looking after her in dumb bewilderment.

With sudden impulse she leaned far out the window. "Marcia!" she called with reckless gratitude, "Marcia!"

The man's eyes lightened appreciatively. He lifted his hat. She could see his curly hair was thickly sprinkled with gray. As he bowed low, she was glad she had acted upon her sudden impulse.

Then shaking with nervous reaction the woman sank back in one corner. Her hand unclosed lifelessly and the packet dropped into her lap. Mechanically she opened the roll—a thousand dollars in one hundred dollar notes, the last bill tightly wrapped around something hard.

Wonderingly she unrolled the note. Was it—could it be possible? Her little chamois bag dropped out—the same little bag that had a moment since held her rings!

She opened it as in a dream. Still as in a dream the four diamond rings fell into her hand. Had he then forgotten the rings? A tiny slip of paper was thrust through the loop of the large solitaire. The woman read with breathless haste:

"No—I have not forgotten the rings. Do you remember Charing Cross station twenty years ago—and a certain prisoner whom you sheltered from the rain? The prisoner remembers."

Twenty years ago—twenty years! Marcia began to sob—wearily, childishly for all that might have been averted twenty years ago—slow convulsive sobs, she was so horribly tired, checked suddenly by the long habit of control. Yes she remembered now—the prisoner—the mocking crowd. It was on her marriage eve—yes, the woman remembered.

"I'll keep the diamonds for him," she thought desperately, "but I'll have to spend the money—I'll *have* to spend it" —with fierce eagerness—"to get away—to get *away!*"

IV.

Marcia stood on the porch of the bungalow and watched the purple mist rising from the valley. The cross on White Face mountain would not be visible for hours. Adrienne, her daughter, and Isabelle Small, one-time governess to Adrienne, now the much prized companion and friend to both, were canoeing on Mirror Lake.

Marcia threw back her darkly auburn head, which this her thirty-eighth birthday had not yet touched with gray, and drew long rapt breaths of the bracing air. She had been so glad to escape to this quiet retreat. After a hot, noisy night in a New York hotel she had taken the train for Placid, with her little family of two. She recalled being suddenly awakened as the train slowed by a certain station and parting the curtains of her sleeping berth to look out upon a green hillside and an old fashioned inn with a deer head on the sign, bearing the words, "Adirondack Lodge."

And now she was indeed in the heart of the cool, green woods! She had begged Adrienne and Isabelle to let her spend the morning alone. For Marcia had a fancy to walk to the ends of the earth to-day. In such an atmosphere, one could walk forever; and to this woman the ends of the earth were always beckoning invitingly.

She donned her short walking skirt, a thick white sweater, and soft felt hat—for it was early spring and cold in the mountains. Then she set off briskly, her hands in her pockets, her mouth pursed for a whistle—though Marcia never could whistle—but to-day in despite of all the years had done to her, in despite of what yet loomed in the future, she felt gay and strangely young. She was conscious of an elation of body—a buoyancy of spirits, for she had attained to the capacity to enjoy the present moment—since after all the future was not yet.

As she tramped along—the mother of a girl eighteen years of age—she knew herself to be at heart a girl and more vigorous in body than Adrienne whose delicacy had been a source of great anxiety from her bitrh. Marcia blamed herself that she had been persuaded at that time to go to Italy. There she had been prostrated with the Roman fever, and there the baby of whose feeble life she had despaired, was prematurely born. Even in the midst of to-day's exhilaration, the thought of the girl was never apart from the mother's mind.

But Isabelle Small was with Adrienne, and next to Marcia, the prim maiden lady loved her child.

At the thought of Isabelle, the pedestrian smiled. Isabelle the tall and angular—Isabelle, her own schoolmate of the long ago, for her continual mortification named *Small*—Isabelle, who

declared she would write after her name —as did John Halifax, gentleman—*Isabelle Small, spinster.* Yet Miss Small was no older than Marcia herself and Marcia was young—very young this sunny, windy morning. So young that the chipmunk maunching in the middle of the way, stood to watch her a moment ere he darted into the underbrush.

Marcia glanced happily up into the swaying branches. She trod on air. Light clouds blown by the wind scudded across the blue sky. For her every leaf sang. She stood a moment to listen to the pæan of the thick trees on either side the road and to draw long deep breaths of balsam.

She could not see, but she could hear the bubbling of a brook down the valley. It trickled noisily over the stones calling —calling to her. Marcia could find no path through the thick pines to the brook. So she went on—the scent of balsam in her nostrils, the song of the brook in her ear—and by and by the path dipped into the valley, the voice of the brook rang clearer—and soon Marcia and the brook were alone in the heart of the mountains.

Forgotten the twenty years of her humiliation—the absent duty—even the child forgot! Marcia had the world to herself—the mountains remembered it was her birthday—so the woman came down into the valley and stood with clasped hands looking up at the circling hills.

Marcia had not explored this path before. She must have walked for hours—the cold sun was high as she followed the brook back into the woods, crossing on the smooth flat stones. Now the shade grew dense and here the water was deeper. Perhaps the stream emptied into a still pool hidden in the thick brush. She made no noise as she parted the bushes—yes as she had supposed—a still, dark pool.

Suddenly the woman stopped—transfixed as in stone. On the opposite bank, a man—or was it a boy?—stood motionless, looking into the untroubled pool. In his right hand he held a revolver. And slowly as the watcher gazed, the hand moved towards his forehead.

"Wait!" Marcia stepped from the brush. "For God's sake, wait one moment! You can do it any time."

The youth saw her—started—shook with a mighty trembling and slowly his hand dropped.

Then Marcia stepped quietly to his side and took the pistol from his clenched fingers. The boy sank upon the ground.

"Why did you come?" he moaned fiercely. "It would have been over by now."

"I am not so sure," the woman returned—her voice strong with a great calm. "There are those who believe no problem may be shirked—that all issues await their solution, somewhere."

"Why did you stop me?" he continued unheedingly. "It would have been settled by now. I say it would have been!"

Marcia seated herself on the ground beside him.

"Will you let me throw the pistol into the pool? I am a woman you know and it makes me nervous."

The boy did not answer. Marcia reached out and dropped the weapon into the still water that opened to receive it. At that, the boy—he could not have been more than seventeen—raised his young, miserable face and looked at her. Marcia noted quietly that he was extremely handsome, dark almost womanly looking—a foreign face, his slight, straight features decidedly Grecian—the color of his hair and skin, Italian. His darkly troubled eyes sought hers like the eyes of a wounded animal. His long hand pointed shakingly towards the pool.

"You hear," he whispered tensely, as the water closed over the weapon, "it was deep enough to hide me. I threw a stone in first. You hear how long it took to reach the bottom."

Marcia turned her eyes from the young wretched face to the widening circles that followed the splash.

"You make me sick," she murmured faintly. "Did you want to poison the brook? Why you—you are younger than Adrienne. You are scarcely born into the world. Promise me—promise me to live a week longer. Come home with me and try to live one week."

The boy shook his head. "I can't," he returned desperately, "I can't live so long."

The tears gathered in Marcia's eyes. "Oh come!" she cried, "do come—I have been through the Red Sea myself. Oh, come! I *know* you can!" The tears rolled slowly down her cheeks—she held out her hands to him, "oh come and try!"

The boy looked hopelessly into her face a moment, then buried his in her outstretched hands. And as he clung to her the storm broke. To and fro he rocked in a very abandon of grief—his slight frame shaking with the violence of his sobs and Marcia held him, whispering beneath her breath.

"God!" she murmured again and yet again, "God!"

And overhead the cheerful wind rustled the branches of the sweet smelling pines and a blue, sunny sky looked smilingly down.

By and by, the boy's convulsive sobbing ceased, his head sunk in Marcia's lap—a long time his limp body lay without sign of life, till she thought vaguely of dipping her handkerchief in the pool and laying it on his brow.

"But not that pool," the woman shuddered, "not that."

"Boy!" she called to him as though he were a great distance off. "Boy!"—and turned his face to stroke the thick damp hair from his blue-veined forehead.

Then very slowly the lad opened his eyes and looked up into her face with the helplessly trustful look of a little child. "What am I to do now?" he whispered faintly.

"You are to come home with me."

"What shall you tell them—you do not live alone?"

Marcia mused a moment. "They know I am hard up"—frankly—"I shall tell them you could not find accommodations at the hotels and that I am taking you for the summer."

"For a week," he corrected gently.

"We shall see when the week has passed," she returned as though the lad were Adrienne. "Come now."

"Yes—I will come." The boy gathered his long figure and stood head and shoulders above her. Marcia as she gazed up at him felt all the pitiful immaturity of his youth. A thought of the overgrown, under fed boys in Squeers's school occurred to her. She felt that her deepest sympathy ought to go out to girls since she was the mother of a girl, but awkward boys with hands and feet to grow up to, appealed to her—perhaps because of their coming strength, with a greater realization of their present need.

And this boy—he was not awkward—he was not overgrown. The hand he shyly yet manfully extended to help her rise, was not out of proportion to the rest of his body; but there must be something lacking in his mental stature which had driven him to this—something out of proportion to the boy's present grasp—perhaps something even great and strong to the measure of which he would yet attain. Marcia smiled hopefully as she clasped the proffered hand. Then they turned away from the pool and silently followed the singing brook together.

V.

The heavy white mist had not lifted from Whiteface. Adrienne swung in the porch hammock, absently gazing towards Cobble Hill. From her green nest behind the vines, the girl could see Mirror Lake shining beneath the pines—could hear a phonograph played in the boat house.

By and by a child came up the path selling wild flowers and balsam cushions. Adrienne bought an armful of daisies and still absently, began to pluck the petals.

After a while Marcia came to the doorway and stood a moment smilingly regarding the restless little figure half covered with daisies.

"Maman," the girl began listlessly, as Marcia drew long breaths of the crisp air, "sniffing the pines again, maman?"

"Balsam!" the other returned happily. "Everywhere balsam! Where is Isabelle this morning?"

"Gone to pilot Neil to the one and only tailor shop."

"Why didn't you go, dear?" Marcia came nearer and bent over the hammock—her gray eyes resting on the dark, quaint face, with their look of never-failing solicitude. Her fingers smoothed

lovingly the broad white part of Adrienne's heavy dark hair, wandered over the straight brows and curved lashes of the long, narrow eyelids.

"Why didn't you go, little girl?" she repeated tenderly.

Adrienne's dark eyes—so dark as to seem almost black, lifted languidly. "Too tired, maman."

"But you haven't done anything this morning to make you tired, my baby."

The slight figure drew itself together beneath the daisies. "But I climbed Cobble Hill with Neil yesterday and that is enough exercise for me for a week."

"Then why not go out on the lake today, Adrienne?"

"We are going canoeing when Neil comes back."

"Are you having a good time, Adrienne?" Marcia's eyes wistfully met the girl's limpid gaze.

"Yes, maman."

"Neil has been with us two months. I thought at first he would tire you out tramping around so much together, but you seemed to be stronger and to enjoy it. Lately you seem—well, listless again. Is there any—any reason, Adrienne?"

"Maman"—the girl's red mouth lifted at the corners—a trick caught from Marcia—the only evidence as Miss Small declared, so unlike was she to her mother in all other respects, that Adrienne has not been left upon the parental doorstep —"you are just imagining things again. Wouldn't I tell you if there were anything? Don't I always tell you, maman? I am tired of the daisies—put them in water."—for it was Adrienne who commanded and Marcia who obeyed.

The mother stooped to gather the white star flowers.

"There they are!" Isabelle Small and Neil Gower came out of the wood.

Straightly tall and spare, was Isabelle Small, spinster. From the brown eyes that looked uncompromisingly upon men and things, to the tip of her slender foot, Miss Small was the embodiment of her own ideas with one exception—her short, thick curls. For Isabelle, proud of the brown locks that curled riotously over her finely shaped head, refused in spite of her thirty-eight years and her rigid exclusion of other feminine graces, to confine them save with a narrow black ribbon.

"But—it's not consistent, Isabelle," Marcia had once demurred.

"No—but—I never meant or mean to be consistent, Marcia, so don't expect it. You wear your hair to please yourself—so do I."

Thereafter Miss Small's curls were accepted as part of the family melange. Without relatives and exceedingly reserved by nature, the good maiden was devoted to Marcia and Adrienne, who both returned her love with equal fervor —Adrienne because she was accustomed to Isabelle from the beginning, depended upon and regarded her as a sister—Marcia not only from old memories, but because of Miss Small's devotion to Adrienne and sturdy championship of herself though the stormy scenes of her married life.

Beside all this, Isabelle Small was herself a quaint personality. Her gift of ready humor lightened Adrienne's inherited moroseness and supplemented Marcia's bright moods. Never out of temper, Isabelle's philosophy was, as she constantly averred "to be honest and to grin"—which same proverb she put in unfailing practice herself, advising her friend to meet the sometimes impossible conditions of her own life with one slight reservation—" 'to be honest' *when possible,* 'and to grin'—for I would like to keep you on earth a little longer, Marcia—and to be honest with a man like George—God forbid! He wouldn't appreciate it—a hopeless liar never does. He would think you were trying to beat him with his own weapons."

Such was Isabelle Small, *spinster*—as she came up the path with the lad Marcia had adopted but two short months ago. And Neil Gower had not lost a look of haunting trouble, a certain nervous expectation of manner; but the two months in the mountain bungalow had restored the lad to a saner attitude of mind. Foreign-looking, like Adrienne, a child of the south, his physique had none of the delicacy which characterized hers. Tall as Isabelle, his seventeen years had not given the youth time to

meet his height with equal robustness.

Adrienne was darkly pretty in oriental fashion—but this lad was almost womanly beautiful. His perfect features, the fine chiseling of his face, redeemed from effeminacy by the square chin, his broad brow, his wonderful eyes—which Miss Small had confided to Marcia were wasted upon a man—the olive of his skin whose bright color fitfully came and went, made of Neil Gower's—a face not to be forgotten. Strangers whom they met on their walks turned to look at him —much to the lad's discomfiture—for upon this as indeed upon all personal subjects, he was abnormally sensitive.

"You go through life, Neil—turning a raw side to the world—a living invitation to folk to come and sprinkle red pepper," Isabelle had protested. "What difference does it make what anybody thinks?"—but that was just the point where the lad's mind balked. It made to Neil Gower a vital difference what people thought.

Marcia had asked the youth no questions and he had volunteered no information. Isabelle had accepted him as another of Marcia's absurd missions. Adrienne had taken one of her violent fancies to this lad but one year younger than herself; and Marcia glad to see the girl interested, lifted out of herself, allowed matters to take their own course.

So that after a week of indecision, Neil had apparently thought no more of the dark pool in the forest and had quietly fitted into the little household at Placid.

"Well, Neil"—the girl sprang out of the hammock scattering a flood of golden petals—"did you find the tailor? And what have you there?"

"Oh, another pillow," Isabelle laughed as the lad shyly offered a square cushion ornamented with a moosehead and the legend: "Of thy balsam and thy resin! Give me of thy balm, oh fir tree—"

"That's from Hiawatha—memories of the woods, you know."

"But we found the tailor shop, Adrienne," Neil returned eagerly. "There was a stuffed bear outside. A little boy was having his picture taken standing under the bear, and as his mother snapped the camera, he whispered, 'Tell them at home that's a picture of me and the bear I shot!' "

Adrienne smiled appreciatingly. Marcia placed the brass bowl of daisies on the round table, made from a natural root and trunk of birch.

"Aren't you two going on the lake?" she asked presently.

"As soon as Adrienne is ready," Neil turned to the girl with sudden enthusiasm. "And oh, Adrienne—I have the double paddle by express this morning."

"Do you suppose I could use it, Neil? I do so want to try!" Adrienne sprang out of the hammock and reached for the white sunbonnet she wore on the lake.

"Of course you can. I'll show you in a minute"—they hurried down the path together and through the piney knot of wood together.

Marcia watched the two, listening for Adrienne's rare laugh. Now they had come out upon the landing—the girl's scarlet sweater showed bright against the wooden piers. Now Neil's long figure was on the dock as he pulled out *The Jeanne,* Adrienne's canoe.

The lad held it against the platform as the girl seated herself in the bottom of the boat, and carefully piled the cushions against her back. Then he seated himself opposite and pushed off with the new paddle. The light, pointed craft skirted the shore. Neil pushed aside the overhanging boughs. It shot out upon the water and was lost—a tiny gay speck upon the shimmering brightness.

Marcia turned to Isabelle, who was slowly untying the ribbon that confined her curls.

"It's surprising what you can do with a thousand dollars," she remarked.

Isabelle glanced up with shrewd sympathy, "But what shall you do when it's gone, my dear?"

"I don't have to think of that now. Isabelle—you are an old croaker. Just tie your curls somewhere else and let me enjoy the sunshine."

Marcia stretched herself in the hammock and idly watched the mists lifting now from White Face. Her friend took a low rocker and opened the new magazines.

"Isabelle," Marcia crooned drowsily, "Isabelle—I am an old crosspatch and you are a dear!"

The long white clearing of bare stones in the shape of a cross that gave the mountain its name, gleamed on the crest of White Face in the afternoon sun.

VI.

"You've been asleep, Marcia, for an hour."

"Well, you ought to be glad I could sleep."

"I am."

"It's the queerest sensation, Isabelle—to fall asleep in a hammock. The trees seem like live sentinels watching you—then they grow dimmer and draw nearer and circle you in—like ghosts. And the first thing you know, there is only a sense of light and hum of insects, and you don't know anything!"

"No," returned Miss Small laconically, "you don't."

"Meaning?" Marcia raised herself on one elbow.

"See here, Marcia—I want to talk to you."

"So serious, Isabelle?" Marcia yawned. "It's a shame to waste such a glorious afternoon on trouble. Can't you wait until it rains?"

"Marcia" — Miss Small drew the rocker closer to the hammock—"sometimes I think I'm not wasted in this vale of howls. You are a pleasure craft without a rudder. Come now—are you drifting or are you steering? Where do you expect to end?"

"Isabelle—isn't it pleasant here? Aren't you enjoying yourself?" Marcia sat up in the hammock and regarded her friend with a quizzical smile.

"Oh, yes"—laconically—"I'm enjoying myself—so is Adrienne—so is Neil."

"Well—you are glad of that of course?"

"Oh yes, I'm glad—but—how far is this universal gladness to go? Where is it to stop?"

"It? *It* is indefinite. What are you driving at, Isabelle?"

Miss Small bent over and caught the hammock. "Stop swinging, Marcia. Are you really so blind? I am wondering—is it safe to leave those two children so much together? That's what I want to talk to you about."

"Safe, Isabelle?" Marcia turned in mock alarm towards the shining pool of Mirror Lake. "Neil can row."

"The canoe. Come, Marcia—be serious. What, after all, do you know of this boy?"

"I know he isn't a horse thief." Marcia moved impatiently.

"Do be serious," Miss Small slid into the hammock and laid both hands on Marcia's shoulders. "I am fond of Neil myself and I think I show it—but you do not realize the situation. Your ideas always were impractical, Marcia."

"Thank God!"

"Oh, yes—thank God for yourself. It has been your salvation to live with your outside, unreal fancies. I'm glad you could do it, dear—but we are considering Adrienne now—she requires a more substantial diet."

"Yes—Adrienne. What of her?"

"Put your head in my lap—so! Now we can talk. I don't need to remind you, dear, that the child is like her father—looks like him—acts like him—and for aught we know, may inherit more of his nature than we are aware."

"Oh, my dear—I know what Adrienne thinks. I am inside her heart and brain."

"Very well then—what *does* she think?"

"About Neil—of course?"

"About Neil."

"The child was attracted first by his extremely romantic appearance—then by a certain appealing—almost feminine, helplessness about the boy—I am sure she looks upon him as such—then by his dependence upon her for companionship—his artistic qualities—the attraction of youth and temperament and propinquity.

"And may I ask, Marcia"—Miss Small bent earnestly over the recumbent figure—"what more potent attraction there could be between two such firebrands? Do you intend, if indeed any interference is not already too late, that Adrienne shall *love* this unknown boy?"

"Love!" the other glanced up laughingly. "What do *you* know of love,

Isabelle? No, Adrienne does not love him—she is too selfish."

"And who has helped the child to be selfish?" her friend returned indignantly. "Just you—her indulgent, soft-hearted mother who tried to make up to her for all she had missed in a father—who felt herself to be responsible for the child's birth under circumstances so distressing that Adrienne has been delicate from the beginning—delicate but fascinating for all that and to a fault. Well then, let us suppose you are right—Adrienne may not love Neil—but—what is to prevent the boy from loving Adrienne?"

"Oh!" Marcia sat suddenly upright. I should have considered that—yes—he might—indeed he might!"

"Now listen, dear. You have not hinted to Adrienne of the way you found Neil?"

"Never—oh, certainly not!"

"She is so romantic—so fond of adventure—the story would have attracted her at once. Well then, it is the boy himself who allures. And I tell you plainly, Marcia—I am afraid of it. I never saw the child so stirred, so interested in anybody or anything outside herself. Yet as I have watched the invigoration of Adrienne, I have almost wished you had not brought Neil here. And"—reflectively—"there are at least two months more of this companionship. Of course you could ask Neil to go."

"But I wouldn't—not unless I really feared for Adrienne. And, candidly, Isabelle—I don't. Suppose now—the extreme you dread should happen. Pray tell me—why shouldn't Neil and Adrienne love each other?"

"Marcia! But you know nothing about him! Are you forgetting that you picked the boy up out of nowhere?"

"On the contrary, Isabelle—I found him like Melisande looking into a pool in the forest and just about to go into nowhere."

"And does the sequel of that fairy story especially appeal to you as desirable for Adrienne?"

"You forget—Adrienne will marry Pelleas—not Golaud."

"But this boy is a year younger than Adrienne."

"Yet Adrienne is a baby, except in her capacity for emotion. Neil is much older than she in every other way."

"Marcia—Marcia! You have preserved the very air for the child to breathe! You have been a living shield between her and even the knowledge of what her father is. Marcia"—with sudden change of manner—"have you heard from George?"

"No—and I don't want to."

"Shall you go back to the New York house?"

"Not if he is there."

"What *shall* you do?"—with grave directness.

The other's eyes wandered from the anxious countenance bending above her and lifted pensively to the white cross showing on the distant mountain side. "True, Isabelle,—what shall I do? I have no more rings to pawn."

"The stranger returned them to you."

"But they are his. Some day I know I shall give them back to him."

"Well, my dear—this is the situation. You came here to escape George and separate Adrienne from him. You don't know where your husband is, and you have no money to live without the income he represents. You are totally unfit, body and mind, to make money. I have none, and couldn't make enough for the three of us anyhow, accustomed as you both are to comfort, not to say luxury. Adrienne is delicate, impulsive, ignorant of the pressure of our circumstances. You have brought across her path, this fascinating boy who may at any moment achieve sudden manhood. He is totally unknown to you—he receives no letters—his very name may be assumed—"

"But it isn't."

"Probably not," the other returned patiently, "but—at least—possibly. You will admit the lad is high strung to breaking pitch. I believe him to be what is called, the soul of honor. But I don't *know* this. You throw him into intimate companionship with an unusual and charming girl. A conflagration is bound to follow, and you are not considering whether such a contretemps is desirable—even although it involves the life long

happiness of your child."

"Isabelle"—Marcia regarded her friend with gray-eyed solemnity—"conflagrations are always desirable."

"Marcia! Marcia! Marcia! No wonder you are shipwrecked!"

"I am not shipwrecked, Isabelle. But I would not allow you nor any one else to steer my life boat—no—not to save me from the rocks. I read somewhere, that certain young fishermen of the Breton coast say to their elders who warn them of the reefs, 'We claim our right of shipwreck.' I sympathize with the youths of the Breton coast." Marcia glanced up with her customary half mocking smile.

"Nobody wants to steer your craft!" her friend returned quickly. "I don't hanker after the job. Then you will not interfere? You will permit this intimacy to continue? Besides—Neil may also be penniless, unable to marry for years."

"There you go again, Isabelle! Why don't you suppose he may be a millionaire in disguise?

"Escaped from one of the millionaire camps on Placid!" the other returned with a groan. "There *you* go again!"

"No, Isabelle, I am not going anywhere just now, but to one of those peaceful souvenir shops to buy trash." Marcia rose and shook out her crushed skirts. "Come along?"

"Going to buy trash on the brink of a tragedy! How *can* you?"

"Well, if we are going over the brink, we might as well have something to remember how pleasant it was this side. Besides, little excursions into knick-knacks keep one's spirits up. And you might just as well be merry on the verge, Isabelle. It won't push you over one bit faster—in fact it will help you to hang on."

"Marcia," Miss Small rose resignedly, "you deserve a better fate. Yes, I'll go; but I hope you won't buy any more mountain sticks. We have one dozen sticks now and thirteen balsam pillows. We have candle holders, match safes, picture frames, pincushions, natural wood boxes of all descriptions, moose-skin pocket-books, moccassins, strings of all colored beads, pouches, trays—"

"Oh, but my dear, 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' as Neil calls you, you have omitted the steins! There is a large stein of yellow wood about two feet high—with a monk's head painted on it and a natural branch most attractively twisted, for a handle. That yellow stein ought—it really ought to be placed over our hall fireplace in that high narrow niche—"

"Next to the Adirondack-carry basket, Neil gave Adrienne yesterday?" Miss Small interposed suggestively. "Is there anything, Marcia, that you haven't bought?"

"Yes, I didn't buy that wooden placard yesterday with the fascinatingly insolent tramp painted on it."

"No—I wouldn't let you—that's why."

"But he was so funny, Isabelle. I just *long* for that tramp. His shoes were out at heel and stuffed with straw—he was in his shirt sleeves or *out* of them—and he carried a rusty sword trailing at his side—and the motto painted in red letters! You remember the motto, Isabelle?"

"Oh, yes, I am not likely to forget the motto after you read it out loud—unabridged."

"And you needn't say you weren't shocked!" Marcia went on gaily.

"'So Live
That You Can Look Every
D— Man
In the Eye and Tell Him to
Go to H— !'"

"Beautiful! Isabelle repeated solemnly. "Yes, I remember the motto—and—the shock."

"And the girl who tended the souvenir shop—she was a clergyman's daughter named Molly—do you remember what Molly said?" Marcia's eyes danced at the reminiscence.

"What did she say?" Miss Small won in spite of her fears, smiled into the radiant, laughing face.

"Molly said—I was the only woman who visited the shop and read that motto aloud—who had ever taken the blanks!"

VII.

Midsummer, and already the leaves of the maples were turning red and gold. Neil drew the canoe high up on the bank beneath the tall pines. From the sheltered

cove you could look across Mirror Lake to the narrow strip of land that separates that sparkling sheet of clear water from the larger Lake Placid, winding like a river between the high hills. Beyond the rolling slopes, White Face reared its head, the cross upon the summit turned towards the summer hotels by the lake shore. Moss at the roots and lichen on the tree trunks—a hint of Kris Kringle land—green of the pines, gold of the beech, birch, and maple, red of mountain ash—and everywhere the keen scent of balsam!

"You might fancy that the cross on White Face were real snow," Adrienne sank back upon the cushions and lifted her eyes to the tall timbers.

"Is there a path to the summit?" Neil glanced with quick appreciation at the dark, glowing face from which the bracing air had effaced its customary look of fragility.

"Yes, there is a path but very rough. One could not take it without a guide. Very few of the visitors attempt the climb."

"What do they attempt over at the hotels?"

"Golf mostly, the steamboat on Placid, walking, and the usual list of stereotyped drives. The most interesting is John Brown's farm—now that the Adirondack lodge has burned down. Maman is going to take us there to-morrow."

"Adrienne," Neil gathered a bunch of pine cones and pressed them absently between his fingers, "I owe everything to your mother."

"Everything to maman?" The black eyes widened curiously. How everything, Neil?"

"Ah, she never told you then? I supposed she had not. Well, Adrienne, I owe to her even that I am here." Neil's strange eyes that shone as though they continually saw what no one else saw, met Adrienne's look of bewilderment. "Yes," he repeated soberly, "even that I am here—talking with you now. But for your mother I should be—God knows where."

The girl bent forward imperiously. "Explain—Neil—explain. Maman never told me she saved your life."

"Perhaps then I ought not."

"Oh, yes you ought. I *want* you to. What is the secret between you and maman, Neil? What does she know about you that I do not—may not know? Tell me, Neil—you *must.*"

"But—"

"There are no *buts.* I shall be unhappy if you don't." Her fingers nervously clutched the sides of the canoe.

"Ask your mother, Adrienne, whether I may tell you."

"But maman will say yes. I shall give her no peace until she does. I shall not sleep to-night until she does. So you may as well tell me now, Neil."

"But it may not be fair to her and—my life is hers."

Adrienne rose in stupefied amazement—the canoe rocked to one side as she sprang out.

"Neil," the girl caught his arm as he rose to help her and the petite figure brushed violently against him, "do you love maman more than me?" She clung to the arm she held.

"Love?" the boy echoed dully. "Why no—why—yes—Adrienne, I love you both."

"But me best—not maman. *Me* best!"

The youth hesitated. He glanced from the upturned eyes—brilliant now in the intensity of their demand to the tall, still trees, the quiet lake, the circling mountains. What had entered into their garden of content?

"Adrienne!" he began helplessly.

"Neil, Neil," she protested passionately, "not maman—*me!*"

"Adrienne—I—I am a boy, Adrienne."

"Neil—I don't care what you are! You must love *me* best, Neil!"

Adrienne threw back her head, and the boy's eyes noted the broad, white part above her forehead, the rippling black hair as her two long plaits fell loose—the curved lashes above the demanding eyes.

"Neil," she flashed up at him and the little figure shook with the violence of her emotions, "say you love *me,* Neil. Say you love me best!"

"But, Adrienne—I thought—"

"Neil—sit beside me here on the moss"—the girl's resolute hand so small as to seem almost a mockery, drew him down

—"and tell me—who are you, Neil? Where did you come from? *Why* did you come to us?"

He turned his troubled face; and the other, moved more than she knew by its quivering beauty, laid one trembling finger on his lips.

"Your nose is like the arch of Titus, Neil," she cooed leaning against him. "Your mouth is like a rose leaf. You are altogether a wonder child—but you shall tell me, Neil—only me, Adrienne—where did you come from—how did you come to us?"

"I will tell you what is just mine to tell, Adrienne."

"And then it shall be—just mine too" —the small hand had not released its hold.

"I was born in Australia," the lad began as she nestled closed, her eyes upon his face. "My mother died when I was born. We lived, my grandparents and I, on a sheep farm. They were Poles—strongly affected by revolutionary ideas, and had settled in the colonies to escape persecution. My mother's brother had died in some tragic way. I never knew. But—it was an unhappy place—my grandparents were very bitter—and my father when he was not needed at his mines was always traveling. The farm was near Beechworth. I have no memory of the place except the masses of flowering pink currant bushes and the sheepfold. Then, when I was five, my father brought me to America, and in the twelve years that followed I saw him but once. I was well cared for here, on a New England farm, by an old couple attached to my father. When I was old enough I was sent to college."

"Yes, Neil—yes."

The lad hesitated. "I don't know how to go on, Adrienne."

His companion crouched on her knees beside him—two red spots glowed upon either thin cheek. "Tell me what happened at the college, Neil. Why did not your father come to see you?"

The boy's eyes clouded. "That is the dreadful part, Adrienne. I wondered and I wondered—till I knew—and then—how I longed for the old ignorance and the old wonder!"

"But tell me, Neil—but, tell me."

"I built air castles for my father, Adrienne," her companion went on nervously. "I was a sort of poet from the beginning. At home I scribbled rhymes on the door of the sheepfold. I celebrated every occasion in rhyme—and always and at all times they were written to my father. He was my fairy prince—the hero of my dreams." Neil stopped abruptly and hid his face in his long hands. "How I longed for my father! How I loved him! How I loved him!"

"The prince—or your father, Neil?"

"I thought they were the same, Adrienne. I wanted him—I longed to be near this unknown man—I loved him."

Adrienne's fingers stole over his again and drew them down from his face.

"More than me?" she whispered fervently. "More than me?"

"More than any one, Adrienne."

The girl collapsed in a little heap. "Tell me the rest"—with strained intensity—"Did your father come to you?"

"Yes, he came—he came."

"And you saw him, Neil, and then you were glad?"

"No—I was not glad. Rather than meet my father as he really was, I had determined to be—nowhere."

"I don't understand, Neil."

"Whom do you love most in all the world, Adrienne?" He turned to her in eager expectation that the thought of her mother's devotion might give the girl understanding.

But Adrienne returned softly, "*You,* Neil!"

"Me? Oh, no — surely not me, Adrienne—you love your mother best."

"Maman? Oh, yes, I love maman—but you—are—you. I couldn't do without you, Neil; and I might—yes I might do without maman."

The boy gazed at her uncomprehendingly—then—"Suppose you found that your mother had done something very dreadful, Adrienne?"

"Maman?"—complacently—"Oh yes—maman might."

"What!"

"Oh, but—yes—either one of us might —maman or I." Adrienne glanced at her companion seriously a moment—then she

caught the end of one long plait of hair and drew it slowly across his face. "Yes —Isabelle says we're both equal to it, and Isabelle is always right."

"But suppose it were a public disgrace —even—even if that were possible—a crime that your mother had committed?"

"Oh, I should love maman just the same whatever she had done, and she would love me just the same—only more."

"Adrienne!" the youth pushed her away and rose impetuously to his feet. "Why then I was a coward, Adrienne." He stretched out his long arms as one who had received sudden enlightenment.

"How, Neil—what did you do or—forget to do, as Isabelle says?" She glanced up at him wonderingly.

"Adrienne," the other began heedless of her regard, "I was the class poet. I had just written a little book of Greek poems, as always—to my father—and—there was a girl, the daughter of the Greek professor — I thought — I thought—"

"A girl!" Adrienne rose also—the black eyes dilated with sudden horror. "Isn't it bad enough for you to love your father? Did you tell that girl you loved her, Neil?"

"No—oh, no—but she was the first girl I had known. I only thought I would write the next poems to her, Adrienne—and then—and then—a schoolmate told me what he knew of my father—and that changed everything for me—as though the end of the world had come."

Neil looked down upon her in the abandon of young misery. "Everything was gone from me, Adrienne—everything!"

"What did your schoolmate tell you, Neil?" There was no mistaking the sympathy of her glance.

"That my father was a common criminal—Adrienne—he had been tried and condemned—had actually served two years in prison!" Neil's young misery overflowed—silent tears filled his eyes.

"But why was your father sent to prison, Neil? What had he done?"

"I did not ask—for me the end of the world was come. I burned the poems—I would never again insult the professor's daughter with a thought from me; and then—when the shock of it was just new—that very night, I received a cablegram—my father was coming to America."

"Well, Neil—well?" her tiny hands clasped each other. "Didn't he explain?"

"Explain, Adrienne? I would not wait for that. I had no father. My prince was dead—I would not wait to meet this stranger who had taken his place. I came here and your mother found me. She will tell you how." The boy folded his arms as a tremor of recollection quivered across his face. "I suppose you will not care to know me now, the son of a felon—I will go away again." He regarded her hopelessly.

"Neil," Adrienne stole nearer. "Neil—you are a fool"—the lad started in dumb amazement—"you ought to have stayed and loved your father. You ought to have given him a chance to explain. I am sure he was condemned unjustly. I am sure he was a hero and a martyr. It is a wonder you wouldn't have *known* your own father was innocent, Neil. This is how I will let you go away"—and lightly and softly the full red lips touched his—"I knew your mouth was like a girl's mouth, Neil," she laughed tremulously to cover the mutual confusion of their blushes. "The only really dreadful part of your story is—that professor's daughter. I am sure she was—horrid. What shall you do about her, Neil?"

VIII.

Isabelle who walked as though she wore seven-league boots was constitutionally averse to riding. Nevertheless she was one of the party driving to John Brown's farm. The reflections on Mirror Lake were especially vivid this morning—the drooping trees, the mountains, hotels and boat-houses on the margin were pictured as a city turned upside down against the mirrored blue.

The nearby mountains thickly wooded but for occasional stony spaces, showed here and there yellow of leaf and glory of burning bush—but the higher peaks were yet hidden in their morning veil of purple mist.

It was impossible to be sad on such a day when even the mountain brooks

bubbling over smooth, flat stones, danced for the pure joy of living—even in the light of recent revelations—for Marcia, after Adrienne's account of Neil's confession, had told the girl not only the sequel as she knew it, but also the truth of her own father.

They were glad to leave the hotels with their carefully laid-out gardens of brightly colored dahlies, and to follow the road through what was recently a wilderness, to the lonely farm upon the mountain side.

"What are you all thinking about?" Miss Small turned up the collar of her coat over her rebellious curls. "August and cold enough for fur! Neil have you ever been to Paul Smith's?"

"Paul Smith's! Where is that, Ferdinand and Isabella?"

"To go to the Adirondacks and not see Paul Smith's house, is like going to see *Hamlet* with the Hamlet left out. It was the first house opened in the Adirondacks. When Paul Smith came here the place was a howling wilderness."

"What is there to see?" Neil turned interestedly.

"A lake—I may say—the usual mountain lake fringed with pines, a square frame hotel, a little park where the walks are attractively planned—some heads of deer—some large horns. The principal charm is to say you've been there."

"Which doesn't especially appeal to Neil," Marcia interposed gaily. "I fancy the present terminus of our journey will better suit his sombre mood."

Adrienne winced, and one hand stole under the buffalo rug to press the lad's knee. Neil urged the horses over the smooth mountain road, until, as they rounded a wooden bend, a little distance away, a long flag-staff lifted the stars and stripes against the blue.

So proudly the colors waved in the morning breeze—the only token of habitation on that high green hill—bringing the beating pulse of civilization into the silent heart of the mountains, that its presence there came upon the little party with a sense of sudden shock. Involuntarily Neil reined the horses, and the visitors glanced up as though half expecting to see the gaunt form of the old fanatic leaning against the pole, looking as he often must have looked from the height of his rocky farm, out into a life of which he knew as little as other solitary souls who dream and judge.

"The flag of the country that killed him!" Adrienne breathed softly.

"But it was also his country—and—it had to be," Marcia added gently.

"The fate of all pioneers, my children—the first feet in a trackless desert must expect to be wounded." Isabelle sprang to the ground. "Besides although he heard from here the stirring of the times—the issue was too stupendous for a single man—and we all know he went about it the wrong way. His way, it is true—but there was no short cut for that Gordian knot. I am going to walk up over the hill."

"And commune with the spirit of John Brown," Marcia suggested, "as his soul goes marching on!"

"Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!" Isabelle called half way to the summit, as Neil walked the horses along the drive.

A mountain wagon, holding twelve visitors came lumbering down, and Marcia gave thanks that she was not of their number. The unpretentious plot of ground now reclaimed and owned by the state, held only the humble two-story farmhouse of brown wood, the enclosed grave, and an outlying barn. The old caretaker showed the party into the square, low-ceilinged room containing the desk and arm-chair of its famous occupant—some books he had used—some portraits of his family upon the wall—pictures for sale of John Brown himself—a long face framed in iron gray beard with narrow peaked forehead—more forbidding than inviting.

"I'm not surprised," Marcia stood gazing at the photograph, "at anything the man might have attempted. He must have been a Tartar to live with."

"Nurtured in solitude," Neil suggested, "with the inspiring companionship of the mountains."

"You will look at the grave?" The old caretaker proud of his relationship to John Brown's wife, took out his bunch of keys, and the visitors followed as he opened the iron gate enclosing the flag

and the grave.

There were two other old brown headstones—one preserved in a glass case—John Brown's father and his sons fallen for the same cause—then the huge smooth stone or natural boulder where John Brown lies, as he had requested, beneath the bushes at its base, where he had himself carved his initials J. B. on the rock, before he undertook his wild enterprise for the right as he saw it. On the side of this stone, other hands have chiseled his name:

JOHN BROWN

1859.

Outside the rail, a granite tablet engraved with the names of Kate Field and other admirers who had originated the movement for the state to purchase and preserve the farm, bears witness to the memory of one who uncompromisingly fitted his performance to his convictions, and might justly be regarded even by his enemies—as a bravely mistaken old man.

Neil and Adrienne on the other side the huge stone, stood a moment in respectful silence. Then the girl timidly traced with one finger, the letters carved near its base.

"J. B.," she murmured. "J. B.—you see, Neil—he knew when he went away that he never would return. It is"—she shuddered—"horrible to choose one's own grave—to know just exactly, for certain—where one is to lie beneath the ground."

"Yes," her companion glanced at the girl wistfully. "I should like to die at sea or lie upon a high mountain—uncovered."

"Eaten by birds," the girl shivered again, glancing at Neil in horrified amaze, "eaten by birds, Neil?"

"Well"—he smiled with the glance half amused, wholly tender, that was just hers—"at least the birds wait till one is dead. And, Adrienne I have—I always have had a fear of being buried alive."

"But, Neil—nobody is buried alive now-a-days."

"Aren't they, Adrienne—aren't they? Ah—it must be a very strange thing to be dead!"

"To stand on the earth and then lie under it!" the girl went on musingly. "John Brown must have stood just where I am standing now to trace his name—so—'J. B.'—'J. B.'—and they brought him back here as he wished and now he is here for always—and yet—he doesn't know the difference."

"Doesn't he, Adrienne? Doesn't he?"

"He ought to. He ought to know his grave is honored."

"Well then, of course he does," the boy concluded.

"But, Neil—do you think everything is as it ought to be?"

"Some time—surely."

"Then why—*why* did you not wait for that time, yourself, when you heard about your father?"

"Adrienne—I was so dazed, I acted without reason. I was altogether wrong—but lately—these three months past—being here with your mother, has taught me many things—I told you I owe everything to your mother and the mountains."

"And me, Neil."

"And you—and Isabelle."

"Oh, Isabelle—of course!"

"And so I who judged my father unheard am myself a criminal. Adrienne, after I left you last night I wrote to my father in care of his bankers."

"To your father? Oh, will he send for you, Neil?"—with sudden apprehension—"or will he come here? I *wish* he would come here. And, Neil—"

"Yes, Adrienne?"

"Maman saw your light all night—she knew you were awake—and she told me, she told me about my own father. He is not—a good man, Neil—I feel very badly about my father."

"Adrienne"—a flood of color stole to the lad's temples—"do you really mind about the professor's daughter? I must go back to see her and make sure for your sake—but—I don't think now that I loved the professor's daughter, Adrienne."

IX.

As Neil's departure from college had so nearly coincided with the beginning of the summer holidays, it had been presumed that the student had gone to meet

his father. Justin Gower had indeed followed his cablegram to America, on the occasion of his meeting with Marcia; but serious trouble in his Australian mines requiring his instant presence, he had been suddenly summoned back, without seeing his son. In consequence the father, intending to return as quickly as he had departed, but imperatively detained at the mines until mid-summer, knew nothing of Neil's disappearance until the lad's letter, sent in care of his London bankers, was forwarded to Beechworth.

Thereupon, bitterly reproaching himself that the boy had learned his story, misrepresented by a stranger, Justin Gower took ship at once for America. It came upon him with a shock of realization that he had not dealt fairly by his son—that he alone was altogether responsible for the boy's lack of confidence in him. In fact he was remorsefully conscious of an unaccountable but curious sense of detachment from the lad so nearly lost, and now the man assured himself that the future should atone for the past. He would make a companion—a friend of the supersensitive boy.

And this girl, Adrienne Hill, of whom Neil wrote—the father read between the lines—was the lad interested, and to what extent? And this woman who had saved him—what did not they both owe to her?

Justin Gower, bearded now—a man of superb physique—tempered, resourceful, with an air of repressed strength, leaned over the rail and communed with the blue sea. And his thought, dwelling upon this fresh obligation to a stranger, recalled the blue-gray eyes of his own preserver—the girl at Charing Cross—the girl who had proven that he had not lost the confidence of at least one of his fellow mortals, at the time he most needed such assurance. Now the son as well as the father labored under a debt which neither could ever repay. True he had lately found but for a moment, the little girl of the well remembered, earnest face—now a woman grown. He had looked again into those unraised eyes, whose look of genuine confidence thrilled him with haunting appeal, and found them unchanged for all their sweet composure—but he had as instantly lost her again.

For twenty years the man had been obsessed by one memory, clinging to it even now as obstinately as in the beginning. What desperate straits must have brought the woman to pawn her jewels? What might be overwhelming her even now? And again the traveler reproached himself. Why had he not thought to write his name upon the paper slipped through the returned rings? His memory made her face—her voice to live again, when her gratitude—divine to his mind—had prompted her to give him her name.

"Marcia!" The voyager repeated to the unanswering waves. "Marcia!"—and he knew no more of her than this. All his money had not sufficed to trace the woman of his thoughts, and the consciousness that she might even now be suffering for lack of it, had become intolerable. When he found her again—and he *would* find her—she should not again vanish from his horizon.

His boy's letter directed the traveler to Mrs. Hill's bungalow at Placid; and in early September when all the hills were red and gold, Justin Gower arrived at the mountain station, and intending to conduct his observations undiscovered, established himself at the hotel. From the window of his apartment the waving blue lines of mountains, chain upon chain, stretched endlessly against the ever cloudy sky. To the right, across the narrow strip of land that separates the twin lakes, high purple peaks, cloud-kissed, met his view—to the left, Whiteface Mountain and Lake Placid winding below out of sight around its wooden isles. Beneath his window, a tiny pool of glass, sparkled Mirror Lake its enchanted city upside down within its glittering heart. And hidden among the nearby hills, the bungalow nestled where his boy waited—too long!

As the man made ready to begin his search, the little two-decked steamer that ploughs Placid whistled at the dock. Some girls on the wharf snapped their cameras. An Indian woman offered brightly colored beads, bags and mocassins to the new arrivals, a child drew near

with the never failing balsam cushions.

The traveler took the path around the smaller lake where overhanging trees dropped their bright leaves in the water, and long-haired willows kissed their own reflected tresses. He inquired the way at the Placid Club House, crossed the intervening knot of pines, and then—without warning—even as the low bungalow dawned upon his vision, a woman came slowly down the path.

Justin Gower strained forward unbelievingly. For the woman was Marcia herself! The sun upon her reddish hair—her eyes downcast — thoughtfully swinging the huge white sunbonnet the woman wore upon the lake. The man met her on the border of the wood.

"Marcia—you told me your name was *Marcia!* Marcia—I might have known it could be only you!"

"Oh," the woman laughed as he seized her hands in an unmistakable clasp. "Have you come for your rings? I have kept them safely for you. Why did you leave them with me? What made you want to help a stranger so greatly?"

"You are not a stranger," he responded with intense feeling. "Where can we talk—you and I?"

"In the house—the children have gone with Isabelle to a hillside fair." She led him into the dainty living room and made a place for him between the heaped cushions on the corner couch.

"I am glad you came," she said simply.

"First, Marcia—you must know that I am Neil's father," he began as Marcia, who never sat when she could recline, sank into a great chair.

"Neil's father—*you!*" She started in untold relief. "Ah, I am glad, I am glad!"

"Why, Marcia—why are you glad?" The man's intense regard forbade her to escape again—the same upturned blue gray eyes—the same trustful smile!

"Because I found Neil—so—unexpectedly," she explained eagerly, "that he seems almost unreal. I am glad to find that he has an anchor so very substantial looking"—she laughed into the serious face opposite—"and now I shall not fear he will suddenly vanish away from us. And then—there is another reason—my little girl—Adrienne, she—"

"Marcia"—with grave intentness—"you are married?"

"Married—of course," the other rejoined brightly. "I was born married—yes—I am married."

He dropped his eyes a moment. "Naturally—you would be married by now—but, Marcia—*were* you married—*then?*"

"When?" She bent forward again interestedly as he leaned towards her. "When do you mean, Mr. Gower?"

"Think—didn't you ever see me before, Marcia? I knew you at once. You have only grown more beautiful these twenty long years. You have suffered—I can see how greatly—but women whose lives fructify late are like that. Your face speaks!"

She returned his earnest gaze with the whole-souled attention that was always hers to give, but the face looking so intently upon her, awoke no quiver of recollection.

"You don't remember?" he went on half sadly. "Yet—how should you? It was to you just a passing kindness—such as you would naturally bestow, since you are you. You thought you but rendered a gentle service to one in deep distress, but instead of that—you saved a soul, Marcia"—he rose, impulsively stretching out both hands to her—"don't you remember Charing Cross Station twenty years ago?"

In deep astonishment the woman rose also and earnestly scanned the bronzed and bearded face.

"And a prisoner"—the other went on in tones intensely low—"a prisoner standing bareheaded in the rain?"

"I was on my way to be married," Marcia breathed softly and laid her hands in his. "Yes—I do remember. Was it you?"

"You said you could not bear that the deserted and disgraced prisoner let his heart be broken—yes, you said that—to me. Marcia, the man gave his life to you then—all that he has and is, has long been yours—when before you saved the son, you saved the father."

"Why were you condemned?" she returned simply. "I have long wondered—

long wanted to know."

"It is a short story, Marcia—with too long an ending, but I am glad to tell you"—his eyes held hers—"I had a chum at college, a Pole, who was always deep in some political plot. He was quite young—a slight dark fellow—they used to call us *Day and Night*. The boy, weak and abnormally sensitive, clung to me with a helpless—almost insane devotion. I tried to save him. He was afraid to leave his associates. One night he begged me most piteously to go with him to a certain secret meeting which he was forced to attend. The meeting was raided—he was involved in a conspiracy against the government; and as I had no powerful friends, I was myself condemned as a coadjutor and served two years in prison. My poor friend, unable to bear exposure, prison labor and disgrace, died broken hearted beneath the strain. When my term expired I went to Australia and married, as I had promised my dying chum, his only sister who was in destitute circumstances. My wife died also when Neil was born. I left the baby on the farm in Beechworth with his grandparents. I became interested in a diamond mine near by, made a fortune, and later thinking to remove him from all connection with the scenes of my disgrace, sent the lad to live with a couple in America in humble station but devoted to me, until he was old enough to live at the college. I myself returned to England, searching everywhere, as but for my promise to the college lad I should have searched in the very beginning, for the sweet face of the girl at Charing Cross."

"And found her!" the other whispered tensely. "And found her—"

"But for a moment—twenty years after—on this side of the water—and then—I lost her again." He lifted the hands he held to his lips and gazed long and deep into Marcia's clear eyes. "I shall not lose her the third time, Marcia—I shall not lose her—never in this life again."

"Justin Gower"—the woman released her hands and sank back helplessly into the deep chair—"I told you I am married."

"But—what else have you to tell me? Where is the man now?" He drew her chair to the wooden couch and caught the fluttering hands. "Why is he not here—why were you obliged to pawn the rings? Will you not tell me all your story, Marcia, as I have told you mine?"

"Yes," she began tremulously, "yes—I will tell you—I will tell you."

"Go on"—his voice steadied her swaying sense.

"I was a country girl, Justin Gower—an orphan, educated at a boarding school. It was always understood that I was to marry the son of a certain neighboring farmer." She hesitated, then hurried on as though anxious to be done with the tale. "When I saw you, I had been to London to buy my wedding gown. Very unexpectedly a distant inheritance came to my husband. He was an uneducated man—without moral fibre—altogether unable to cope with his sudden accession to fortune. We traveled and he fell in with some unscrupulous men. Very soon he became a gambler and a drunkard." She hesitated again, and he pressed the hands in his. "When matters were at their worst—after a violent scene with her father, Adrienne was born in Italy—a nervous, delicate child. We despaired of her life. Indeed"—the woman's lip quivered, her voice shook—"I should never have lived to bring her home—the child also would have died but for a devoted friend of my school days, who is with us yet—who always will be one of us. We three, Isabelle, the babe, and I returned to England, but my husband soon followed. At first for Adrienne's sake I took him back."

"It was a mistake."

"Yes—I know that now. Children of ill assorted unions are never happy; but I determined to keep all knowledge of this from the child."

"Another mistake. When two are married, they ought to reach for the best in each other. There surely is a best in both and the search would still remain to be undertaken in any new union that either might form. But when the two cannot after a fair trial reach any working basis, it is better even for the children—if there be any—to separate openly."

"Yes—so Isabelle thought. A friend of hers unhappily married, had a son who once said to his mother, 'Don't let it be said of me that I am the child of a divorced woman.' The mother sacrificed her future for the boy's sake, and he grew up selfish as his father—finally the boy married, eloped in fact, and then the mother got her divorce. Isabelle said it would have been better for the boy had he stood by his mother in the very beginning and shared her trouble before the world. Also the woman might have embraced another chance for happiness. It was her right, I think."

"I think so," Justin returned quietly. "Go on, Marcia—you took him back."

"But the remainder of his fortune was soon squandered in the old way. He disappeared and we thought"—she breathed a long sigh—"since we did not hear of him for many years—not indeed until Adrienne was seventeen, that he was dead. Then suddenly, without warning—I saw him one day on the streets of London—in a cab with—with—"

"I understand"—again the reassuring pressure of the strong hands.

"I should never have known George Hill," Marcia ended the tale, "but that the woman with him called him by name. The years had stamped his life upon his face—but rather than have Adrienne, frail and all unknowing of life, meet this man, I fled with her to America and—you know the rest."

"You were at the end of your resources when you pawned the rings?"

"Yes—but even that is not all"—glancing around in nervous dread—"it is not *all.*"

"Tell me, Marcia—*all*"—

"The man I had married followed us. He is here—*here!*"

"In Placid?"

"No—no—but this side of the sea—out west, somewhere. Isabelle has a friend, another schoolmate, who saw him near Tombstone, Arizona. He is ill there or he would have already discovered our retreat. She wrote to us.

"When did you hear this, Marcia?"

"Just now—I dare not tell Adrienne—I dread that her father will come here—I cannot tell what the shock would do to her. Indeed I was wondering what to do—where to go next and how, when you stepped out of the bushes."

"Marcia?" Justin bent over her.

"Yes?" she glanced up hopefully.

"The man is not coming here—I promise you he is not."

"But why—but how?"

"I will go and find him."

"Justin!"

"Yes, I shall see my boy and see your Adrienne, and then I shall go and find this man you dread."

Marcia strained forward. "But what then—what *then?* What shall you do when you find him?"

"I don't know what just now, but whatever will prevent his coming here. Marcia—you trusted me once when all was against me—will you not trust me now?"

"I do trust you"—her ready smile flashed up at him—"and now, Justin Gower—before the children come, let me give you back your rings."

She was gone before he could protest and left him standing in the quaintly furnished oak parlor with its heaped up cushions and collection of curios—his anxious eyes fastened upon the stair.

In a moment she was back again, a little chamois bag in her hand. "There! Take your rings."

He breathed a deep sigh of relief. "Marcia—you were gone so long!" She laughed.

"Couldn't you keep them to please me, Marcia? I should be happy to see them upon your fingers."

"No—I couldn't—not now anyhow."

"Marcia—let me slip them on your fingers." He opened the bag.

"No—no!" she shook her head. "I just couldn't, Justin Gower—I just couldn't."

"Well then—we shall let them rest in the bag till I come again—but will you promise to wait for me here? Will you promise me not to vanish before I return?"

"I promise," she smiled up at him again, "since it seems I must."

"Then I shall leave the boy here as my hostage."

"Listen!"

A merry chatter of voices floated in the low window. The two in the shaded parlor drew unconsciously apart.

"The children, Justin."

"The children, Marcia"—and the two young grown-ups looked at each other with an understanding smile.

X.

Three women heavily cloaked, waiting for *The Doris* to round the bend, watched the few private motor boats tossing on the wind-creased water. The hotels were closed. But for the camps upon the lake, accessible only by water, the steamer would have been already in winter quarters. Puff—puff—and the trim little two-decked craft was bearing down upon them. The mail bag was swung aboard. The women were the only passengers.

"Don't look so disconsolate, Adrienne," —Miss Small led the way to the upper deck. "You remind me of Eve the day after moving. Thank goodness, the masculine atmosphere is not necessary to my enjoyment!"

"And yet, Ferdinand and Isabella," Marcia returned critically, and Adrienne flushed as her mother recalled Neil's teasing cognomen, "you always, as I once heard a woman say, 'spruced up extra when the men were around.'"

"But, my dear Marcia—I have no fundamental objection to the men—I only object to being annexed to any one of them—to occupying the position of mere appendage. Isabelle Small, *Spinster*—'is the girl for me'!"

"Maman"—Adrienne's voice had a new pathos not lost upon her mother—"the cross on Whiteface has not been visible for three days."

"Not since Neil went away," Marcia turned her eyes to the distant peak, its summit veiled in clouds. "It is because we have grown so accustomed to Neil that we miss him every minute."

"Come now, Adrienne"—Miss Small interposed briskly—"cheer up! 'Cherries are ripe'! We three women are crouching here like the three fates. You are immortal youth beginning the story—Marcia determines the issue—and I? Well I am not all inclined to sever the thread. So under these circumstances, Clotho, it behooves immortal youth to feel encouraged."

"I am going to walk around the boat." The girl crossed to the other side as they passed the long narrow strip of land named Bishop's Isle, since the good bishop had camped thereon.

"Marcia, do you notice how restless the child has been these three days?" Miss Small tied her wayward curls in her long veil.

"Yes, Isabelle—and I am sorry to notice it. You see you were right, Adrienne loves Neil."

"And he—?" The other bent anxiously forward.

"I think so; but it all seems so young, really like child's play to me. Why do you suppose the boy went away?"

"If he were a girl I might be able to tell you, but the ways of males are beyond me."

"Well then—I will tell you. Neil went to see the professor's daughter!" Marcia paused expectantly.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you." The boat stopped at a long winding shed with a pointed roof—a picturesque landing built against the stone cliff.

"The boy wanted to make sure there was no lingering illusion in his mind—to be able to offer Adrienne *all*—he told me."

"Absurdly young! But absurdly honest and—just like Neil!"

"And Adrienne is jealous—fiercely jealous. I couldn't be as jealous as Adrienne is." Marcia sighed. "I should have to trust a man altogether or trust him not at all."

"But your temperament is as unlike hers as though there were no tie of blood between you, my dear, except that Adrienne also has no practical ideas. Here she comes. Well, Adrienne—have you communed with the mermaids?"

"Maman—the mist is lifting from Whiteface! Maman, I counted three islands. How many more before the boat turns?"

Marcia raised her eyes from the troubled water. The wind caught her long veil and lifted it like a pennon. "Adrienne, do you want to land? Sup-

pose we stop at one of the inns?"

"No—no, maman"—the girl returned with nervous impatience, "let us go home—the lake is deep. How long before the boat turns?"

"Don't you want to visit some of the millionaire camps, Adrienne?" Isabelle glanced up sharply.

"No—I want to go home."

"You might tempt her with a souvenir shop, Marcia."

"Maman"—the black eyes fell restlessly. "Maman—don't *you* want to go home?"

"Yes—we shall go right back with the boat. Isabelle—don't you know anything interesting?"

Miss Small's sharp eyes roved from Adrienne to Marcia—from Marcia to Adrienne.

"Nothing that would seem so to either of you at present."

Marcia rose and linked her arm through Adrienne's, "Let us go down below, my baby. Somebody is playing a phonograph."

The governess looked after the two disappearing arm in arm down the stair.

"Tarred with the same stick! I wonder how it feels!" She took her diary from her coat pocket:

"On board *The Doris,* September 20th.

Mid seas—Marcia and Adrienne lovesick.

Isabelle Small, *Spinster"*—and doubly underlined the last word.

XI.

For three days the traveler had beheld only the desert. His eye wandered aimlessly over the arid stretch of rocky wilderness, dotted here and there with stiffly pointed cacti and dried skulls and bones of oxen—his thought far away in a green nest among the hills.

It occurred to Justin Gower to wonder whether one born and reared in this western desert where a single tree was a product of cultivation, could be made to credit the description of a green country abounding in vegetation—hills covered with forests, where unnumbered trees are the common heritage—their unappreciated beauty given at so little cost.

Here even the sage and mesquite bush was a grateful relief to the eye. As they neared Tombstone, the Dragoon Mountains, purple against the sky, broke the monotony of the desert. It was sunset as the train crawled into the town; and Justin Gower passed through the knots of Indians and half breeds lounging at the station, with a distinct feeling of distaste. What had Marcia's husband—the thought sickened him—in common with such a place as this, where from doors of adobe houses, men and women sat smoking, and unkempt children fought and tumbled in the dust?

He was directed to the inn where he had been told he should find the Englishman. What to say or do when he found George Hill he had not determined. It was the man's way to follow his present purpose and wait for the next throw of fate. And his present purpose was to find George Hill. He went directly to the bar of *The Lone Indian,* conscious as he turned up the narrow, noisy street of an impatient loathing and desire to be away.

"The Englishman, sir? Yes, he's here—he's down sick," the bar tender replied curiously. "Did you want to see 'im?"

"I've come to see him—yes. Take me to his room."

The innkeeper fearing the contagion of a fever and desirous of ridding himself of his now unwelcome guest whose purse he had already drained, led the way right willingly.

"We're sending him to the pest house, sir," he volunteered.

"But why—the pest house?" The visitor recoiled.

"Well, sir—he's got no money and though the pest house is for smallpox and he ain't got that—there ain't no other hospital in this town." The man pushed open a low door. "There he is, sir—not much to look at!"

Justin Gower stepped to the foot of the narrow bed. A small dark man, unshaven, burning with fever, tossed restlessly from side to side. His emaciated face, hollow at the temples—the yellow skin stretched tightly over his bony forehead—his sunken features, his bloodless lips, bore no resemblance now to his child. Yet this was Adrienne's father and Marcia's husband!

"Is there no nurse in attendance?" Justin bent over the sick man whose twisted lips, moaned and murmured unceasingly—whose bony fingers plucked and clutched the unclean coverlet.

"There was a nurse—but his money's spent. Some one looks in now and then. He's took worse sudden—you see we have to send 'im away."

"Where's the doctor? Send at once for the doctor. I will wait."

Justin handed the other a bill—then he drew a chair near and sat with folded arms watching the man tossing in the bed.

This was Marcia's husband! His mind refused the thought—her husband!

"Water!" the man moaned—and Justin stepped to the water pitcher. It was empty. He carried it down stairs and filled it at the pump. He wet a towel and laid it on the sick man's forehead and moistened his lips. Then he sat down to think again—Marcia's husband—*her husband!*

"If I had not come the man would have died!"—a sudden thought burnt itself upon his brain. He put the thought away but it returned with unabated insistence—"If I had not come, the man would have died!"

He had injured her then by coming. What better fate for the woman he loved than that this man should die? What better fate for the girl, Adrienne? What other possible happy issue from the difficulties of their common way? Even for the man himself—of what use was this man unto himself?

The hot breath of the desert stole in at the window. Even now he had but to hold his hand and the man would surely die. And suddenly—beside this ghost of a man who lay moaning on the bed, the watcher saw the vision of her face. Beloved, upturned face with the trustful eyes of a little child! If he had not come, Marcia's life had been rid of its haunting spectre—Marcia had been free! The thought tortured him.

"Water!" The sick man moaned again, and again Justin Gower obeying the natural impulse to give aid, moistened his lips and fed him water with a spoon. What was he to put himself against the accepted traditions of all time? Another man's need was sufficient reason for response from his nearby fellow. After all, no human may usurp the place of God—the issue of life and death was beyond his mortal wisdom. A man lay helpless before him—sick perhaps unto death. He could save him and—he would!

The watcher's thoughts returned to the woman he loved. Twenty years ago—before she had given herself to this man upon the bed—she had stood by his side if but for a moment. Twenty years ago before ever she was married at all! And the cry of regret which is as old as man, welled in his heart.

"Marcia—Marcia—Marcia!"

And yet—had not the woman been on her way to marry this other man—had he, Justin Gower, crossed her path at all?"

The door of the stuffy little room was ajar—a man rushed up the stair.

"The doctor?" Justin rose at the other's curt nod.

"Yes—the doctor—but I saw this case to-day. There is a threatened epidemic in the town. I can't give all my time to one."

The bustling little man strode to the bedside and laid his fingers on the patient's wrist. "Worse!" he pronounced shortly. "I thought so—he must be moved at once."

"But not to the pest house. I am well able to pay for the best service and accommodation at your disposal."

The doctor hesitated and scrutinized the stranger keenly a moment—"I know a nurse who has taken an adobe house outside the town. She is able to give the patient the best of care—the price will be high as she can only accommodate three cases at present.

"Move him there at once," Justin thrust a roll of bills into the doctor's hand.

"You know how much you have given me, sir?" The other's manner changed as he counted the bills.

"Yes—whatever the man needs—you understand. I shall remain a fortnight in the town."

In an hour, George Hill had been removed, the innkeeper protesting that it

was "a shame to spend good money on them as would die anyhow"—and as the sun went down, Justin Gower rode out of the crowded, stifling little town and over the sage and mesquite towards the desert. Wild yucca studded the hills, its white flowering bells lifted in riotous profusion. No other sound than the flutter of a night hawk and the distant call of the coyotte broke the desert silence.

The traveler dismounted and lifted his face to the low hanging stars. Marcia seemed so far removed from him tonight, he felt as though he had stepped into another planet—and yet miles away in the shelter of the hills, she slept in her green nest, or did she waking send a thought to him?

He had hither come upon her quest and he would for her sake, nurse this man back to life—and then—still for her sake—take him further away from her, even if it were necessary to go with him to the ends of the earth. For this much he had determined, the man should not return to her. The present duty alone was plain. What followed was in the hand of God.

So the solitary watcher waited, musing in the desert peace until dawn. Then he rode back to the cottage where he had left his charge. Nothing more could be done.

Justin Gower found board at a neighboring cottage and settled himself to wait for the next throw of fate.

XII.

Trunks of white birch rose in tall, straight columns against the brown and gold of the woods. Adrienne's feet sank deep into the soft carpet of pine cones as she sprang from root to root, making her way to the mountain station to meet Neil. He had been gone but a week, yet to the girl, that week had been longer than the whole of summer. From the beginning she had regarded the lad as exclusively her property—that he should have allowed even his thoughts to return to any other, had seemed an intrusion upon her rights. Adrienne was by nature a tyrant where her affections were concerned, and like many other tyrants as equally unconscious of her tyranny. She demanded all—but unlike Marcia—she was not ready to give all.

As she sped along, the cold wind tinging her olive cheeks with rich color, the light of expectancy glowing in the black eyes beneath the smoothly parted dark hair, the girl's petite almost elf-like figure took on new beauty from the golden woods. No one could have been insensible to Adrienne's witchery—she seemed to have wandered out of fairy tale—to belong to the place of "the whispering brook, the singing tree and the laughing water."

Her chance for happiness depended on Neil's entire willingness to meet its demands. The girl's intense temperament required the hand to control while its master brain appreciated. In Adrienne's case the effort would have been worth while. Neil was too young—too undeveloped to suppy either the hand or the brain, even were such possibility latent within him; but youth took no thought of what might follow. The present moment was rightly within its grasp.

So the lad saw the girl with the mountain peaks for background, and as he caught the glad light of welcome for him in her eyes, he gave his poet destiny for better or worse into Adrienne's keeping. It would go hard with him if she failed—Neil could not rebound as easily from the misery of mistaken choice as a man with less of feminine sensitiveness.

"Neil!"

"Adrienne!" And without further speech they came down the mountain side together. The woods received them—they were alone with the bared heart of the birch.

"It is not the professor's daughter, Neil?" She clung to his arm, looking up.

"It is you, Adrienne—always you!"—the look in her eyes bewildered him.

"More than all the rest"—with trembling breathlessness.

"More than all the rest."

"More than your father and maman?"

"More than my father and maman."

"Neil"—whispering—"Neil — do you remember? It was the first time, Neil—I never kissed—a man before."

"Adrienne—would you kiss me—*again*

—Adrienne?" And so youth entered—lip to lip—the place of "whispering brook — singing tree — and laughing water."

XIII.

Isabelle who hated music, had purchased a phonograph. Thereafter to Neil's secret torment she insisted upon popular airs. The phonograph was her adviser she declared, and proved the same by playing, "Always in the Way," whenever her two children, as she called them, appeared upon the scene of her performance.

To-day she had installed the box on the birch table upon the veranda, where the family tempted by the brisk, bright morning were busily cracking nuts.

"Don't you call me dearie, love—
For dearie rhymes with weary, love,
And weary means unhappy we will be!"—the phonograph gave forth. Then Isabelle who only afflicted the family with comic songs, announced she had found one little piece for flute, violin and piano.

"Not exactly classical, my dears—so don't be alarmed. Just a little piece I fancied called, 'The Herd-Girl's Dream' " —and the four on the porch were silent as the strains of the pathetic little piece floated to their ears.

"You might almost see the herd-girl," Neil began softly, "passing all her youth under a tree watching the flock—and as she spends her time on common things, the vision the wayside never reaches, passes before her eyes."

"It makes me cry, Isabelle," Adrienne pressed her lover's hand understandingly.

Miss Small laughed. "I regret the herd-girl. It is stupid to watch cows—Marcia regrets the dream. But you, children—what have you to be sad about? You have been fed on roses. Neil—play 'Harrigan'!"

Marcia rose hastily. "I met a woman yesterday who told me when her husband tried either to sing or to drive a nail, she ran. I laughed whenever I think of that woman's, *'I run!'*—but it isn't a bad idea. I am going to run now."

She snatched her cap from the table and went singing down the path. But in the shelter of the woods, Marcia's song hushed—her mood changed. She turned to climb Cobble Hill.

Why did she feel so suddenly alone—she who had sunk her individual cry in service for so many years? Surely by now she had become accustomed to the companionship of her own soul. Isabelle had once said to her, "You can bear to be alone, Marcia—because you are good." But now her spirit rebelled—she did not feel *"good!"*

Adrienne was happy—her child did not need her. Beside forty thousand children could not fill the mate hunger—and she, Marcia, was unmated!

She climbed the hill—not sparing her feet the roughness of the way—she wanted to tire her body that it might sympathize with the weariness of her spirit. She was glad when she tore her finger on a prickly shrub and stopped a moment to staunch the blood. On and up over the stones her body went—back, far back over twenty wasted years, her mind. One thought blotted all the rest—her child was mated and she was alone—as after all she always had been—alone. The long pitiful attempt at bravery that had become a habit of life—what Isabelle called her superb courage—where was it now?

Marcia reached the top and found herself upon an open wind-swept space from which one could see Lake Placid winding like a broad river between the hills, Whiteface Inn upon its bank. It was another glorious October day—a forecast of winter in the air—and she began to think of the coming winter—the home life made to be shared with the belovedest. How much time was left her?

"I will restore the years that the locust hath eaten." Was not the flower of her years already consumed? And yet she felt absurdly young—absurdly healthy with a wealth of untried possibilities, and she knew herself to be capable of a strength and maturity of love to which the passion of Neil and Adrienne was "as water unto wine."

The woman sank in the long grass and listened to the pæan of the circling trees; and as she lay and reviewed the past, her judgment acquitted her of blame. She had done the best she could. She had not

failed—she was only very lonely.

Was her husband living? And where was this other man gone upon her quest? Marcia lifted her face to the blue sky—a little white cloud curled overhead. She looked at the little, curling cloud—at the tall trees circling the open space—and she wished with all her heart that she might again see Justin Gower step from the edge of the woods as he had done but a fortnight since. She remembered when she had first seen this man—handcuffed between his guards—she thought of the tale his lips had told her—of the other tale, his eyes revealed—and suddenly the woman rose to her feet, stretched wide her arms, and laughed up into the bending blue!

For now she knew—now she understood! And there—alone upon the wind-swept hilltop, Marcia acknowledged to herself that she loved Justin Gower!

XIV.

Justin Gower left his charge convalescent and returned to Placid. A telegram awaited him—he read its contents at a glance—then he set out to find Marcia. Miss Small was alone on the porch of the bungalow, playing the phonograph. She directed him to Cobble Hill.

"I saw her about an hour ago through the spy glass, climbing over the bald spot. Won't you stop a moment, Mr. Gower? I have a new monologue: 'Don't put any more cough drops in the collection plate.' No? Well, if I can't tempt you—Marcia hasn't come down yet—she has to cross that bald spot to come down, and I've been watching ever since."

Whereupon Isabelle produced the spy glass and waited till she could discern the man's tall figure swinging itself over the same bald rock. Then she went inside and played, "The Herd-Girl's Dream."

Justin Gower had arrived at the time of life when to the man who has persevered through disillusionment—things unexpectedly seem worth while. He had passed through the Red Sea of trouble—known defeat and ostracism. He had come in contact with the extremes of wretchedness, and felt the clutch of Giant Despair. In the beginning he had concluded that there was nothing in life worth having been projected into it unasked; but nevertheless, he had continued on his way—his face set—his hand uplifted—until he had come to know that if one sinks into the slough of despond, one will be allowed to be submerged. And the man had—thank God—refused to be submerged. Then his uplifted hand had felt the unfailing clasp of the unseen—he had struggled out of the clutch of the mud and known the sudden sweet surprise of the sense of solid footing—after all, things were not so bad.

And now as he thought of the telegram in his pocket, his body took on wings—he felt himself to be one of the chosen of Providence, and he trod humbly as undeserving so great a joy.

And so the man came like a victor of old to the edge of the woods and saw Marcia—the very desire of his heart—laughing into the blue. And to the woman he appeared as the sun god, and she looked from the sky to him—her smile unchanging—her arms wide stretched.

"Justin! I was wishing for you—Justin!"

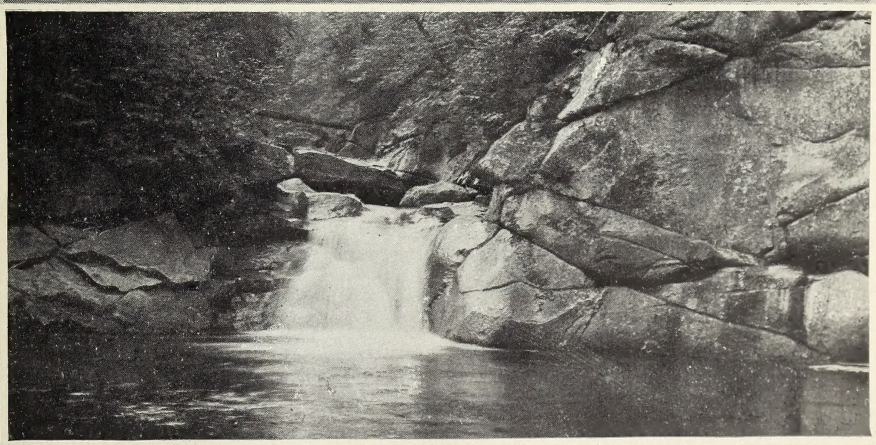
And the man's eyes were on her face as he laid in her hands the telegram that told of George Hill's sudden relapse and almost immediate death after his own departure from Tombstone.

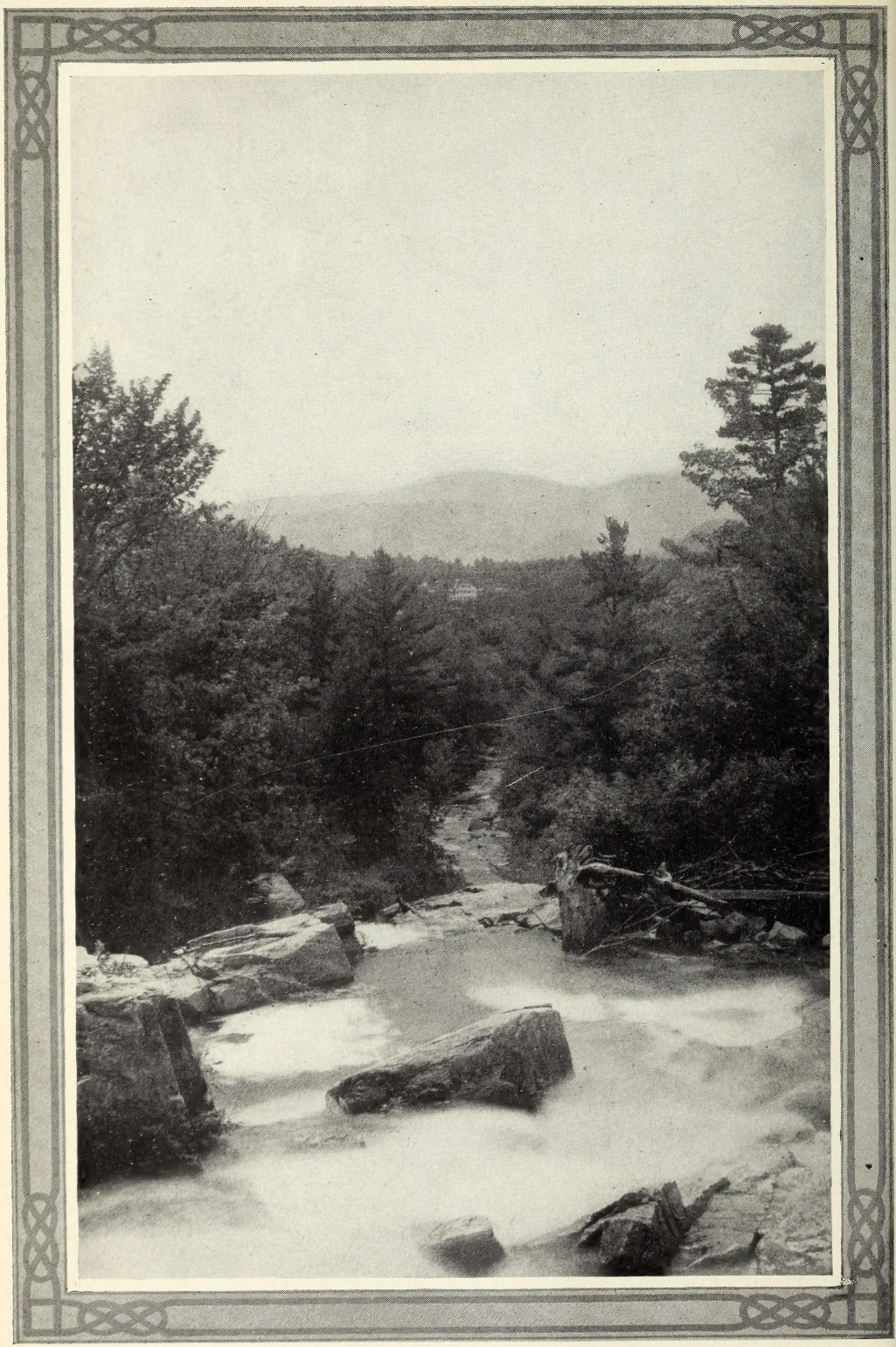
The message fluttered from Marcia's hand—life had already separated her so long from this other, in the way that, unlike death, knows no bridge across the chasm—and she stood looking, looking into the eyes of the prisoner from long ago—seeing what she wanted to see—knowing what she wanted to know—feeling as a land long thirsty when the flooding tide is full.

And the man's hands clasped hers out stretched—his face bent over hers—his lips at her ear, "Marcia, do you know what love may come to mean when two have found themselves and are born again? Little girl at Charing Cross, lift to me forever your brave glad eyes—let me see the spirit that could not bear another's should be broken. Give this to me—you who are my mate—it is you spirit I would clasp—Marcia, Marcia—bring for me your soul to your lips!"



Beautiful New England





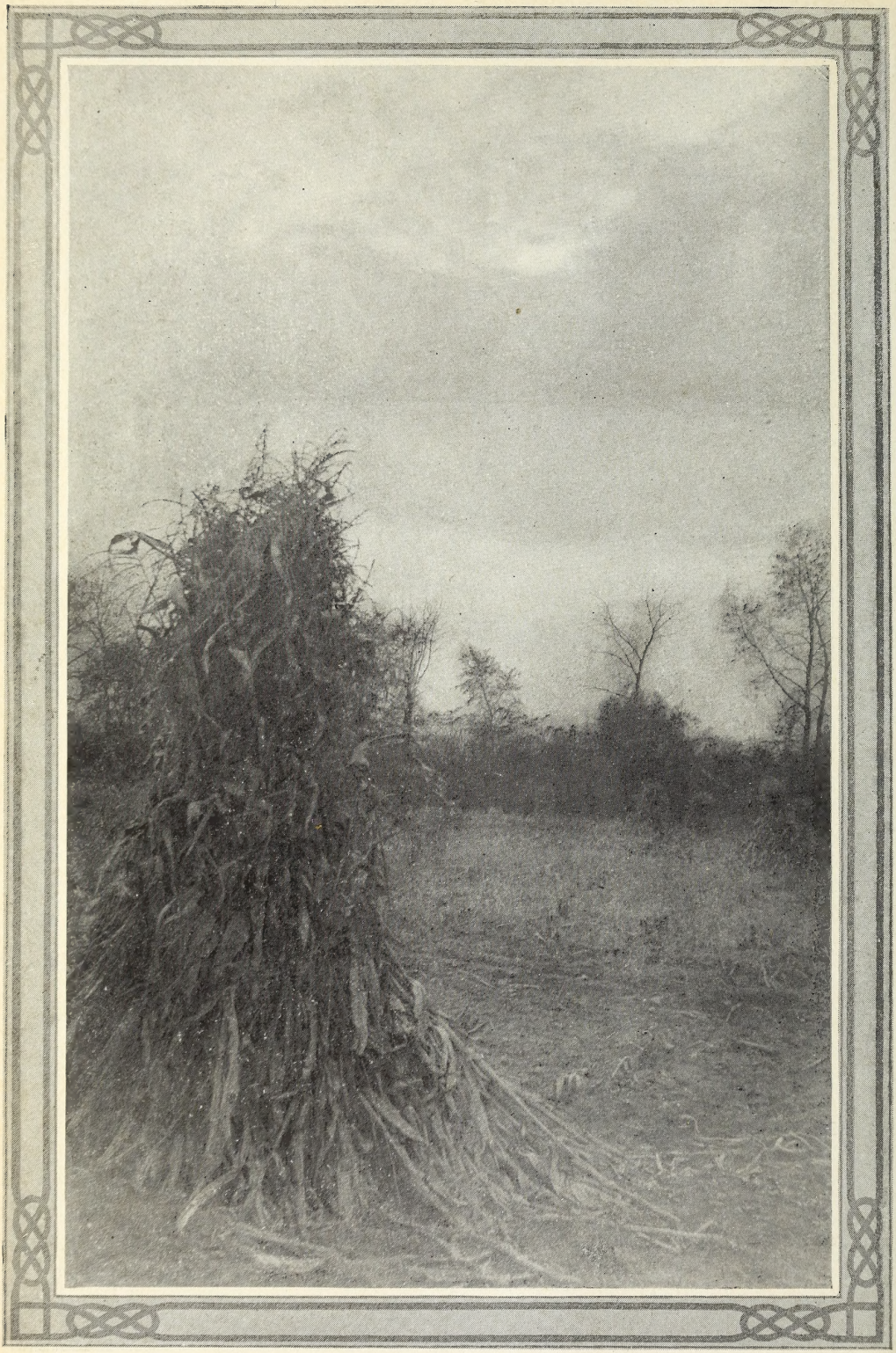
Photograph by C. A. Platts

Wild Cat River



Photograph by T. Ivan Bordwell

ROADWAY NEAR NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



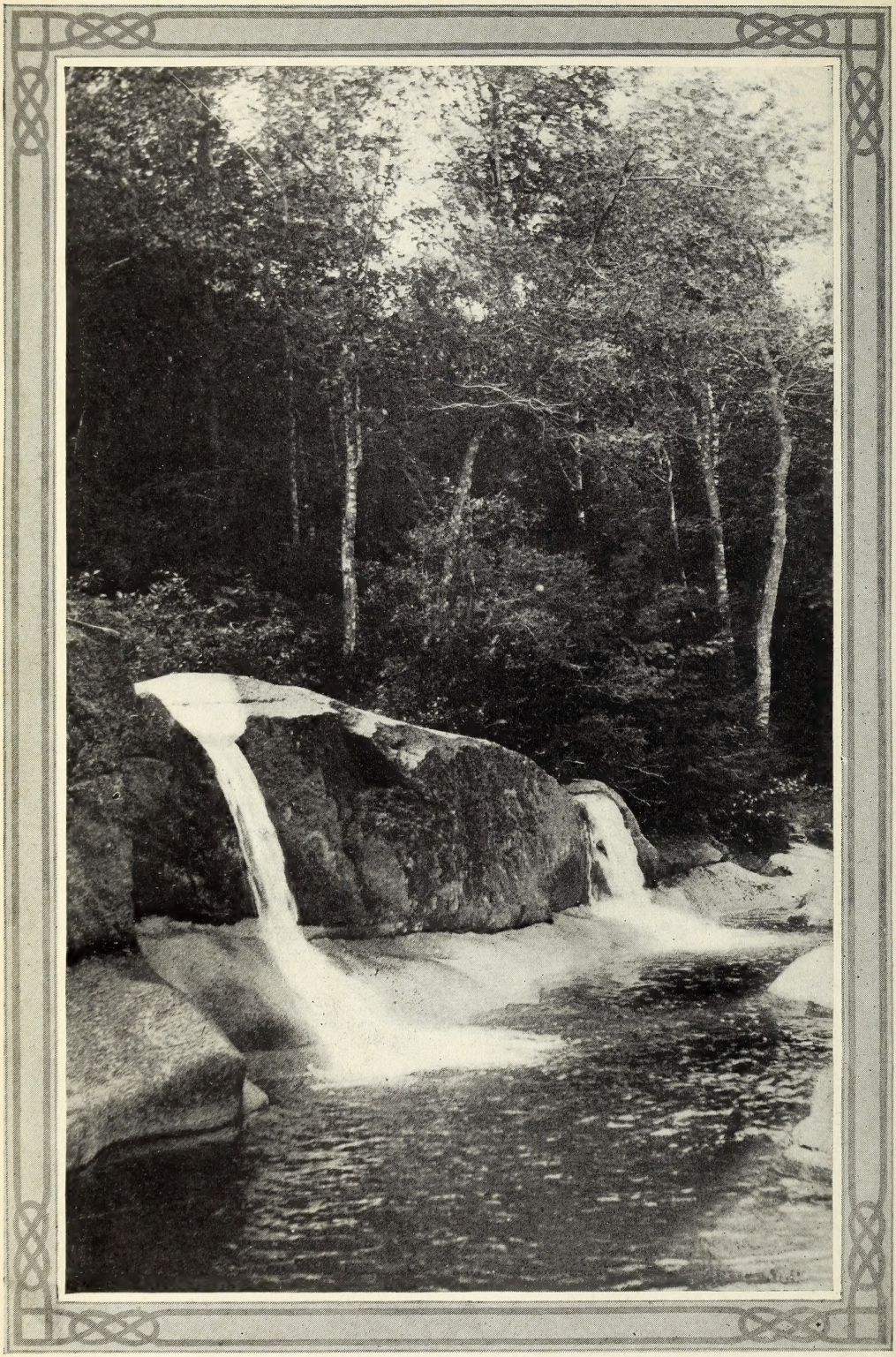
Photograph by T. Ivan Bordwell

HARVEST TIME IN THE HADLEY MEADOWS



Photograph by T. Ivan Bordwell

LEAVES THAT CLING TO THE LAST



Photograph by C. A. Platts

DIANA'S BATHS



Photograph by T. Ivan Bordwell

ROADWAY NEAR NORTHAMPTON, MASS



Photograph by Burrell

THE RIVER DRIVE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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THE MENACE OF FREE TRADE

THAT, and nothing less than that, is the real menace, still somewhat hidden behind the storm-clouds of Republican Insurgency and Democratic tariff legislation.

How near we are (or were, for the country will surely arouse itself to the situation) to the brink of this precipice is plainly shown in the dangerous alliance of political partisans by which a few hasty and ill-advised tariff measures received a majority vote in the recently adjourned session of Congress, and over that precipice we would surely have gone neck and crop but for the President's stalwart interposition in the shape of those prompt and courageous vetoes.

"I will say to the gentleman again that we wrote this bill solely for the purpose of raising revenue," is Mr. Underwood's reply to questions from the floor of the house of representatives. And again, "I will say to the gentleman, as I said to this house in the beginning, that we did not write this bill to protect anybody." The significance of these assertions cannot be over estimated. Any degree of protection afforded by the bill reducing the duties on wool and the manufacturers of wool, is declared by the Chairman of the Democratic Committee of Ways and Means, to be (I quote his own words) "wholly incidental."

And this is the bill that came within so little of becoming law. In the face of such a situation, we cannot deny and must not fail to see that we are face to face with the necessity of explaining and defending again the American principle of protection. For a new generation has arisen among us to whom the old debatings are the fossiliferous deposits of an unknown age. We are in the midst of a generation nurtured on distrust of corporations, jealousy of special interests and a general disbelief in the integrity of anybody or any institution that succeeds in passing a certain fatal dead-line of growth and prosperity. To those so minded, for striking a blow at the "big fellows," any weapon is a good one, if it will only reach home. It is as if a man should explode a ton of dynamite in the heart of a city in order to destroy one enemy. We do not find even the decent pretence of an argument in favor of the principle espoused.

In reply to a fair question inquiring into the committee's attitude, Mr. Underwood says, "Oh, the gentleman is going into an academic argument." Could impudence go farther! Could anything be more amazing than that this democratic chairman of the most important committee in the House of Representatives should so flippantly disregard a question as to whether, in framing a measure about to become, if its framers have their way, *a law of the land* the committee had taken into account its affect on the wages of labor and the maintenance of industrial prosperity! What wonder that the President felt compelled to say that never before in the history of American legislation were important measures treated with such levity and passed with such a

total disregard of their possible consequences. How shall we explain this easy indifference? Is it a joke, or serious legislation? It is no joke. It is serious legislation, and very serious legislation. These men are indifferent to such questions because they are at heart free-traders. They have prepared their bill, not as a wise law, carefully safeguarding all affected interests, not as a just balance between contradictory interests, not as a sound economic measure, for that they do not believe it to be, but simply as a push of the ball so much nearer to the goal of free-trade. And, worst of all, they have not defended their underlying principle, because they are trusting to a supposed hatred of "protected interests," to carry them through before the people. The argument upon which they are leaning is, in reality, an argument from the heart of discontent. They are hoping that there are enough to carry them over of people who are saying to themselves, "We hate the rich and successful industries; Protection helps them; Down with Protection!" But they forget that the American people are a sober people, apt to think twice before they act. They forget that generations of public schools have made of our voters a body of men far different from those who in the times of the French revolution were aroused to such wild frenzies of hatred. The American people will pause before they espouse the platform of the free-trader and demand something more convincing than appeals to prejudice. They will say, "We prefer that a few unjust men be benefited than that many just men be destroyed." *They will demand a justification of the principle of Free Trade for America before they elect men who are working night and day for the adoption of that principle.* Never was the nation more signally taught than in the tariff legislation of the extra session of the last congress, that if it wants protection it must continue in power the party that is pledged to the protection policy.

The question now facing us, clearly and unqualifiedly, is not that of a revised tariff. The Republican party is pledged to a revision of the tariff. The question is, shall we have a *protective* tariff or a free trade tariff for revenue only? And that question the people of the United States must face and discuss in the sober realization of the fact that their answer may close the gates of factories, reduce wages, increase imports and paralize industry, or set the wheels a-humming and fill the grandest market in the world with our own American made goods.

In a strange burst of unreason some sixty years ago this nation swept its own commerce from the seas. Our ships sought foreign flags, our wharves rotted, our sea-coast towns became impoverished, and such was the havoc wrought by a few years of unhappy legislation, that to this day our merchant marine has never recovered its once proud supremacy. Without doubt there were, in those days, many who argued that the American ship was the best ship and the American sailor the best sailor, and that American enterprise would hold its own without the protection of favoring legislation. But it did not, and upon more than seventy-five per cent of our foreign commerce to this day America pays its annual tribute to the foreign ship owner. Are we to repeat the same folly in regard to our magnificent industrial development? Do we hear it said that American machinery is superior, American labor more intelligent, and that American enterprise will hold its own without the fostering care of protective laws? It sounds well, but let us look at facts. In the matter of shoes, for example. Machinery of the most approved modern type is installed in the factories of England and Germany. Trained workmen turn out a shoe equal to anything that we produce. English and German enterprise, aided by their own subsidized merchant marine, push their produce into every corner of the globe. If we take down the bars of protection, is there any conceivable way in which we can meet this competition but by reducing the wages of our workmen to the wage scale of their German and English competitor? Are the voters of this country ready to do this? Are the voters of Massachusetts in whose shoe towns are paid the highest wages in the whole world, ready to vote for such a sweeping change? Are

they willing to remain silent on the subject, while a calamity so frightful stares them in the face? Will they not rather seek the first opportunity and every opportunity to sound their protest against so brutal a disregard of the prosperity of their homes and their communities, as the flippant tariff legislation of the last congress? These are questions which the New England Magazine proposes to discuss, in season and out of season, until the issue shall be settled and settled right.

THE TARIFF ON WOOL

According to the official American Textile directory for 1912, there are in the United States more than 30,000 separate establishments engaged in the manufacture of wool and cotton fabrics, threads and by products. As, in these days, very few of these are "one man firms," a very low estimate for the number of responsible business men engaged in this industry would be 50,000.

I suppose that there are those to whom it is not at all difficult to believe this great army of 50,000 American business men to be uniformly corrupt and bound together in corrupt practices to mislead the government. There are others that will pause before a conception of a trust with 50,000 heads and who will reflect that the interests of so many factories and mills working under such different conditions in so many parts of the country must often be too divergent to allow of any very close-knit agreements between them. There will be not a few, also, who will say, "I believe that there is a percentage of men in business in our country who are self-seeking to the extreme of brutality and to whom the term of *swine* seems not inappropriate, but that this or anything like it, is a correct description of the rank and file of American business men, I do not and will not believe."

That 50,000 of the best trained and most enlightened business men of our land can be banded together for evil, is a monstrous conception.

And yet the manner in which the words "the wool trust," "the cotton trust," were used on the floor of the house and of the senate, implied all of that. The attitude of the sensational press is just that. We are taught that this monster must be "chained," his "claws clipped," his "teeth drawn," etc., through a long series of more or less picturesque phrases. The bill for the amendment of the tariff on wool was actually drawn as a blow at this imaginary monster. It was intended to injure the wool manufacturers, under the strange impression that to injure 50,000 American business men, and through them, hundreds of thousands of wage earners, is in some way, benefiting "the people." It is difficult to catch the view-point. It would seem so natural to suppose that the protection and jealous care of one of the very greatest of our national industries was a proper function of government, that the Congress and President of the United States should be profoundly concerned to safe-guard the livelihood of so many hundreds of thousands of our citizens, that we cannot, in a moment, get the focus of the declaimer who sees the duties of government so differently that he would have us believe that the first and greatest duty before us is to throttle and weaken this great source of our national prosperity.

The Amendment to the wool tariff was passed as a body blow at the hypothetical "wool trust." No pains were taken to ascertain the real needs of the industry. The most complicated schedule in the tariff law was simply subjected to a horizontal reduction, with a very slight recognition of a few of the most obvious difficulties in the way of that method of making tariff laws. The wool manufacturers of the country stood by aghast at the spectacle of a Congress playing unconcernedly with a business whose technical difficulties require years to master. They listened to men declaiming against this or that provision of the existing law, who could not tell a hank of imported merino from the lowest grade of domestic wool and who knew no more than a child of the processes and necessities of the industry. Consternation is a mild term for the state of mind of these men. Fear approached panic. Mills began to close their doors in anticipation of conditions which they could not meet.

(*Continued on page* 200.)



PORT ROYAL, NEAR JAMAICA, THE RENDEZVOUS OF CELEBRATED BUCCANEERS

In the Wake of the Buccaneers

Visiting the Haunts of West Indian Gentry who Were Not Unknown to New England Commerce

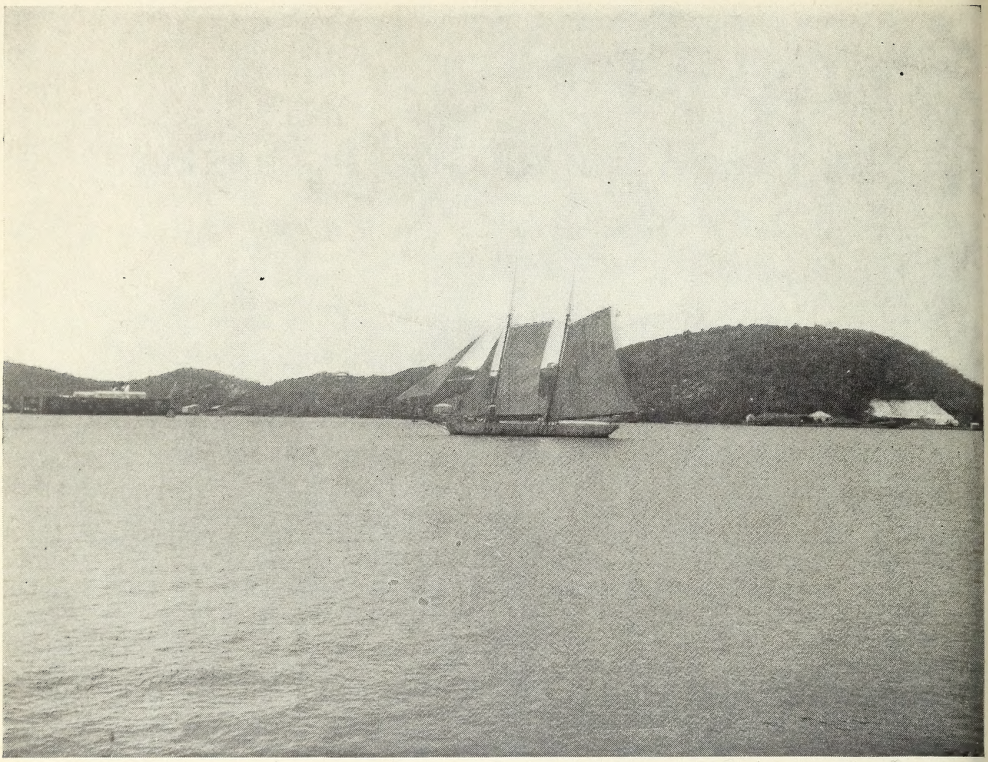
By JUDGE HENRY AUSTIN

EVEN at the present time when fast steamship lines bring the West Indian islands within three or four days of the port of Boston, it seems that the relations between New England and the Antilles are scarcely as intimate as they were in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a month or more might easily be spent in a voyage between Salem and Port Royal. Strange as this may sound, it was the conclusion I arrived at during a recent visit to the larger islands and a journey to little St. Thomas in the Virgins when I was specially interested in looking for traces, either material or legendary, of the buccaneers and their unworthy successors, the plain unvarnished pirates.

In all the glittering, blood-stained record of the West Indian freebooters there appears frequently the more sober hue of New England trading ventures. As so many fortunes in Boston and Newport and Salem and a score of smaller ports were built up in the West Indian trade, so it was inevitable that as the buccaneers and pirates ranged the Caribbean they should have dealings, warlike or otherwise, with the craft that bore the cargoes of New England merchants. It would be interesting perhaps to attempt an estimate as to how much the activities of the sea rovers cost the early fortunes of our oldest families, for the tale is indeed long. But, on the other hand, from time to time as I talked with local historians in Jamaica and San Domingo and St. Thomas it was clear that many a cargo of Spanish, Dutch or French goods, seized by right of cutlass and cannon, found its way eventually to the warehouses of Boston and Newport, of Norwalk, Connecticut, and of half forgotten landing places on Eastern Long Island.

Before the days when enterprising New England merchants fitted out privateers to prey on His Majesty's enemies, a traffic in goods that had been taken by methods questionable in the eyes of modern moralists was brisk enough. As early as 1649 one Blauvelt, or Bluefield, a Dutch "privateer," who was blood brother to the tribe of buccaneers, brought a Spanish prize into Newport, and, despite the protest of the governor that she had been taken during a truce, her cargo was eagerly bought at bargain prices by the thrifty inhabitants. This was the beginning, as far as the records go, of an irregular traffic that was to continue well into the eighteenth century, with occasional lapses into strict interpretation of the law and a consequent hanging of a few overbold or undiplomatic pirates. There was one much more romantic connection between the New England of three centuries ago and the sunny West Indian islands, for Sir William Phipps, first royally appointed governor of Massachusetts, got his real start towards success and won his knighthood when he was commissioned by the Duke of Albemarle to search for sunken treasure in the Caribbean. The New England shipmaster surprised his master both by his good luck and his integrity when he recovered 300,000 pounds sterling from a wreck off Hispaniola and made a full return of the proceeds.

To give anything like a comprehensive account of the part buccaneering and piracy played both for and against our



THE VIGILANT, BUILT IN 1800, THE MOST NOTED VESSEL IN THE WEST INDIES, PIRATE, PRIVATEER, SLAVER AND MAN OF WAR

colonial commerce would be out of place here, but the fact remains that the dubious heroes of a thousand romances converted much of their booty into cash and ships' stores at New England ports. This thought gave something of personal interest to the places I sought out as scenes of the riotous lives and sometimes equally riotous deaths of the buccaneers and pirates.

Everywhere in the West Indies the traces of the old days are to be found. The camping places of the buccaneers, the careening grounds where the sea hornets of L'Ollonais and Morgan and Dampier and a hundred other men who in the earliest period challenged the Spanish proprietary rights in the Western Hemisphere are still pointed out with a note of pride by the inhabitants. In Hispaniola, name savoring of swashbuckling and pieces of eight; in Jamaica that is an English possession to-day perhaps simply because it offered good harbors to the English buccaneers; on the southern coast of Cuba; in St. Thomas where the Danish flag still flies though once the stars and stripes were run up on every government building in the island —in all these places I found the memory of the buccaneers and of their piratical successors still fresh.

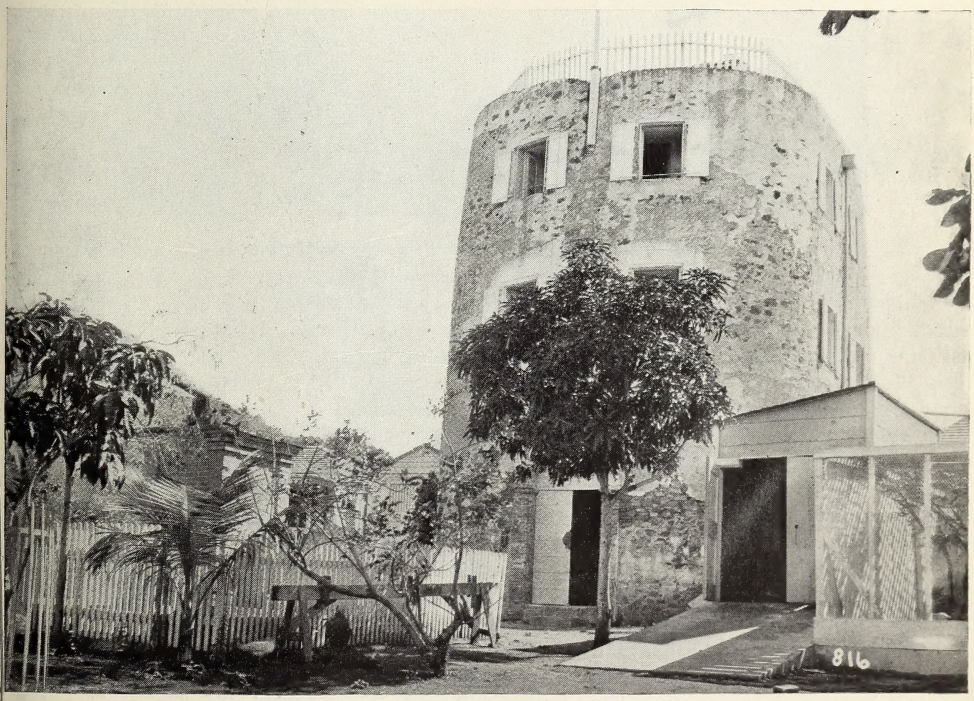
But if one thinks the present age has no connecting link with these bearded, rum-swilling freebooters of the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries he is not to be blamed even if he is mistaken. Yet in the port of Charlotte Amalie on the island of St. Thomas there is still to be found the little schooner Vigilant launched in 1800 and engaged in the trades and professions of piracy, slaving and filibustering. Now, after all these picturesque callings have been suppressed, she is employed as a government packet between St. Thomas and St. Croix. It was the dapper little Vigilant which brought home to me the

fact that even if the buccaneers are dead their deeds have lived after them and though their spirit and hardihood became corrupted into mere brutality and thievery in a later generation, the tourist at this time may divert himself with a glance at a few of the traces they have left behind.

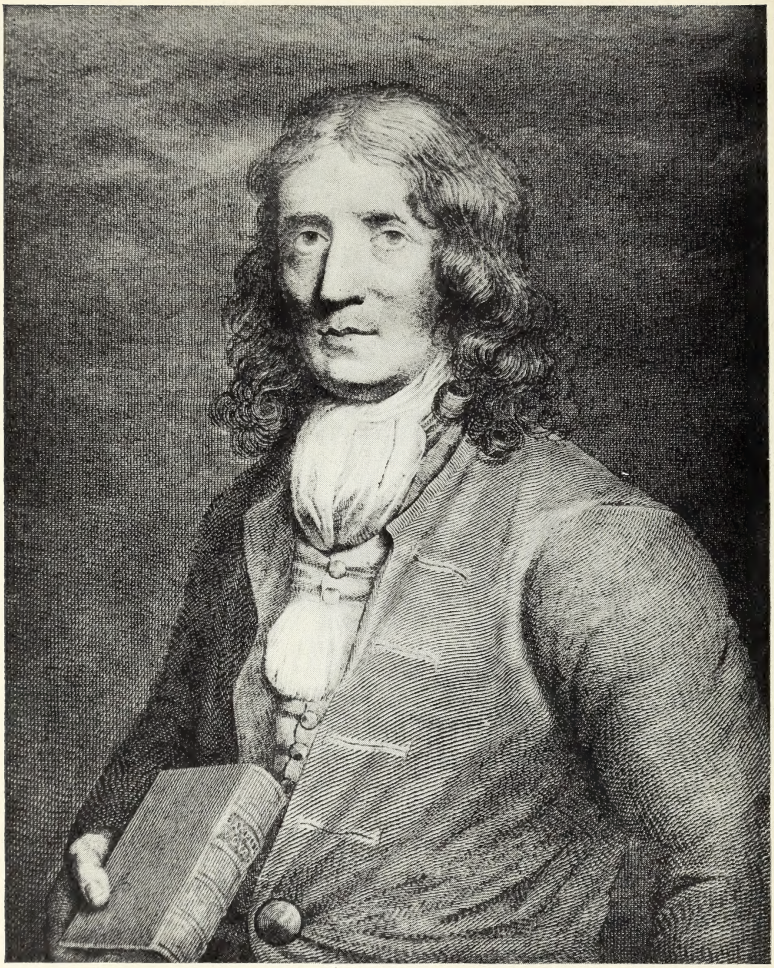
Since the little Vigilant, still afloat and still notable for speed, is the last of a long line of craft whose bones are scattered up and down the banks of the Caribbean, I made some effort while in the West Indies to learn of the first of the fleet. To establish this, however, is well nigh impossible, for piracy seems to have claimed the West Indies for its own from the very beginning. The French were embarked in the game even before the English, and Columbus on returning from his third voyage to the New World in 1498 felt obliged to sail for the island of Madeira by a new and untried route in order to avoid meeting a fleet of French corsairs that he suspected of awaiting him off Cape St. Vincent.

In view of the fact that the English buccaneers and pirates made for themselves a far more terrible reputation than either the French or the Dutch freebooters, there is more than passing interest in the first known visit of an English ship to the West Indies—a peaceful trader that was fired upon by the Spaniards and driven away to sea where she was subsequently lost with all on board. This vessel was the Samson, fitted out by Henry VIII. in 1527. Leaving the Thames in May of that year she appeared off the harbor of San Domingo in November. While she stood by, the master with a boat's crew rowed in and asked permission of the alcaide to bring their ship into port to trade. The permission was granted but when the ship tried to enter the harbor, the alcaide, Francisco de Tapia, fired on her from the castle. This sudden change of mind upon the part of the Spanish commandant caused the English to put about and sail the Samson to Porto Rico where they traded for provisions and then set out for England.

As far as is known that was the last



BLUEBEARD'S TOWER, ERECTED IN 1689, ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS



WILLIAM DAMPIER, BUCCANEER AND CIRCUMNAVIGATOR

ever heard of the Samson, and the incident was recalled to me when I visited San Domingo, now the capital of the mulatto republic of San Domingo. In those days San Domingo was the capital of the island of Hispaniola, a name which has passed out of common usage since the island has been divided between the mulatto republic and Haiti, the black republic. In proportion to the important part that Hispaniola played in the inception and rise of buccaneering, there are very few marks left of the occupation of the freebooters there. The reason for this is that the island was mainly a hunting ground for the buccaneers who found in its broad savannahs great herds of wild cattle and droves of wild pigs. These animals were the progeny of domesticated stock that had been abandoned by the Spanish settlers, many of whom after a few years as planters and breeders, were lured from Hispaniola to the mainland by the tales of gold and silver mines.

There seems to have been a more or less steady drain on the Spanish population of Hispaniola, by reason of this desire to "get rich quick," which was as strong in the seventeenth as in the twentieth century. Moreover, the northern shore of Hispaniola was never settled by the Spaniards, and the good harbors along this coast were the resort of foreign

ships that were poaching on the western world which Spain considered her own private preserve. Since the Spanish colonial system in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries forbade commerce between the colonies and traders of other nations, these foreign traders, English, French or Dutch, came out prepared to fight if necessary. Religious differences as reflected by the European wars gave these same traders, especially the English and Dutch, the welcome conviction that they were fighting anti-Christ at the same time they were enriching themselves, an unusually comforting way of serving God and Mammon. The names of Drake and Hawkins are familiar as representative of the great Elizabethan sea rovers who carried the war into the West Indies, but these men were of a different sort than the buccaneers proper.

Probably everyone is familiar with the origin of the name buccaneer, which was derived from "boucan," the term applied to the Carib Indian process of curing meat by smoking it over a fire of green wood in which were burnt scraps of hide and fat. The first of the buccaneers, then, were merely hunters and curers of beef and pork. The product of these primitive "packers" was sold to the foreign ships that came to deserted harbors in Hispaniola to obtain supplies that could not be bought at the Spanish ports where they were forbidden entrance. Just how these bands of English, Dutch and French, with a sprinkling of other nationalities, came together has been something of a question, but they were probably deserters, maroons and similar wild characters that in a later day would be beach combers or possibly convicts.

In connection with this term of buccaneer, as descriptive of hunters turned pirate, I found that the name "Conch" now applied to West Indian natives, especially in the English islands, was used in the eighteenth century to denote the pirates of that period. It was, I understand, a contemptuous reference to their supposed steady diet of shell fish. In a way it seems that these two names differentiate between the freebooters of the two centuries, the one a meat-fed swashbuckler who was brave and perhaps honest in his convictions, and the other a murderous thief who was content to live on sea offal until he could catch his quarry at a disadvantage.

From shooting wild cattle and trading the cured flesh to passing ships, the early buccaneers turned naturally to piracy since they were sailors first and had become hunters only after having left their own ships. As the old chroniclers tell of their adventures the usual procedure was for a gang of these hunters to lie in wait until an unsuspecting Spanish captain had anchored his craft off shore. Then under cover of darkness the buccaneers would steal out in canoes and board the vessel, sometimes almost before the watch was aware of it. Having killed the crew or cast them adrift in small boats, the buccaneers would then set off for larger prizes. There is a certain sameness about these records, varied only by the degree of resistance offered by the Spaniards with occasionally a victory credited to the defenders.

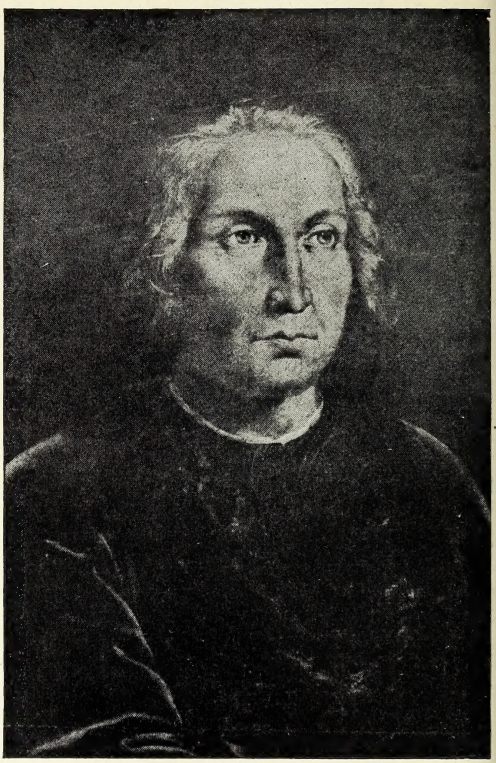
As the buccaneers in Hispaniola began to acquire in this way a fleet of their own they wisely foresaw an organized attempt on the part of the Spaniards to drive them out. The refuge they selected was the island of Tortuga off the northwestern coast of Hispaniola, and it was with more than ordinary interest that I gazed at the mountainous coast of Tortuga as we passed it en route from San Domingo City to Cape Haitien in Haiti. With only one harbor, and that easily defended, the buccaneers used it as a rendezvous for the trading of their booty and for the rough merrymaking that seems to be the only recreation of the pirate in all ages and climes. That Tortuga was held by English, French and Spanish, that it was taken and retaken, are all parts of the turbulent history of this corner of the seven seas. To-day there are only remnants of fortifications to tell of the time when it was held for or against the buccaneers and the respectable traders who were not above handling their goods.

In Haiti it is almost useless to inquire for land marks of the buccaneers. Yet the influence set in motion by these old freebooters found its culmination when Spain relinquished to France in 1697 the

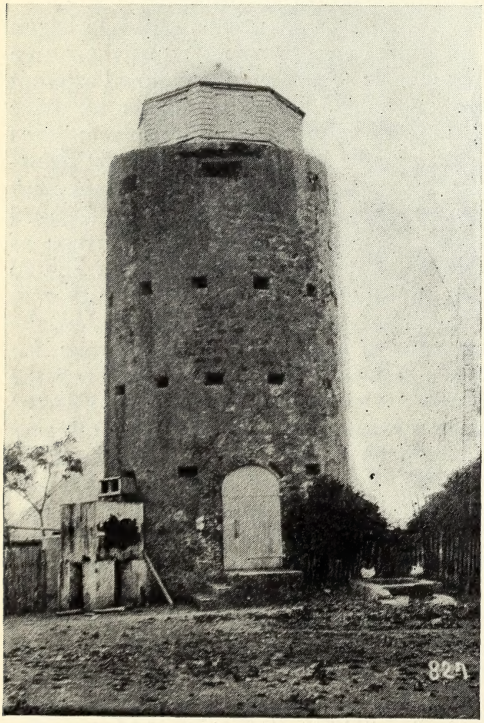
western half of Hispaniola, comprising what is now Haiti. The wild lands over which the buccaneers hunted were later converted into the great French plantations. With the declaration of the black republic the land began to revert into a wilderness again, so that at the present time I have little doubt that much of Haiti is as it was when the buccaneers ranged the land. A record of the daily life of these men, however, has been preserved in the pages of Exquemelin, the Dutch physician who lived with them from 1668 to 1674, and it appears that as they acquired ships they turned from hunting wild cattle to the "lifting" of domestic stock. Describing the preparation of such a band for a sea foray, he wrote:

"Being all come on board, they join together in council, concerning what place they ought first to go wherein to get provisions—especially of flesh, seeing they scarce eat anything else. And of this the most common sort among them is pork. The next food is tortoises, which they are accustomed to salt a little. Sometimes they resolve to rob such or such hog-yards, wherein the Spaniards often have a thousand heads of swine together. They come to these places in the dark of night, and having beset the keeper's lodge, they force him to rise, and give them as many heads as they desire, threatening withal to kill him in case he disobeys their command or makes any noise. Yea, these menaces are oftentimes put in execution, without giving any quarter to the miserable swine-keepers, or any other person that endeavors to hinder their robberies."

This side light on the buccaneers as common raiders of "hog-yards" detracts somewhat from the romance of their deeds, yet up to the middle of the seventeenth century the buccaneering expedi-



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. THE ORIGINAL OF THIS PORTRAIT IS IN THE NAVAL MUSEUM AT MADRID

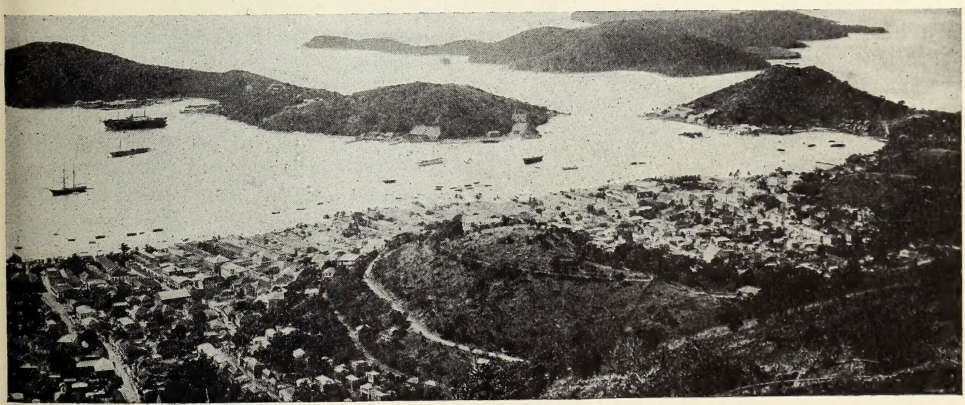


BLACKBEARD'S TOWER, ERECTED IN 1674, CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS

tions partook of the nature of free and nearly equal partnerships among bands of cattle hunters who had grown weary of their work on land. All this was changed, however, after 1655, when the port to be known afterwards as Kingston in Jamaica was entered by an English fleet commanded by Admiral Penn and carrying a small army under General Venables. This Admiral Penn was the father of William Penn, founder of our own Pennsylvania, and with the coming of Penn's fleet the English occupation of Jamaica began. After that the most famous buccaneers sailed technically as privateers bearing commissions from the English governors of Jamaica or of Tortuga during the British domination of the latter island.

Of the legalized buccaneers who flourished under these more favorable conditions, the names of Morgan and Mansfield are familiar enough. It was Captain Edward Mansfield, who in 1665 captured and sacked the Spanish town of Granada, capital of Nicaragua on the mainland. Three years later Henry Morgan, afterwards Sir Henry, effected his famous capture of Porto Bello on the isthmus of Panama. He sailed under commission of Sir Charles Modyford, Governor of Jamaica, and according to the official report of the time the loot of the city, besides all manner of merchandize, included 250,000 pieces of eight, that coin so dear to the heart of the romancer and rated by the exchange of the time as worth from four shillings, sixpence, to five shillings in Jamaica. In this connection, it was a complaint frequently heard that the buccaneers seldom reported truthfully the full amount of their loot, because they wished to evade as much as possible the payment due the government of one-tenth or one-fifteenth of the value of prize goods. To this form of tax dodging is due in large part the cycle of tales of buried treasure. The buccaneers undoubtedly did bury part of their treasure in deserted spots so that they could sail into Port Royal or Kingston and submit to an assessment on their apparent spoils. The intention was, of course, for the men to return to the buried treasure after they had gone through the formality of paying the tax. That they sometimes failed to dig up the treasure is not surprising in view of the unavoidable interruptions of "battle, murder and sudden death," which were to be expected in their business. Hence there may be truth in the tales of doubloons and plate still awaiting the spade and pick of the treasure hunter.

In Jamaica, now the peaceful resort of the winter vacationist, I found many relics of the buccaneers and at the Institute of Jamaica, of which Mr. Frank Cundall, F. S. A., is secretary and librarian, I was shown portraits of the men whose names admit them to the epic of the seas. With Mr. Cundall, lifelong student of West Indian history, as my guide, the old paintings and engravings assumed an added interest. Each had its tale with which he was familiar. There



WESTERN PART OF ST. THOMAS FROM THE HILLS



CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS. THE HOME OF THE BUCCANEERS

was the engraving of Morgan, a copy from the engraving in old Exquemelin's history and surely it might be accepted as authentic since the bull dog character seems to be plain enough.

This portrait of Morgan, one time lieutenant governor of Jamaica and always a man of hard living, recalled the account Exquemelin gave of the capture of Porto Bello, when the buccaneer in carrying the castle where the Spanish governor was making a last stand impressed the monks and nuns into his service. Of this incident which shows the nature of the man, the account is:

"He ordered ten or twelve ladders to be made, in all possible haste, so broad that three or four men might ascend by them. These being finished, he commanded all the religious men and women whom he had taken prisoners to fix them against the walls of the castle. Thus much he had beforehand threatened the governor to perform, in case he delivered not the castle. But his answer was: 'He would never surrender himself alive.' Captain Morgan was much persuaded that the governor would not employ his utmost forces, seeing religious women and ecclesiastical persons exposed in the front of the soldiers to the greatest dangers. Thus the ladders, as I have said, were put into the hands of religious persons of both sexes; and these were forced, at the head of the companies, to raise and apply them to the walls. But Captain Morgan was deceived in his judgment of this design. For the governor, who acted like a brave and courageous soldier, refused not, in performance of his duty, to use his utmost endeavors to destroy whosoever came near the walls. The religious men and women ceased not to cry unto him and beg him by all the Saints of Heaven he would deliver the castle, and thereby spare both his and their own lives. But nothing could prevail with the obstinacy and fierceness that had possessed the governor's mind. Thus many of the religious men and nuns were killed before they could fix the ladders. Which at last being done, though with great loss of the said religious people, the pirates mounted them in great numbers and with no less valour; having fireballs in their hands, and earthen pots full of powder. All which things, being now at the top of the walls, they kindled and cast in among the Spaniards."

Such is the quaint statement of one of the blackest tales of Morgan, and there are plenty of other accounts of what the chroniclers aptly term his "sinful life." Another portrait in the admirable institute gallery is that of William Dampier, circumnavigator and buccaneer, who harried the Spaniards in the Pacific as well as on the hither side of the isthmus, and whose account of his adventures is full of indications of the man's shrewdness and bravery. Jamaica was long the headquarters for those gentry of the seas who wished their expeditions legalized by a governor's commission, but times changed and manners changed in keeping, as Mr.

Cundall pointed out to me. At Port Royal where Morgan and his friends fitted their vessels and drank so publicly and copiously that they shocked the governor, many men of the same general profession were afterwards hanged.

Gallows Point is still worth a visit for it is the spot in Port Royal that was used for eliminating pirates. The last execution of a gang of sea thieves took place at Gallows Point in May, 1823, and these were under a Spanish captain, one Aragonez, a fact which shows a queer turning of the tables in the course of a couple of centuries, since in the early days it was the English buccaneer who preyed on the Spanish shipping. This final execution was of interest for it came as a direct result of the capture and hanging of ten pirates in February, 1823. The pirates had served under Aragonez and he vowed vengeance on the British, beginning operations by torturing his negro cook who happened to be a native of Jamaica and was thus made to suffer for his English masters. Meanwhile the authorities sent out the frigates Tyne and Thracian with the result that Aragonez



Sir Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer of the West Indies

on his ship, the Zaragaza , was driven into a shallow creek and captured with fifteen of his men. They were all hanged together, and this well attended event on Gallows Point may be regarded as the last act in the long drama which began with the fitting out of authorized privateers, after the coming of Penn and Venables nearly two centuries before.

From Jamaica by way of the southern coast of Haiti I visited St. Thomas, and there the traveller finds visible remains of the pirates in the two towers that rise on separate hills above the port of Charlotte Amalie. To be sure, critics assert that neither Blackbeard's Castle nor Bluebeard's castle is correctly named, but at least there they are as monuments to the importance of pirates in West Indian history. Whether Blackbeard ever held a council of his followers in the weather beaten tower which bears his name is of comparatively little importance, for Blackbeard did make the beautiful harbor of Charlotte Amalie one of his ports of call, and very probably held a council in whatever spot appealed to his bloodshot eye.

It is somewhat paradoxical that in this port which to-day is bidding for all the peaceful commerce that it can attract, the most conspicuous object for the tourist is the tower named for a ruthless destroyer of commerce. The fact is that Blackbeard's Castle was built in 1674 as a windmill by Carl Baggert, and that he had some dispute with Governor Iversen because the tower overlooked old Fort Christian. As for Bluebeard's Castle, the name suggests the fanciful desire to make it a sort of companion piece to Blackbeard's, and it was built in 1689 as a fort known first as Fredericksburg and later as Frederiksfort. In the account of the manning of the fort a quaint sidelight is thrown on the leisurely view of warfare as held by the old Danes. Besides a garrison of an officer and eighteen privates it was ordered that there should be ten slaves to work the cannon, a pleasant provision to lighten the labors of the white privates in a hot climate. Bluebeard's Castle is now the tower of a hotel and since there is no real pirate in its long history the proprietor has placed an effigy of a bandit on the lawn near the entrance.

Although, with the exception of Blackbeard, St. Thomas is somewhat deficient, comparatively speaking, in relics of the old freebooting period, the island as one of the Danish possessions is well worth visiting, especially since it once so very nearly became a possession of the United States. Had the assassination of President Lincoln not occurred, the island might have been acquired by this country as a coaling station, for Secretary Seward had opened negotiations to that end in 1865. When Secretary Seward in 1867 closed the preliminary convention by agreeing to the price of $7,500,000 set by the Danish government for St. Thomas and St. John, King Christian IX, not familiar with the powers of our Congress, bade a touching farewell to his subjects on the two islands and they responded by joyfully running up the American standard on every official flagpole. Then, three years later, came an adverse recommendation from the United States Senate's committee on foreign relations, and the hopes of the islanders were dashed.

I mention this bit of the recent history of St. Thomas because it shows by how small a margin we missed having within our territory a monument to a pirate who was killed by American enterprise. It was Blackbeard, otherwise Edward, or John, Teach, who started his operations with St. Thomas as his base, shifted to Nassau when opportunity offered, and finally wound up his career by falling a victim to an expedition sent against him by Virginia planters. As they tell the stories of Teach at Charlotte Amalie, he fills the picture of the true pirate even better than does Captain Kidd. In the relation that New England bore to buccaneering and piracy I mentioned certain periods of righteousness when a freebooter overstepped the narrow line and was made to suffer. Kidd, from all accounts, was one such, barring details as to his disagreement with his employers and his selection as a scapegoat, but Blackbeard was a man of different fibre.

Of all the sea rovers whose names are linked with West Indian history, prob-

ably none is so picturesque as Teach. His familiar name of Blackbeard was due, of course, to his great set of whiskers which were the pride of his life, and which we are told he trained and curled and nursed until they were as luxuriant and almost as artificial in appearance as the great Ramillies wigs of the day. With such a beard, with his fourteen wives whom he married in rapid succession and with his half crazed desire to be mistaken for the Evil One, Teach was a dime novel hero ready made. Although Teach's career as an independent commander under the Jolly Roger lasted only about three years, from 1716 to 1718, he seems to have performed sufficient curious and atrocious deeds to give him a place more prominent than that accorded to more gentlemanly rogues, who followed their chosen calling for half an ordinary lifetime.

It was probably while he was sailing out of St. Thomas that he perpetrated his insane joke of turning the hold of his ship into what he was pleased to call "a little hell." The various accounts agree that he took some of his favorite followers below deck, and there proceeded to burn sulphur and brimstone, the while drinking goblets of rum and howling as he imagined the Devil might shriek in a pleasant environment. He was testing the staying powers of his men, and when he proved he could remain in the sulphur laden fumes longer than any of them he proudly declared this was proof of his identity with the Devil.

How Blackbeard killed and wounded his own men simply to remind them that he was in authority has been told in many stories and with many variations, but he was destined for an early end. From Nassau, where an old banyan tree is still pointed out as the scene of his drinking bouts and conferences just as the tower is noted in St. Thomas, he sailed for the coast of Virginia. On his way he captured three vessels, among them a large French Guineaman which he took for his own. Naming her the Queen Anne's Revenge, he set out to accomplish off the mainland just what he had done among the islands. He captured several other ships, but on being wrecked off the coast of North Carolina he surrendered to Governor Eden, and began what some historians say was a partnership in which he was to give the governor part of the proceeds of his forays.

Teach and his men lurked about the mouth of the James river and preyed on the coasting trade until Lieutenant Governor Spottiswood organized an expedition against him at the urgent request of the planters. In a battle on the James, Lieutenant Maynard engaged Teach in single combat and cut off the pirate's head, bearing it back, with its great black beard flowing, as evidence that the scourge of the merchants and planters was no more.

From the great buccaneers, men who had some color of reason for their assaults on Spanish ships and walled cities, down to Blackbeard the pirate is a far cry. There was romance of a clean and stirring sort about those old sea fighters that cannot be found in the dipsomaniac who believed himself to be the Devil. Of both classes, however, one may find plenty of evidence in the West Indies and always it is well to remember that they did not live in a world apart, but that their goods and gold often found their way northward to help the struggling industries of the New England colonies first and of the young states later.

The Superior Sex

By HORACE TRENDON

"I DO think, Edna," said my sister-in-law, "that a married woman ought to cultivate a little more dignity."

"Dignity doesn't buy you anything," demurred Eddie, who, seated on the arm of my chair, was whistling rag-time.

"I told Eddie when we got married," I interpolated, as a gentle hint to Louisa, "that if she ever grew up I'd start for Reno."

"I wonder what people would say if I did some of the things you do," mused my relative.

"That's the beauty of always doing as you like," replied Eddie complacently. "People never pay any attention to what I do, because they know I never pay any attention to what they say."

"I never would have allowed you to marry Edna, Robert," sighed Louisa, "if I hadn't thought you knew how to manage her." Louisa didn't know that Eddie and I contemplated marriage until after the ceremony, and when we broke the news she nearly had apoplexy, but I let it pass.

"So I do," I protested. "Just let her have her own way in everything." For which Eddie boxed my ears, partly to punish me, and partly to shock Louisa.

"I do wish that you would exercise your authority," went on that lady, ignoring my remark. "She doesn't actually disobey your orders, does she?"

"Certainly not. I know better than to give her any."

"I had my fingers crossed when I promised to obey," said Eddie, "and he knew I did."

"I promised to call on Mrs. Carstenson," murmured Louisa, giving us both up as incorrigible. "The poor woman is so worried over Margaret."

"What has she been doing?" I inquired politely. "Turned suffragette?"

"She refused Sir Henry Broxton yesterday."

"Don't blame her at all," said Eddie shortly. "He's a pig."

"I expected that you would take her part," said Louisa, rather viciously. "After all the trouble Mrs. Carstenson had had to arrange the match, and when everything was practically settled, Margaret said she preferred to select her own husband."

This was exactly what Eddie used to tell her sister when the latter tried to relieve her of the task of such selection. I began to see Louisa's drift. You can usually tell what she is driving at, after you have wandered around in the fog of words for an hour or so.

"As if it concerned her at all," said I indignantly. "What are these girls coming to?"

"And she thinks (of course she hasn't said anything), she thinks (I hope she may be mistaken)," said Louisa, in a tone indicating that her hope did not agree with her expectation, "that it is due partly to the influence of Edna."

"Me!" ejaculated Eddie, with a look of such superlative innocence that I knew at once she was guilty. "Why I hardly know her."

"And I do wish, Edna," pursued the voice of Established Authority, with a rather confusing use of its pronouns, "that you would refrain from encouraging her to defy her parents, who are surely her best advisers, and I do wish, Robert, that you would compel her to do so. Because I know, in spite of that pretense of being henpecked (I suppose it is intended to be humorous), that a word from you is all that is necessary."

"My dear Louisa," I replied, kindly but firmly, "I don't know what Eddie has

been doing, but whatever it was, it was all right. I am not going to give her advice, nor instructions, nor orders, nor anything else."

Eddie repaid me for this by an affectionate squeeze, but Louisa took my ultimatum very ill, remarking again that she never would have allowed me to marry her sister had she known that this would be the result; also that it was what she had always expected from both of us; a trifle inconsistent this, but Louisa never was remarkable for consistency.

"Men are so stupid," pouted Eddie, after her sister had departed in high dudgeon.

"What have I been doing now?"

"Nothing that you oughtn't," she reassured me, pulling my ears. "It's Ned Atwater. He's in love with Daisy Carstenson."

"Well, why doesn't he tell her so?"

"He's afraid of her money."

"Coward!" said I.

"Well, you may laugh, but it's no joke for Daisy, poor girl," said Eddie defiantly.

"From which I infer that she reciprocates—not his fear, but the other emotion?"

"She's done everything a self-respecting girl could do," sighed Eddie. "She's tried being nice to him, and she's tried flirting with other men, but nothing seems to do any good."

"Not having an extensive experience in such matters, I can't suggest any way of bringing a timid young man to the block," I remarked carelessly. "By the way, how do you know all this? Did she tell you?"

"Certainly not. Do you suppose a girl ever tells those things? Nobody told me, but I have eyes in my head."

"And they must be good ones, as, apparently, no one else has noticed anything."

"Men are such idiots," snapped Eddie, ignoring my sarcasm. "They expect the girl to do it all."

"I didn't make you do it all," I protested mildly.

"You had to have a lot of coaching," said Eddie reminiscently. "But maybe that only showed lack of practice, and a girl doesn't mind that!"

"Anyway, I wasn't afraid of a handful of millions."

"You did have nerve enough to make a start," she admitted. "And you learned pretty fast."

"Might I inquire," I asked, after an interval in which nothing occurred which concerns the public, "if it is true that you have been butting in in this affair?"

"I haven't" said Eddie, "but I'm going to. Only you've got to help me."

"Now see here, Eddie," I protested in alarm, "I've made a great success of life so far by minding my own business, and if you think at my age—"

"But I can't do it without you," pleaded Eddie, "and not a soul would know you had anything to do with it. Now Bobby—"

When Eddie coaxes, "Now Bobby," with her lips close to yours, there is no course except unconditional surrender.

"Oh, very well," said I, bowing to the inevitable. "Hand out the sailing orders."

"You'll have to sail under sealed orders," bubbled Eddie. "All you'll have to do is to take Ned Atwater out rowing this afternoon."

"Suppose he won't come?"

"Sandbag him," she directed recklessly. "He must come. Drop down the north shore, and have the boat just the other side of Needle Point a little before three o'clock."

"And then?"

"And then wait for developments and use your own judgment," she ordered. "And let me know when you've made arrangements. You'd better get busy, because it's nearly one now."

"Don't I get any lunch?"

"If you don't deliver the goods you won't get any dinner either," she told me sternly. "If you have time you can get a sandwich at the club. Hurry up now, Bobby."

After this assertion of my marital authority I went in search of Atwater, who seemed rather surprised at my invitation, but accepted in much the spirit in which a condemned man might consent to brush his hair before mounting the scaffold. I telephoned to Eddie, and

got my victim into the boat at once, meaning to run no chances of an escape.

I cannot say that Atwater was a cheerful companion. In the course of an hour his contributions to the conversation consisted of five monosyllables and twenty-four gutturals. Finally I threw out a morsel of information which I knew would interest him, unless he had already heard it.

"Broxton is leaving to-morrow."

"Who told you?" he demanded, sitting up straight.

"He did."

"I thought he intended to stay till September," he remarked, recollecting himself and making a rather poor attempt to appear unconcerned. "Wonder what made him change his mind."

"Couldn't say, but my guess is that he had a disappointment in connection with the errand that brought him here," I replied carelessly.

For the first time Atwater appeared glad that he had come. If we had had more time, and a good opening had presented itself, I might have elaborated some very fine theories of mine which bore upon the subject on his mind, but just then we were startled by a woman's scream from the other side of the point. Atwater was at the oars, and if there were any records he didn't break in getting around the point they must have been low ones. Possibly he thought that he recognized the voice. Personally I was somewhat amused by his efforts, expecting to see just what we did see when we rounded the point. Eddie's canoe floating bottom up, and Eddie and Miss Carstenson struggling in the water a few yards away.

Atwater pulled straight for the latter girl, which I thought showed quite a bit of nerve on his part, considering that it was my boat, and that my own wife was in danger, but as I knew Eddie could swim like a fish I said nothing. However, when we were nearly within reach of the girl, I reflected that it was just as well to make the most of a good situation, also that there was nothing particularly romantic in hauling your lady love over the side of a boat in the presence of a third party, and just about that time the boat upset. I caught a look of amazement on Atwater's face, and heard him ejaculate something which sounded very much like "idiot," and then we went souse into the placid bosom of Lake Wishkah.

When my head popped above water again, and I looked around, I began to think that I had been a trifle hasty. I saw Miss Carstenson's white face, convulsed with fear, sink below the water, and wondered why Atwater was so infernally slow in reaching her. After what seemed a terribly long time she rose, beating the water wildly with her hands, and sank again with a strangled cry. A moment later, as Atwater reached the spot, her face, set and rigid, appeared again, and he gripped her.

So much I saw while I was swimming hard to get to their assistance, but just then I heard Eddie's voice, with a note of terror in it, call my name, and I instantly forgot that there were such persons as Atwater and Miss Carstenson in existence. I thought Eddie had become entangled in her skirts in some manner, and it was not until I had taken her upon my back and was halfway to shore that I heard her giggle, and realized that the little wretch had tricked me.

"Not so close, silly," she whispered in my ear. "Go round the point."

I saw that Atwater had reached shallow water with Miss Carstenson, so I obediently went around the point; no joke with my clothes encumbering me, even though Eddie swam a good part of the distance unaided.

"You did it beautifully, Bobby," she gasped, between gusts of laughter, as we splashed up the beach. "I knew you would." That is what makes Eddie such a satisfactory chum. Any one else would have said, "I didn't think you had it in you." And Eddie looked so adorable, with her black eyes alight and her damp curls clustering about her face, that it would have been a felony not to stop and kiss her.

"Was it hard work to tip the old tub over?" she asked, after I had attended to this duty.

"I had to step on the gunwale," I replied modestly, "but any sacrifice in a good cause. But you took long chances."

I added sternly. "You don't seem to realize that the girl had a pretty narrow escape."

"Nonsense," retorted Eddie cheerfully. "She can swim better than I can."

"Hm! You had it all cooked between you, then?"

"Bless you, no! She didn't know anything was going to happen. Do you suppose she'd have been there if she had? I had hard work to keep her from getting hold of the canoe before you came."

"But still you say she—"

"I don't say she did anything of the sort," retorted Eddie, "but what do you think a girl would do with such a good chance?"

"Suppose he knew she could swim?"

"Did you think whether I could swim or not when I called you?" she asked drily.

"What if he still doesn't come to the scratch?"

"He will," she declared positively. "She won't be revived until he does."

"The work of resuscitation certainly ought to bring matters to a head," I agreed. "I believe the best authorities recommend rolling the patient over a barrel."

"He won't think anything about the best authorities," said Eddie. "He'll just hang over her and squeeze her hand and call on her to wake up. Perhaps," she added, with such an indescribably roguish air that I was again compelled to stop and tell her a few things which couldn't possibly interest readers of magazines, "as she's unconscious and won't know it, he might kiss her once or twice."

"And then when he's hopelessly committed himself, she'll—"

"How do I know what she'll do?" blandly inquired Eddie, as we approached our own bungalow.

"But I don't follow you yet," said I. "You say she wouldn't have been there if she'd known what was up, and yet—"

"Stupid!" interrupted Eddie. "Do you suppose any girl would trust another that far? But as it is nobody can swear that she didn't really get a cramp or something, and she can swear she didn't know the canoe was going to upset, or that he was anywhere around when it happened. Now is it perfectly clear?"

It was perfectly clear, even to the inferior masculine intellect. It was also perfectly clear to me that if any man remained single, it was because no woman on earth wanted him. I had just changed into dry clothing and was taking a drop of something to keep off pneumonia, when an excited stage whisper from Eddie summoned me to the window. Along the wooded path forty yards away came the two subjects of the experiment, entwined in each other's arms, and blissfully unconscious of their possible observation by prying eyes. They were as forlorn and bedraggled looking a pair as it has ever been my misfortune to see, but both faces shone with a radiance which paled the western sun.

"Hadn't we better call them in and offer them some dry clothes?" I suggested. "They might catch cold."

"Oh you man!" said Eddie, with crushing scorn. "Interrupt the most precious hour of their lives? What would you have said," she demanded, snuggling a little closer, "if someone had cut in on us?"

To this argument, naturally, there was no answer.

"I guess you were right about her being in love with him," I remarked thoughtfully.

"In love with him!" echoed Eddie. "Bobby Grenville, did you notice that that girl had absolutely forgotten the way she looked?"

Mr. and Mrs. Atwater are great friends of ours, but Mrs. Carstenson and Eddie don't speak. As for Louisa—whew!

The Providence Athenaeum II

By JOSEPH LEROY HARRISON

1831-1836

On the evening of February 21, 1831, a meeting was held at No. 51 Arcade, for the purpose of considering "the expediency and practicability of establishing an Athenæum." William T. Grinnell was chosen chairman and Thomas H. Webb secretary. From this date until July 18, when an organization was effected, those interested were active in promoting the society. On April 16 the committee appointed to secure subscribers, consisting of Messrs. Thomas H. Webb, John R. Bartlett, William Butler, Richard W. Greene and Benjamin Hoppin, Jr., reported that they had obtained thirteen patrons at $100 each and thirty-three stockholders at $25 each, making in all forty-six subscribers, with funds amounting to $2,125, and also that Mr. Cyrus Butler had subscribed for sixteen shares, amounting to $400, on condition that $3,000 be raised.

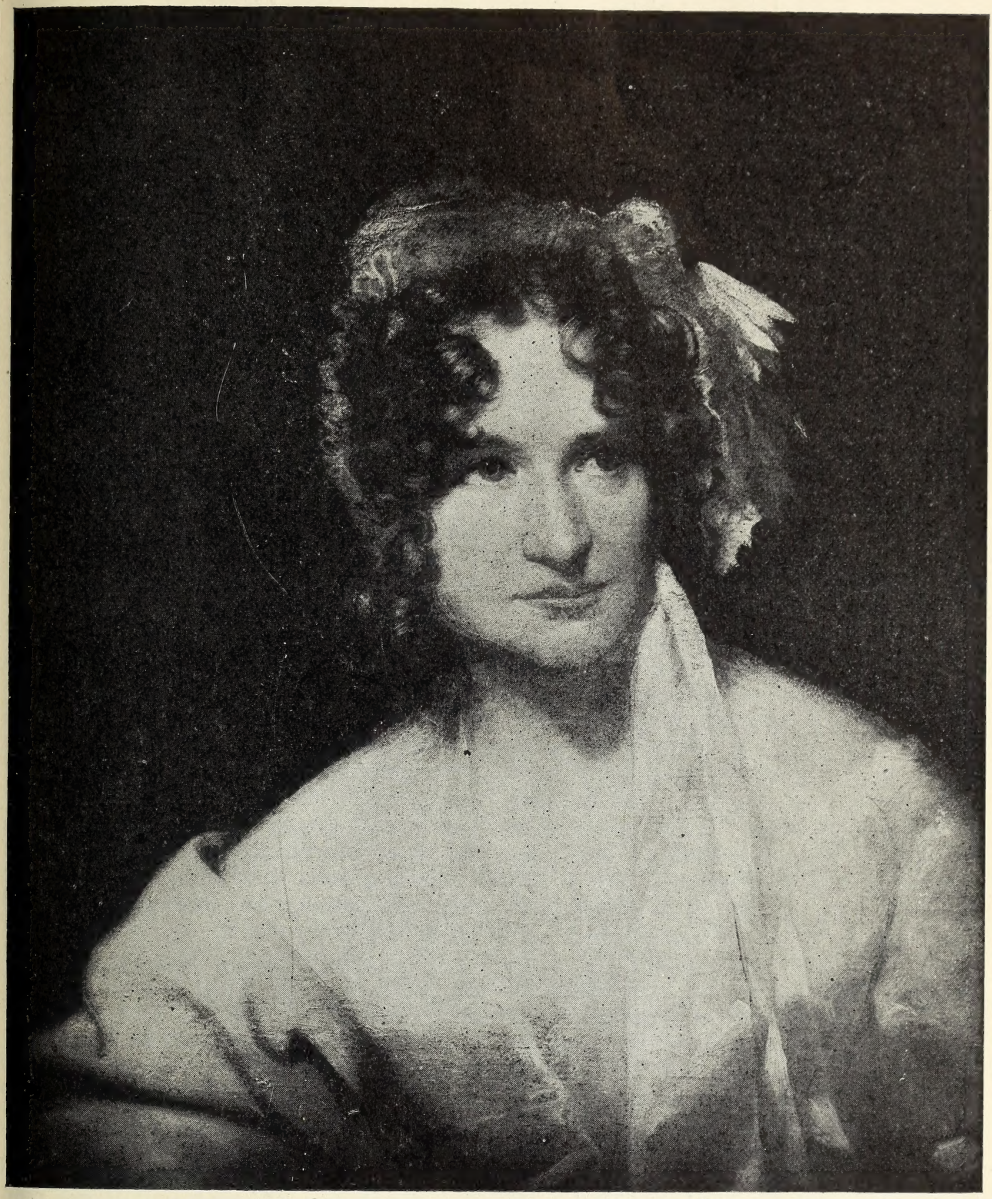
At the July meeting the secretary reported that $3,150 had been subscribed. Tristam Burges was elected president, John Mackie and Frederick A. Farley, vice-presidents; Thomas H. Webb, secretary, John R. Bartlett, treasurer, and Lemuel H. Arnold, Thomas Burgess, Richard J. Arnold, Thomas C. Hoppin, William T. Grinnell, Richard W. Greene, Charles Dyer, William Butler, John Taylor and Stephen Tripp, trustees. A constitution and by-laws, presented by a committee consisting of Messrs. Frederick A. Farley, Thomas H. Webb and Richard W. Greene, were adopted. The following were present: Messrs. Frederick A. Farley, John R. Bartlett, R. J. Arnold, Thomas C. Hoppin, William T. Grinnell, Cyrus Butler, Charles Dyer, Paris Dyer, Benjamin Dyer, William Butler, Jonathan Taylor, P. W. Ferriss, L. Branch, C. Cheney, D. T. Goodhue, Benjamin Hoppin, Jr., Jonathan Weldon, Robert Rhodes, Thomas Doyle, John Paine, W. R. Staples, Henry Anthony, John G. Anthony and Leander Utley.

An act incorporating the Athenæum, framed by Messrs. Thomas Burgess and Richard W. Greene, passed the general assembly June 22, 1831, the names of Cyrus Butler, John Mackie, Charles Dyer and Richard W. Greene appearing in the charter as the representatives of the society. The reading room was opened early in August at Nos. 42 and 44 Arcade and the library for general circulation in December, when, according to the report made at the first annual meeting of the corporation, November 28, 1831, there were 1,159 volumes, purchased at a total cost of $1,614.77.

The Athenæum was organized in July, 1831, and the last meeting of which there is any entry in the Trustees' records is April 2, 1836, when the only business transacted was a vote instructing the treasurer to inform the Arcade corporation that the Athenæum surrendered its room. Within a year of its establishment the trustees of the Athenæum began to consider a union with the Providence Library company, and the subject of the union was repeatedly discussed at both board and annual meetings until its consummation.

From a brief statement concerning the old Athenæum appearing in the first annual report of the new institution, submitted in February, 1837, the following estimate of its work is taken:

"From that time (i. e. 1831) till its union in 1836, with the Providence Library, for the purpose of forming an enlarged institution, suited to the wants,



SARAH HELEN WHITMAN

and creditable to the liberality and intelligence of the community, the Providence Athenæum steadily put forth all its energies for the accomplishment of the noble object which it was established to promote. Notwistanding many circumstances adverse to its growth, it succeeded in making, if not a large, a very choice collection of books — which ultimately constituted by far the most valuable portion of the Library of the new institution, at the date of its origin."

The society issued one catalogue under the title "Catalogue of the Providence Athenæum library," Providence, 1833. This was an interesting subject

grouping of the books in the library, numbering sixty-seven pages. Two record books of the society are still preserved: "Trustees' records," containing charter, constitution, etc., 1831 to 1836 and "Institution records," 1831 to 1835.

The officers of the Providence Athenæum, 1831-1836, were as follows: Presidents, Tristam Burges, 1831, and Frederick A. Farley, 1834; first vice-president, John Mackie, 1831, Frederick A. Farley, 1833, and Stephen Tripp, 1834; second vice-president, Frederick A. Farley, 1831, William T. Grinnell, 1833, and Thomas H. Webb, 1834; secretaries, Thomas H. Webb, 1831, and Daniel C. Cushing, 1833; treasurers, John R. Bartlett, 1831, and Philip Allen, Jr., 1834.

Movement for the Union of the Libraries.

As early as October, 1832, as has already appeared, the subject of uniting the libraries began to be discussed, and formal negotiations through various committees and informal conferences continued until a final agreement was reached. At six o'clock on the evening of January 25, 1836, "a public meeting of citizens generally and of the proprietors of the Providence Library and the Athenæum companies in particular," was held in Masonic Hall, which occupied the upper story of the old "City Building," Market Square, now leased by the Providence Board of Trade, to take the first steps necessary in forming the new library. The call for the meeting was signed by fifty-nine persons, including Moses Brown, Nicholas Brown, Moses B. Ives, Robert H. Ives, John Carter Brown, Crawford Allen, Truman Beckwith, William Butler, Charles F. Tillinghast, Benjamin Hoppin, Cyrus Butler, Thomas C. Hoppin, John J. Stimson, Joseph Balch, Jr., Philip Allen, Samuel Y. Atwell, Albert G. Greene, Zachariah Allen and Sullivan Dow. Zachariah Allen presided at the meeting and William S. Patten acted as secretary. A draft of an act of incorporation, reported by Mr. William R. Staples, was adopted and a committee appointed to petition the general assembly for its passage. The petition sets forth, among other facts relating to the two libraries, that the Providence Library company and the Providence Athenæum, "after mature consideration and ineffectual attempts for a union, have severally resolved to dispose of their libraries and dissolve their corporations, in case this Honorable Assembly would grant a new charter for the same objects to those of the corporators of each and such others as would join them in applying therefor."

According to the terms of agreement between the two library companies, the books of each were to be purchased by the new institution. For those of the Providence Library the sum of $1,000 was paid, and by the purchase of the shares of the Providence Athenæum at the rate of $25 each, the books, furniture, etc., of that library became the property of the new athenæum. The amount of this purchase was $3,925. The number of volumes purchased of the Providence Library company, exclusive of books unbound, broken sets, etc., was 1,680, and the number purchased of the Providence Athenæum was 2,400, total 4,080. After the terms of the purchase of the Providence Athenæum had been agreed upon, many of its stockholders consented to exchange their shares for shares in the new institution, thus adding about $700 to its funds.

The Providence Athenæum. 1836 to 1911.

The act of incorporation of The Providence Athenæum, as reported to the meeting of January 25, was presented to the general assembly on January 29, 1836, and referred to the committee on education. On February 2 the act was passed by the house of representatives, concurred in by the senate and became a law. At the first meeting of the corporation, February 22, in Mechanics Hall, Market Square, the charter was accepted and a constitution and by-laws adopted. At an adjourned meeting, February 29, the following officers and directors were elected: Zachariah Allen, William Jenkins, John Carter Brown, Frederick A. Farley, Thomas H. Webb, William S.

Patten, Thomas B. Fenner, Owen Mason, William Butler, Amasa Manton, Stephen Tripp, John J. Stimson, Henry Anthony, William R. Staples, treasurer and Thomas White, secretary.

The first meeting of the new board was held March 2, at the office of Mr. Zachariah Allen. Mr. Moses B. Ives was elected president and Mr. Zachariah Allen vice-president. Mr. Ives and Mr. Allen declining to serve Mr. John Pitman and Mr. Williams Giles Goddard were a week later elected to these offices. The new library was opened October 10, 1836, in rooms which had formerly been occupied by the old Athenæum, on the west side of the second story of the Arcade, No. 42 being used as a reading room and No. 44 for the library. Mr. Samuel W. Peckham, then a student in the law office of United States District Attorney Richard W. Greene, who had been elected librarian on September 26, was in charge. The hours of opening, at first fixed from three to five daily, were soon lengthened to from three to six.

Seven months before the opening of the library on March 9, 1836, a communication from Messrs. Nicholas Brown, and Moses B. and Robert H. Ives, for the estate of Thomas P. Ives, deceased, was received by the board of directors, offering "to furnish a lot of land opposite the town house, at the junction of Benefit and College streets, for the site of an edifice to be erected of stone or brick, for the suitable accommodation of the Athenæum, Historical and Franklin Societies, the lot and building to be owned by the Athenæum, and the other societies to be accommodated therein upon terms to be agreed upon." They also offered, the lot being valued by them at $4,000, to pay $6,000 towards the erection of such a building, and $4,000 towards the purchase of books for the Athenæum, making a total of $14,000, upon condition that the sum of $10,000 more be made up, to be applied to the same building, and $4,000 more towards the purchase of books, by the subscriptions of responsible persons (and exclusive of moneys received for shares to be sold in the Athenæum), previous to first of June next.

The offer was accepted by the board. The committee appointed to collect the necessary subscriptions met with immediate success, the sum of $15,604.50, an excess of $1,604.50 above the required amount, being subscribed by 196 individuals and firms. Most of the subscribers to the fund, together with others, took shares in the new institution, fixed constitutionally at fifteen dollars, enabling the library to open with a membership of 291.

In the meantime the subject of the erection of the building by the Athenæum for its own accommodation and that of the Historical and Franklin societies, had early engaged the attention of the board of directors. A plan furnished by Mr. William Strickland, of Philadelphia, was adopted, the lot of land was conveyed to the Athenæum as proposed, and Zachariah Allen, John J. Stimson and William S. Patten were appointed by the board a building committee to contract for and superintend the erection of the building. The ground was first broken on April 4, 1837, and the building was commenced on the ninth of May, the internal being occupied in excavating and preparing the ground. Samuel B. Durfee, of Providence, was the master mason and Ebenezer Carpenter, of Providence, took and executed the contract for the carpenters' and joiners' work.

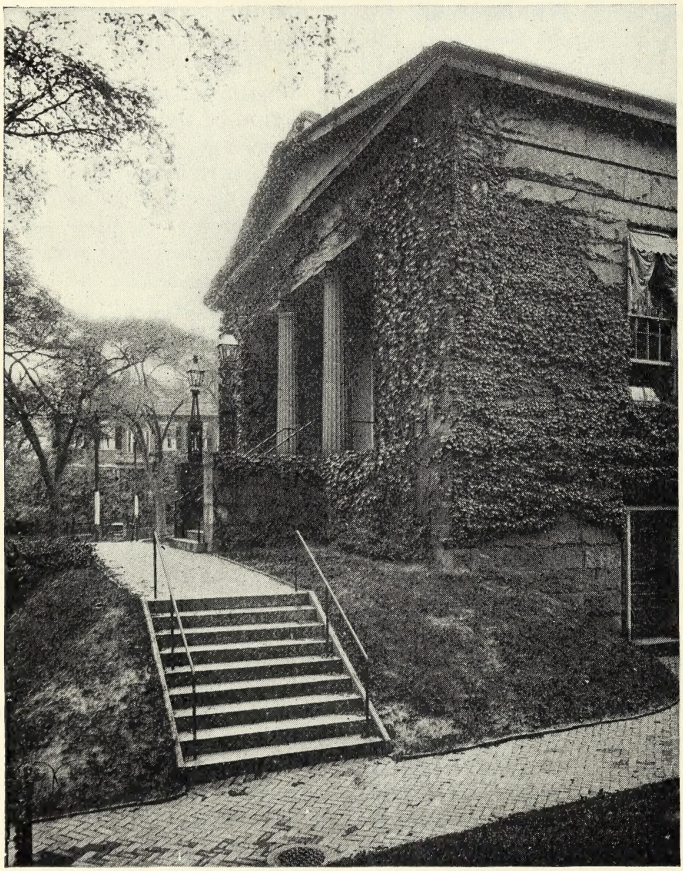
Under the terms of an agreement the Providence Franklin society, founded in 1821 as "The Philosophical Association," was alloted the basement story and the Rhode Island Historical Society, founded a year later, the east room of the principal story. The Historical society never occupied the room, however, and the joint tenancy with the Franklin society lasted but little more than a decade, the Athenæum coming into possession of the entire building in 1849.

The building was completed in the spring of 1838. The first meeting of the board of directors in its new home was held June 22. The books were removed from the Arcade in July, the building dedicated July 11 and opened for the use of shareholders July 16.

The structure, to quote the description of the building committee given in the

third annual report of the institution, "is of the Grecian Doric order of architecture, constructed of granite. It is forty-eight feet in width and seventy-eight feet in depth. The front is fine hammered granite, from Quincy, Massachusetts, from the quarry owned by Nathaniel F. Potter, of Providence, who contracted for and furnished it for the sum of $3,417, including the two fluted columns, fourteen feet high, each shaft in one piece, two feet, four and one-half inches in diameter at the base.... The side walls of the building are of granite, from Johnston, in this state, from a quarry of Amasa Sweet. It is rough, as split from the rock, technically called 'rough ashler,' firmly secured to thick interior walls of stone."

The cost of the building was $14,966.12, the grounds and their preparation, $3,419.66, fences, $511.40, a total of $18,897.18. The receipts of the institution at its commencement, from donations, subscriptions, sales of shares, and contribution of the Franklin society, were between $33,000 and $34,000. Of this amount nearly $13,000 was expended on the building and grounds, as above, and $5,000 invested in bank stock, leaving some $9,000 for the purchase of books.



THE PROVIDENCE ATHENÆUM

The dedication of the building by appropriate religious and literary exercises took place at the Baptist Meeting House, on the afternoon of July 11. A procession, composed of various public bodies, the proprietors of the Athenæum and

citizens generally, was formed at the library building, and, marshalled by Judge Thomas Burgess and Sheriff Roger Williams Potter, proceeded to the church, where a discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University. Rev. Edward B. Hall officiated as chaplain, and odes, written for the occasion by Thomas P. Rodman and William J. Pabodie, were sung by the Providence Glee Club.

As this article is mainly concerned with the beginnings of the Athenæum as embodied in the history of the Providence Library company, the old Providence Athenæum and the foundation of the present institution, especially as their history throws light on the early development of libraries in this country, it is not necessary to treat fully the subsequent history of the Athenæum, but under a few general headings to give only the more salient features of its later growth.

The external walls of the building remain practically as when completed in the spring of 1838; the interior, however, has undergone important alterations. The ground floor constructed for the use of the Franklin society, was originally divided into four rooms. In 1850-1851 the central partitions were removed, making two rooms, the front or west room being fitted up as a reading room, which it still remains, and the rear or east room, now the periodical room, being shelved for maps and bound files of newspapers. The main library room was connected with the ground floor, the present stairway being built, and a hot water system of heating introduced. The expense of these extensive alterations was mainly provided for by a verbal bequest of Cyrus Butler, through Alexander Duncan.

The library room, in the principal story, was originally thirty-two feet long by forty-three feet wide, and was separated by a thick wall from another room to the east, connecting with the former by two doors. This "east room," so-called, before it was furnished with shelves for books in 1841, was often used for the free exhibition of works of art belonging to the Athenæum, or loaned for this purpose. The partition wall was removed in 1868, and the two rooms were thrown into one. At the same time the accommodations for the library were largely increased by the present arrangement of alcoves and galleries, the total expense of the alterations being a little less than $8,000. This was almost entirely provided for by voluntary subscriptions by the shareholders and others.

The general appearance of the building from the street is the same as when completed, but the surroundings are very different. At the time this edifice was erected neither the opposite nor the adjoining block of dwelling houses had been built. The site of the former, then considerably lower than the level of Benefit street, had once been temporarily occupied by a tent, or circular building, with a canvas roof for circus performances. The only noted building in the neighborhood was the old Town House, mentioned in Messrs. Brown and Ives' letter offering the gift of the land. This ancient relic continued to be an opposite neighbor until 1860, when it was torn down and its members dispersed. Going back to the date of the erection of the building, the land on the east side of Benefit street, from the corner of College street to the brick dwelling house on the corner of George street, was a high bank, sloping towards Benefit street, and probably still retained some traces of the original conformation of College Hill. The back part of it was on a level with the gangway on the east, now partly held up by the retaining wall at the rear of this building. On this eminence salutes used to be fired on the Fourth of July, from the guns of the United Train of Artillery, whose armory was on the opposite side of the street.

For a quarter of a century no extensive changes were made in the Athenæum building. In 1894, however, there was begun a series of important alterations and improvements lasting, with little interruption, until 1898, and increasing the shelf capacity of the library some 25,000 volumes. The changes were inaugurated by the conversion of the cataloguer's room into a general reference room and librarian's room, with a capacity of 2,500 volumes. In 1896 the gallery space oc-

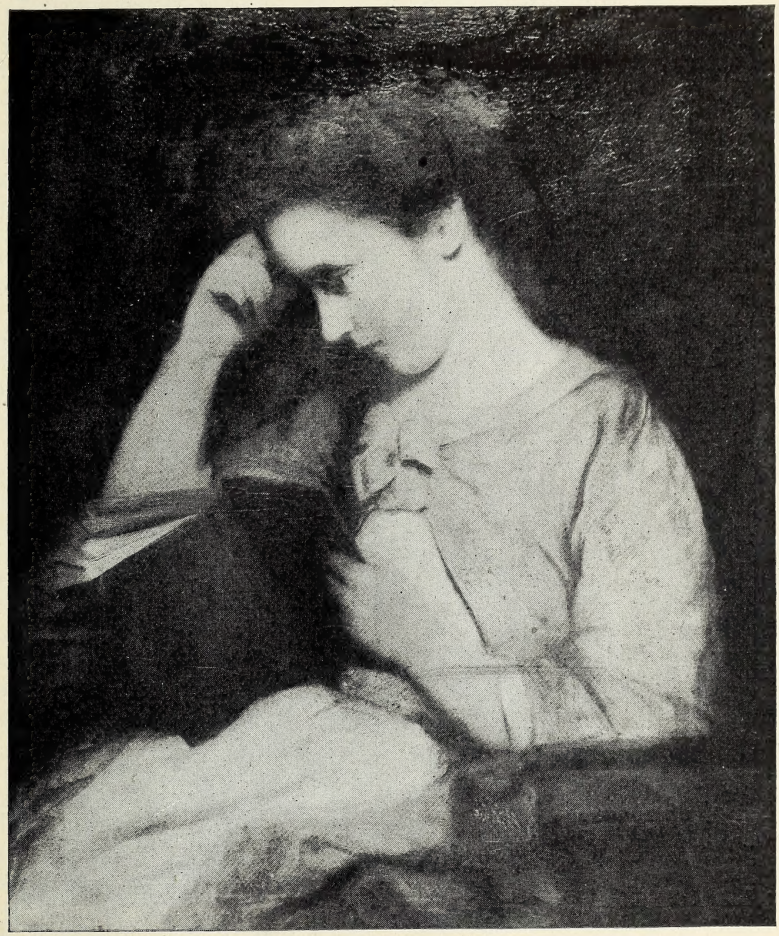
cupying the entire west end of the building was made into an art room through the generosity of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Shepard. The room was given and furnished in memory of her father, Professor Goddard, who was closely identified with the institution from its start until his death. The brass-tablet over the casement window of the room bears this inscription: "Art memorial room. In memory of William Giles Goddard, a founder of the Athenæum and the steadfast friend of sound learning and wholesome literature. 1794-1846." During the same years the east room on the ground floor, some twenty-two by forty-three feet, was entirely remodeled, and shelved in compact stack construction to accommodate the Athenæum's large and valuable collection of bound periodicals. The room has a capacity of 12,000 volumes and is also used as a study room for club work. In 1897 the directors' room was fitted up as a reference room for Rhode Island history and genealogy and as a catalogue room. During this same year an entrance was cut through the east wall, making a much appreciated approach from College street. This same period included a new roof and skylights, introduction of electricity, thorough overhauling of the heating and plumbing systems, new fences, regrading of the grounds, planting of shrubbery, new walks and many minor repairs.

In 1906, through the active interest of one of the shareholders, a purse was raised among friends of the Athenæum for the alteration and renovation of the reading-room. Though the alcoves were removed the retention of the cornice, pilasters and most of the shelving gave the new room all the charm and character of the old.

On July tenth of the present year plans were approved by the board of directors for an extensive addition to the present building on the south and east. The southern wing is approximately thirty by forty feet and its principal room is provided with alcoves and gallery similar to the present main library room. The ground floor is an extension of the present periodical room. The addition to the east provides, on the ground floor, a boiler and unpacking room; on the main library floor, a vestibule entrance, children's room and directors' room, and on the gallery floor a room for special collections and a staff room. In adopting these plans the board has had in mind the retention, so far as possible, of the old lines of the building without and the old atmosphere and distinctive character within.

The officers of the institution have been as follows: Presidents, John Pitman, 1836-1856; William S. Patten, 1856-1870; William Gammell, 1870-1882; Alexander Farnum, 1882-1883; Augustus Woodbury, 1883-1888; Samuel L. Caldwell, 1888-1889; Samuel W. Peckham, 1889-1895; Joseph C. Ely, 1895-1897; Royal C. Taft, 1897-1897; Alfred Stone, 1897-1908; Stephen H. Arnold, 1908-in office. Vice-Presidents: William G. Goddard, 1836-1845; George Baker, 1845-1846; William S. Patten, 1846-1856; Alexis Caswell, 1856-1868; William Gammell, 1868-1870; Alexander Farnum, 1870-1882; Augustus Woodbury, 1882-1883; Royal C. Taft, 1883-1897; Alfred Stone, 1897-1897; Stephen H. Arnold, 1897-1908; John C. Pegram, 1909-1909; William L. Hodgman, 1910-in office. Treasurers: William R. Staples, 1836-1836; Stephen Tripp, 1836-1845; Thomas M. Burgess, 1845-1847; Stephen T. Olney, 1847-1850; Henry Anthony, 1850-1850; Henry T. Beckwith, 1850-1860; Amasa Paine; 1860-1863; Henry T. Cornett, 1863-1865; Stephen H. Arnold, 1865-1897; Charles R. Stark, 1897-1905; Charles T. Dorrance, 1905 - in office. Secretaries: Thomas White, 1836-1836; Samuel W. Peckham, 1836-1845; Samuel Austin, 1845-1847; Isaac Proud, 1847-1849; Albert J. Jones, 1849-1854; John Gorham, 1854-1856; Samuel W. Peckham, 1856-1857; James Tillinghast, 1857-1871; Charles P. Robinson, 1871-1877; William M. Bailey, Jr., 1877-1893; Charles T. Dorrance, 1893-1893; Pardon S. Jastram, 1893-in office. Librarians: Samuel W. Peckham, 1836-1838; Stephen B. Weeden, 1838-1845; Thomas H. Williams, 1845-1854; J. Dunham Hedge, 1854-1879; Daniel Beckwith, 1879-1894, and Joseph L. Harrison, 1894-date.

Of those included in this list of officers two stand out conspicuously because of their long service and deep interest in the Athenæum. Judge Peckham was actively identified with the institution from its incorporation in 1836 until his death, in 1895. He served as the first librarian, 1836 to 1838, as secretary from 1836 to 1845, seven terms as director and as president from 1889 to 1895. Mr. Arnold has been in continuous service as an officer of the Athenæum for nearly half a century. He was treasurer from 1865 to 1897, vice-president from 1897 to 1908, and has held the office of president since 1908.



THEOPHILA PALMER, CATALOGUED AS "A GIRL READING," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The present governing board is made up as follows:—Stephen H. Arnold, president; William L. Hodgman, vice-president; Charles T. Dorrance, treasurer; Pardon S. Jastram, secretary. Directors: Arthur P. Sumner, Frederick S. Clark, Zechariah Chafee, Henry A. H. Jackson, N. Darrell Harvey, Edward DuVillard, Edward D. Pearce, William C. Poland, Albert E. Ham, Howard L. Clark, Edward F. Ely, Harold P. Waterman, Otis Everett. Auditing Committee: Arthur Knight, Eugene W. Mason, Fletcher S. Mason.

From the first the Athenæum has been the recipient of many and valuable gifts of money, of books and of works of art. In 1849 Alexander Duncan, in accord-

ance with the wishes of Cyrus Butler, gave $6,000 to be added to the permanent endowment fund and $4,000 to pay off the old debt to the Franklin society and make necessary alterations in the basement. In 1865 Thomas Poynton Ives left a bequest of $10,000, which was subsequently added to the endowment fund. In 1867 twenty-one subscribers contributed $3,285 to the endowment fund and the following year eighty-nine shareholders gave $7,722 for alterations in the building. In 1896 Mrs. Elizabeth A. Shepard gave the art room, shelved and fully furnished for use. At various times from 1896-1906, shareholders contributed $5,917, including $1,000 given for the special purpose of renovating the reading room, toward the general improvements of the building and grounds.

The Athenæum has received seven book funds, as follows:

The Allen Brown Bequest of $500, bequeathed in 1861 as an unrestricted book fund. The Carrington Hoppin Fund of $3,000, bequeathed in 1879, and at Mr. Hoppin's request limited in its use to the purchase of books relating to Italy and Italian art. The Thomas P. I. Goddard Fund of $8,912, given in 1889 and used in accordance with the expressed desire of the donor for the purchase of "standard works of permanent value." The Albert Jones Fund of $1,000, bequeathed in 1887, and limited by the terms of the will to the purchase of books "illustrating the arts of design as applied to decorative or industrial art." The William M. Bailey, Jr., Memorial Fund of $1,000, for the purchase of books, engravings and photographs relating to architecture. The Elizabeth A. Shepard Book Fund of $3,000, given in 1905 and 1906 by Mrs. T. P. Shepard as a general book fund. The Miller fund, bequeathed in 1909, by Mrs. Helen Woods Miller, widow of Dr. Horace G. Miller, the income to be applied for the purchase of books.

Among the more valuable works of art all of them gifts, may be mentioned: Copy of Stuart's portrait of Washington, executed by an Italian artist from the original painted for the Marquis of Lansdowne; portrait of Cyrus Butler; portrait of James G. Percival, by Alexander; marble bust of John Pitman, by George O. Annable; "The Hours," by Edward G. Malbone, perhaps the most noted work of this celebrated miniature painter; portrait of Washington Allston, by Chester Harding; Cavalier of the time of Charles I., by Van Dyke; portrait of John Hampden, by Gaudy; portrait of Theophila Palmer, known as "A girl reading," by Sir Joshua Reynolds; marble bust of Shakespeare; portrait of Zackary Taylor, by C. A. Foster; miniature of Nicholas Power, by Malbone; Malbone's portrait sketch of himself; portrait of Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, by C. G. Thompson; Wandering Jew, water color by Horace Vernet; portrait of Samuel W. Peckham, from his heirs, 1897; bronze tablet in honor of the Carrington Hoppin bequest; and a portrait of Joseph C. Ely, by Hugo Breul.

Among other gifts may be mentioned a drinking fountain from Mrs. Anna Richmond and a bequest of $5,000 from Joseph J. Cooke for the purchase of books from his private library. It may be noted that a number of the paintings, including the Van Dyke and Reynolds, were given by Ethelbert R. Billings and the miniature of Nicholas Power by his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman.

"The Hours" was painted by Malbone in 1801 during a seven months' sojourn in London. It was given by the artist to his sister, Mrs. Harriet Whitehorne, wife of John G. Whitehorne, of Newport. Mrs. Whitehorne died in 1853 and her executor to carry out her wish that the picture should remain in the artist's native state, suggested that it be purchased for the Athenæum. Acting on the suggestion, Miss Elizabeth B. Patten, afterward Mrs. Arthur F. Dexter, then scarcely more than a girl, collected from 119 friends of the institution most of the necessary money, and the miniature came into possession of the Athenæum on August 26, 1854.

In connection with the portrait of Mrs. Whitman it may be noted that one of the Athenæum's treasures is a volume of Colton's American Review for 1847, the December number of which contains the anonymous poem Ulalume with Poe's own signature added. The story is that Mrs.

Whitman, who was then engaged to Edgar Allan Poe, asked him one day when they were in the Athenæum, if he had read the new poem and if he knew its author. He surprised her by owning himself to be the author and taking up the library copy of the magazine signed his name at the end of the poem.

from 293 to 1,000, the number of volumes in the library from 4,162 to 75,000 volumes and the annual circulation from 3,684 to 60,440.

The Athenæum has issued four printed catalogues, as follows: Catalogue of the Athenæum library, Providence, 1837; First supplementary catalogue, Provi-



THE HOURS. EUNOMIA, DICE AND IRENE. THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE COMING HOUR, BY EDWARD MELBONE

It may be stated broadly regarding the growth of the institution that during the seventy-five years of its history from 1836 to 1911 its endowment fund has increased from $5,000 to $51,669, receipts from annual and other rights from $1,465 to $7,141, the number of shareholders

dence, 1839; Catalogue of the library of The Providence Athenæum, Providence, 1853, and First supplementary catalogue, Providence, 1861. Its card catalogue, a full author and subject dictionary catalogue, was begun in 1883. In 1895 the Dewey decimal system of classifica-

tion was adopted and the entire reorganization of the cataloguing and shelf arrangement of the library begun. This work has now been practically completed.

The constitution, by-laws and regulations have been changed from time to time as the interests of the Athenæum demanded. Perhaps the most comprehensive and far reaching revision of these instruments was that of 1895, made under the presidency of Mr. Joseph C. Ely, who brought to the task not only a remarkably keen and sympathetic appreciation of the traditions of the Athenæum but an equally thorough knowledge of its needs. Mr. Ely desired to present to the corporation and board a revised code which would bring the institution more in line with the spirit and methods of modern library work, increase its power of service and enlarge its general efficiency. With these objects in view he framed what was practically, as far as the operation of the library was concerned, a new constitution, by-laws and regulations. The constitution and by-laws were adopted by the corporation in September, 1895, and the regulations by the board in October of the same year. The salient feature of the revised constitution was a new article defining for the first time the character of the institution, as follows:

"The purpose and aim of The Providence Athenæum shall be to furnish a home library, larger, better arranged, more useful and more attractive than that within the means of any individual shareholder; and the scope of its growth, the acquisition of books of general literature and other works, publications and periodicals in literature or art which conduce to general culture, to the exclusion of any publications of a purely technical or professional character, which latter shall only be purchased from funds especially given for such purpose."

Mr. Ely's judgment has been found sound. During the sixteen years which have elapsed since the adoption of the policy he outlined and earnestly advocated the endowment fund has increased twenty-three per cent., the income from annual rights and other rights seventy-seven per cent., the number of shareholders thirty-six per cent., the number of volumes in the library thirty-nine per cent., and the annual circulation forty-six per cent.

But in no way has the growth and strength of the Athenæum been more strikingly shown than during the presidency of Mr. Arnold, when in 1909, the constitutional limit of 1,000 members, fixed the previous year, was reached, realizing a hope voiced in nearly every annual report since the incorporation of the institution in 1836, and again, at the meeting of the corporation in 1909, when the annual tax, established in 1836 at five dollars, was raised to seven dollars and a half, the shares from fifteen to twenty-five dollars and non-assessable shares from $125 to $150. After three-quarters of a century of the old order the test was severe, but that the judgment of the board in advocating the increase and of the corporation in voting it was sound and voiced the sentiment of the constituency was demonstrated by the result for not only was there no adverse criticism, but, on the contrary, many expressions of approval.

On February 28, 1911, the Athenæum celebrated very simply and quietly, in its own reading-room, the seventy-fifth anniversary of its incorporation. Addresses were made by its president, Mr. Arnold, Hon. William B. Weeden and Dr. William H. P. Faunce. The tradition, the atmosphere and that intangible something which may be called the spirit of the old institution were so charmingly and feelingly brought out by Dr. Faunce that his summing up of what is after all the real essence of the Athenæum may fittingly be quoted in conclusion:

"I find it quite impossible to speak of the Athenæum in an impersonal way, and so I hope you will forgive me if I fail to do it. When Disraeli was asked how it was that he got along so well with Queen Victoria while Gladstone was always in difficulty, he answered: 'The matter is very simple. I always treat the Queen as a woman, while Gladstone always seems to approach her as a public institution.' Now, the Athenæum is vastly more than a public institution. To those of us who know it, and have known it for a genera-

tion, it is an influence intellectual, spiritual, almost personal. Through the kindness of a classmate, I was introduced to this building, so stern without, so warm and friendly within. I can truly say that this is the only library in all the world that I ever loved. The long golden afternoons that I spent in these alcoves are among the happiest recollections of my life. The repose, the seclusion, the still and quiet air of delightful studies, the fading light as the sun was sinking down over the city, the hushed footsteps, the touch of vanished hands in every alcove—all this produced an impression well-nigh religious.

"I am sure there are many here to-day, whose recollections of this spot are of the same rich and grateful character as my own. 'Yes,' people may say, 'that is just the trouble. It is all recollection, all a mere reminiscence of what was, and cannot be again *Troja fuit*. The subscription library has had its day and played its part. Peace to its ashes! But something more democratic, better fitted for the present service of the commonwealth we may now expect and demand.' How familiar the sound! We have heard the same thing said about the Christian Church, that it is somewhat musty in the present day, and other organizations must succeed it. Many times in the last few years we have heard the same thing said of the college, that the technical school now has the field, that the utilitarian studies are sweeping everything before them; that there is no longer place for history, philosophy, art and literature. Well, if we want no place we shall have no place; in the intellectual world wanting is the first step in having. It is the will to believe, the will to create, and the will to preserve, that count for the most in the realm of the spirit. Surely a heritage of a century and a half—for that is what the Athenæum really may claim—a heritage of a century and a half is not lightly to be flung away. Not everything old is thereby proved to be bad, even in America. The fact that there are invisible roots running down deep into the life of this state, roots such as no brand-new institution could possibly possess, should make us who are here to-day prize very highly this venerable institution, redolent of the life of our state, and we should preserve and maintain it as we preserve and maintain our ancient liberties. This is a part of our soul-liberty, the expression of the early genius of Rhode Island.

"The cultural side of life has found a strong bulwark in the existence and growth of this institution; and while the specialist in certain fields of knowledge must always come by preference to the University Library, and while our children and young people for certain lines of reading may go naturally to the great Public Library, in whose beneficent success we rejoice, yet there will always be a large number of families in Providence who need just what this institution has to offer.

I am convinced that, amid the great utilitarian movements of our age, more and more we need buildings and institutions that stand for the things of the spirit. We need structures that stand for memory and hope and imagination, that offer to the reader a little solitude, which shall be to his spirit what space is to the tree, enabling it to strike in its roots and put forth its fruit.

"Let us believe in our historic enterprise and so create a future for it. Let us never falter for an instant, or admit to any man that here is simply a remnant of the past, fading slowly out in the light of the new democracy. It is the new democracy that most needs the old heritage of reverence and faith and poise of spirit. It is democracy that must be saved from crudity and obscurantism and made familiar with our intellectual heritage. Changes must come to all things human, to home and school and church and city. Even this granite front must crumble. But ideas and ideals survive and are transmitted from age to age. Instead of dwindling they shine with increasing light and power. That we appreciate some of these ideals and would convey them to remote generations—that is the meaning of the simple but heart-felt exercises of this winter afternoon."

The Menace of Free Trade

(*Continued from page* 171.)

The president stepped into the breach and vetoed the measure. The business interests of the country breathed easier and the wheels of business resumed the regularity of their rhythm. The partisan press howled. The democratic and insurgent declaimers "got busy;" but the mass of the people have made pretty shrewd guess that those vetoes were about the best things that have happened.

The wool tariff is in need of revision. The ablest men in touch with the facts are practically unanimous in that belief. That revision will, in the main, be downward. A board is at work studying the facts, and attempting to collate them and prepare them for the use of Congress in making this revision. There are those who believe that this care is simply a subterfuge. They feel, or profess to feel, that it is a proof of secret relations between the government (or the Republican party) and this 50,000 headed trust.

I do not know what your "line" may be, Mr. Reader, but I dare say that you are not quite ready to admit that any outsider knows more about it than you do. You do not believe that your Congressman, or any Congressman, has a right to frame legislation affecting its vital interests without careful and prolonged study and consultation with those who know. It is my business to know something of paper and printing and their costs, the manufacture and distribution of magazines, the market for literary products and a number of other things—quite a number—that enter into the publication of a periodical. I do not admit that "a Senator from Alabama" or "the gentleman from Oklahoma," knows more about these things than I do. And I am willing to give the other man the benefit of a faith in his own knowledge of his own business. When I pick up a copy of the actual text of the muc mooted "Schedule K," I see that I am once in deep water. I perceive that I have any adequate understanding c these technical definitions and fir differentiations, each one vital to *som* branch of the business, to *some* group c industries out of which *some* thousanc of my fellow citizens earn their livel hood, would require not days, n months, but years of investigation an study. About the only thing that I ca positively tell about it, after reading i is that it is perfectly obvious that th most of the arguments to which I hav listened, or which I have read, are th merest twaddle, the empty effrontery c pretenders who pose as knowing what is perfectly obvious that they cann know.

The best cure for you, if you believ that Congress ought to railroad a tari reform measure through at a sitting, to read the text of the bill and ask you self, how much you know about it, c how much any outsider can possibl know about it.

If I undertook to discuss in this artic the correct duty tax to be levied o Duiskoi, native South American, Co dova. Valparaiso, native Smyrna, Leice ter, Cottswold, Lincolnshire, down coml ing wools or any one of a hundred other I might, if you are not very sharp, in pose on you, and give you a vast admira tion for my learning, but in reality, and i the eyes of all who actually know, would become a spectacle of igno ance and folly. Certain Congressiona speeches with which the mails aboun give to most of us much of the same in pression. This much I know, and any one of average intelligence knows th same, that a single horizontal reductio of this complicated tariff, or anythin

resembling it, is a piece of brutal stupidity —brutal, because indifferent to so many vital interests, and stupid because it ignores the most patent differences.

What then, shall we do? Leave each industry to name its own tariff? Something very like that was the old way. Allow Congress to play politics with it? That also, has been known to have happened. But what shall we do? I think that the part of wisdom is to commission an impartial board to investigate the subject and to so report the facts that we can act with intelligence. This is the new method, and it should receive the hearty support of all fair-minded people.

In view of the enormous complication of the subject, and the vast interests at stake, the Amendment to the tariff on Wool was a piece of hap-hazard legislation that was rightly vetoed in the interests of all.

THE COTTON SCHEDULE

If the bill passed by Congress for the revision of the Wool schedule offered little encouragement to the friends of sincere and enlightened legislation, the attempted revision of the cotton schedule, and the methods by which it was framed and passed, are a source for national humiliation. If in addition to his manly veto of the measure, the President had called for a day of fasting and prayer, it would have been an appropriate exercise of executive authority.

We are reminded, or informed, by one defender of the measure that there was no "log-rolling," in its course through Congress, log-rolling, he naively adds by way of explanation is the name of a particular type of political abomination that is different from the type that produced this extraordinary result of legislative clumsiness.

One of the originators of the measure summarizes its provisions in the shape in which it finally stepped up to get the Presidential veto. "The bill," he says, which went through the House and passed the Senate making a reduction on cotton manufactures from 48 per cent ad valorem, to 27 per cent ad valorem, as been broadened by the senate by an mendment reducing the duty on cotton manufacturing machinery from 45 per cent to 30 per cent; by an amendment reducing the rates on chemicals from 26 per cent to 19 per cent, by an amendment reducing the duties on iron and steel from 32 per cent to 21½ per cent. and by an amendment putting coal from Canada reciprocally on the free list."

In explaining the method by which the figures were reached for the tax on chemicals, the same authoritative source declares that, "As a matter of fact, the amendment was prepared by Mr. McCoy, a special expert in the Treasury Department." We may be permitted to pause sufficiently to call attention to the inconsistency of those who employ a clerical "expert" from the Treasury Department to draft a measure for them under orders, and declaim against the "absurdity," of the President's Board, because, "it does not trust the ability of Congress to do its own figuring." But to continue with Mr. McCoy's job: "Mr. McCoy in preparing the Senate amendment, simply took the official ad valorem equivalent rates of the imports of the fiscal year 1910 under the Payne-Aldrich act and reduced them by approximately 25 per cent thereof, which in effect, was a horizontal reduction of those rates. This is the substance of the Overman Amendment covering the chemical schedule."

We are to understand, then, that the gentlemen entrusted with the preparation of this portion of the amendment, simply took an employe of the Treasury Department away from his work and instructed him to make up a list reducing the tax by, approximately, 25 per cent. He was not instructed to investigate the manufacture of chemicals in the United States, the conditions of the business and its needs. Nor is there even a pretence that the gentlemen undertook such an investigation themselves. Their sole endeavor was to get before the voters with something that looked like a reduction in the tariff as quickly as possible.

A few months ago the Boston Chamber of Commerce issued a carefully prepared statement of the possibilities of developing the chemical industries of the country. It was pointed out that the

bulk of our consumption was of imported goods. The enormous chemical plants of Germany were described, and it was hoped that Boston might undertake to develop something not wholly incomparable to these great German factories. Was that a reasonable hope? Did it have in mind the good of the community or was the Boston Chamber of Commerce planning to exploit and rob the "people?" Without the slightest consultation with these or any other interested parties, this most statesman like clause in the Cotton Amendment sought to "save" the people 25 per cent of the tax and hand the business over to Germany! It is not impossible, however, that a goodly percentage of the dear people thus solicitously benefited, might prefer to pay 11 or even 12 cents a pound for some chemical of which each of us individually uses about one ounce in three years, and see the development of a great industry added to our national wealth, rather than pay one cent a pound less and give the manufacture over to the hands of foreigners.

In other words, the mere word "reduction," may not have so magical a sound in the ears of the people as it is supposed to have. But we are discussing *cotton.* The Cotton Amendment should have been prefaced by a definition of cotton as, *anything upon which democrats and insurgent republicans can agree so as to get a bill of some kind passed.*

And that is, in substance, the definition of cotton which we are to derive from Mr. LaFollette's speech on the "Cotton Bill."

Mr. LaFollette, in a very touching, almost heart-breaking manner thus describes the economic conditions of our industries:

"The Democrat's contending for a reduction of the tariff to a revenue basis, are in control of the house of representatives; they are not in control of the Senate; they are a minority here; and they cannot hope to enforce upon this body a bill based upon a tariff for revenue principle. They have had an opportunity to demonstrate in the House of Representatives the line to which they would reduce the tariff if they controlled both branches of Congress. They have sent to the United States Senate a bill revising the cotton schedule. It comes here to a body in which there is a diversity of views. The Democrats are in the minority; the Republicans are in the majority; but upon the tariff question the Republicans are divided. A majority of the Republicans in the United States Senate would not (and I think I do not misrepresent their position) make any reduction in the duties that are fixed by the Payne-Aldrich law. There are a few Republicans here—12 or 13, who believe that the increased duties made in the tariff revision of 1907 were a violation of the Republican platform pledge.

It is to be determined here within the next hour or two whether the Democrats and the progressive Republicans, can agree upon some measure, etc."

Now no doubt all of that is very important to Messrs. LaFollette and other insurgent Republicans who must justify their existence by getting something done that, at least superficially, looks like a reduction of the tariff. *But just what does it teach us about the cotton industries of the United States?*

The cotton manufacturers of the United States contributed to the national wealth in the year 1909, $616,297,000.00 worth of manufactured goods. They paid wages amounting to $129,768,088.00. That represents the bread and butter of a great many people. How is this industry to be affected by a wholesale reduction of tariff? What would be the scale of living among the mill operatives of our cotton manufacturing towns after its enactment? Cotton goods of some kinds are made in India where the laborer receives a few pennies a day as wages, and where he has a mud hut of one room, a rag around his waist for clothing and a handful of grain for rations. In the words of an immortal poet:

"There is a benighted hindu,
Who does the best that he kin du,
He's devout at his prayers,
Never grumbles or swears,
And for clothes, makes his own shiny
skin du."

I do not suppose that anyone of the rankest free-trade proclivities can wish to put our workmen in direct competition

with the semi-naked hordes of Asia. But where shall we draw the line? Does he like the way in which the wage earners live in the cotton manufacturing centres of England? No man can go into one of those cities without instantly preceiving that the people are *poor,* very poor. Where does this new bill land us? What is to be the standard of living for our own wage earners? Have the framers of this measure soberly inquired into these things? If they have and know anything at all about it, they have kept their knowledge up their sleeves, for reasons of their own. But the people of the United States want to know, and they want to know not afterwards, but before they launch out on the experiment. They are back of President Taft in his common sense and unassailable position. First give us the facts, then let us hear the Cotton Bill or any others that the facts call for.

In China there is a famine under way most of the time, and a few hundreds of thousands starve. India indulges in periodical famines. One would imagine that our own great and prosperous land was in some such condition of sharp distress, and that the need of getting some kind of cloth cheap was so immediately urgent that to wait a few weeks to *learn the facts, was a crime.* Trading jackknives "sights unseen" may be good sport for school boys; but trading labor conditions with straightened Europe and starving Asia "sights unseen," is rather beyond the limits of the game.

MAKING A MORAL ISSUE OF THE TARIFF QUESTION

It is easy to moralize about but difficult to make a moral issue of a question concerning which the world has for ages kept easy conscience. All the volumes, for example, that have been written denouncing the futility, the horror, the folly of war, have scarcely made a skin deep impression, as yet, in the public mind. The literature and art of the ages have glorified the martial hero, and the beat of the drum and the tramp of measured steps can arouse more enthusiasm in a minute than all of the peace orators in the world. But war is wrong, none the less, and the peace orators have the right of it, and by and by, in a better world than you and I are making out of this 20th century world, they will triumphantly carry the day over the bloody sword that shall be forever sheathed.

Something very similar in kind at least, is true of tariff legislation, and it is not without significance that the same President who is urging the right method of tariff legislation as a moral issue, should also be so earnest in his endeavors to promote the peace of the world.

For one reason or another men have always held an easy conscience about tariff laws. The reasons for this go back into the stories of the walled cities of mediæval Europe, and is too remote for our present interest. But whatever may be the cause, the resulting fact is obvious to every close observer. If you should spend as much time as I have, along the border between Canada and the United States, you will be amazed at the easy feeling that is current in regard to smuggling. Churchmen, lay and cleric, stately matrons of the proudest families, young men of usually sound principles, maidens with the most tender of consciences, take a turn at eluding the custom tax—a parcel of matches to replace the vile sulphur match so common in Canada, an overcoat flung over one's arm, an engagement ring, trinkets, necessities, trifles of all kinds, when intended for personal use are almost by common consent, fair game. I am talking about the very best people.

And in the enactment of tariff laws, it has always been considered right and fair for everyone to try for everything in sight. The tariff appears to be regarded as a gratuity or bounty that comes out of no one's pocket in particular and, as everyone may lift his roofs and open his catch basins to get what he can of the rain from heaven, so each should gladly seek all the benefit possible from this smiling gratuity. In like manner the politicians have looked upon tariff legislation as their special game, and as one that it is always fair to play to the limit. Now we are being asked to take up the very method of tariff legislation as a grave moral issue. I have no doubt but that there are many who look upon Presi-

dent Taft's seriousness in this respect with the same amusement with which they watch the over-serious youths studying their Baedeker guides in traveling. Really, it seems a little green! The man is new to politics apparently—doesn't seem to understand that the thing to do with tariff legislation is to play smart politics when the Payne-Aldrich bill was passed, although the opportunity was obvious. He failed to play smart politics when the opportunity was again put up to him by the tariff legislation of the extra session of congress. And now he insists that the whole question should be taken out of politics altogether, that it is a profound economic question and legislation should be based upon scientific investigation of facts. Congress has given a kind of grudging consent in the way of supplying him with a kind of emasculated board in place of the thorough-going one that he wanted, and now wishes to make of the whole endeavor a by-word and cavil.

I think that most of us believe that President Taft is absolutely honest in his conviction that tariff legislation should be placed on a non-partisan, non-political, scientific basis. It may take us some time to wake up to the fact that this moral side of the question is in reality the biggest issue of all. But we are going to wake up to it, and the sooner the better.

In this connection it is interesting to note that there are signs of a revival of the good old word "demagogue," a word that has done notable service to humanity ever since its invention some three thousand years ago. It is natural for us all to desire to be up-to-date, and it behooves us accordingly to refresh our memories as to the real meaning of this interesting classification. And it will pay us to look a great deal further than the dictionary for a definition so that we may know who are the demagogues, if there are any among us, and who are our statesmen, if we are so fortunate as to possess such.

I think that all students of history will agree that the great differences between the few and the many is that the many always mean right but do not see clearly what is right, while the few see clearly, but have no intention of acting in accordance with their knowledge. Therefore the many are very apt to do wrong rightly. Practically everyone admits that protection is right for America, at any rate for the United States of America. The few, who are in possession of the facts, know that protection is right, and they know what kind of protection is right. They fight hard for it, but they want the right wrongly. They want to twist it to their own exclusive interest, and divert all its benefits to their own pockets. The many do not and cannot know the facts. They mean right. If protection is right they want it, but they want it rightly. They are quick to perceive when the few are working selfishly for their own interests AND FIERCE AND RESENTFUL IN THEIR OPPOSITION. They are ready to kill the protection that the few are trying to use for their own exclusive benefits. In order to stop this they are ready to injure the country by wiping out protection. In other words, through a lack of knowledge, they do wrong in a right spirit.

Now what we all want is the right done rightly. That is to say, we want protection, but we want it to be just and fair to all. The stateman is the man who tries to give us that. The demagogue is the man who perceives our mental confusion and by appeals to prejudices and class feeling tries to arouse the mob spirit, sweep away the whole institution and all in the thought that he will himself be able to ride the wave and be landed in power.

Who are those who are working to give us a sound and just protective tariff to-day and who are they that are trying to inflame us into destructive action? If we can answer that, we can easily tell who are our demagogues and who are our statesmen. I do not wish to make personal applications of my definition, but here in Massachusetts such applications if they were made, would look very bad for Mr. Foss, and in the United States Senate, they would look very bad for Messrs. LaFollette and Cummings.

On the other hand, the firm, quiet,

brave man who sits in the presidential chair and says, "We are pledged to tariff revision downwards, but we must carry out that revision in a careful, deliberate and scientific manner, looms pretty large and looks very much the statesman.

PROTECTION HAS ALWAYS BEEN A NECESSITY.

There are political orators throughout the United States, and political writers as well, who seek to give the people the impression that protection is a modern fallacy which needs only to be exposed to be destroyed as a principle of government. The fact is protection began before modern civilization was dreamt of, before Rome or Greece or Assyria or Egypt had become an organized nation; before cities were built or communities assembled, before the pen of history had been shaped, an event recorded or a tradition sung. Protection began with the advent of man upon the earth, and must be a necessity as long as the rights of man shall require a safeguard. Pre-historic man protected his rude habitation and its immediate surroundings against invasion by his fellowmen on precisely the same principle as that by which the United States seeks to protect the rights and homes of its people by and through its tariff laws. Wars innumerable have been waged for the sole purpose (though usually under some other pretext) of expanding trade. Conquerors have almost invariably exacted from the conquered concessions of territorial and commercial rights or privileges. Until some fifty years ago, no nation had ever opened her gates to the traders of other nations without first dictating terms and conditions that would protect her own people against the possibility of unequal or unfair competition.

ENGLAND'S EXPERIENCE WITH FREE TRADE.

It was then that England was led into free trade through the artful sophistry of Richard Cobden, who, though a political economist of great ability, set at naught the history of nations, the natural laws of commerce and the international customs of the centuries, and advocated the vagary of free trade as a rational policy for her to adopt. He persuaded her statesmen to believe that, having become the greatest manufacturing country in the world, her outlet through her colonies must forever increase year after year, providing her a market greater than any competing nation could ever hope for, and that she could safely and wisely open her own ports to the free entry of wares from abroad and treat the commercial pretensions of other nations with contemptuous defiance. Cobden boldly predicted that within five years from the inauguration of that policy by England it would be adopted by every other civilized nation on the globe. But his theories and his prophecy failed. Though too blind to see or too proud and perverse to acknowledge her blunder and return to the safe and sound basis upon which her wonderful prosperity had been built, she nevertheless found the great and growing market of the United States closed against her by our protective tariff laws and hundreds of manufacturing industries springing into life and activity here where she had so long been in practical commercial dominancy. She saw the new nation of Germany, full of youth and spirit and power, born of the Franco-Prussian war, take the place, unified and guided by master statesmen and diplomats, of dissensions and warring states and baronies, start on its career with strong protective tariff laws, build factories, make and sell at home and abroad with amazing rapidity the very wares and carry the very commerce to the very ports and markets which she had securely counted as her own and on which her prosperity was depending. She saw France and Austria and other protected nations appropriate trade which she had built up and found altogether that something was radically wrong with her own plans and policies. Then she opened her eyes a bit. But instead of admitting outright that she had made a stupendous mistake, she sought to save herself from the natural consequences of her folly not by a protective tariff, but by voting bounties and subsidies and crying income taxes with which to pay them. She subsidizes the mail service between Liverpool and New York alone to the extent of

$2,200,000 a year, and between other ports of the world correspondingly, but 19 per cent of her steam tonnage is idle notwithstanding the subsidies. Now her eyes are getting fully open. She sees that while the people of the United States are taxed by our protective laws an average of about $2.50 per capita and are fully protected and prosperous and thriving with a rapid increase of trade, she is making her own people pay through her income tax, subsidies and bounties something like $2.65 per capita, is losing her markets, is unable to keep her workmen employed or to pay them living wages and is in danger of falling, if she has not already begun to fall, into certain commercial and manufacturing decadency. Many of her statesmen and thousands of people are wide awake to the peril. She had had enough of free trade, and more than enough. Protective tariff leagues have been formed in all her cities and towns. Literature in vast editions is being printed and put into the hands of all who can read, and lectures and public speeches are being addressed to all who can hear, to educate the people and save the nation, and they are having the effort desired. The idleness and poverty and despair of the laboring class is pitiful. This, too, is having its effect. Public sentiment is undergoing a radical transformation and protection laws are sure to come never again to be repealed, annulled or disregarded while the nation has its senses.

Such is the lesson of free trade in England, learned by her through the loss of her supremacy and standing as an object lesson to warn the rest of the world against the dangers that must inevitably follow an abandonment of industrial protection.

Protection and prosperity, like free trade and poverty, go hand-in-hand.

Protection begets, develops and insures prosperity. Prosperity buys and sells, sells and buys, keeps men and women employed, creates wealth, spends and distributes it, keeps it circulating from one to another and promotes intelligence, education, religion, business opportunities, health and contentment.

Poverty is certain to result from enforced idleness and is dangerous to home, community, state and nation. It leads to discontent, socialism, anarchy, crime. Idle factories make idle men. Free Trade would close many a factory in the United States and throw its employees into hopeless idleness.

A factory forced into idleness is like a tombstone over the grave of former prosperity. Its sombre shadows cast a gloom, sad and despairing, over all its surroundings. A vote against protection is a vote to close the factory doors and drive its employees into idleness and their families into hunger and wretchedness.

Every ballot cast against the candidate who favors adequate protection to American industries is a vote against prosperity, whether that ballot be cast at a state or a national election. The state is a vital part of the nation. Its voice must be for or against the national welfare as safeguarded by our protective taric.

Protection is at once our national policy, our national principle and a national necessity. It should be a party question in the largest sense. Political parties exist to promote great national politics. But it is not a mere party question. It should have the hearty and steadfast support of every good citizen. Our prosperity as a nation and as a people depends on it.

The employe's capital is his skill and ability to make his services profitable to his employer; the greater his skill the greater his capital—if he is employed. But when the factory is closed, his skill avails him nothing and he is as poor as the unskilled. Protection keeps mills and factories and employees busy, gives activity to trade and prosperity to all.

Adequate protection, equal to all requirements—protection that is neither too high nor too low, but full and sufficient—is the kind and degree which can and should have the voice and vote of every man who loves his country and desires its highest and most lasting prosperity. President Taft and the great Republican party stand for adequate protection, no more, no less.

estimated by the Boston News Bureau that there were 2,500,000 idle men in the United States. If this estimate is still approximately correct the loss of labor and capital to the business of the country is $5,000,000 a day! Fear of free trade, fear that the foes of protection may come into control of our government, is the sole cause of the depression which is now upon us. It is a time for men to think before they vote, for every vote will be counted for or against our national prosperity.

Free trade, or "tariff for revenue only," would not build a factory or employ an additional workman. But it would close many a factory, throw thousands of workmen out of employment, and bring ruin to business and despair into many a happy home.

Protection means employment, wages, money, business. Free trade means idleness, no wages, no money and worse. The man without money to-day must live on his earnings of to-morrow or on somebody else's money or be a public charge or starve.

Sugar has lately been selling at seven cents a pound because of a "scarcity." The sugar trust needs further and immediate attention from the government. But what difference does the price of sugar, or even of bread, make to the idle man who has no money or credit with which to buy? Bread would be cheaper at 25 cents a loaf to the man with the money than at 5 cents a loaf and no money. Protection means to the workman employment, money, bread.

Protection runs the factories and the factories make the market for the products of the farm. The factory worker is a good buyer when he has the money. Free trade, called a "tariff for revenue only," would close the factory and transfer its trade to some foreign manufacturer. The American workman could not find employment in an idle factory, nor buy the farmer's product without money. Why should a farmer vote against protection?

Protection has been worth millions to the South. It has built her cotton mills and protected their output against foreign competition. It has developed her iron and other industries, given employment to her people, made them a market for their cotton right here at home far greater than they have in England, and brought them prosperity and wealth such as they never knew before. Free trade would be ruinous to the South, for all her industries are more or less dependent for their prosperity on an adequate protective tariff.

The United States desires more trade, not less; more steady and full-time employment for her people, not less; an increase of business and manufactures and farm products, and not a decrease; an increase in our wealth and prosperity per capita, and not a decrease. The fulfillment of our desires can only come through adequate protection to our industries and our homes. "A tariff for revenue only" would defeat our desires, blast our hopes and bring to us nothing better than certain disaster.

Does protection pay? It certainly does. Take steel, for example: Free Trade England produces five times as much as she did twenty-five years ago, protected Germany seventeen times as much and the protected United States more than twenty times as much. Should you, kind reader, if a citizen of the United States, vote to decrease our output and increase that of Britain? If so, why?

Protection encourages our own American industries and gives more employment and better wages to our own people.



The Value of the Leaves

By RUTH STERRY

THERE used to visit my garden a dear old man who loved and treasured a large garden of his own. After each inspection it was his habit as we neared the gate to repeat what had come to be a joke between us. Thrusting his cane into my soil that I might see how rich, friable and light it was, he would say, "If you will allow an old man to suggest, there is one thing your garden needs," then with a twinkle in his eye, "it needs a little fertilizer." I always had to laugh to be polite, and he never failed to laugh too, as if he had delivered himself of a rare *bon mot*. His garden grew as best it could with very little preparation of the soil,—although I believe he did gather the leaves for a good example to his neighbors, but he knew what fertilization of the soil meant, and what it would bring in the way of results.

Another friend walks through my garden with a sigh, says to me that "of course my garden grows, why shouldn't it, look at the way it is fertilized," and then adds with another sigh that she cannot affords such extravagance. Yet she affords to pay twelve dollars a year to have her garbage removed, four dollars a year to have her leaves burned, all lawn cuttings and garden litter carried to a vacant place and dumped, while her garden starves!

After much experience with the gardens of other people and that of my own, I am convinced that the wasting of good materials is a matter of ignorance only. Ask the majority of people why the leaves fall, and they will tell you almost without exception that they fall because they are dead and worthless. In reality they fall to restore to the soil some proportion of what the season's vegetation has taken from it, and so after they decay, to form new combinations and appear again as flower, leaf or fruit.

With the beginning of September every garden lover has planned his garden for the coming year, not only with a determination to have more flowers—we all do that—but with the determination to profit by the mistakes of this season and to find the reason and the remedy for the failures. But this desire and yearning for a fine garden profits nothing unless we understand plant conditions and real plant needs. It is necessary then for the would-be gardener to either study these things out for himself, or to put the garden in the hands of an experienced professional. This latter course has many disadvantages: first of all when he has planted your grounds it may not be to your taste, in the same manner that a decorator might furnish an elaborate house from which you would want to flee; it would not be your garden, in the strictest sense, and if you own it, and want to claim it, you want it to reflect your personality and your taste. There is another reason why it is better for you to make your own mistakes, than to trust yourself in the hands of many so called gardeners. The men whose opinion and taste are really worth while are not available, except in rare instances, to persons of moderate means. The average florist's opinion is not to be trusted. He will fill your lawn with plants that have no background, hang here and there, as it were meaningless groups, and in general employ that horror of the real flower lover —bedding out plants. He will do worse he will if you take pains to assure him that you are relying upon his judgment use the so-called nursery style of planting, instead of planting in masses for effect.

If we build a house we employ an

architect, but when a garden is to be built, we either do it ourselves with the sanguinity of ignorance, or hire a man to dig holes here and there and plant floricultural discords.

If you take a walking journey around the gardens you know you will find them starved ones in the majority, and yet every gardener has at hand the means to make his garden blossom if he would. Let him, if he wants a real return for his labor, look well after the wastes of both house and garden, and he will soon discover what wealth even a small householder has at his disposal.

Early in the autumn I have brought into my garden a load of top soil and one of horse manure. I select a place where it can lie undisturbed, and I begin to gather my plant food for the next year. I begin with a layer of leaves, garden rakings or coarse litter, then spread lightly with earth, put on a layer of manure, cover this with another layer of leaves, litter, etc., and repeat until every leaf has been utilized. Into this pile I bury all the ashes from my wood fire, all garbage from the house week by week, and just before the ground freezes I have brought in a few wheelbarrows of sand, which I spread very thinly over the pile; I then turn the hose on it and give it a good drenching. About once a month in winter I have my man turn it all over with a fork, round it up, wet it down, and keep it well covered with earth. This is the compost heap, which grows with a rapidity that astonishes you, and you begin to wonder at your great extravagance in wasting all these products before.

If you cannot for any reason get the earth or manure for your pile, do not let that prevent you from having a storehouse of plant food preparing for another year. Dig a deep hole in your garden and start your leaf-mold in that, add the garbage from the house, garden litter, all weeds, and what sand you can get, remembering that it should not be in excess of five per cent of the whole mixture, keep the pile well covered with earth, wet down, and turned over, and you will have for your plants what money cannot buy for them. Any animal matter if well covered with earth can be added to advantage. Animal matter evolves ammonical gas, which not only adds a deeper green to all foliage, but gives health and vigor to the surrounding vegetation.

Do not be afraid of any disagreeable sights about, or odors from your compost pile, for Nature's wonderful chemical laboratory soon incorporates everything into a homogeneous mass from which there arises neither odors nor unpleasant appearances, but rather as the humus grows blacker and blacker, a great hope in the breast of the gardener for a new and more wonderful garden in the coming year.

If one lives near a wood great loads of leaves can be gathered in a day. Oak leaves are the best; beech leaves I do not use at all as they take too long to decay, while birch leaves are of little value. Straw if well chopped is a valuable addition to the compost requiring only a few months to decay, while sods are priceless.

The Dutch gardeners who grow such wonderful bulbs do so in a soil made from Elm leaves and droppings from cows, mixed with a liberal supply of sand (about twelve per cent). No commercial fertilizer can provide you with a satisfactory and nourishing mulch for your bulb beds. Bulbs require a rich light loam with a high degree of porosity, and I have in mind a large bed where lime, potash and phosphorus had been liberally added, and where nothing could be induced to grow with anything like a degree of excellence. After a well dug-in supply of humus from a year old compost pile it grew such tulips as every gardener dreams of.

The application of humus to the garden soil serves three very important ends; it lightens the soil, it improves the structure, and places the plant food in an immediately available shape; of these I consider the lightening of the soil the most important.

Garden beds that are hard, and have a tendency to bake after the application of water, are of no use whatever except to build up hopes that never are to be realized.



THE THAMES RIVER AT NEW LONDON. YALE-HARVARD BOAT RACE, 1911. MAYOR B. F. MAHAN IN AEROPLANE WITH AVIATOR ATWOOD

The Spirit of New London

An Industrial Awakening

By ALFRED LIGOURIE

New London's opportunities.
Free locations.
Free taxes.
Deep water shipping facilities.
Competing railways.
Coastwise steamship lines.
Transatlantic steamship docks.

FORTUNATE is New London, advantages and opportunities that for years have been visionary dreams are to-day realities. Within one year one million two hundred thousand dollars have been given by its citizens for the location and endowment of The Woman's College of Connecticut, and one million dollars have been appropriated by the legislature of Connecticut to provide wharves and docks in New London for transatlantic steamships. Doubly fortunate is New London. The year 1911 will mark the dawn of a new era in the history of the old whaling town. Within the nine short months just past it has crowded more events that have served to bring the city into prominence than during the 265 years since its founding. Standing out in bold relief are these two above named achievements that have attracted state and national attention and is bringing the city to the forefront among the cities of New England.

The question naturally arises, "To what is due this sudden awakening?" The answer is simple. The "SPIRIT OF NEW LONDON"—the spirit that has made itself manifest in the time of necessity, the spirit that remained undaunted after it was burned and razed at the hands of the traitor, Arnold; the same spirit that caused her citizens to offer up their lives at Lincoln's call, when a number equalling the registered list of voters went to the front. That spirit lay dormant for years and for a time it seemed as though the city by the Thames would be content with a maritime greatness of a dim past. For several years after the decline of the whaling business New London was practically at a standstill. The population decreased and the inhabitants invested their money outside the city to its detriment. Since that time except for occasional bursts of enterprise the city had not taken advantage of its unequalled advantages.

Of the two greatest achievements of New London, the movement for the establishing of the Woman's College was the first of fulfillment, and to it the new birth of New London can truthfully be attributed.

The careful student of local social conditions has long been aware that the civic pride of New London centered about her schools, and he might naturally conclude that an educational shock ought to bring about the desired awakening. Indeed, New London may well take pride in her interest in education for more than three per cent of her population is enrolled in the high schools, according to figures given the past month, the highest average that has come to the attention of authorities on such matters in the city. And yet there seemed to be an air of satisfied contentment with what was being done even in education. For twenty years

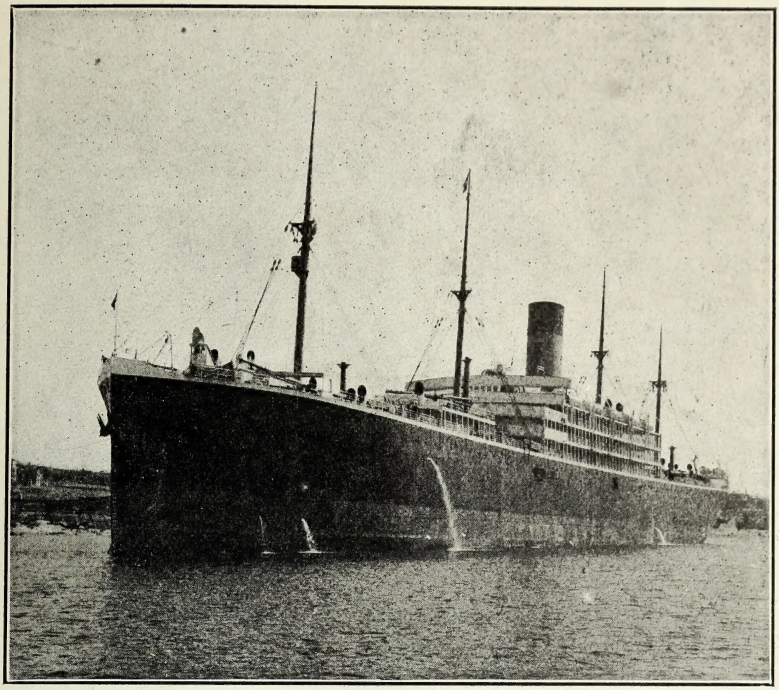


Savings Bank of New London

efforts had been made to interest New Londoners to start here a college for women. The prediction was made to them that the State would not long suffer itself to be without an institution of the higher grade, but, though promises of assistance from outside sources were secured, New London men could not be induced to take the initiative.

In the autumn of 1910 the city was startled into sudden wakefulness by the introduction of a new element,—the prospect of irremediable failure to secure that which, down deep in her subliminal self, she had all the time intended eventually to have. When the Hartford College Club appointed a committee to investigate, and later to secure an appropriate site for a college for women, there were unmistakable signs of activity in New London. The first to realize the importance of obtaining the location of the college in New London were Percy C. Eggleston and Philip C. Dunford. These gentlemen entered into a correspondence that resulted in bringing the committee in charge to this city to look over the site and see its advantages and appointed a committee to ascertain the purchase price of a large tract of land for the proposed college. Skeptical of the outcome of the movement, and with an eye to the tax lists, the owners of the property set a price that would give the college about two hundred and seventy-five acres of land, including fifty acres offered as a gift by Mrs. Harriet U. Allyn, for a sum total of about fifty thousand dollars.

Professor Colin S. Buell, the enthusiast for all these years, was appointed a committee of one to ascertain the views of Morton F. Plant on the advisability of going ahead with the plans. Needless to say, Mr. Plant, always ready to assist in anything that promises to advance the prosperity of the many parts of the world in which he is interested, and who had said years before that he would help, advised that we have the college in New London if possible. Thereupon the committeeman aforementioned waited upon the mayor, and asked him to call the council in special session to recommend



THE NEW LONDON-BUILT SHIP, THE MINNESOTA, IN NEW LONDON HARBOR

to the city an appropriation of $50,000 for the purchase of a site for a college for women to be located in New London. The mayor agreed, and the council responded with an enthusiasm that was almost prophetic and the money was appropriated. A committee was appointed to secure the college. Negotiations were carried on with the committee of the Hartford College Club all through the autumn. The upshot of it all was that, with the promise of the New London committee to raise $100,000, in addition to the appropriation of the city, the Hartford committee made common cause with New London for the establishment of a college in the old harbor town.

Almost no one believed it possible to raise any such amount by subscription in a city of less than twenty thousand people. A tax of $5.00 upon every soul in town was preposterous. But if the people can be interested in a project of this kind, one can easily figure out that a large sum can be raised in comparatively small subscriptions, and every person in the town had become interested in this college.

A quick campaign, similar in outline to those in which the Y. M. C. A. has been so successful, was determined upon, though about every principle underlying their theory was violated during this campaign with impunity. The war-cry, "Get It March First," was immediately raised, and before the ten day campaign began every one knew that $100,000 was to be raised before midnight of that date.

Monday, February 20, was the day set for beginning the campaign.

Sunday the matter was discussed in every church in town, and Monday the cash and subscriptions began to pour in. Many an old stocking was drawn from its hiding-place; many a sum hoarded for some luxury was consecrated to the good cause; many a dollar, or sometimes a much smaller sum, earned by the grimy hand of toil won as great commendation as the thousands of the wealthy. Pathetic instances were related by the team captains at the daily lunch hour of the self-sacrificing devotion of hard earned money by those who could ill



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF

afford to spare it, "for the sake of the dear girls, God bless them," who will attend the college.

Day after day, in a regular, steady stream, these gifts continued. The "black day" which had been predicted never came. Sunday, the 26th, was a day of rest, for by that time the total amount was practically assured, and Tuesday, the 28th, at the noonday lunch the reports of the captains brought the total over the $100,000 mark.

A celebration was held on the evening of March 1st, at which the subscription of $25,000 by Mr. Plant was announced, and the grand total of $135,000 was reached.

Let no one think that the magnificent financial result was the most important thing accomplished by this campaign. At the close of the campaign New London was a united city. Class, race, religious barriers had been broken down. Men, and women as well, had been taught that their neighbor of another class, race or church, was generally a good fellow, just as much interested in the welfare of the city as oneself, and ready to meet one-half way. New London is a different city to-day from what it was a year ago, and, whatever other influences may have been at work, the college campaign will be looked back upon in future years as the chief cause of the change. The college is planned to be the equal in standing of any female institution in this country. Persons widely known in the educational world are becoming actively



NEW LONDON HARBOR

interested and it is certain that no project of this character has ever started so auspiciously. Besides the money raised to purchase the 250 or more acres, Morton F. Plant, a philanthropist of highest ideals, has endowed the college with one million dollars. It is expected that the college will have an attendance of over 1,000 in the next two years.

The land selected is on one of the highest points in this vicinity and overlooks the River Thames on one side and Long Island Sound on the other. The beauty of the location is unsurpassed in New England. The newly aroused "Spirit of New London" deserves the credit.

The second great achievement was the securing of $1,000,000 from the state for the development of the harbor. While considerable credit is due to several far-seeing citizens, there is no doubt but that the lion's share of the glory rightfully belongs to Captain Thomas Hamilton and Senator-Mayor Bryan F. Mahan. It was to Captain Hamilton's life-long belief in the harbor of New London and his indefatigable energy in bringing others to believe with him and it was Senator-Mayor Mahan, the democratic leader of the senate, who introduced the bill into the senate in the face of apparent failure and against the assertions of friends that it would be impossible to wring $1,000,000 from the state. Persistently and gritily he clung to his purpose.

A fortnight after the introduction of the bill Senator Mahan arranged for



HOTEL GRISWOLD, NEW LONDON

visit of the legislators or at least that portion in whose fate lay the failure or success of his project. The visit was looked upon as a holiday but the legislators were soon turning the holiday into a serious endeavor to consider the conditions.

The result of that visit is known everywhere. The Solons immediately became interested in the bonding scheme. They immediately saw the advantages of the harbor and were convinced that by improving it not only the interests of New London but of the entire state could be advanced.

New London does not need to praise its harbor beyond the truth. There is no doubt that the harbor is the chief interest and value of the city, and its greatest asset and it takes natural pride in that with which she had been so richly endowed. The harbor has the natural advantages on account of its size, great depth of water, straight channel. It is free from bars and shoals and is easy of access in all kinds of weather and has always proven a safe haven to weather bound vessels. Comparatively little dredging will be necessary for the purpose of making it suitable for ocean liners. The only barrier in the past to its enjoyment of a transatlantic terminal has been the lack of money for the construction of suitable wharves. This is now available and New London will no doubt soon realize its dream of having

ocean liners land here.

Along the shore of both sides of the river there are a number of sites suitable for the construction of the wharves. The general plan of these wharves will not cover a very large area but will be built on the latest principle of wharf construction, two or more stories high and equipped with the most modern and up-to-date devices for the handling of freight advantageously and satisfactorily. No more modern docks in the world is the aim.

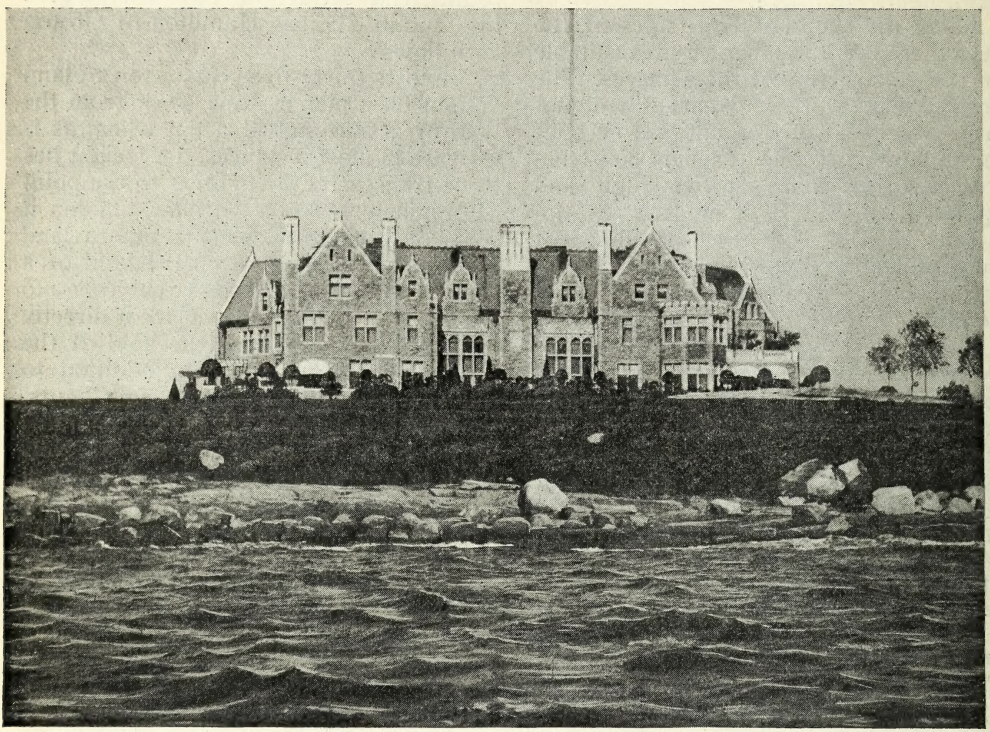
The project was not without its opposition and this came from New London itself. But this was not serious enough to prevent the passage of the bill. In view of the stagnation which has been characteristic of the city for a number of years past, the opposition is not to be wondered at and it was almost inconceivable that this could be effaced at one fell swoop.

The advantages of the harbor and its commercial attractions are enumerated by Captain Thomas Hamilton of Groton as follows:

"It costs thirty-five cents a ton to land freight on a pier in New York from the hold of a ship and $1 a ton when, as is the case in most instances, the freight has to be transferred by lighters to the point of shipment by rail. In New London it costs only eighteen cents a ton to land freight on the piers from the hold of a vessel and only from twenty-one to twenty-two cents a ton to place it directly on board the cars from the hold of the ship which brought it. In addition to this vast saving, from six to eight hours' time can also be saved in passenger traffic by using New London instead of New York as a terminus. Thus, by landing at New London, a passenger bound for Washington can be in Philadelphia and one bound for the West can be in Albany before he could have landed on the dock in New York.



NEW LONDON'S ATTRACTIVE BEACH RESORT



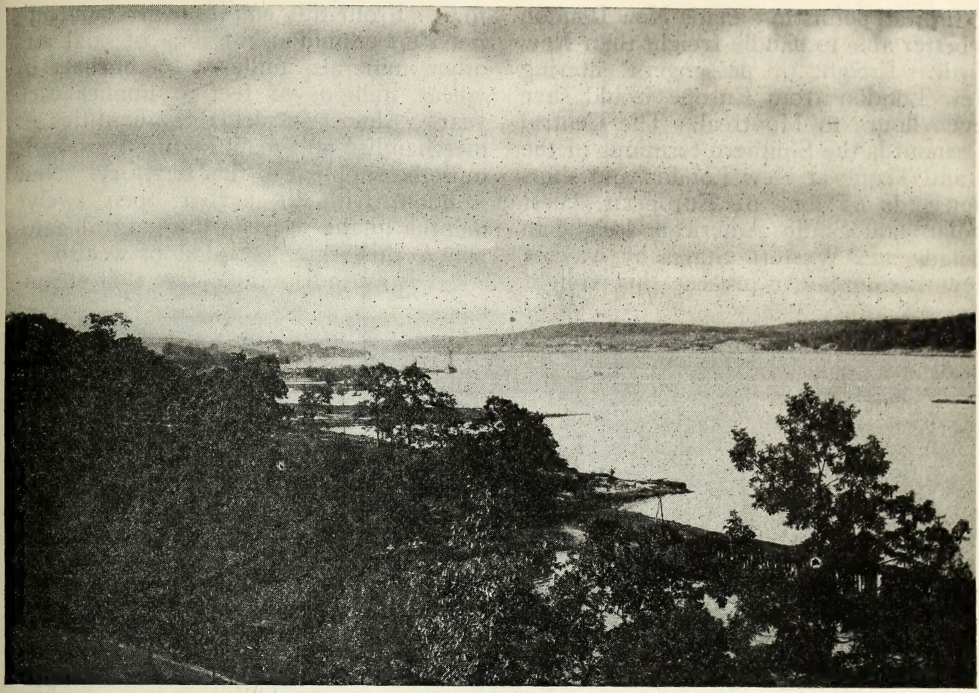
RESIDENCE OF MR. MORTON F. PLANT

"The harbor of Montreal is one thousand miles from the sea, and for five months in each year is closed to all navigation because of ice, but the Dominion of Canada has spent $150,000,000 in the development of the St. Lawrence River route and $1,000,000 a year for the last five years in building docks and double deck sheds on the fourteen piers constructed in Montreal. That port now has the finest system of grain conveyors in the world, carrying grain six miles and loading four ships at a time at the rate of 60,000 bushels **an hour.**

"Montreal is New York's greatest competitor in the grain carrying trade of the world, and is challenging New York for supremacy in the business of all new transatlantic lines, yet New London is nearer to Montreal than is New York to Buffalo, and, because of its connection with the Grand Trunk and the Central Vermont and its allied systems, is the natural outlet for the vast volume of business which must seek an Atlantic outlet coincident with epoch marking developments of the Canadian Northwest. During the last seven years not a freight train between Montreal and New London has been delayed an hour on account of snow.

"A ship of 10,000 tons discharging and receiving cargo directly to and from the cars in New London, instead of by lighter in New York, can save $18,000 a trip from this item alone, such a saving resulting in lower freight rates, along with increased profits to the transportation company. Assuming the average ship to make ten trips a year, the annual increase of profit would be $180,000, or six per cent interest on a capitalization of $3,000,000.

"New London is ninety-one miles nearer Europe than is New York, and this means a saving in time of from eight to fourteen hours a round trip. Not only would passengers and freight reach their destinations sooner, but on each round trip the ship would save



VIEW FROM THE PROPOSED WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF CONNECTICUT

twelve hours' coal, on an average. When it is considered that ships burn from 200 to 1,000 tons of coal a day, according to their speed, and that an average of ten round trips are made by a ship in a year, it will be seen what a great saving could be effected in coal consumption.

"Of even greater importance would be the economy in time. At least two days could be saved in loading and discharging cargoes in New London, and from eight to fourteen hours in the actual steaming time on each trip to the entrance of New London Harbor. Two hours' additional time could be saved because of the free open entrance to the harbor, as ships can enter the harbor at full speed up to within about two miles of their docks. The aggregate time saved becomes so great that a fleet of eight vessels using New London Harbor could handle the same tonnage in a year as nine vessels using New York as their terminus. The total saving to companies operating the large liners would amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

"It is not only well nigh impossible to get new wharf space in New York Harbor, but the lines already established there find it difficult to obtain room for their new ships. No lines own their own wharves, and all have to pay rentals varying from $40,000 to $100,000 a year.

"New London has six miles of deep water channel, open to shipping on both sides of the harbor and land is so cheap that a site could be obtained and a dock constructed for what would be a three years' rental in New York.

"New London has the same freight rates as New York for Chicago and other inland centres, so that the great saving in the cost of unloading and transferring freight in New London would be clear gain to the shipper and the transportation company. All points in the West may be reached from New London through the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and its connections with the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Lehigh Valley, Lake Shore, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Canadian Pacific railroads.

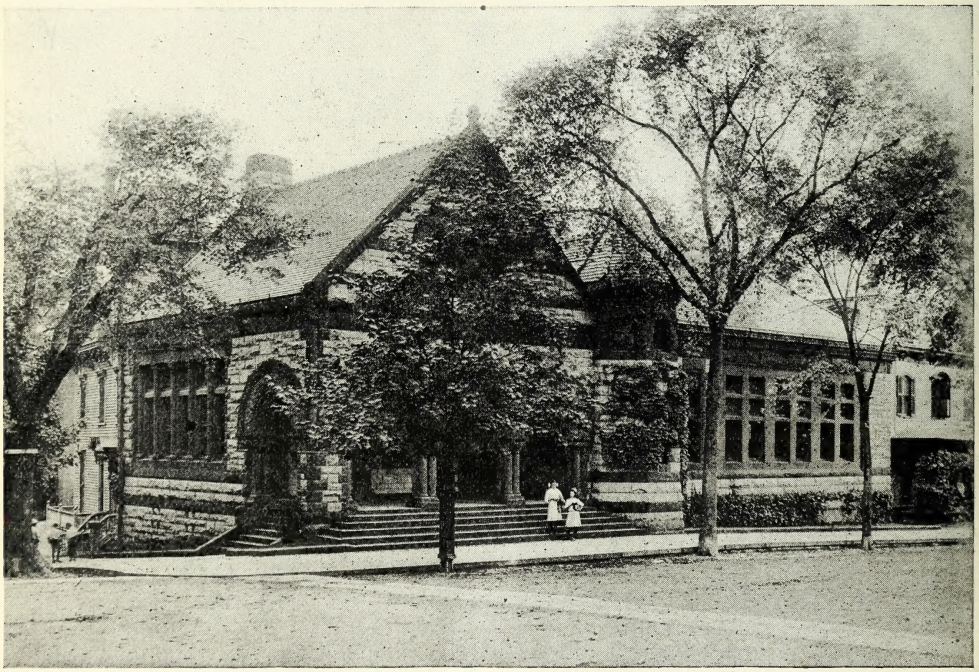
"For all points in Canada New London is better able to handle freight than New York. Freight or passengers entering New London from Europe would save seven hours to Montreal. The Central Vermont is the Southern terminus of the Grand Trunk at New London and ships thousands of tons of European, West Indian and South American freight to Canada and Western States by way of New London. At present this freight enters New York, is transferred there to lighters and in turn to steamers, which bring it to New London for its final loading aboard the cars. Thousands of dollars would be saved the shippers each week if the ships came directly to New London.

"The Grand Trunk railway system operates a greater mileage of double tracked road than any other company in the world, and through it can be reached the limitless resources of British North America.

The opening of this territory is the greatest event of contemporary history. From this empire will come millions upon millions of tons of coal and other minerals, millions of bushels of wheat, millions of feet of lumber each year. Almost incalculable quantities of merchandise and manufactured products must be supplied to this territory. New London, with its harbor open twelve months in the year, is the natural gateway to this region of fabulous wealth.

"It is an indisputable fact that steamships and shipping attract manufactories, even as the converse is true. Within the last five years seventy-five per cent of all the factories built in the United States have been established in the vicinity of New York city."

People who have been skeptical about New London ever being a terminal for transatlantic steamship traffic have advanced the argument that the general impression prevails in European countries that unless a steamship lands in New York it does not land in the United States. As a matter of fact and statistics there is within a radius of 150 miles of



New London Public Library

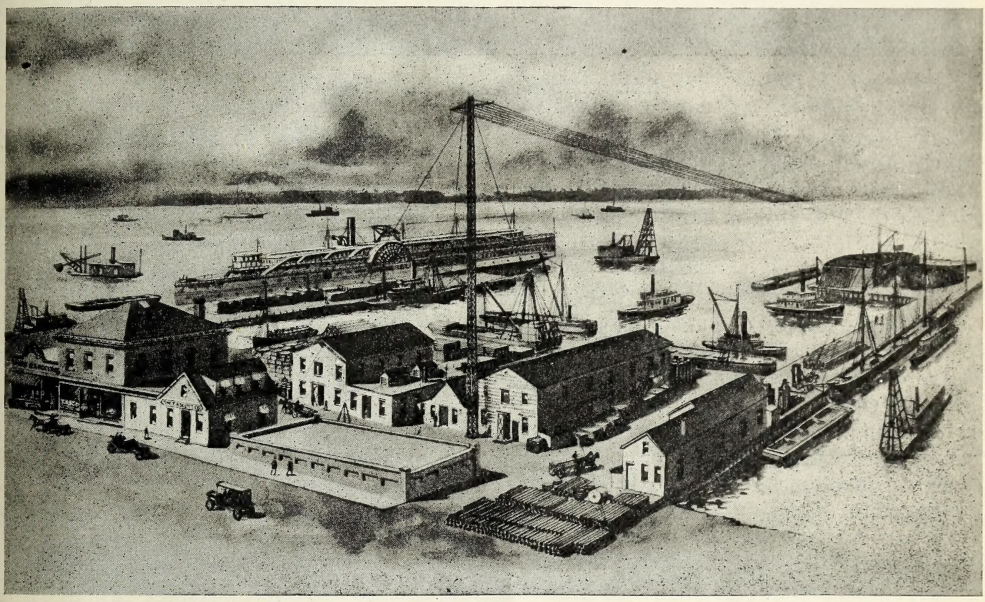
New London a total population of nearly 17,000,000 and one-half the manufacturing interests of the United States are within this radius. In addition to this New London is 500 miles nearer the Orient than any other Atlantic seaport. From New London there is a direct route to Montreal, thence across Canada to Prince Rupert which is the nearest point on the American continent to the Orient.

To manufacturing concerns inducement for locating in New London is offered by the reasonable rate of taxation which compares favorably with other cities in the state and in Massachusetts. The city has always been able to offset the annual appropriations with the revenue derived from taxes even though the spirit of improvement has it now in its grasp. Across the harbor in Groton, free locations exempt from taxation can be secured. The New London Ship and Engine Company, the Electric Boat Company, the Holland Submarine Boat Company and the Vanadium Metals Company have just begun operations. These plants will employ 2,000 men. It was in this location that the largest steamships ever built in America, The Minnesota and Dakota were built and launched.

Groton is particularly adapted to the location of new industries. The harbor here has a depth of from 30 to 90 feet. Land for dwelling houses is cheaper than stated, locations for prosperous business purposes can be had without cost.

On the New London side cheap land is available anywhere above the bridge for a distance of several miles and along the railroad tracks.

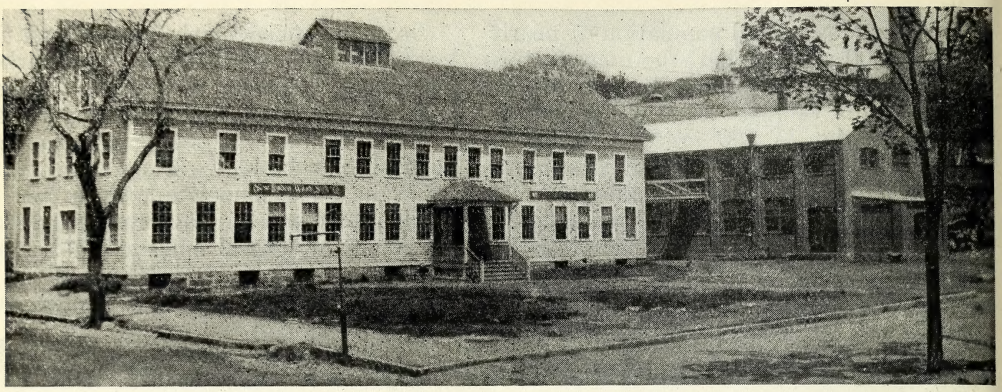
New London invites the progressive individuals and concerns to locate within its confines, not only because of its attractiveness as home but because it is to be the New England city of opportunity during the next decade. Recent events have demonstrated that the dominating spirit in New London at the present time is the spirit that accomplishes things; does them in the open and for the benefit of the entire community. With free taxes, free locations, deep water shipping facilities, two competing railway systems, coastwise steamers, and an open port for transatlantic steamships, what city in New England can offer such advantages?



THE SCOTT WRECKING CO. PLANT AT NEW LONDON

Some of the New London firms known nationally are:

The extensive silk mills of the Brainerd & Armstrong Company are located in



NEW LONDON WASH SILK COMPANY

New London. In these mills are manufactured embroidery silks, spool silks and practically every kind of silk thread for which there is use or demand; also many kinds and grades of dress silks and satin linings.

This company was the first in the United States to produce fast color embroidery silks to stand washing with soap and hot water, without injury. These goods now have a world-wide reputation. In 1888, the company became interested in weaving broad silks and to-day over five hundred looms are engaged in weaving satin linings which are very widely and favorably known to the trade.

The company's present capital and surplus is $1,000,000; and the annual output of the mills is $2,500,000. The pay-role of the concern averages $5,000 a week, a fact that is well known to the trades people of the city.

Mr. Benjamin A. Armstrong, who started the business in 1867, is a resident of the city and the growth of the industry to its present proportions is in very large measure due to his enterprise.

The New London Wash Silk Company has recently completed a new plant and is doing a prosperous business.

The Palmer Brothers' bed comfortables and blankets are shipped all over the world. The company employs about 300 in its New London factory.

The Brown Cotton Gins and Babcock Printing Presses, both made by the Brown Cotton Gin Company, have a national and international reputation and sale. From 400 to 500 men, principally skilled mechanics, are employed in this establishment.

The D. E. Whiton Machine Company is another large concern, manufacturing geer cutting and centering machines and drill and lathe chucks.

Near the Whiton shops is the Hopson & Chapin Company, manufacturing hot water and steam heating apparatus.

The Bingham Paper Box Company does a large printing business, in addition to making paper boxes. About 100 hands are employed.

The Marine Iron Works are well located and equipped to do ship work.

The Thames Tow Boat Company, proprietors of the Thames Marine Railway and Shipyard, in addition to owning a fleet of 36 vessels, do extensive repairing of all description on iron and wooden vessels.

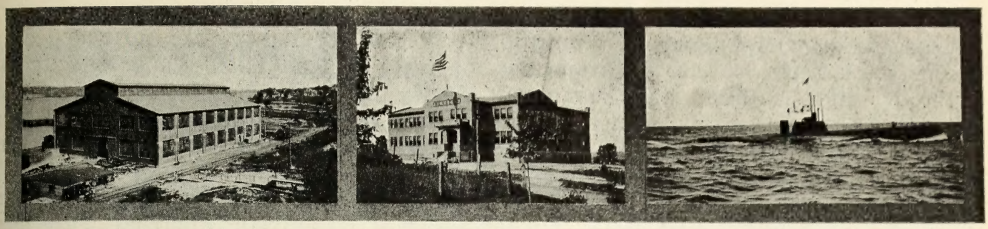
New London is also the home of the Sheffield Creme Dentifrice, the pioneer and still the leader in tube dentifrices.

The Tracy Chemical Company are manufacturers of medicinal tablets and lozenges. Their goods are favorably known by physicians all over the country.

The Gillette-Vibber Company is a rapidly growing concern, manufacturing electrical specialties.

The New England Carpet Lining Company ship goods all over the country. They have been in their new building about two years and now employ about 40 men.

There is also building a few miles up the river a paper manufacturing plant,



PLANT OF NEW LONDON SHIP AND ENGINE CO. OFFICE OF NEW LONDON SHIP AND ENGINE CO. NORWHAL AT SEA

costing over one million dollars.

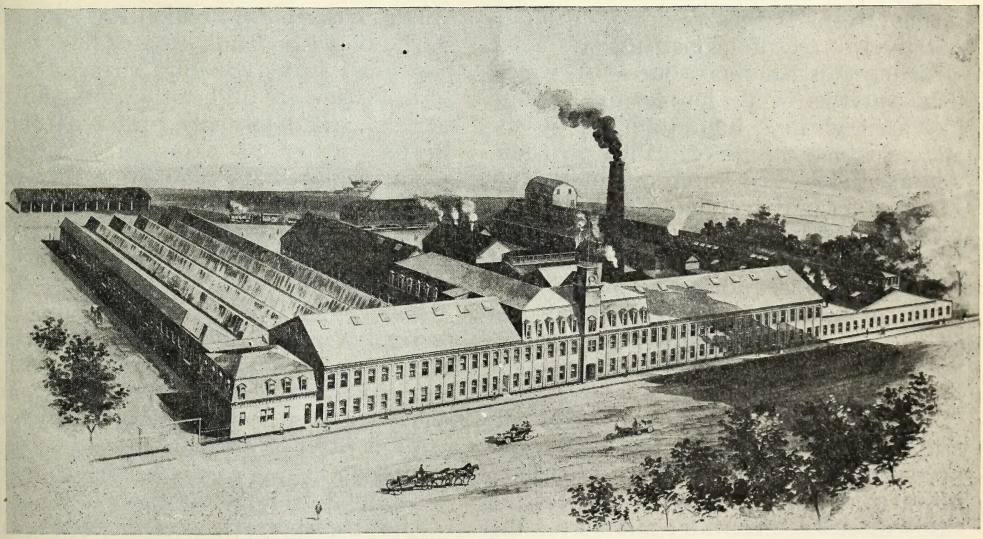
The Standard Brass Tube Works occupy a building especially constructed for them through public subscription. The enterprise is proving very successful, the works being run to their full capacity night and day.

New London is well equipped for marine repairing and ship building. Perhaps the most famous wrecking and salvage firm on the Atlantic coast, The T. A. Scott Co., maintains its headquarters here. The wireless tower of this firm is a well known landmark. Rising two hundred feet in the air the firm is kept in instant touch with marine disaster.

The railway of the Thames Shipbuilding Company has a capacity of hauling out of the water, a ship 400 feet long, and besides does a large business in building new vessels. The New London Marine Railway is splendidly equipped for repair work on the moderate sized vessels and makes yacht repairing its specialty. Shaw's Cove is one of the best basins on the coast for a winter harbor for yachts and the recent appropriations will add to its value.

The Revenue Cutter School of Instruction, formerly located at Arundel Cove, Baltimore, is now located at old Fort Trumbull, which was transferred by the government for this purpose.

New London has an admirable school system, one that is also unique in its character. The system comprises three high schools: Bulkeley school for boys; Williams Memorial Institute for girls; and the New London Manual Training and Industrial school for both sexes;



PLANT OF THE BROWN COTTON GIN CO., WHERE THE BABCOCK PRINTING PRESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY IS LOCATED

also six large primary schools, Winthrop, Robert Bartlett, Saltonstall, Nameaug, Harbor and Nathan Hale Grammar school. The last named is a central grammar school to which the other five are tributary, run on the departmental plan.

The three high schools are all endowed institutions, being founded by public spirited and generous citizens, affording free tuition to all wishing to attend. This makes it possible for New London to provide more generously for her public schools. The estimated value of the sites and public school buildings is $575,000. The value of the high schools sites and buildings is $400,000 more. So that in a city of less than 20,000 inhabitants there is school property valued at nearly $1,000,000. The attendance at the high schools is about 500. The number attending the public schools is 2,200. The total number of teachers in all the schools is 121.

The city has sewer system consisting of 32.3 miles of main pipe, six outfalls, inverted siphons, and a gravity and pumping system. The system extends from one end of the city to the other, including Ocean Beach.

Water for domestic and manufacturing purposes is supplied from Lake Konomoc, the supply of which is augmented from Barnes reservoir, of comparatively recent construction. Lake Brandegee is another source of water. The water is of the purest quality and has been given a high standard by the state chemists who have called occasionally to test it. The water system of New London not only maintains itself but is a source of large revenue to the city. The supply is ample for a population of 75,000 people and the value of the plant is far more valuable than the total debt of the city. Water rates are therefore very low which is a great advantage for manufacturing purposes.

The fire department is thoroughly efficient and in this respect the high water pressure is of great benefit. Two lines of suburban street railways connect the city with a large territory and across the river the Groton and Stonington Railway touches several important towns and villages.

Electricity and gas are furnished by a private company that really regards the city's prosperity as its own. Manufacturing concerns are given a careful consideration in respect to power and light.

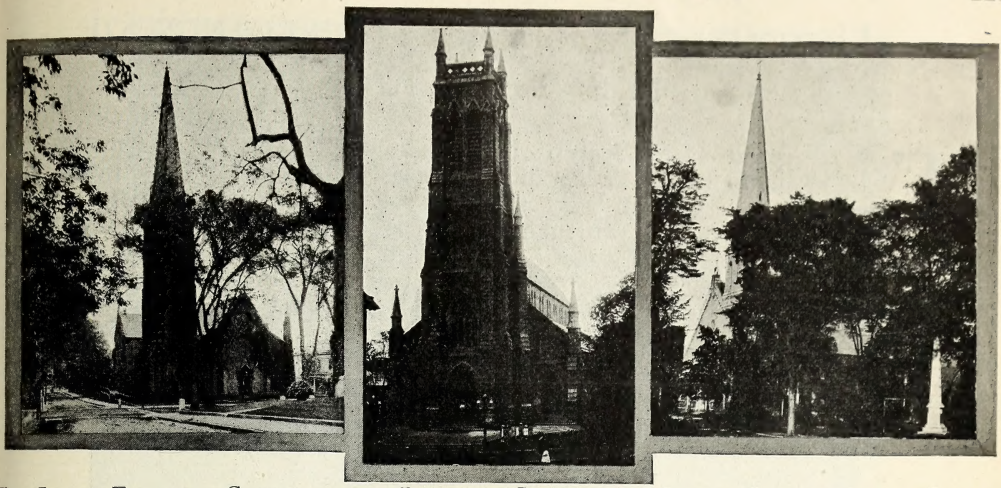
Perhaps no city of its size in the country is so well equipped with hospitals as New London. There is at present the Memorial hospital, while the Joseph Lawrence Free hospital, a recent gift, is under construction and nearly completed. Through the munificence of the wife of one of New London's citizens, a modern contagion ward will be built in the near future to be connected with the Memorial hospital. The cost will be $100,000.

While the securing of the Women's college for the city and the obtaining of the appropriation for the improvement of the harbor are looked upon as the greatest achievements of the city, there is a general feeling of gratification that the old disintegrating sidewalks are being replaced with new and uniform granolithic pavements all over the city and covering thirty miles of walks. The "Spirit of New London" was again shown in the final vote on this plan when the result was 1,164 in favor against 64 opposed.

For parks New London has one seashore, one woodland, two ordinary and five small parks covering an area of 55 acres. They are all beauty spots and the citizens are deservedly proud of them. In the matter of parks New London again displayed its civic pride this year and succeeded in getting permission from the legislature to bond itself for $100,000 for the establishment and maintenance of a park system.

Few cities have such a source of recreation as Ocean Beach. Purchased by the city recently and equipped with a municipally owned bath house and shelters it is a health giving asset whose value is hard to estimate. It has a just reputation as one of the beauty spots on the Long Island Sound.

The transportation facilities to and from New London are excellent, both by rail and water. The New England Navigation Company operates the Nor-



St. James Episcopal Church Catholic Church Second Congregational Church

wich line of steamers to and from New York both for freight and passengers, as does the New York and Norwich Propellor Company which operates one boat, doing business on a smaller scale. The Central Vermont Railway Company has a line of freighters plying between the Metropolis and New London. Several steamers afford communication with Fishers Island, Long Island, and in the summer to Block Island for passengers, although all do more or less freight business.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad makes New London one of its principal centres from its situation. This road runs between New York and Boston, thereby connecting with two of the largest cities of the country, besides having a number of tributaries which connect with the large trunk lines.

New London is the terminal of the Central Vermont railway which goes north and connects at Montreal with the Grand Trunk railroad, the connections of which divide the north and northwest. This road is the medium of communication between New York and the Canadas.

The bonded debt of New London is $1,346,500, of which $651,000 is for the water system. Owned by the city, it is operated at a handsome profit and is one of the best examples of a municipal water supply in New England.

The grand tax list of New London was $16,627,369 in 1910 while the tax rate of that year was 17 mills. This grand list is on a basis of about a 60 per cent assessment. For 1911, it is proposed to make the tax rate not to exceed 16 mills on a re-assessment of property at market values. It is conservatively estimated that a reasonable market valuation of the real estate in New London would aggregate twenty-five millions of dollars. If such is found to be the case, a tax rate of 11½ mills would be sufficient to cover present expenditures.

New London is a banking center, has an average of bank deposits per capita above the average. The Savings Bank of New London, incorporated in 1824, and the Mariners Savings Bank, incorporated in 1867, take care of the savings of the people, and their aggregate assets are over 16 millions. The oldest bank is the Union Bank, the charter of which dates from 1793. This is a state institution. The National Bank of Commerce is the largest bank, having deposits of over a million dollars; the New London City National and the National Whaling Bank complete the list of banks.

The aggregate banking capital is $875,000. Surplus, $775,000. With total deposits of about $2,360,000. There is no trust company at present, but there is a charter in existence which may some time be developed. All the banks, with one exception occupy their own buildings, all of which have been built or remodelled within the past few years.

Unusual Dramatic Happenings of the Past Month

TWO very interesting features of the dramatic life of Boston during the past month were the opening of the new Plymouth Theatre with the Irish Players as the attraction, and the interest displayed in the continued run of the amusing play, "Excuse Me," at the Tremont Theatre.

The Irish Players were seen with some surprise. Undoubtedly the public curiosity had been piqued by the advance notices of this interesting company and by the critical discussions of the movement which they represent. Undoubtedly, also, the play-going public was disappointed at first. But it is equally certain



Lady Gregory. The Irish dramatist appearing at Plymouth Theatre



ARLENE FREDERICKS, OF THE "EXCUSE ME" COMPANY, PLAYING AT THE TREMONT THEATRE

that the company won its way and gained in esteem with each performance. In the first place, it was necessary that they should find their own audience. The stereotyped play-goer could not quickly adapt his mental forces to the new methods employed and the absence of the usual dramatic machinery in the construction of the plays. Much as these time-honored clap-trap devices had been ridiculed and their abolition demanded, it was found not so easy to become accustomed to their absence. Unquestionably, also, there was a feeling among the large Irish population of Boston that things sacred in their charactered, or, at least, fondly cherished illusions were tampered with in a manner that seemed

light and flippant. The moral seriousness of the endeavor to present phases of Irish life as they are, was not at first fully appreciated. But this, also, won its way, or found its own audience, which amounts to much the same thing. The significant fact is the success of the presentation. Had the engagement been even partially successful, it might have been justly regarded as a victory by the workers and missionaries of the new drama. The decided success actually achieved leaves no room for doubt that the new movement is a real expression of modern thought. Lady Gregory, the authoress, received many social attentions while in Boston. The management of the Plymouth Theatre are to be congratulated on their alignment at the very beginning with the very best in modern dramatic literature. Maeterlinck's Blue Bird, of which a most appreciative discussion appeared in the New England Magazine last year, is the next attraction.

On very different lines was the farcical play, "Excuse Me," which ran so successfully at the Tremont Theatre. It is somewhat unusual to find an opening of the season attraction slated for a run. But the interest of the public justified the judgment of the management. "Excuse Me" was a stock play built on the established lines and "went" without question or criticism. No small part of its success was due to the excellent work of the actors chosen for the secondary roles. Particularly notable was the work of Arlene Fredericks who is a new recruit from the ranks of musical comedy in which field she had already won public appreciation. Miss Fredericks has many friends in Boston and her career will be watched with interest by people here.

The Sister

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

Chapter II. Continued.

From the window of Martha's room Dolly and her mother could see Ruth's slight agile figure skimming across the field towards the wood. The slanting lines of the rain swept against her thin uncovered gown. She ran rapidly with slipping feet along the edge of the brown field, promising a rich harvest with its blades of corn bending like half-trained battalions to the onslaught of wind and rain. At the Beekham's side-door she drew up panting. Mistress Brown, as she had been for a short time, threw open the door and gave a little scream when she saw Ruth on the threshold.

"Is James here?" asked Ruth.

"Didst thou come so far for James? Nay, he is not here. I need him no longer. Come in and rest."

"Nay, I must return to Beulah. I came but to warn thee that the Indians at the South are said to be on the war-path. Thee wouldst best hasten to Beulah."

There was a hasty shriek from the woman, answered by a heavy groan from Caleb who had just entered. "We must go, Caleb, to Beulah," cried his bride. "Come in and rest and go with us, Ruth. It is a tempest without."

"I must hasten back," cried Ruth, shutting the door behind her and hurrying away through the darkness, for it was now as dark as night. Then, as she lifted her eyes and gathered her wet cloak tightly about her, she saw that the Trowbridge's house was showing, in the distance, a faint welcome of light from one or two windows. She stopped short and did not feel the sweeps of rain against her cheeks. He knew nothing about the Indians. How could he? Deborah's had been a secret messenger. If he only knew, doubtless it would not be hard to keep them at bay; but if he knew not, he might be reading by the window or walking down those steps. She saw it all, saw him struck down and mangled,

because he had not been warned. Then in another momen, she saw Deborah's face when she learned of this warning to him; she heard Dolly's giggle.

She half turned away; then with a swift movement, turned again and was running at full speed toward the house on the hill. He had done so much for her, how foolish to let her pride stand before her now. The road was soft with rain, her feet slipped back as she panted forward, it was like running down a dreadful dream-road with clogged feet. It was far, it seemed very far from the Beekham's. Once she slipped, and a stain of mud was on her white kerchief, she felt it with trembling fingers. The thunder broke out like the anger of the lost; the lightning dazzled through the dark clouds like a vivid uncertain stairway to the nether regions. She came to the house now; she ran, still with heavy feet, up the first flight of steps. There was a bound of something darker than darkness, and the great dog was growling beside her. She spoke his name, and he pressed his great warm wet body close against her, as she knocked on the door before her. Her foot was lame, she had twisted it in her running; she was panting with short painful breaths when the door opened and the candle-beam in her eyes dazzled her.

The black woman's face peered out at her.

"Is George Trowbridge within?" grasped Ruth. At the sound of her voice the master of the house appeared from behind. "Good heavens, Ruth—Miss Williams! Come in!"

"Nay, nay, I must not come in," she put out her hand toward him, leaning against the door-frame. "I must go back at once only—" she struggled to swallow her sobbing breaths that caught between her words.

"You must come in," he took her hand and led her into the wide, long hall where the stairs did not crowd the great front door.

"At least you must dry yourself before you go." He led her through a door-way at the right while Dinah lighted them with her candle. "Take this lady's cloak and dry it," he said to the woman. "Here, let me pile on some more logs."

"Nay, nay, I will keep my cloak, I must not stay," cried Ruth. She struck her hands together with emphasis. "I only came to warn thee that the Indians at the South had been having a drunken revel and are said to be on the war-path. Didst thou know? And now I must go." She rose to draw one long, composed breath.

Dinah gave a prolonged howl. "De Indians. De Lord deliver us!"

"Be still, Dinah, they'll not harm you. Call the men! And now Ruth—Miss Williams, you must not go at once, not till I can take you back. It is too cold—and the storm,—and you are tired. Did you come on horse-back?"

"Nay, nay, it was not far—" she stopped at the look on his face.

"All this distance on foot, in this storm. Why did you do this for me?" He was facing her; she trembled from head to foot before him.

"Because—because—" she began, then looked at him with an unsteady little smile. "I would pay part of my debt."

"Was that all?" How darkly his eyes shone in the fire-light.

"Is not that enough?"

"Well—yes—perhaps—for now."

The men were in the room now, he turned to them.

"This lady came to warn us that the Indians were coming this way, a thing they sometimes did in my uncle's time. Put up the shutters and bar the doors quickly, and you, Sam, harness—"

"Nay, nay," said Ruth in a low voice to him, "I will not let thee go home with me."

"And I will not let you go alone." There was something in the low determined tone that Ruth seemed to have heard before from another, a note from which she felt appeal would be useless; yet she struck her hands together and cried out at him with a flash of her eyes:

"But I must go, I must! The Sister would be angry and troubled.

"Then I go too."

"But the Indians thou mayest meet them—and the storm."

Then, as she saw her argument turned against herself, she smiled, though the

tears stood in her eyes. "Alas, what shall I do?"

"You are not afraid of me."

"Oh, nay it is not that," she said with her soft, innocent eyes on his face. "I am not ever a coward; but the Sister, she will be troubled. What shall I do."

He stood thoughtful a moment. "I will go and get Dame Beekham—I mean Brown."

"Why, what help will that be?" asked Ruth.

He looked at her wistful, child-like face a moment before speaking.

"I think this house is better built for defense than hers, and we have several men." He went toward his cloak, Ruth followed him across the room with lagging step.

"Thou art so good I—seem always to be making trouble for thee even when I mean to help."

He turned upon her suddenly at the door into the hall. "Will you make me a promise?"

"Oh, yea," she cried, then drew back. "I do not know, I must hear it first."

"Whenever you are in need you will always come to me."

"Why—I—thee—oh, that is too great a promise and covers much time and space."

"The giving and taking between some covers all time."

"But now thou art wasting time," she smiled a little uncertainly, "when thou shouldst be preparing."

"I shall see to the men before I go, and Dinah will come to you." He left her then, passing through the hall; and Ruth turning saw that from without somebody had already put up shutters and now a man entered the room to secure them within. Ruth watched the man mechanically, then suddenly a little shiver shook her, that she had kept within bounds before her host. She dropped into a chair by the fire and was glad when Dinah came to remove her wet and heavy cloak. The great dog curled up at her feet. Then there was a step behind and she spoke with sudden thought.

"I meant to tell thee," she said with her hands at her bonnet, "that 'twill be small use to go to Dame Beekham's, she is already on her way to Beulah and why shouldst thou venture into danger. Since I have come—" There was a little catch in her voice.

Then George Trowbridge spoke just behind her chair, "I do not need to go, Ruth, see."

Ruth turned her head with a little cry; then she sprang up and ran across the room to throw her arms about Mrs. Brown's large neck and lay her face upon the ample bosom.

"He does not need to go for thee, now," she said suddenly straightening herself, "and it would be very dangerous for him. But now—"

Then she checked herself suddenly. "Well," said Dame Beekham, "Caleb was scared and he said Beulah was too far away and to go through those woods, 'twas giving too much of a chance to the Indians, there being so much of us when we turned to run. But I was in this house once before, years ago, when Indians were around and George Trowbridge's uncle stood by it like a man and drove them away, so Caleb and I came. Caleb, where art thou," then Caleb sheepishly emerged from his wife's broad shadow.

"Well, Ruth, what think you the Sister says to this night's work?"

Ruth straightened; George Trowbridge giving orders by the hall door listened for her reply:

"The Sister will be happy to know that I warned some of their peril," she answered stiffly. Then she sat down again by the fire.

And now for the first time Ruth noticed the room in which she was,—a long low room with a great fireplace, handsomely tilted at one end; a floor of inlaid wood with a gay rug across it; a claw footed table, in the centre; a tall clock in one corner; a wide handsome secretary, with brass handled drawers below and opened above showing the drawers and pigeon holes; a small spinnet in the corner, the first Ruth had ever seen; and on one side of the wall above a stiff backed sofa hung three family portraits.

(To be continued.)

Beautiful New England

Views of the Coast About Gloucester and Magnolia

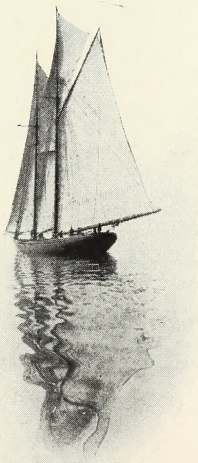
The Call of the Sea

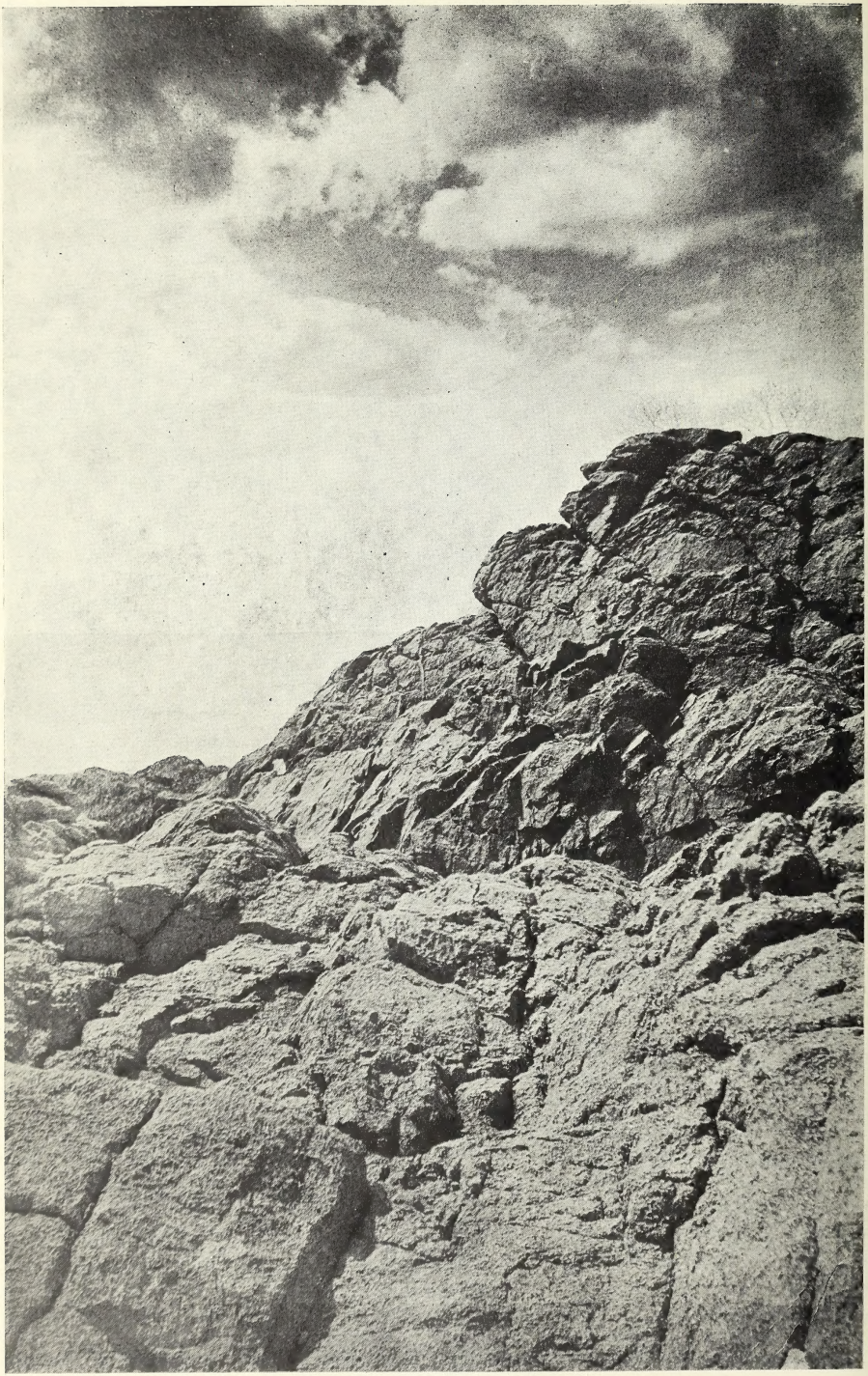
By E. M. STANDING

What is it that broods on my soul with a weight
Deep as despair,
Something which follows me early and late,
And everywhere?
Day brings no gladness and night brings no rest;
Life brings no peace;
Better it were than life so depressed,
Better to cease?

The dawn still breaks with its myriad light
Of sparkling dew,
As the sun sails forth from the shores of night
Yet the brightness of morning is lost on my soul,
And I long with pain
For the one strong voice which can make me whole
But long in vain.

High on the summit the strong winds play
And great clouds glide,
Valley and mountain gleam far away
On every side;
But the voices of mountain and waterfall
Are as naught to me,
For I long for a deeper and mightier call,
The call of the sea.

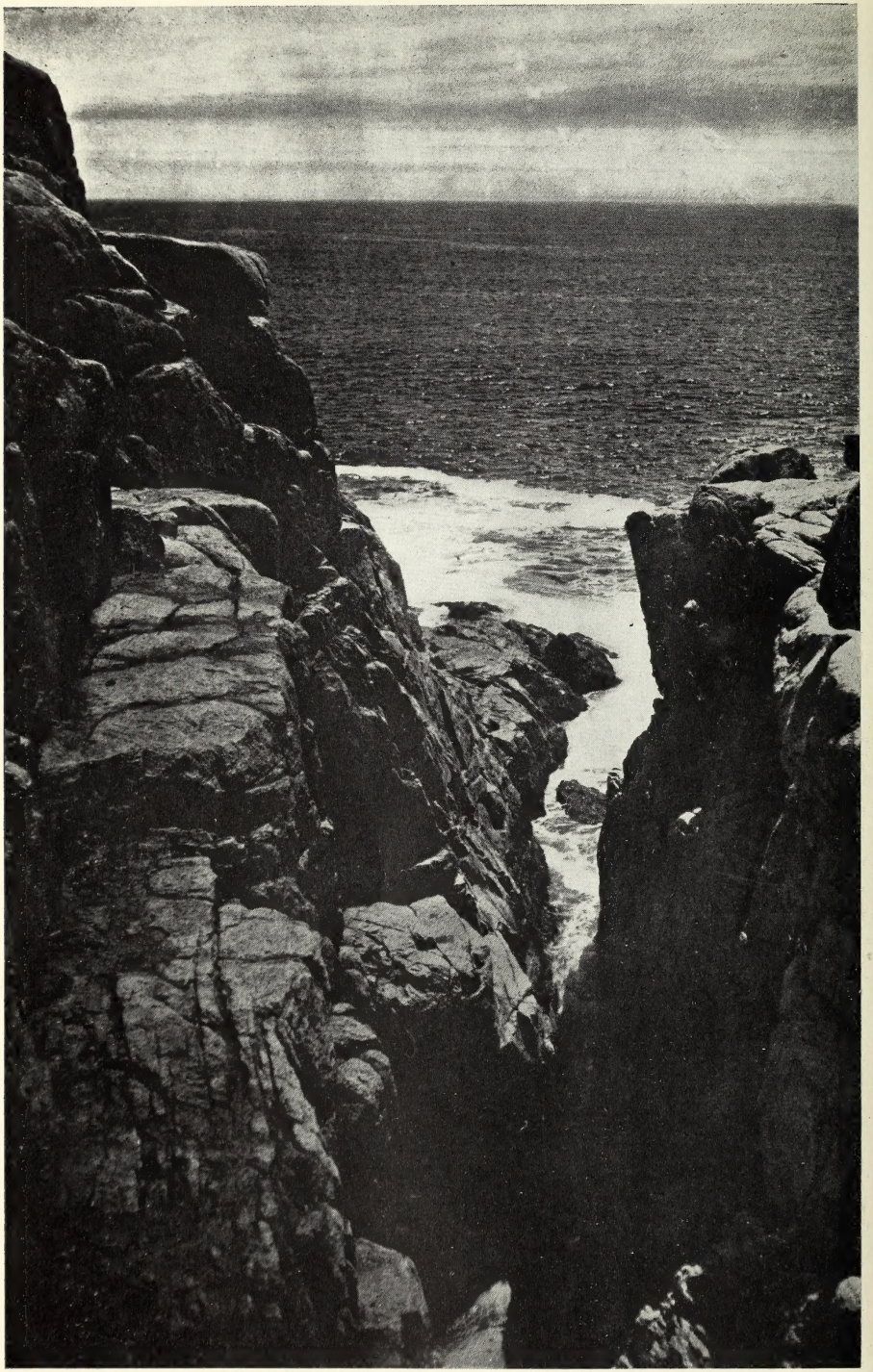




Old Mother Ann, the point of Cape Ann.



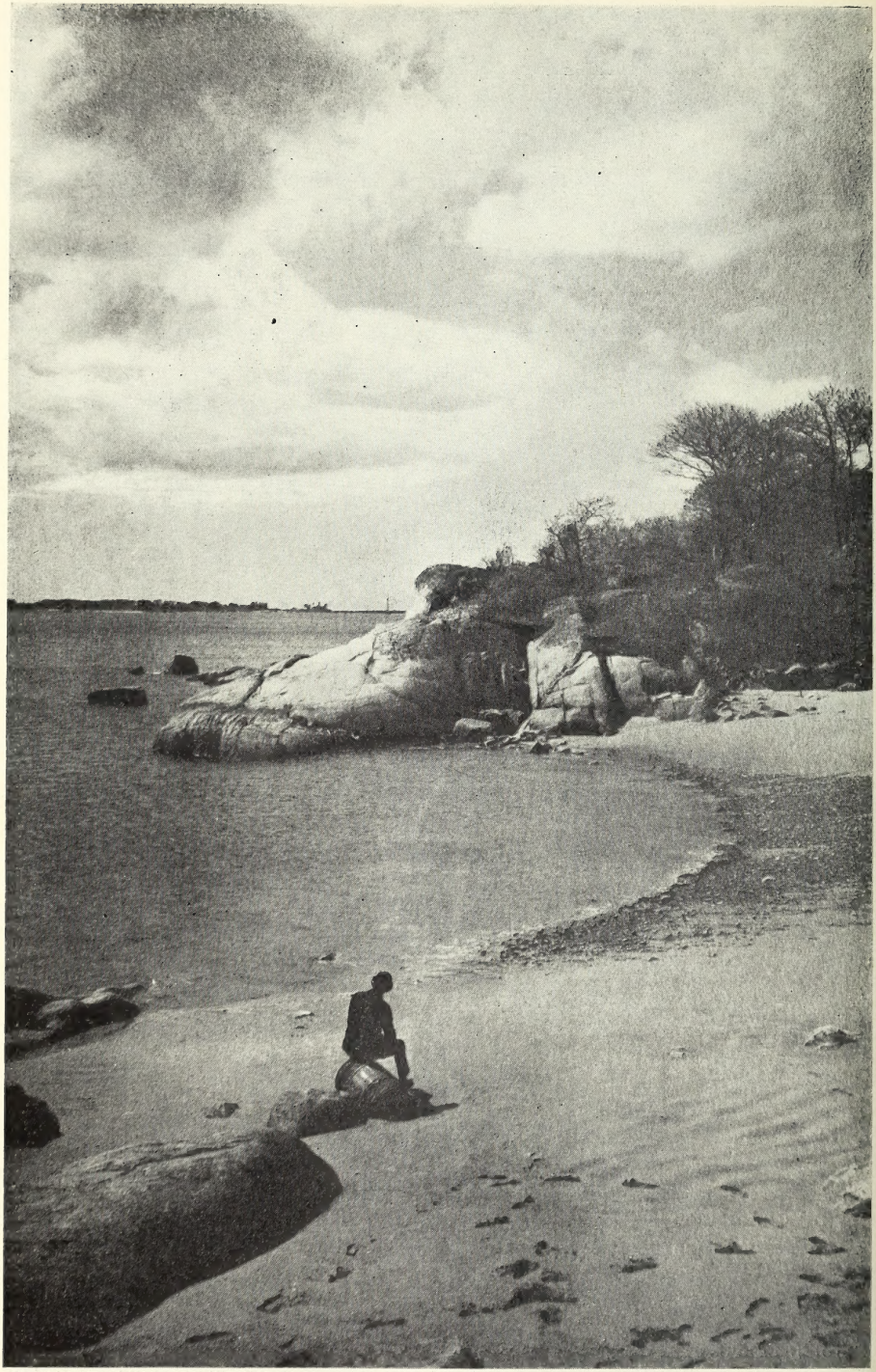
Meadows of the Ipswich River



RAFE'S CHASM, MAGNOLIA.



A Bit of Coast along a private estate at Magnolia.



HALF MOON BEACH, GLOUCESTER HARBOR, FIRST LANDING PLACE OF THE PURITANS.



Dog Bar Breakwater, Eastern Point.



New England agricultural activity would suffer much were it not for the presence of the earnest and interested Italians who have flocked to New England's idle farms and fields and transformed them into scenes of prolific industry.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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THE CONQUERING OF THE BENDERS

By INEZ DELORO

MISS KATE STERLING'S tea had turned out to be an event of no little social importance. The lady realized the situation with a little thrill of pardonable pride, as she gazed down the vista of her big, picturesque studio, and noted in the well-dressed gathering various "celebrities" of the artistic, literary, and social worlds, who had not disdained to come here at her bidding. The subdued walls of the studio were abloom this afternoon with Miss Sterling's garden pictures (gardens were her specialty). There were gardens of all varieties: Italian gardens and English gardens, formal gardens and natural gardens, gardens looking upon the sea, and gardens tucked in behind quaint, old country houses, where they ran riot in a mass of phlox and hollyhocks—perhaps the most delightful gardens of all. There were Japanese gardens, too, with their stone lanterns, ponds, and dwarf trees; with their irises and peonies. But perhaps Miss Sterling's most striking *tour de force* was a Persian garden, aflame with roses, to which she had adroitly attached as motto, one of the most magical lines in all literature:

"And many a garden by the water blows."

Some of the high-brow members of her profession shrugged their shoulders a little disdainfully over Miss Sterling's gardens. Nevertheless, they sold extraordinarily well, and it was quite the fashion in certain circles to have a "Sterling garden" hanging on one's walls.

It was all very gratifying. The air was rippling with the pleasant, animated chat of well-bred voices, and with the tinkle of tea cups and tea spoons. Pretty girls in light, summery gowns were gliding softly here and there, passing cups of Miss Sterling's Orange Pekoe tea, alluring with lemon slices and maraschino cherries; while others passed lettuce sandwiches and delicious little cakes and sweetmeats. The hostess was feeling unusually happy, for she had, as a very special attraction, Mrs. Gabrielle Ware, the well-known concert singer, who was not singing, it is true, but was presiding at the tea table—a blonde, white-armed Juno, looking particularly lovely in the soft, roseate glow of the candles.

Ah! There was Amy Bender coming in! Provoking! Miss Sterling affected to be very busy at the moment, but she watched the newcomer out of the tail of her eye. She had been hoping that Amy would not come, because she did not like her, although, as she was an old acquaintance, one had to invite her to one's affairs, or there would be no end of trouble. There was no doubt that Amy was a distinct personality. Observe how every one turned to look at her when she entered a room, and then continued to follow her with eager, fascinated eyes. Mrs. Gabrielle Ware, blonde, white-armed Juno that she was, was immediately forgotten.

Miss Bender was not beautiful; but her physical presence dawning on people for the first time, carried with it a kind of shock. In height and girth she was of the race of Amazons; her brilliant, compelling black eyes, burning like coals in a swarthy, full-lipped face, could look superciliously down on the tallest man man who might be presented to her. She wore her coal black hair parted, and drawn into a rather scant coil at the back of her head (in the matter of hair, at least, Nature had not been lavish to Miss Bender). Her voice was a deep and resonant contralto. In talking she used gesture freely, sawing the air with the outstretched thumb and two fingers of her right hand. In fact, arrayed in black velvet, or in scintillating black jet as she was this afternoon, Miss Bender in conversation was an impressive spectacle; especially as she usually monopolized, by sheer force of her physical supremacy, all the conversation in her vicinity.

How hungrily her eyes were roving about this afternoon! thought Kate. "Looking for pupils!" she said to herself sarcastically, and with a little irritation.

Among Miss Sterling's little group of "helpers" was Laura Semple, a charming, delicate-looking girl of twenty-four, with shy, soft eyes like a fawn's, and ash blonde hair. Her manners were timid, uncertain, and a little repressed. Laura was, in fact, one of those human beings who have not yet "found themselves." She was constitutionally shy, and her social experience was limited.

"My dear," said Miss Sterling, coming up to Laura rather suddenly, and taking the girl's hands in hers(she was very fond of Laura), "I want to give you a timely warning. Amy Bender has her hawk's eye on you, and is likely to swoop down upon you at any moment. She is asking *who you are!*"

"Who is Amy Bender?" Laura inquired, after she had caught her breath.

"The elephantine, or rather, I might say, the mountainous, person to whom you just passed the almonds. Laura, avoid her!"

"Why?" asked the girl, in bewilderment.

Miss Sterling rolled her eyes upward —a sign that words were inadequate to express her feelings. "Well, of course you don't know that Amy Bender lives and flourishes by eating up the vitality of everybody around her. Gobbling up other people's vitality is as natural to her as breathing. Five minutes after talking with her you feel like a limp rag. Most people don't know what has happened to them. They think it's the weather or the blues; but *I* know it's Amy Bender!"

"Then of course I don't wish to meet her!"

"Of course you don't! Nobody wants to be swallowed, like Jonah, by a whale. And Amy does remind me of a whale."

"Does she paint?"

"No," Miss Sterling answered, with severe irony; "she is a teacher of elocution, physical culture, and rhythmic breathing—think of it, *rhythmic breathing!* At least, that's what her professional cards say. She has a studio in Copley Square, and I've known her for nineteen years. Listen! Here's another thing that I want to warn you against, in case you *should* meet her. (There! She has her eye on you still, and is just watching her chance)!"

"What is that?" Laura was beginning to have a creepy feeling all over her.

"I feel it in my bones that she will try to claw you away from me. She is always trying to claw the people that I like away from me. If she should happen to take one of her sudden fancies to you, Laura (and she's always taking them!), you are lost."

"What *do* you mean?"

"I mean that she will settle down upon you just like a nightmare. And she will snuff out every bit of your freedom of will as a strong wind snuffs out the flame of a candle. And she will do it all in the name of affection. Oh, you don't know, my dear, what a peculiar family she comes of!"

"There! She is coming toward us now!" cried Laura hastily.

"Well, we will just slip over by the tea table, and you can be very busy and absorbed helping Mrs. Ware. Amy and Gabrielle are at daggers' points."

As they approached the tea table, Mr. Teddy Dalton, a tall, sandy-haired young man, with humorous lines about his mouth and eyes, came up, flourishing in each hand a sandwich, into which he bit alternately.

"Ladies, my apologies!" he said ruefully, between bites. "It is n't always that I have such a wolfish appetite; but I am just trying to recuperate from an attack of Miss Bender. She has been talking at me for the last ten minutes!"

"Teddy, let me tell you, you are no fool!" exclaimed Kate.

Mr. Dalton looked sad for a moment. "That reminds me of what father has often rubbed into me—it is so different!" Suddenly, he turned to Mrs. Ware. "I'm possessed to know, Mrs. Ware, why *you* have always refused to meet Amy Bender? She feels no end raw about it."

"Because Gabrielle is blonde," threw in Kate, quickly.

Mr. Dalton looked bewildered. "Explain, for mercy's sake! Some people have honored me by calling me 'strawberry blonde,' and yet, as you see, Miss Bender and I have made each other's acquaintance!"

Kate lowered her voice confidentially. "Have you actually never heard the saying that blondes should beware of Benders? There is a tradition that the Benders have some uncanny influence over fair people, and it is considered especially bad for a blonde to marry a Bender. I don't know how true the saying is, but you never yet saw a Bender who was n't black-eyed and swart."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, mopping his brow. "What a narrow escape I have had! I almost promised Miss Bender to go round and take tea at her studio some afternoon."

"Believe me, you are too light-headed to go round to Miss Bender's studio!" scoffed Kate.

"And so all you blonde people," commented Mr. Dalton, with a sweep of his handkerchief that included Laura and Mrs. Ware, "are keeping shy of Miss Bender for fear of being annihilated in space. What masterly prudence!"

"Pish!" scoffed Mrs. Ware, lightly. "Do you imagine that I am really afraid of Amy Bender? She simply does not appeal to me."

"I refuse to believe it! Anyway, somebody ought to go forth and conquer these Benders! Some courageous brunette like Miss Sterling."

"I should have had a pitched battle with Amy long ago," Kate admitted, "if I were not at heart essentially peace-loving."

"What a weird family it is!" shuddered Teddy. "Do you know that Miss Bender gave me some touching information about herself a little while ago? She told me that she never wept a tear in her life."

"I don't believe she ever did!" threw in Kate, grimly. "I would go down on my knees to anything or anybody that could make Amy Bender cry."

"I think I understand that lady's nature," remarked Teddy, sympathetically. "She needs to have a mine exploded at her feet—or a keg of dynamite. For, really, it was pathetic, the way Amy put it. She said she would give *anything* to have a good cry once in a while, but she never can enjoy herself in that fashion. And she puts all the blame for it on to her great grandmother."

"Oh, did she tell you that legend?"

"It seems that when her great grandmother was a girl of nineteen, she very rashly scoffed at a gypsy fortune-teller who wanted to tell her fortune. In revenge, the gypsy put a curse upon her and all her female descendants, in very bad poetry, thus:

'Though your tongue wither up, and your eyeballs sear,
May you never have power to shed a tear!'

Now the weirdest part of this is that Amy is the first *female* descendant, and, according to old family portraits, and family tradition, she is the exact image of her great grandmother!"

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried Laura, with a little involuntary shudder.

Kate's eyes narrowed shrewdly. "There is a little more to that story, which I judge she did not tell, although a good many people know it. It seems that her great grandmother became a woman noted for her bitter, envious disposition,

and her desire to *hurt* people. She had a power, too, that was almost hypnotic. Now I must leave you to draw your own conclusions, because I *must* go over and speak to Mrs. Throckmorton before she goes," and Kate hurried away.

"The saints protect us!" quoth Mr. Dalton, feverishly wiping his brow with his handkerchief. "Er—yes, thank you. I really think I *could* manage another sandwich."

Laura, with a plate of bonbons in her hand, was threading her way back to the tea table, when a deep contralto voice spoke in her ear.

"Oh, how delicious! May I have just one?"

Instinctively she recoiled, and her heart gave a great leap, for it was Amy Bender's voice. Looking up, she met Miss Bender's great black eyes gazing soulfully down upon her.

"I have been dying to meet you, Miss Semple. Won't you please put the bonbons down, and give me a moment or two of your time? Oh, please do!" as she saw Laura wavering.

How glorious her eyes are! thought the girl. And how fascinating her voice, with that little, pleading note in it. Really, the talk she had heard of Amy Bender had not quite prepared her for this. Here was nothing uncanny or unpleasant. Rather she felt pleasingly caught up on a wave of the lady's persuasive, flattering personality, and at that moment she had no wish to resist it. Besides, curiosity was keen within her.

They sat down underneath the Persian garden, which made a background of crimson bloom for Amy's majestic head.

"Kate Sterling has been trying to keep you away from me. Oh, yes, she has! I could see that plainly. It is a pleasant little way she has. Kate does n't like me, and she always tries to keep me from meeting her intimate friends, especially those that I want to meet. And I did so want to meet you the minute I saw your dear little flower face."

"I wish you would n't flatter," said Laura, blushing. "And really, Miss Sterling—did n't try to keep us apart." The untruth came out rather falteringly.

"No? And she and her coterie have n't been saying mean things about me?" remarked Amy, sarcastically.

They had! Laura could not but admit to herself that Miss Bender had some reason to feel sarcastic.

But the lady did not wait for an answer. "People say a good many things about me that are not true. I don't know why, I am sure. Kate Sterling has a special propensity that way. But I'm really not so black as I am painted." Her manner was forgiving and resigned. There was not a trace of malice in it at that moment, and Laura began to have a feeling that perhaps Amy Bender was a maligned and misunderstood woman. A little timid sympathy shone out of her face, which Amy noted.

"I am so glad that they have n't set you entirely against me, because I want you and me to be friends."

At the word "friends," the girl stiffened, perceptibly. All Kate Sterling's warnings came crowding back to her.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, with a cold sweetness that was not lost on her companion. "And won't you please excuse me?" she added, rising hastily. "You know I am a worker here this afternoon, not a butterfly."

"The people are thinning out," objected Amy, sombrely. Her heavy, black brows were drawn into one unbroken line, and her face had utterly lost its charm. But, as if swayed by an impulse, she suddenly grasped Laura's little hands between her big brown ones, and the girl felt as if she had been swallowed, not by a whale indeed, but by a volcano.

"My dear, how would you like to take a course in elocution and physical culture? It would do you a world of good!"

"Really, Miss Bender, I could n't afford it!" gasped Laura, ready to escape when Miss Bender should release her hands.

"Oh, don't you understand?" cried the lady, impatiently. "I am not trying to make a commercial transaction. How utterly vulgar you must think me! Listen!" She released the girl's hands. "Forgive me, but you are not normal. You have an undeveloped personality. Your real self is a prisoner locked up behind a personality that cannot express

you properly. A course in elocution and physical culture would develop your powers of mind and body, and free you from your self-consciousness. Don't you see?"

Laura sat back suddenly on the divan, her hands clasped in front of her. Amy Bender had probed her secret, probed it as relentlessly as a surgeon's tool probes a wound. It was true! She was hideously, torturingly self-conscious; it was the tragedy of her life. How accurately Miss Bender had phrased the situation! "An undeveloped personality!" "Her real self a prisoner!" How true it was! Laura could not know that the shaft that had struck home so cleanly was merely a chance arrow from Miss Bender's quiverful of professional platitudes.

That astute person was quick to follow up her advantage. "Think it over," she advised, earnestly. "Sleep on it; and then come to my studio to-morrow morning and let me explain to you more in detail what I mean. Even though you should decide not to take a course with me, I can give you many valuable suggestions for developing your own personality." They both rose from the divan together. Amy was slipping on her long, black suede gloves, preparatory to taking her departure. "And here is one of my cards, with my studio address. If you do not come to me to-morrow, you may have cause to regret it all your life long." She fixed on Laura one of her last, overwhelming looks, and went away.

II.

Severe criticism of others always turned Laura Semple's instinctive sympathies in the direction of the criticised; and in the last analysis, she usually preferred to use her own judgment in deciding questions of personal worth. The studio chit-chat which she had heard about Amy Bender was not malicious; who, indeed, was more frank and open-hearted than Kate Sterling? Yet, somehow, she felt that it was exaggerated and biassed. "I will judge of her myself," she decided. "And in any case, what harm can there be in going to her studio just once? How can she, or any one else, exert any power over me that I do not choose to submit to?"

And so, in spite of Kate Sterling's solemn warnings, Amy Bender triumphantly gained her point. Laura's visit to her studio the next morning was the beginning of the long intimacy that first astonished and then angered Kate Sterling, and that caused Mrs. Ware and Teddy Dalton to shudder with sympathetic horror when they heard of it.

Amy had, as a matter of fact, taken one of her sudden, capricious likings to this gentle, shy little soul, so utterly different from herself, and from the beginning overwhelmed her with hospitality, favors, and gifts; so that, almost before she was aware of what had happened, Laura had been placed under a deep sense of obligation to her new friend. In course of time, they became inseparable companions—Miss Bender would have it so. Yet, after the first glamour of her new "discovery" had worn off, an indefinable note of contempt crept into Miss Bender's treatment of Laura. The girl felt it keenly; indeed, she realized now that Kate Sterling's antipathy to Amy was well-founded; but it was now too late for her to shake off the bondage of this friendship that had laid its heavy hand upon her. If she absented herself two days in succession from the studio, a shower of reproachful notes rained upon her. "Is this the way you repay all my generosity to you?" they intimated more or less plainly, until Laura realized painfully that there was no alternative but continued loyalty and service.

After the first few weeks of "training," the pretence of a "course in elocution and physical culture" vanished completely. Miss Bender had no intention of developing anybody's personality but her own. Even the pupils who, drawn to her at first by her absolute confidence and sheer force of will, paid her "cold cash" for her services, habitually grew to dislike and fear her, and were glad to make their escape. It is easily seen how much simpler it was for such persons to make their escape than for Laura!

Behind Laura's yielding gentleness, there was a serious intellectual strain of

mind. But Miss Bender's boundless egotism arrogated all intellectual qualities within her radius to herself. She hated to see them in others; and her dominant will denied them absolutely to Laura. Laura was sweet and lovely and a useful companion, she admitted; but weak and colorless.

This intellectual despotism of Miss Bender's was a subtle and baffling thing, expressed more by attitude than by words. It did not dispute or argue; it ignored, it brushed aside, it took possession; and it preyed more heavily on Laura than any of Amy's other forms of personal tyranny. Finally, she came to feel in Miss Bender's society a sense of rigid repression that was almost pain. Away from the influence of Amy's masterful presence, in the quiet of her own thoughts, her spirit rose in passionate revolt.

"She does not know me; she does not understand me; she will never understand, because she does not want to. Very well, I will keep myself to myself!" she would say bitterly. And she kept her word, partly because there was no real choice left to her in the matter.

There were occasions, it is true, when Laura could be useful to Amy on intellectual grounds. Miss Bender's lectures on "literary topics" (more especially, "the drama"), prepared for reading before sundry woman's clubs, left much to be desired in the way of literary style and continuity of thought. In these discourses, her ideas were quite likely to wander off into flowery bypaths that were no concern of the drama's; and many an unfortunate sentence she drew through a labyrinth of phrases, only to leave it gasping without a predicate. Even a literary novice like Laura could perceive these shortcomings. Quite simply and naturally, one day, she tried her hand at mitigating them when Amy carelessly tossed her a manuscript and commanded her to "read that and tell me how it sounds." After that, it became something of a habit of hers to polish Miss Bender's lectures before they were read in public; but Miss Bender attached no particular significance to this service beyond acknowledging one day that Laura had "quite a little knack at that sort of thing." She even calmly and impressively delivered Laura's ideas from the platform, when she found them in her manuscript surreptitiously substituted for her own, without once admitting to herself that Laura deserved any particular credit for them.

Often, during her intimacy with Miss Bender, Laura's mind reverted, with morbid fascination, to the tradition concerning Amy's great grandmother. Curious to know how Amy might herself feel about the matter, she one day brought the conversation round to the story of the gypsy's curse.

"Our pet family tradition, and we are very proud of it!" said Miss Bender complacently. "The fact remains, too, that I never cried in my life. Even when my mother lay dead—and my father, too—and when it seemed that, in very truth, my 'eyeballs would sear'! I suppose," she shrugged, with a little smile, "that I am under the spell of the gypsy's curse."

"And do you think that anybody will ever be able to break it?" Laura suddenly flashed, with more than her customary audacity. In her own mind, she was associating the lack of tears with the singular hardness of Miss Bender's nature.

Amy's eyes sparkled with a sense of mastery. "By making me weep? Who, pray?" She rose to her full, splendid height, and locked her hands high above her head. "I have never yet met a stronger nature or a stronger will than mine," she exulted; "and I never expect to. Until that time comes, I shall never weep!"

III.

There was no doubt that Amy Bender had inherited many of her most prominent characteristics directly from her father, Peter Bender, noted in his day for his heroic physique, flashing dark eyes, and a determination to have his own way. The "Bender will" had, in fact, crystallized into a tradition among those who knew the family. Only two members of that family now remained—Amy, and her brother Julian. Julian had inherited his share of the Bender characteristics; and there was a marked resemblance in

looks and temperament between brother and sister, although in physique and will power, the odds were distinctly in Amy's favor. In both respects, she was a superwoman. While the lady was far from handsome, her brother was accounted extremely good-looking; moreover, he had learned to conceal his strong vein of positivity under manners that were at once bland and deferential.

There was little real sympathy between the two; and when they were together, as might be imagined, friction frequently arose. For ten years, Julian's business connections had kept him in the South and Middle West; and few letters passed between brother and sister. When business matters drew Julian to Boston, as they infrequently did, he always dutifully "put up" at Amy's Brimmer Street apartments, and sometimes smoked a cigarette and idled away a little time in what he facetiously termed the "rhythmic air" of the studio.

It was on one of these occasions that Laura Semple swam into Julian's ken. She was making a little, perfunctory call on Amy.

"Nice, pretty little thing—who is she?" he asked, when Laura had gone.

Amy told him; and he listened attentively, and said nothing. He was lounging in the studio the next day when Laura called to give Amy some silk braid that she had been commissioned to buy for her; and while they chatted about women's affairs in a corner of the studio (or rather, while Amy dictated and Laura listened), he, in another corner, surreptitiously watched Laura from behind his magazine. When she finally rose to go, he yawned, looked at his watch, and said that he too must be off to see a chap on business. Laura was going up town to shop, and he accompanied her to the door of a Tremont Street department store. He talked delightfully and was extremely deferential.

"How different he is from Amy!" Laura thought, as he walked away; and as she recalled a certain serious tenderness in the way he had looked at her, a flush rose involuntarily in her cheek.

"That girl," Julian remarked next day to Amy, as he thoughtfully twirled his cigarette, "has about her personality the shy, delicate aroma of a violet."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Amy, succintly. "There is n't much to Laura intellectually, but she's a good little thing, and I'm terribly fond of her," she added.

"I should think you might be!" Julian ejaculated. "Don't you make of her a kind of slavey? She must have the disposition of an angel."

"She has the disposition of a mild cow. And I *don't* make a slavey of her! But really, Julian," Amy added, with a flash of temper, "I hope you have n't come to Boston expressly to quarrel with me over Laura Semple!"

"I beg your pardon, Amy. My mistake," he said, with a touch of sarcasm; and the subject dropped for the time being. But on a later occasion, after a meditative silence, he broke out suddenly, "You may say, if you like, that she has the disposition of a mild cow; but to me it's refreshing to meet a girl of her type after these devilish flirtatious and self-centred women of the world!"

There was so much unconscious venom in the remark that Amy looked up from her book with a gleam of satire in her eyes.

"Stung, Julian?"

"Nothing of the kind!" And he took up his hat and flung crossly out of the room.

It was quite true that Julian had recently turned the last chapter of a fervid love affair with a brilliant, olive-skinned southern beauty. His heart, bruised and a little aching from the ordeal (they had found themselves too much alike in disposition to agree), was in precisely the condition to be soothed and healed by the cultivation of a sentimental interest in a woman of a quite different type. And that type was embodied in Laura.

Amy was ignorant of these facts, and if she had known them, she probably would have failed to give them their due significance. To her it was utter nonsense to believe that a man like Julian could be seriously interested in a colorless little thing like Laura. Even though "business" was keeping Julian in Boston rather longer than usual this spring, she would not admit that Laura was an ul-

terior object of any consequence, if at all. And she merely smiled and shrugged her shoulders when, in the course of their conversations, he skilfully guided the subject around to that young woman. "Pshaw! This won't last!" she told herself.

Meanwhile, she was in the midst of busy preparations for a summer European trip. She would have liked to take Laura with her, but after careful consideration, she decided that she was really too poor to afford the expense this year. She had had, as a matter of fact, a rather sterile season. As she had not been in Europe since six years before, she felt that she needed the mental stimulus and renewed prestige to be gained from another continental visit, to carry her successfully through the next year.

Amy, standing on the deck of the outgoing Saxonia, smiled and waved at Julian and Laura standing together on the pier and waving their handkerchiefs back at her. Even this picture, forced as she was to carry it away with her on the voyage, was not especially disquieting, so convinced was she that Julian's interest in Laura was a vagrant fancy likely to burn itself out in the compass of a summer's day.

When she returned in the autumn, flushed and triumphant from her successful summer abroad, Julian and Laura were preparing for their marriage, which they had set for Thanksgiving.

Miss Bender's feelings were a curious mixture of surprise, anger, and—relief. She was angry at her own stupidity—for, for once, her customary acuteness in such matters had deserted her, angry that matters had come to a head without her help or intervention; angry at the thought of giving up what she considered her own exclusive property to Julian. But, on the other hand, she had always had an instinctive fear that her brother would marry a brilliant and "showy" wife. The thought of a sister-in-law who might dim her own glory by her beauty and mental gifts had always filled her with dread. Now that danger was averted! And in many ways Laura must be accounted an ideal sister-in-law. "Of course," she said to herself a little scornfully, "if Julian thinks that he will be satisfied with a mouse of a wife like Laura, that is his own affair!"

One day, not out of kindness, but in the same spirit in which a boy sticks pins into a smaller boy to see him wince with pain, she remarked to Laura dryly:

"I suppose, Laura, that you have heard the tradition that it is not wise for fair-haired and fair-complexioned people to marry into our family."

"I have heard it," Laura replied. Her lips had grown a little pale.

"Past experience has proved—but never mind! It will serve no purpose to bring up such matters now. The point is: Are you at all superstitious? Or are you willing to take the risk?"

"I am not superstitious and I am willing to take the risk," said the girl slowly. She had indeed never thought of the tradition until this moment.

"Very sensible," answered Miss Bender, with her dry little smile. "I believe myself that it is nothing but the veriest superstition. But there is another thing to be considered. You know that we Benders have the name of being a masterful race; and Julian is no exception to the rule. Are you prepared to accept whatever consequences may arise from that fact?"

"I shall never knowingly give Julian cause to be unkind to me," said Laura, quietly. "And from what I have seen of him, I don't think that he ever will be."

"Then, my dear, I have nothing more to say," said Amy, picking up a book, as a sign that incident was closed.

But this was not the only warning that Laura received. One day a letter came to her from Kate Sterling. And as usual Kate did not mince matters.

My dear Laura: They tell me that you are going to marry Amy Bender's brother. I don't know anything about him except that he's a Bender, and that's enough for me. I would rather marry the devil myself. I *may* forgive you in time for letting Amy claw you away from me (you have n't been to see me in six months); but I'll *never* forgive you if you marry her brother. Teddy Dalton and Mrs. Ware are in the studio at this moment wailing and shuddering at your

foolhardiness (they are to be married in the spring). I always said that if I could n't get the price I wanted for it, I would give you my Persian Garden (which you have always admired so much) for a wedding present and I've been sort of saving it for you by keeping up the price. But you shall never have it if you marry her brother! For he will crush you to such a pulp, you frail little blonde thing! that any sort of a garden would be a useless encumbrance, even if I was n't mad with you to begin with. Oh, Laura! I can't help writing like this! For I hate to see you act exactly like those Hindu fanatics, and deliberately throw yourself under the car wheels of a big, hateful Bender Juggernaut.

Laura made several attempts to answer this epistle, but finally gave up in despair the hope of producing any literature that could have the slightest effect on a mind so militantly anti-Bender.

IV.

Julian had recently been appointed manager of the New York office of the big real estate company that he had served for so many years. His income was ample, and the newly married couple took a comfortable, old-fashioned house in Washington Square. Jealous, lonely, and a little bitter, Amy remained in Boston, and threw herself with renewed energy into her professional work. It was a long time before she was able to fill up the gap in her life caused by Laura's defection.

Although Julian had carried on his courtship with something more than a trace of his sister's imperiousness, he had nevertheless shown throughout the more chivalrous, indulgent side of his character. He was dogmatic and arbitrary in only less degree than Amy herself; but love, and Laura's own gentleness, had softened and subdued him for the time being. Laura had literally been caught up on the wave of his ardent, romantic love, and swept by it into matrimony. Under the circumstances, it would have been strange if she could have resisted its influence.

Yet she knew in her heart, even without Amy's and Kate's reminders, that Julian was a Bender, with the Bender traits, and she realized that marriage with him was a serious step. Even her deep love for Julian did not free her from misgivings as to their future happiness. Again and again, during their engagement, she was obliged to assure herself, "He loves me; it will all be right."

And it was, for a time. But after the honeymoon was over, and their married life had swung into its inevitable humdrum pace, Laura began to realize that her husband's manner toward her was undergoing a subtle transformation. Each day, he was growing less and less the tender, deferential lover of his courtship; and with a chill sense of foreboding, she recognized more and more of Amy's characteristics cropping out in him.

They had not been long married when she saw plainly that he regarded himself as the sole mind of the family. Laura's opinions on every subject were brushed aside as a child's might have been, dogmatically and authoritatively he settled all matters of family policy (exclusively of strictly housekeeping affairs); calmly he dismissed all questions of general argument as beneath her powers of reasoning.

In her husband Laura had hoped to find sympathy, comprehension, and an intellectual comradeship that she had never experienced with Amy. Instead, she found that, like Amy, he would strip her of mind and intelligence. And again it was by attitude rather than by word. So baffling and elusive was it all, that if she had turned upon him to upbraid him, she could not have expressed in words what she would accuse him of.

But the hurt of it lay in her heart, and the wound of it grew deeper day by day. Sometimes she said bitterly to herself, "Why did I marry him? I might have known!" And it did not add to her comfort to call to mind Kate Sterling's bluntly-uttered warnings against marriage with a Bender. Even Amy had warned her. Good heavens! What irony! Yet nobody now knew better than herself what marriage with a Bender meant. It began and ended in intellectual

despotism, the most galling kind of tyranny that could be devised for a proud and sensitive mind. Sometimes Julian was perfectly good-natured in his despotism, and many times he was simply matter-of-fact; for Julian was certainly fond of his wife—in his own way; and her very knowledge of his affection lent a deeper sting to his treatment of her.

As the days passed, she felt herself growing tired and numb. There was no life to her. Her husband noticed it, and thought her sulky. It irritated him.

"What is the matter with you?" he would demand of her sometimes at the dinner table. "You act precisely like a marble statue!" (This was his favorite accusation).

"You little know how much I feel like one!" she would answer him in her heart.

One night he came home in better spirits than usual. He had scored a strategic victory over a rival firm in a contest that had been pending for many days. He told her the fact; and his evident relish of the situation warmed and animated her for a moment—made her forget! But when she asked for details as to *how* the victory was won, he looked at her with a little surprise, and then said, tersely:

"Why, you would n't understand if I told you! What do *you* know of business methods? Nothing more than *I* know of cooking!" He was one of those men who believe that ignorance of household affairs is a sign of manliness.

She went cold and frozen again behind the coffee urn—like Galatea returned to her pedestal. But Julian's victory meant large money returns, and he could afford to be magnanimous—after what he regarded as the highest demands of a woman's soul.

"What is it you want, Laura?" he demanded, genially. "A ring, or a bracelet, or a diamond pendant? Just say the word, and you shall have it!"

She shook her head. "You are very kind, Julian, but I have all the jewelry that I want."

He frowned a little; for when men like Mr. Bender feel magnanimous, they hate to have obstacles put in their way.

"It does n't seem to me that you have such a deal of jewelry! Not nearly so much as many women whose husbands are not making as much money as I am. Well? Is n't there anything else that you'd like?"

She answered with a cold, remote gentleness. "No, really, I can't think of anything that I want just now."

"Can't think of anything!" He pushed away his coffee and rose abruptly from the table. "There's appreciation for you!" He lit a cigarette angrily. "And by the expression of your face, anyone would think I had offered you toads instead of jewels!"

But that was precisely what he had done—as she appraised such matters! He had refused her the jewel of intellectual comradeship, and in its stead, had proffered her what, lacking that, was as loathsome to her as any toads.

That evening, and all the next day, she burned with a slow, deep wrath against him. Something within her had taken fire. Her whole spirit was in revolt. She was obsessed by a longing to pour out her pent-up feelings in some form that he could not crush with his contempt. Instinctively, she took some sheets of paper and began to write—she never could tell afterward just what had prompted her to this method of easing her spirit. Gradually, she found herself writing with feverish haste. All that day and the next she wrote like one possessed. It seemed as if the floodgates of her soul were opened; thoughts and ideas came tumbling forth in headlong haste; and the miracle of it all was that she knew not whence they came! And after she had finished, in exhaustion of mind and body, it did not matter that what she had written was a medley of detached and fragmentary ideas, without beginning and without end. It had served its purpose. Her soul had found a means of self-expression; and a calm and peace of spirit settled down upon her that she had not known for months.

And so Laura Bender built for herself a little world of her own apart from her husband, of which he knew nothing—a world of spirit and intellect. Every day she wrote calmly and steadily; every day she pondered much. She experienced

a still kind of triumph in finding that she disagreed with him on so many subjects. She exulted when, by a simple process of reasoning, she could tear down the superficial fabric of some of his arguments; for she often sat quietly by with her sewing and listened while he chatted on topics of the day with his men friends. He did not know that she was revolving these conversations in her own mind, selecting and rejecting with an acuteness that was all the keener because silent and suppressed. And while he thought of her as a simple little creature who thought little on any subject beyond ordinary household affairs, she was not only preserving the integrity of her own mind, but building up a sharpness and power of reasoning that would have amazed him if he had known. Writing and thinking—this was now as much a part of each day's regimen as eating and sleeping. Every fibre in herself was being strengthened and toughened. He had no power now to hurt her. She knew her inward strength; and, in a certain sense, life had never been so thrillingly interesting.

At meal times now, when he talked to her, she looked interested, smiled amiably, or agreed with him dutifully. But she never ventured an original opinion on any subject. Her husband felt dimly that some subtle change had occurred in her, but he did not try to reason it out. Things, on the whole, were going well with him, and he was content with life in general. He was sometimes heard to brag of his wife's disposition to less favored friends.

One day, as Laura looked over some of her manuscript, the thrill came to her that often comes to those who suddenly realize that they have builded better than they knew. A thought so daring darted into her mind that it brought the color in a vivid tide to her cheeks. It was succeeded by a moment of bleak despair. How imperfect, how shapeless, her manuscript was in many ways! The thoughts how fragmentary, how crudely expressed! What a long, wearisome road must be travelled before—

"What in the world do you want of a typewriter, Laura?" exclaimed Julian one evening.

She had debated long what she should say to him. Fortunately, she belonged to a woman's club.

"Mrs. Gilkie has put me on her charitable committee," (which was true) "and I shall have a good deal of correspondence to attend to until—some other woman takes my place. There is nothing so useful as a typewriter in such cases." Julian could find no flaw in this reasoning; but he found himself wondering if Laura had a sufficiently executive mind to handle charitable correspondence.

Weeks flew by. Shortly before Christmas, Laura mailed a long letter to Kate Sterling, accompanying it with a small oblong package. In this letter, there was litle evidence that a living, breathing woman soul had been crushed beneath the car wheels of a Juggernaut.

V.

Two days before Christmas (it was on a Sunday afternoon), Julian noticed a little book laying on the writing table. The cover struck him as unusually attractive. It was in a particularly charming shade of pastel blue, on which had been picked out a conventionalized border of pansies in softly blended tints. He took it up, and turned the leaves casually. It seemed to be a collection of short essays; he noted incidentally some of the subjects: Love; Marriage; The American Man; The American Woman; What is Individuality; Character-Building, etc. Then he turned to the title-page: *In the Dusk, and Other Essays, by Laura Semple Bender.*

"Good heavens!" he cried, in bewilderment. "What does this mean? Is there a woman writer with your name?"

"Yes; I am the woman," she answered, quietly, looking up from her book an instant, and then back again. Calm as she was outwardly, it was a moment tense with emotion for her.

He gazed at her dumbfounded. "You! You—have—written—a book!" he stammered. His surprise was so utter that her sympathies were entirely with Julian at that moment. She felt almost as if she had wronged him—as if she had played the thief or the hypocrite. He

stood holding the book in his hand and staring at it for several seconds; then abruptly turned and went off by himself to read it.

She never knew whether he stayed in his room, or went out; but he did not appear again until tea time. She had already taken her place at the table; and she felt herself trembling in every fibre. He sat down, placed his wife's book carefully beside his plate, and unfolded his napkin in silence. But he did not even glance at her. His face was set in tense lines, and he seemed to be lost in his own reflections.

"Will you have some chicken, Julian?" inquired Laura, gently.

The commonplace question broke the spell.

"You kept your secret well, did n't you?" he suddenly threw at her. She did not know how much of hurt pride, how much of actual bitterness, there was in that accusation.

"There was nothing *secretive* about it," she answered, steadily. "That is the wrong way to put it. You simply were not—in the least—interested—in that side of me; and so I did not tell you. Is your tea just right, Julian?" handing him his cup.

"But I did not know that you had a—a—side like that to you. You kept it quiet, I say!" he burst out.

She silenced him with a vivid, flashing look. "No, Julian, it was you who kept it quiet! Let your mind think back over our married life, and then let your own honesty tell you the truth!" She rose quickly from the table, leaving the room to Julian and his own thoughts.

They did not meet again until mid-evening, when he found her reading in her favorite corner. He had her book still in his hand, and he dropped it quietly into her lap. Then he drew up a footstool and sat down at her feet, looking up and staring curiously at her face, much as he might have done if he had but just returned from a long, long journey.

"I suppose you will go on writing more books," he remarked, irrelevantly, after he had sat for a time in moody silence.

She shook her head, positively. "That is n't at all likely. Indeed, it's far, far too much trouble! I don't believe I should ever have the patience to write another. Besides, wait until the critics begin to 'roast' this one!" (She had intended this last remark as a witticism; but he took it seriously).

"They'll never roast it!" he exclaimed; and with a little happy thril, she realized that he respected he book. "But if it's in you to write, you'll keep at it," he insisted; and she could almost have fancied that there was a worried note in his voice.

"Julian, the book was the veriest accident. It was an incident. Ah! *I* don't think you will ever quite understand!" and she gave a little sigh.

"Yes, I understand—better than you think," he answered, quietly. "I understand you—now that it is too late. I know now what you have probably always known—that you are too big—too fine—for a pig-headed dolt like me! No! Listen! Be honest, Laura, and answer this one question: Are you thinking of divorcing me?"

Intead of replying to the silly question, she paused to consider his forehead critically. Then she saw the tears standing in his eyes. She pushed back a lock of his rumpled hair. "Julian, your hair needs an uncommonly good brushing. And I think that you had better get the brushes and let me do it myself."

VI.

Miss Bender had been invited to spend Christmas with her brother and sister-in-law. She arrived on Christmas Eve, in time for dinner, in capital spirits. If anything, she was more vivacious, more talkative, more dogmatic than usual. As Julian listened to her, a feeling of great weariness came over him. "I pity the poor fellow who gets Amy for a wife!" was his involuntary reflection. Now and then a quiet smile of sympathy and understanding passed between himself and his wife.

But Amy was talking, as the dinner progressed, to smother a sensation of jealousy and discontent that had sprung up within her. Laura had never looked lovelier in her life than she looked this

Christmas Eve in her white satin dinner gown. Her cheeks were like wild roses, and in her face was that glow and sparkle of animation that had almost always been lacking, in Amy's recollection—the one touch needful to make her a beautiful woman. For the first time in her life, Amy felt stirred and fascinated by Laura's personality—an unwilling tribute, jealously given. What had happened to Laura? Vaguely she felt that in some way Laura had gained the upper hand. And in Julian's eyes, as they returned again, and yet again, to his wife's face, she recognized that unfathomable something that spells but one word to those sharp enough to read it. Within herself she felt those fine pin prickings of discomfort to which she was usually a stranger—the consciousness that in some baffling way she was on the outside of things.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Amy, as they entered the drawing-room after dinner. For there, hanging on the wall in front of them, was Kate Sterling's masterpiece, "A Persian Garden."

"Why, I heard that she had put the price of that up to a million!" she sneered. Somehow, it made her intensely uncomfortable to see that splendid riot of color hanging in Laura's drawing-room.

"Came this morning. Present to Laura. Great, is n't it?" said Julian, with the uncritical enthusiasm of the practical man whose daily interests are remote from art. Then his eyes wandered, dreamily, to the legend printed in faint, shadowy lettering at the bottom of the canvas:

"And many a garden by the water blows."

"Did I tell you that after the holidays we are going to take a southern trip? Laura's considerably tired; and we are just going to enjoy ourselves for a spell, loafing around—gardens and places."

It was rather late in the evening when (Laura having left the room) Julian announced with unmistakable pride, "You have not yet seen Laura's book." With a keen dramatic sense, he had purposely reserved it as the climax of the evening. "Take it upstairs with you," he advised, with a smile, "and let us know in the morning what you think of it."

The expected volley of questions came. Amy's bewilderment over the news was as complete as Julian's own had been, and he found himself taking a serene enjoyment in the fact.

It was late that night when Miss Bender's eyes closed in sleep. In the excited whirl of her thoughts, one bare, unpalatable fact at first stood out with more distinctness than the others. Her simple and rather stupid little sister-in-law had proved to be an entity, after all. She had accomplished a definite intellectual feat—of what ultimate value, Amy did not know—but definite and accomplished it certainly was. The essays, as she had hurriedly looked them over, had read extremely well. Where, in heaven's name, had Laura got her ideas! Of course, the book would gain for her a certain amount of enviable notoriety. She would, without doubt, be regarded as an "author." And then the stabbing, torturing, jealous thought came to Miss Bender: Why had she herself never dreamed of writing a book?

These more material aspects of Laura's achievement revolved and considered, her mind began to revert instinctively to the intellectual content of the book. Certain sentences which she had noted in her hasty skimming now obtruded themselves.

Strength (no matter how great) when combined with malice, insincerity, selfishness, is like armor with cracks in it; and some day it must fall to pieces. In the nature of things, it cannot last. But sometimes, when this fictitious strength has disappeared, the real man, true and sincere, is found at bottom.

The weak are strong—if they but know it. The trouble is, they do not know it. No man can remain a weakling who goes periodically into the inner recesses of his being, and looks his soul squarely in the face. There will he come upon sincerity and truth—which are the sources of all strength.

This, then, was the real Laura,—the Laura who had found her soul! Had some miracle changed her? puzzled Amy, tossing restlessly. Or was she always such a woman as this book would seem

to proclaim her? Her mind re-travelled the path of their intimacy, from the day when she had taken her swift fancy to to Laura in Kate Sterling's studio, when, too, she had indulged a mischievous satisfaction in "getting her away" from Kate. She recalled the girl's sweet compliance in all matters, and her quiet unobtrusiveness. She remembered, too, curiously enough, the soothing, almost magical, stroke of her cool, soft hands on her tortured head (for Amy's headaches had been the great bane of her life). She remembered the wrench that Laura's marriage with Julian had caused her; and how she had almost hated Julian at times for it. No! Laura had appealed to her on very different grounds from those of intellectuality! What, then, was the nature of the tie that had bound them together? "I looked upon Laura somewhat as a child," she answered herself; "and Laura looked up to me as a stronger, superior nature."

But she had no sooner framed her answer than Laura Semple's statement on *strength* bit its way subtly into her self-confidence. *Malice, insincerity, selfishness!* She flushed in the darkness. *Armor with cracks in it!* There was something piercingly unpleasant in that phrase, as it recurred to Amy again and again. Yes, frankly, she could see the cracks in her own armor now! All these years, she had gone her way, confident in her glorious arrogance and her superb physical strength. But now, plainly, she saw that every pupil she had lost prematurely (even though replaced by another) had meant a crack in her armor! She had never admitted it before. Reluctantly, she admitted it to-night, feeling strangely weak and tired and humble. What if, throughout her whole life, hers had been a "fictitious strength," after all?

But returning morning helped to restore Amy to a normal frame of mind. As she looked at her splendid proportions in the glass, at her brilliant, scornful black eyes, again she gloried in her strength of mind and body. Pah! She had allowed herself to be disturbed by a bogie of the night! she scoffed, as she swept downstairs to the morning room, to join Laura at their late breakfast.

From the citadel of her regained confidence, she poured her opening cannonade. Their old relations seemed to be re-established.

"I must say, Laura, that you have done the very last thing that I should ever expect of *you*. Of course, I knew that you had a little knack of turning phrases, because you used to try it sometimes on my lectures. But to write a book! Forgive me, Laura, but I did not think you had it in you!"

"My dear Amy," said Laura, calmly, "during our three years' close, very close, acquaintance, did you ever seriously *desire* to know what I had in me?"

Miss Bender paused a moment to consider the import of this unexpected question, and the quite new note in Laura's voice.

"Pardon me, Laura, if I don't understand you. Did I ever *prevent* you from showing what you had in you?" There was a touch of heat added to the superciliousness of Miss Bender's tones.

"Let me put it differently. What you actually *saw* in me was the reflection of your own wishes. Instead of allowing me mind, will, and intelligence, you preferred to regard me as a cipher, and that is how you treated me!" The vibrant, angry scorn that had risen involuntarily in Laura's voice, and the unwonted fire in her eyes, quelled the answering spark in Miss Bender's face. Never, in all their acquaintance, had Laura's gentle voice been raised like that before.

"I treated you as a cipher, Laura!" she protested, after a surprised indignant pause.

"Yes! And worse than a cipher! No Czar of Russia ever tried to rule over his subjects with a more merciless tyranny than you, under the name of friendship, tried to rule over my mind and will! All your lifetime, Amy Bender, you have been an arrogant despot in your relations with other people, and it is high time that somebody told you so at last!" Laura had risen from her chair; her face glowed like the face of an angry goddess, and her words poured upon Amy like electric sparks.

For a moment Miss Bender sat as if stunned. Her wide black eyes had nar-

rowed to slits; her lips were quivering, and her face looked oddly distorted. Then, suddenly, she sank her face in her locked arms. Strange, suppliant words came from her—thick and broken.

"Oh, Laura, how could you—could you—say such—cruel—things to me—when you know—I have always—l-loved you! Oh, Laura, you have—broken—my—heart!"

"Amy, I am very sorry! I did n't mean to hurt you like this!" Swiftly, Laura had thrown compassionate, remorseful arms around her neck.

For great, splashing tears were falling from Amy Bender's eyes, and her whole frame was racked with convulsive sobs.

The Revolutionary Movement In City Government

By OSWALD RYAN

THE commission plan of city government is un-American and undemocratic; it is a revolutionary departure from American political ideals that can be justified only on the ground that an absolute oligarchy is the best form of government on earth." This striking sentiment was expressed at a recent hearing by the joint committee of a New England Legislature on a permissive bill giving certain cities of the state power to adopt the commission form of government. The author of the statement was a politician known throughout the state in whose assembly he serves; the same sentiment has been expressed by a profound student of politics and government, at present occupying a professor's chair in a famous law school.

The movement for the commission system of city government thus described as revolutionary may rightly be called the dominant municipal tendency in the United States at the present time. Originating in Galveston, Texas, after the great tidal wave which almost swept that city into the Gulf of Mexico, the movement for commission government spread north into the central west, then into the far west, then into New England until, within eleven short years, it has found its way into every section of the country, and revolutionized the governments of more than a hundred cities. And at this time it is the subject of discussion in as many more cities, and bids fair to furnish the prevailing municipal system in the United States. Everywhere the question of adopting the new form of government comes up it meets the eternal objection of being un-American and out of harmony with our political ideals, and everywhere this objection recruits votes for the opposition. What weight should be given to this charge? How does the foremost municipal tendency of the decade square with the American political tradition? The question, although it has received little or no consideration from the proponents of the new government, is nevertheless a fair one among a people committed to democratic institutions.

What is the basis of the indictment against the commission government? Fundamentally it is that the new government is not built on the principle of the division of powers. The commission charter vests all municipal powers in a small body whose members are elected at large by the qualified voters of the city. There is no tripartite division of powers into legislative, executive and judicial branches as in the time-honored aldermanic system; executive powers there are, legislative and judicial powers there

are; but they are not exercised by different authorities as in the national and state governments, and those city governments which are not governed under the new plan. Thus to sweep away the distinction between these different authorities is oligarchical, unrepresentative and dangerous. So reads the indictment which has proved the most effective argument against the commission government. The charges call for further analysis.

Any system of government which concentrates all powers in a small number of persons it is asserted, is oligarchical. But, it may be observed that the first requisite of an oligarchical form is that *absolute powers* shall be vested in the governing body. Now, the commission plan does not lodge *absolute* power in the governing organ. All administrative powers are vested in the governing council, but all legislative powers are lodged in the council *and the people,* by means of the initiative and referendum. A significant and vital feature of the commission system is that the people may exercise directly any legislative power; and that the council is permitted to exercise an important legislative power *only when it is supported in its action by public sentiment.* In one sense, the commission plan is a government of divided powers; the important legislative powers are divided between the council and the people. But there is no division of powers as in the aldermanic system.

The charge that the centralized character of the commission government stamps it as oligarchical is further weakened by the fact that it has been generally recognized in American government that where power is centralized in responsible hands there is no danger of tyrannical rule. The New England town-meeting system, which has been called the most perfect form of democracy ever practiced, lodges all important municipal powers in a small board of selectmen between the annual meetings of the voters; the important powers of the present New York Government are vested in a single board,—the Board of Estimate and Apportionment; and the broad powers vested in the presidency of the nation led a famous publicist to call that office "an elective kingship." The principle of centralized power in the United States is older than the commission government, and will probably outlive it.

Those who criticise the commission system of city government because of its centralized character forget that a legal distribution of power among different authorities, such as obtains in the ordinary American municipality, by no means insures a real distribution of power. Who will deny that in most American cities the real power has been exercised by a few self-constituted rulers, who generally have had no official connection with the government? Experience tells us that, though the power may be divided *in* the government, it will nevertheless be concentrated *outside* the government; that a system designed, after the good American principle, to insure government by the many, inevitably under American municipal conditions, by the few. And yet it is not the principle of concentration that is at fault; the weakness of the system lies in the fact that the power is concentrated in irresponsible hands. American experience would seem to say that city government by the few is inevitable, and that the question to consider is whether those few who do the governing shall be made responsible officials under the control of the people, or irresponsible politicians outside the pale of popular control. The commission government rests upon the theory that the governing few should be responsible, that municipal power should be concentrated, —but not in an irresponsible Cox, Ruef or "Bathhouse John."

The second count in the indictment against the commission plan,—that it is unrepresentative,—rests upon the provision for the election at large of the members of the governing body. A genuinely representative council must contain more than five members, it is said, and the members must be chosen by the wards. How can the different geographical, racial and religious interests be represented by such a small council as that created by the commission charter?

"It will be found that the greater the number of legislators, the fewer will be the number of those who actually direct

and control the proceedings," declared Alexander Hamilton in the "Federalist." Our municipal experience has proved the wisdom of this observation made more than a century ago. The large legislative body, instead of being more representative, is even less representative than the small one, for it does not feel that responsibility which weighs upon the small body, holding its members to a keener sense of duty. It is not the size, but the acts of the council that determine whether it is representative or unrepresentative.

And it is rather late in the day to assert the superiority of the ward plan of election. If our political experience proves anything, it proves that the ward system of election means legislation in the interest of particular wards in contradistinction to legislation in the general interests of the city. The ward plan encourages the councilman to demand from the city all he can get for his own ward, regardless of the effect on the interests of the city as a whole. The plan of election at large encourages him to act in the interest of the city as a whole without regard to the selfish desires of any particular ward. Under the ward system municipal legislation becomes a matter of barter and trade and the municipal legislature an arena for the contending selfish interests of local districts. "It was a case of swapping a lamp post in ward three for a special policeman in ward five," declared a citizen of Haverhill, Massachusetts, speaking of the working of the ward system in his city before the adoption of the present charter.

But if legislative log-rolling, as a fruit of the ward system, has killed its thousands, the inefficient type of councilman has killed its tens of thousands of hopes for good government. For the domination of the municipal election by the ward politicians has been an effective preventive to the participation on any extensive scale of the higher type of political leader in municipal politics. The ward system of election in city government involves the ward type of official in city office. To the truth of this proposition the higher grade of officials which has been attracted to the commission governments under the general ticket plan of election abundantly attests. It would be incorrect to say that the plan of election at large accounted for the success of the commission government; it would be equally incorrect to say that it did not account in a larger degree for their success.

That a small municipal governing body elected at large should be inherently unrepresentative is further disproved by the whole trend of contemporary political experience. Time and time again a single elective officer has reflected public opinion more faithfully than a large body of elective representatives. Who would contend that the New York Legislature in recent years expressed more accurately the popular desire than Charles Evans Hughes? Who would say that the Legislature of Missouri was more representative of the people of Missouri than Joseph Folk? Did President Roosevelt or the ninety-two federal senators express the will of the American people during the years 1901-8? The whole trend of contemporary American politics points to a growing recognition of the efficiency of a single political principle: the centralization of power in responsible hands. And municipal experience, like national and state experience, has contributed to the proof of this proposition.

But if the charges of oligarchy and failure to provide a genuine representation of the electorate have taken a conspicuous place in commission charter campaigns and written discussions of the question, they have not approached in influence the accusation that the new system makes a dangerous departure from American political theory in vesting the appropriating and expending authorities, which, it is declared, had been tried in that city with disastrous results. "No feature," declares Commission MacVicar, of Des Moines "arouses more discussion than the fusion of these two authorities."

It may be observed that, while the principle of separating these important functions has received wide application in our national, state and municipal governments, it has not always been univer-

sally recognized as the opponents of commission government generally assume. Our earliest city governments vested both functions in the council after the manner of the English borough system, and it was not until the influence of the federal principle of the division of powers began to make itself felt that the council was divested of its power to spend the city funds. Again, the county governments in several of the states have embodied this principle of fusion, and the majority of the school committees at the present time both appropriate and spend the school funds.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, despite these apparent exceptions, the principle of division has been very generally regarded in this country as a proper safeguard against wastefulness and corruption. The fact that the county governments are commonly referred to as proof of the failure of the plan of intrusting these two functions to the same body is significant as showing the cause for the deep-rooted distrust of this method. The county governments built on this plan have not been successful; they generally merit all the condemnation which they receive from those who are shocked at their wastefulness and extravagance. Indeed, some states, especially Indiana, gave legal expression to their disgust with the plan by creating a county council and vesting in this body the appropriating power which before had been exercised by the county commission.

It is not unnatural, then, in view of the county experience with the plan that the proposal to give the governing council of the commission-governed city the power both to appropriate and disburse public funds should arouse immediate opposition. And yet the failure of the county government does not afford a sound reason for condemning the principle as applied in the commission system of city government. The county commission has never operated under conditions favorable to its success. It has never stood, for instance, in the limelight of publicity which surrounds the commission government. "Even in the south," wrote James Bryce, "it has continued to be an artificial entity, a has drawn to itself no great part the interests or affections of the citize It is too large for the personal terest of the citizens; that goes to township. It is too small to have tra tions which command the respect touch the affections of its inhabitan these belong to the state." It may added that the county government never ruled subject to such popu checks as the initiative, referendum a recall. It lacks the popular charac without which wastefulness and travagance are apt to thrive under a system of administration.

Not only does the limited experie (outside of the commission governmen with the plan of lodging the powers appropriate and disburse the peopl funds in the same body fail to furn adequate argument against it; the gr bulk of experience with the plan separated functions tends even to fa the fusion of these functions.

A few incidents drawn from the perience of Indianapolis under a gove ment in which the appropriating and pending powers have been caref separated, will illustrate the pract working of this system which has b regarded as possessing a peculiar vir About three years ago there was epidemic of diphtheria among the sc children of Indianapolis, and the he board decided on a policy of medical spection in the public schools. An propriation of $4,000 with which to c on the work was requested of the Cou which is the appropriating authority, that body declined to make the app priation, the reason apparently being the son of a councilman had been charged by the health board. It was through persistent public agitation the appropriation was finally obtai The health board has since secured a from the Legislature which provide special tax for medical inspection, money to be available by the health b without appropriation by the cou The principle of separated funct must give way to the principle of fu when the vital interests of the people mand it!

The health board for several years begged the council for money to build a much needed contagious disease hospital and other buildings, but without success. Likewise, the board has had endless difficulties in obtaining the needed appropriations for the city hospital. What is the cause of these difficulties? Not shortage of funds, not lack of bonding power, but presumably because the health board and the hospital are out of politics and little can be gained by giving them the requested appropriations.

Indianapolis is not the only city which has suffered from the separation of the appropriative and expending authorities, and her experience is strikingly typical. How often have the interests of a city or the health of the people of an entire state been placed in jeopardy by the failure of these two authorities to co-operate when there was a vital need for co-operation! And who is to blame for the lamentable consequences that frequently follow? Each authority shifts the responsibility upon the other and in the end both escape the popular wrath which cannot concentrate upon the culpable authority. Is the mayor accused of failing to maintain a proper standard of administration in one of the city's departments? He excuses himself by declaring that the appropriating authority, the council, refused to grant the necessary funds. Is the council accused of withholding necessary supplies? It answers that the money would have been misapplied by the executive.

Thus is created a vicious circle in which extravagance and inefficiency take refuge in a hopeless division of official responsibility.

Is the commission government a violation of the American political tradition? An analysis of the new system would seem to say that it is not. The commission government represents a departure from the *forms* of municipal government which evolved under the influence of the federal ideal; it does not represent a departure from the *spirit* of municipal democracy which was erroneously supposed to have been embodied in these forms.

The Uncommercial Club

By FREDERICK BURROWS

THERE are some men even in America who do not wish to talk business night and day. They are glad to *get away from it,* at least to the extent of an occasional excursion into other worlds than those of trade and finance. In the hope of being of some use to such, I am going to talk about things that have not a dollar in them. And yet I do not wish to wholly abandon the business man's stand-point, which is to measure things according to their efficiency. I only insist that efficiency shall not be interpreted in terms of dollars and cents, and that the themes of our conversations shall be as uncommercial as possible, and I am deliberately re-supposing a very wide-spread interest among commercial men in uncommercial topics.

Have you read Brian Hooker's libretto for the opera of Mona? Hooker is a Yale man and one of our younger writers, and in collaboration with Professor Horatio Parker, Dean of the Yale University Musical School, who composed the music, wrote the opera which has been awarded the prize of Ten Thousand Dollars offered by the Metropolitan Opera Company for the best grand opera written in English and composed by an American. Nobody but the judges has heard the music as yet, but Dodd, Mead & Co. have gotten out Hooker's libretto in book form. Hooker has flatly thrown down the gauntlet before the traditional sanctities that have hitherto safeguarded, without so much as a challenge, the unreadable inanities of opera librettos.

Wagner, still the biggest name in the world of grand opera, preached supreme perfection in all its parts as the aim of opera, which thus became a kind of grand union of all the arts of expression. But Wagner did not practice what he preached. Puerility could not go farther than in the majority of the lines of his best-known operas.

But here comes Mr. Brian Hooker who would give to these same lines an independent beauty of their own, and power and significance as well.

For every five hundred persons to whom the scores of Lohengrin are perfectly familiar, how many are there who would recognize or could possibly quote a single line of the libretto? If Mona succeeds to the extent of one-third as many performances in the next five years as Lohengrin has been given in the past five, the words of the opera will be fully as familiar as its music.

Judged by the best practice of the past, Hooker has transcended his duties as a librettist. In doing so has he helped or hindered the total impression which the performance of the opera will make. That is to say, judged by the standard of efficiency, would a libretto of less independent attraction produce better opera? I must confess to a feeling that it would. If you convey all of your subtleties and suggestions in words and by means of literary artifice, you leave nothing to be accomplished by the transmiting power of music.

One feels in reading Mona that at times the music would become an intolerable impertinence.

"I have had dreams—
Only great dreams....
A woman would have won."

How gloriously Ellen Terry could *say* that on the stage! But can any one sing it without making foolishness of it? Indeed, the majority of the lines of the title role are characterized by an introspective subtlety that leaves all too little for additional musical interpretation. The character of the hero, Gwynn, seems to be far less perfectly expressed, and far more singable.

"Night, and thou
Near me amid the moonbeams, beautiful—"

sings itself. It expresses a simple, dire emotion and the music can give it add tional refinement, new lights and shade

The extremist theory that everythir that is perfectly dramatic is perfect singable, will not do. Much very simp poetry makes exquisite song, and muc exquisite poetry could only make th most barbarous song. The lay of th blind minstrel in Goethe's Wilhel Meister is a lovely song, but nothing r markable as a poem. Milton's sonnet c his own blindness is immeasurably i superior as a poem, but unimaginable a song. Or, to keep to dramatic liter ture, would it be possible to maintain straight face through a singing of Ham let's soliloquy?

"I am a Roman soldier and thy son cries Gwynn, and it is easy to see an hear a strutting Caruso in the part. B Mona's

"Leave me here a little while to pray calls for the most chaste and simple u terance of the type of which we had glimpse in the Riders to the Sea of th Irish players. And again—

"Gwynn....I cannot see thy face.. It is all dark," or her soliloquy,

"So that was God's voice, after al That weakness, that strange fear Gwynn's glad eyes, etc."—indeed ve much that is powerfully dramatic do not *need* music for its completeness. An if it does not need the music, then th music must be an extraneous thing, a uncalled for addition.

Professor Parker may have helped o the unity of the piece by sacrificing h scores, and deliberately subordinating t music to the words in such parts. Or after some such manner as that can imagine the presentation of Mona grand opera to result in a perfect artistic production. But these pas occur at the most climactic points, that in a piece that is supposed primar to be a musical composition, the mus must be sacrificed or entirely eliminat at the most climactic points, if an artis result is to be achieved.

It is only in this psychological unsin ableness (for metrically they are singal enough) of many of the principal lin

that the libretto is open to severe criticism—as a libretto. In construction, movement, setting, every scene and episode suggests grand opera. Mr. Hooker has, with conscientious labour, mastered that side of his duty as a librettist. It is only by his very remarkable power of dramatic expression that he, at times, transcends his duties, and takes the work of expression entirely out of the musician's hands.

Brian Hooker does not need a musical composer to help him to give dramatic expression to his ideas. That is perfectly evident in the most cursory reading of Mona. Therefore in finding this fault with him as a librettist, we are, in reality, hailing him as a dramatist of unusual power and very great promise.

Another notable American achievement in a field as remote as possible from our great preoccupation as our critics see us,—is the very surprising pre-eminence of Americans in uncovering the secrets of the remotest antiquity. I do not refer to any isolated success. Harvard University, the University of Pennsylvania and the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts in New York City have all won distinction by their successive recoveries of buried relics of ancient Egyptian civilization. I suppose that all of us have gazed with more or less of the same dumb, uncomprehending amazement at many of these extraordinary products of human activity—or are they not rather the work of some monstrous race of insects as perverted and horrible as those of which Maeterlinck tells us? As for myself, I simply look at them and gape, as at some of the things which I see men around me doing, the motive which is utterly incomprehensible to me. I understand the American Indian in his most ferocious savagery, but these fellows I simply do not "savey." What was the good that they were getting or seeking?

It is an art the aim of which appears to be the production of a kind of mental torture. We are accustomed to think of art as always seeking to give pleasure. But the designers of these engines of mental torture thought otherwise. To drive children into hysterics, cause women to faint and men to tremble, these appear to be the cherished objects of art. Of course, you can always attribute anything so persistently abnormal to the workings of religion. But that does not explain anything. It simply adds blasphemy to the accumulation of horrors. And yet I know, in spite of all this, that these men must have been human, which is the same as saying that in some way all of this had its roots in goodness.

These people brooded too deeply and too constantly over the mystery of death. Instead of resting in sane, high and amiable faith, where they could not know, they engaged in a bitter, hand to hand mental struggle with the mystery. Their lives were a continuous struggle with death. Hence these night-mare forms, these countless mummies and amazing mountains of masonry to hold a few withered remains of royalty. All that is left of them lies buried in a sandy waste, now, after 3,000 years or more to be put into museums or used as fuel by the natives. To the moralist and philosopher as well as to the archeologist, there is food for thought in these relics of mental contortion.

The retiring president of Amherst College was not an executive of the limelight class. The record of his work is written in other script than newspaper head-lines. He bore the stress of the downward movement from which the smaller New England colleges have suffered severely for the past twenty-five years, and has the supreme satisfaction of knowing that the slump bids fair to have passed. He retires with Amherst decidedly on the up-grade, largely owing to the clean-cut and courageous decision of the authorities to adhere to the program suggested by the class of 1885, to confine the curriculum to the studies usually designated by the term "classical." The men who formulated this plan may have underestimated the influences of a more general character which had been operating to the injury of the smaller New England colleges. They may not have been right in attributing the apparent decline of the school to its alleged vacillating policy. But, at any

rate, they hit on something more than an expedient; they formulated a program for which the times were ripe. It is by this, its culminating action, that the administration of President Harris will be known.

President Harris was born in East Machias, Me., on April 1, 1844. He prepared for college at Washington Academy, East Machias, entered Amherst in 1862 and was graduated in 1866. The years 1866 and 1867 he spent at Bangor Theological Seminary. From 1867 to 1868 he studied at Andover Theological Seminary. He was ordained on October 6, 1869. From 1872 to 1883 he was pastor of the Central Congregational at Providence, R. I.; in 1883 he was appointed Abbott professor of theology at Andover Theological Seminary. The year 1881 he spent in touring Europe. In 1899 he was elected president of the college.

It is cheering to note the revival of interest in temperance as an ethical principle rather than as a political party shiboleth. The era of political agitation from which the cause of temperance has suffered so severely, has about run itself out, fortunately. In the meanwhile the nation has taken great strides in ethical development. The United States of today is a very much bigger country mentally, as well as physically, than the United States of twenty-five years ago. It is coming to be more and more clearly discerned that the habit of using strong drinks as a beverage has been the cause of the curse of drunkenness. The introduction of a larger and freer use of the lighter wines and beers is coming to be recognized as the greatest ally of the temperance cause, supplying in a healthful way, an element of food that greatly benefits our diet. If rum-drinking New England would learn a lesson from France and Germany, and throw her grogs and toddys into the sewers, it is quite certain that our criminal records would compare far more favourably than they now do, with that of those lands. I do not wish to comment on any of the sordid tragedies that are now being exploited with such indecent prominence by our daily press, but thoughtful men can scarcely fail to note that, in these graver crimes, the names of the descendants of our best Anglo-Saxon stock are disquietingly prominent. Pie and grog are a crime-producing combination. The narrow living, stinted, hard and unwholesome, which seemed to grow out of the sectarian morality of New England, has seriously impaired the vitality of many thousands. How many of our families of the purest descent are now represented only by a few anæmic decadents? I can not but feel that a more generous habit of life to which a touch of good brew or joyful wine was not wanting, would have prevented this shocking deterioration of as fine a stock as the world ever knew. It is a pleasure to note that so many men of influence are beginning to take a definite stand for a sounder and more wholesome treatment of the temperance issue. No one who has seen a line of Saturday-nighters "hitting the bar," could have failed to note the vicious and unsocial character of strong drinks. What a vast betterment would be accomplished by replacing these line-ups with music and light beverages! I have seen fifty men in succession walk up to the bar, take their drink, dip their fingers in the free-lunch dish and walk out in absolute silence. And the line waiting for a turn extended into the street! What but vice, brooding and crime can come from such a depraving of natural desires and appetites. In the middle west we have a great many "beer-gardens" of the German type. The difference is as wide as between light and darkness. One never sees family parties at a Saturday night line-up in one of our New England mechanical districts, as is so common about the tables of a middle west garden. A little application of intelligence to the temperance problem in place of the sectarian narrowness that has hitherto dictated its methods and assumed to voice its principles, would do more to stem the tides of crime and poverty that flow from strong drink than all the legislation that we could get on the books.

Not until we have real wings in place

motor-driven aeroplanes, will human comotion attain to a degree of grace nd rhythm that surpasses that exhibited n the ice. Dancing has the call with e art world—as yet. But with the evelopment of indoor skating, its artistic ossibilities are certain to be recognized. has at least two advantages over the nce as an exposition of the poetry of otion—first, speed, second, robustness. peed is an essential element in the idea motion. Swiftness and beauty are osely aligned in the perfection of action. nd here skating is without a rival in uscular motion. Robustness, too, is an sent quantity in the dance, which is all o much of a sickly, hot-house product. ot that it was always so. The dances earlier times, with their out-door set- g, and scope of motion, were of a fferent spirit in every way from the ge dance of to-day, which is apt to be exhibition of the beauty of form ther than of motion. Indoor skating s an intensely interesting field before The opening of the Boston Arena s season has been signalized by a com- nation of skating as a sport and skating an art that is in line with this idea. ating parties promise to be more pular than ever, and the exhibition ating is of a quality never before seen Boston. The Arena is an ideal place the fostering of this ancient and utiful art.

Unquestionably the athletic interest l predominate, and hockey will be the wing attraction at the Arena. And hing could be better for the art than s alliance with strength and skill and spirit of sportsmanship. New Eng- d should excel in this newly opened d, and the Arena affords just the ded opportunity. It is said that the ston Athletic Association will have the ngest hockey team in the country. ey are certainly a powerful and speedy bination, but they will be forced to their laurels, if the stories are true activity in Chicago, New York and er cities.

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he football season has been a distinct ppointment. Two factors enter into result. The first is the weather, and the second the new rules. The weather has been an abomination of desolation form the football standpoint. It has been too hot, too cold, and deluged the best matches of the season until the game degenerated into a wallow in the mire, and the slowest team won the day. But the weather has not made all of the trouble. The new rules are not working well. As the New England Magazine pointed out when they were adopted, they leave too much room for chance. The scoring is by flukes, faults and lucky puffs of wind. The game itself proceeds to a draw. This is anything but satisfactory and tends to develop the wrong type of athlete. Another very bad feature is the over prominence of the officials. They almost play the game. It was simply a mental attitude of the referee that gave Princeton the victory over Dartmouth. The game was not won. And if the referee had chosen to blow his whistle, as the rules command him to do, "when any part of the person of the player carrying the ball, excepting his hands or his feet, touch the ground," there would have been no touch-down in the Yale-Princeton game. Instances are innumerable where an umpire's decision or a technicality of the rules gave a victory that was not earned. This is not in the interest of good sport. But there was something else in the season's football that was. Never has the playing of the game been carried on with so much good-feeling and fair and generous rivalry as marked the college games of this year. The progress of college athletics in this respect is worthy of the highest praise.

The greater part of what I have written, I see, is about youth and beauty. And I know that old age is very sensitive and apt to feel slighted. If I did not know it, I would be taught by the G. A. R. Has anyone known a season to pass, since the average age of the members of the G. A. R. passed the mark of sixty, that the organization has not felt slighted by one thing or another? Patience, friends, we will all pass soon to where youth and beauty are eternal. It is best to grow young instead of growing old, and the more we live in the life

interests of the young, and the more we demand and discern true beauty, the better shall we live and fit ourselves for life. The best things are always the youngest. Their youth is perennial. I have no interest in Dr. Ostler's dead-line theory, but if we paraphrase it a little, I am quite willing to assent. For things that have the over-forty quality in art and literature and life are so seldom good, that we might as well say that they are always bad. And that is what, to my mind, ails the psychological novel. It is too *old*. It is away over forty. There is no youthful bubble in it, such as we find in Cervantes, Dickens, Scott and the great story tellers always. Cooper's stories grew younger as he grew older, and Cooper was the greatest *natural* story-teller that our country has produced. Hawthorne is pathetically analytic with the seriousn of serious youth—but it is *youth,* alwa I would not be so ungallant as to menti names, but there are one or two wom writers of our day who have most u happily drifted into the over-forty st of writing. Believe me, it is all wro You may actually be as old as you ha pen, that is a mere physical accident, a does not count. That is where Ost misses his cue. But in your way thinking and feeling, there is no exc for you to be anything else than alwa at the prime of youth. How do I judg Why, largely by the kind of things t people enthuse over, and by the pur and sincerity of their emotions. T moment I catch, in any work of art, t note of calculation and double-dealing set it down as well over the dead-line.

New England's Threatened Prestige

By REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.

Chairman of the Commissioners of the New England Congregational Congres

THERE is in other parts of the country a growing popular feeling toward New England of an unfriendly sort. It is not desperate, but is of a kind to sober us, to heal our local strifes, and to stir up the determination to reclaim for New England her ancient place in the affectionate confidence of the American people. Some of us are progressives, others are conservatives, but we are all New Englanders, and unite in the conviction that the New England influence in national affairs in time past has been wholesome, and must be maintained. For the sake of America as well as New England, that is our faith. We are willing to stand or fall with it.

For a century and a third New England has held a position of leadership. She won it at the outbreak of the revolution by the intelligence, character and patriotism of her people. She has held it largely by virtue of these same qu itties. The men she has kept at national capitol have been men for most part of strong personality and sou judgment, far-seeing, solid men. But chief secret of their influence their genuine patriotism. Hancock, Adamses, Webster, Sumner, John Hale, Hoar, not to mention others, d and living, were first of all patriots. Th had courage of an unselfish sort, and u their powers of mind and heart America. The people of America lieved in them and in the New Engla they represented, and followed her. N England statesmanship has been ch acterized by a distinct moral flavor. N England policies have been winn policies for that reason. They have v because their advocates have believed them as patriots. Whether it was question of the inviolability of the uni

he moral status of slavery, or the wis-
lom and righteousness of a protective
ariff, their position usually has been
ustained by the judgment of the nation.
But there is a changing attitude of
nind toward New England leadership.
The fact of her prestige is acknowledged,
ut the popularity of it is diminished.
f this drift continues, it is only a ques-
ion of time therefore—and a very short
ime—when New England influence itself
vill suffer. In fact New England in-
luence at Washington has already be-
ome a popular bugaboo for the spell-
inder in many other parts of the coun-
ry. To show an audience of hearers or
eaders how powerless this great country
as become, in the hands of a few shrewd
enators from this grasping section, is
ne of the most effective feats of cam-
aign oratory these days. I am not call-
ng it cheap oratory. I am only trying to
now that if such feelings exist toward us
is time for serious searchings of heart
n our own part. And I am not guess-
ng. Born in the Middle West, I know
ow reverent that section's attitude to-
ard New England was a quarter of a
entury ago. It is changed. The New
ngland influence is still powerful in
Vashington. Western members of Con-
ress may still follow New England
adership, but they do it now at greater
sk of popular disapproval. Our prosper-
us industries are often treated as direct
ffspring of tariff favoritism. In fact the
ader of a popular magazine article on
riff-made fortunes might almost won-
r whether the prosperity of New Eng-
nd rests upon anything else than gov-
nment bounty. She mines no precious
etals, tills no fertile prairies, digs no
al. She does not raise the cotton she
es in her mills, nor the hides she uses
her shoe factories. What business has
e to be rich? Her soil is rocky, much
it useless for agriculture, her climate
vere. Yet here she is, the most opulent
ction of the United States of equal size,
th a population in the southern portion
nser than in any other part of the coun-
y. And there are few regions in the
rld where people live so well, or have
many comforts or so much that is
rth living for. Is all this due to sec-
tional favoritism? That is a proposition which we must prepare ourselves to deny and to disprove.

One of the things most worth living for is the good-will of our compatriots. We have held it thus far. By the right type of statesmanship we can continue to hold it. But the present situation calls for just that. If the protective principle survives at all, it must survive as a moral principle. It must stand photographed against a background of poverty. Its alternative must suggest pictures of distress, curtailed employment, wandering laborers, hungry children. If it truly and inevitably suggests all that, it will appeal to the friends of humanity. Does it suggest that? Is there greater poverty among wage workers in England for instance than among their brothers in like employment in this country? The recent railway strike in England seems to have answered that question in an emphatic affirmative. Has the American protective system had anything to do with the enormous development of opportunities for labor in American industries? Has it promoted the growth of population and the building up of flourishing cities in sections of the country which could never have maintained a great population on anything else than industry? Is the industrialism of New England a curse or a blessing to the South and the middle and far west? Granted that New England could not employ and sustain her present immense population by agriculture, mining, or grazing, is it worth while that she find a way to maintain herself by manufacturing or by doing anything else which the south and west have equal protective inducement to engage in, though preferring to employ their energies in ways of which New England has been by nature deprived? If Iowa has not availed herself of the advantages of protection to the extent that Rhode Island has, it is not because Rhode Island has taken those advantages away from her. It is rather because the richer soil of Iowa has furnished her people with opportunities for bigger profits at less risk by agriculture than by manufacturing jewelry or worsteds. The benefits of protection are as free to one section as to another. If

any one section declines to take advantage of those benefits, it is because it has other advantages that are better. If New England accepts the advantage of protection, it is because she has nothing else that is better. That point has not been sufficiently emphasized. Handicapped by distance from her supplies of raw material, coal and food for her population, and blessed with no natural corresponding advantage, except a water power which is inferior to that of several other sections of the country, she has nevertheless maintained and increased her prosperity. She has accordingly borne an increasing share of the burdens of national government and furnished a profitable and growing market for the products of other sections. She has done all this by taking advantage of benefits that are equally open to South Carolina or Oregon. Whatever she has won has been won by industry. The whole country is interested in the prosperity of every section, and particularly in the prosperity of every unselfish section. And New England has been as liberal with her wealth as any other spot on earth. Stream upon stream of benevolence as well as business has gone forth from New England to bless and enrich America. What the prosperity of New England has meant to this country can never be tabulated. She has been, and is yet, the country's richest picking ground for philanthropic, educational and all kinds of altruistic effort. Of what value can it be to the country as a whole to weaken her industry? Yet there are unmistakable signs of such a determination on the part of popular leaders now in power in national affairs. Why was the duty on fine cotton goods, the chief feature of New England industry dropped from an average of forty-two per cent to fifteen, twenty and twenty-five per cent while the coarser products of southern manufacture were practically undisturbed? Yet a bill embodying just that discrimination actually passed both houses of Congress at the recent extra session, and would have been a law today but for the veto of President Taft. But I am not arguing the tariff.

The facts I am trying to emphasize are that there is a growing popular disposition to take a shot at New England's bi industries, but that that prejudice recent and ill-founded, and therefore ca and should be promptly dispelled. Th American people are fair minded. The follow the right as they understand but the only way they have of judgir the right is by weighing such facts ar arguments as they see and hear. Larg numbers of them have somehow got th impression that the real argument for th protective system is the one based on th claims of vested interests, that is a argument that does not appeal to th average man. It has a sordid ring. suggests the chink of gold in bank vault strong boxes packed with securities, th chipping of coupons, and other thing which the average son of toil knows on from afar. If the protective princip cannot stand on a humanitarian argume it will fall. It is capable of such an arg ment. The business interests cannot u hold the protective structure alone. that structure is worth maintaining, gran ing its need of overhauling, a new cla of supporters must come to its defenc The political power of New England national affairs cannot rest on the clain of the vested interests of New Englan Power based on such suppositions, ju or unjust, raises the very demons popular resentment. It means disaster any section of the country to be singl out for such resentment. It was a sa day for the south when the plain peop came to feel that that section held power over national affairs beyond h claims—a power due chiefly to her big i terests, cotton and slavery. The on political prestige that endures is th which is based upon genuine patriotis There is just one way to protect Ne England interests in the nation and th is to merge her interests in the interes of America and humanity. It ceases be a question of maintaining either t rates of dividends or wages. It becom a question of maintaining men—stron selfrespecting, well-employed men. So of us who are progressives, are therefo also protectionists. Having been busy other directions in which we have be more or less successful we are just awa ing to the fact that the old Americ

doctrine of protection is being sorely pressed, that its humanitarian defenders have scattered, leaving disheartened groups of business men, whose motives are easily impugned to beat off the growingly confident assaults. Shall we refuse to be found fighting on the same side with them? Our big corporations have often shown singularly poor judgment in their political dealings. They have at times incurred popular resentment at home. Natural instinct might lead some of us to get back at them by striking at the roots of their prosperity in their hour of unpopularity. But that would be poorer judgment still. There is no satisfaction in impoverishing and starving the people of this section for the sake of crumbling some haughty mill owner.

Historically, industrially, politically, New England is pretty much of a unit. It is one of the larger units of America. It has never shirked its national responsibilities. It asks only for such a share in the national prosperity as its thrift, industry and intelligence may bring. That we should base the claims of our industrialism on the broadest patriotism that the people of this country should come to a better understanding of those claims, is the problem confronting New England statesmanship to-day. It is a problem not only of commercial prosperity but of human well-being and to help meet and solve that problem is the business of every earnest citizen of New England. At least that is the way it strikes some of them.

The Life and Works of Harriet Hosmer, The American Sculptor

By RUTH A. BRADFORD

IT is not too late to bring to the remembrance of the public one of the most celebrated of our American women, Harriet Goodhue Hosmer, the eminent sculptor. She was not only celebrated in her own country, but widely known and honored throughout the world.

Miss Hosmer was born in Watertown, Mass., October 9th, 1830, and died February 21st, 1908, at seventy-eight years of age. She was the daughter of Hiram Hosmer who was for many years the beloved physician of Watertown. She was a delicate child and predisposed to consumption, her mother and sister Helen dying from that disease; for that reason her father determined Harriet's life should be an out-of-door one.

She took kindly to this treatment, being full of spirit and fond of active pursuits, and especially of original escapades. As a child she was called a tom-boy, and many are the stories told by the neighbors of the remarkable things she could do. She could ride, shoot, swim, fish and climb trees as well or better than any boy, and her room bore witness to her personal collections being like a museum in its attractiveness.

Among her practical jokes, it is related of her unshackling cars at the railroad station which her father had to pay dearly for; riding out horseback alone from Boston late at night on a wager, about seven miles; another, of inserting in a Boston paper a notice of the death of an aged citizen of the town, Dr. E. Morse, who was still alive, and who resented it highly; also many other tricks of equal daring. The athletic girl of to-day, was not in fashion then. It is said books were distasteful to her, and she early left the Watertown schools after being expelled from one after another. Her father next put her in the care of Mr. Nathaniel Peabody who kept a private school in Watertown, but there she was

untractable; after this she was sent to a boarding-school at Lenox, kept by Mrs. Sedgwick. Dr. Hosmer frankly informed Mrs. Sedgwick of his daughter's history and peculiar temperament, and that teachers had found her difficult to manage. The pupil was received with the remark, "I have a reputation for training wild colts, and I will try this one."

Miss Hosmer remained there three years, returning home at the age of nineteen a changed girl, and with a fixed purpose in life; to study art.

At Lenox she met with people who understood and inspired her. Among them was Fanny Kemble, whose influence exerted a powerful effect upon her life while the remarkable tact of her teacher Mrs. Sedgwick, controlled and led her.

From a child she showed a talent for modeling, and worked in a clay-pit near her home, making dogs, horses and other animals. All sorts of machinery excited her interest; this mechanical bent she retained all through her life, and she often inverted technical processes of value in connection with her art work while in Rome, while the last years of her life proved this to have been equally as strong as her love of art.

On returning from Lenox she studied art in Boston under Stephenson, and anatomy with her father, frequently walking the distance of fourteen miles from home and back. She learned all she could of her father, and realized that if she would excel in sculpture she must study in a dissecting room. The Boston Medical School refused to admit her, but the medical college of St. Louis was not prejudiced against women physicians, and thither she went. For a year she studied there with the greatest enthusiasm and received at the end a diploma for her attainments.

Before coming home she took a steamer for New Orleans, spending several days there; then returned up the river as far as the Falls of St. Anthony in Minnesota. Staying there a while she visited the Dakota Indians, smoked the pipe of peace with the chief, and explored the lead mines of Dubuque. Coming home she set up a studio in her father's garden, and began work in earnest. Here in the little studio she did her first original work. This was in 1851. It was an ideal head or bust and was carved from a solid block of the purest marble. She named it "Hesper," The Evening Star. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, a family friend, and at one time the nearest neighbor of Dr. Hosmer, saw it in the summer of 1852 by Dr. Hosmer's invitation. She wrote the following description which was published in the New York Tribune under the title, "A New Star in the Arts."

"Miss Hosmer did every stroke of the work with her own small hands, except knocking off the corners of the block of marble. She employed a man to do that, but as he was unused to work for sculptors, she did not venture to have him approach within several inches of the surface she intended to cut. Slight girl as she was she wielded for eight or ten hours a day a leaden mallet weighing four pounds and a half. Had it not been for the strength and flexibility of muscle acquired by rowing and other athletic exercises, such arduous labor would have been impossible. I expected to see skilful workmanship, but I was not prepared for such a poetic conception.

This beautiful production of Miss Hosmer's hand and soul has the face of a lovely maiden gently falling asleep to the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged, and entertwined with capsules of the poppy. A polished star gleams in her forehead and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The hush of evening breathes from the serene countenance and the heavy drooping eyelids.

I felt tranquillized while looking at it as I do when the rosy clouds are fading into gray twilight, and the pale moon-sickle descends slowly behind the dim woods.

The mechanical execution of this bust seemed to me worthy of its lovely and life-like expression.

The swell of cheek and breast is like pure young healthy flesh, and the muscles of the beautiful mouth are so delicately cut that it seems like a thing that breaths."

"Hesper" was presented by the artis

to her friend, Miss Coolidge of Boston, and it is now in the possession of Dr. Julian A. Mead of Watertown. A daguerreotype of "Hesper" was taken to send to Miss Hosmer while at Rome.

When she had completed this work she said to her father, "Now I am ready to go to Rome." Rome is the mecca of artists.

She was then only twenty-three years old. It was with much self-sacrifice that her father consented to her fulfilling this wish as it left him alone, yet he yielded daughter and Miss Charlotte Cushman to the inevitable and accompanied his to Rome in 1852.

Just previous to this she rode on horseback to Wayland to bid farewell to her friend, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who said to her, "Shall you never be homesick for your museum parlor in Watertown? Can you be contented in a foreign land?" Her answer was, "I can be contented anywhere with good health and a bit of marble."

On arrival in Rome her father placed her under the tuition of Gibson, an English sculptor of renown. Here she remained for about forty years, occasionally returning home, and also making visits to friends in England.

She remained with Gibson seven years. While in Gibson's studio she modeled Daphne and Medusa for Samuel Appleton of Boston, Medusa was as the beautiful maiden of Greek mythology whose hair was transformed into serpents. To make the latter reptile real she hired a herdsman to procure a live snake, which she secured in position as she wished tying it to a piece of marble, then chloroforming it, making her cast which occupied three hours. At the end of that time she released the reptile, which came out well and lively, and she had it restored to its pasture.

After the Medusa, came "Aenone," which went to St. Louis. This was liked so much she received an order for a statue for the Public Library of that city. This she filled by a life sized statue of "Beatrice Cenci" reclining on a couch.

In 1855 she modeled "Puck," which was exceedingly popular. This she also put into marble; it represents a child about four years old, seated on a toadstool which splits beneath its weight. The lips are pouting, a mussel-shell cleaves to the forehead at the parting of the hair; the left hand rests upon a lizard; the right hand holds a beetle; the legs are crossed, and one great toe is turned partly up; the whole expressing much drollery and fun; those who saw it were wont to break into a gleeful laugh. In a short time she received orders for thirty copies; among these was one for the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, and another for the Duke of Hamilton. This bust was exhibited in the Boston Atheneum. It is said she received thirty thousand dollars for replicas of this work. It may still be seen in the Boston Art Museum.

Two years later she executed a monument for the church of San Andrea delle Fratte.

About this time Hawthorne and his wife paid a visit to her studio, and in his Italian Notes gives this pleasing picture: "She has a small, brisk wide-awake figure, not ungraceful, frank, simple, and downright; she cordially greeted my wife whom she already knew, and spoke to me without waiting for an introduction. She had on a shirt-front, collar and cravat like a man's, with a brooch of Etruscan gold and on her curly head was a picturesque little cap of black velvet, and her face was as bright and merry as a child's." Miss Hosmer's individuality of costume lasted as long as she lived.

Her bronze statue of Thomas H. Benton is in Lafayette Park, St. Louis. This was unveiled by his daughter, Jessie Benton Fremont. It was a collossal figure ten feet high.

She had been called home in 1860 by the serious illness of her father and it was while here that she received this commissi n, which she fulfilled and the unveiling was in 1868. This statue brought her ten thousand dollars.

At the Dublin Exposition of 1865 she offered to the public "The Sleeping Faun" in marble of life-size. This was sold on the opening day for five thousand dollars to Guiness, the brewer. Sir Charles Eastlake said, "If it had been discovered among the ruins of Rome or

Pompeii, it would have been pronounced one of the best Grecian statues. This was afterwards exhibited in Paris in 1867. The purchaser allowed a copy to be made for Lady Ashburton of England.

"The Waking Fawn," a companion piece, she also owned but it was never put into marble.

A gate-way was ordered for an entrance to an art gallery at Ashridge Hall, England, at the price of twenty-five thousand dollars. Lady Ashburton paid her twelve thousand five hundred for a chimney piece. Lady Maria Alford gave the same amount for a fountain.

She also designed a Lincoln Memorial which received great praise from the London Art Journal; this for various reasons was never completed.

In Rome Miss Hosmer preserved her American habits of independence and exercise which made her youth so marked. She rode about the city and on the Compania just as she rode about Watertown, and people ceased to wonder and criticise. She joined a fox-hunting club in Rome and none of the English cavalry officers could excel her in leaping fences and ditches. Her friend, Charlotte Cushman, and she often led in the chase.

This was in the time of Pope Pius IX. and when his court was the centre of all the culture and wealth of Rome. Here Miss Hosmer was a favorite with all, even with the Pope who was a genial, social man and appreciated talent. It is said that he even jested with her as with the members of his own household.

Miss Hosmer's most ambitious work and among her latest was a colossal statue of Zenobia in chains, the Queen of Palmyra. This was finished and exhibited in 1859, and excited great admiration in Italy, France, England and America. A large price was offered for it by the Prince of Wales, the late King of England, but Miss Hosmer said, "It must go to America." While exhibited here it was bought by A. W. Griswold, Esq., of New York, and placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. While on exhibition at the Atheneum in Boston, it drew admiring crowds, and is well remembered for its dignity and beauty. For this she received five thousand dollars, besides all the results of its exhibition.

"The Browning Hands" in marble she brought home, and presented to her niece, Miss Hosmer. A cast of these hands of Mr. and Mrs. Browning were given to the Art Institute of Chicago. She had been offered $5,000 for them to remain in England.

The gateway which Earl Brownlow of England, had ordered, was to have had twelve bas reliefs, these were never completed. She finished four, these she brought home with her, and there is only a poor copy of one, "The Zephyr Descending." The others she gave away.

In 1894, was unveiled in San Francisco her heroic statue of Queen Isabella of Castile, and also the Queen of Naples, an intimate friend of the artist. Another work was the "Triton," for a fountain for Lady Ashburton, and "The Siren Fountain," for Lady Marion Alford.

Miss Hosmer was not only a great sculptor, but she was a handsome and brilliant woman in youth and in middle life. She kept her own style of dress, which was simple and suited to her work, a short skirt and loose sack. She wore her hair short. It was dark and wavy. Her figure and dress reminded one of Rosa Bonheur. Later in life she wore on public occasions the decorations which different sovereigns in Europe had conferred upon her, and her breast often blazoned with jewels. The Czar of Russia presented her with a wonderful scarf containing a huge diamond in the middle. Lady Ashburton, one of her dearest friends, gave her a beautiful diamond incrusted heart.

For years she kept her many costly gifts in the London vaults of her friend, J. Pierpont Morgan, but later in life she enjoyed wearing them.

With all her rare gifts she remained the good friend sincere and true. In this she was the real artist ever simple and unaffected. Coming back home greeting old friends cordially, she entered into their festivities occasionally with hearty friendship and good-will.

About thirty years ago she had reached the end of her ambition in sculpture, and something turned her attention to the

ubject of perpetual motion. Perhaps it vas her youthful love for mechanical in-ention returning.

This pursuit soon absorbed all her houghts and time. She quitted her tudio in Rome, went to England and ived with Lady Ashburton several years vorking out her problems. Early in 900 she came home and in her little gar-en studio began an earnest busy life, iving up almost everything, even the ociety of her dearest friends for her vork upon perpetual motion.

Her interest in this never flagged, but ather increased, ever hoping for the esired result.

When remonstrated with she would ay, "Anybody can do sculpture, what I nall try for now is original work." A ew years ago she confided her mechan-al plans to Mr. Charles E. Gray, a Vatertown jeweler, and employed him bout her work. After a time for greater onvenience she left the old home and oarded in his family where she was very omfortable and happy.

Late in January of 1908 she was riken with pneumonia, and after a short lness died. Her body was removed to her old home near by where the funeral service was held. Rev. Walter F. Greenman officiated, the pastor of the church her father always attended, the Unitarian. At her previous request her body was cremated, and its ashes deposited in the family lot at Mt. Auburn.

Miss Hosmer's unconventional ways, and witticisms disarmed all formalities and made her society a delight even to the end. It was this that gave such a charm to her many friends abroad as well as to those at home.

In Rome her studio was one of the most attractive, as well as the most artistic. Birds and flowers filled the entrance with music and perfume. A fountain adorned the centre. Paintings and rare works of art were on every hand.

It was a gathering place for artists, poets and novelists. Among these were the Brownings, Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin and Mr. and Mrs. Howett, as well as many others familiar to the public, and to the annals of fame.

She was often importuned to write her autobiography, but she never found time even if she had the inclination. This fact is much to be regretted.

The Tool-House

By GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON McGIFFERT.

Cast not the eye of scorn on humble things
Ye folk of lace and lavender, not born
To reckon wealth by old door knobs or know,
The miser-love that gloats upon a screw.
Come ye not here; it is no place for you.
But ye with eyes to see, who understand
The greedy joy of finding a chance nut,
Who note a plank as Weather-wise the sky,
And guard a horseshoe as some guard a book—
Come with me to the Tool-house by the hill—
Lovers of spicy cedars, tingling pine.
No need to search, the spirit runs before
To find the goodly shelter of old thoughts.
No cobwebbed corner but is part of me—
For here awoke life's laughter in the heart
And mirth whose end was heaviness and tears,
That grindstone whirled to sweet Sicilian air
Of old Theocritus, or yet again
Ground out stern laws of life—those laws wise age
With gentle Pity later strove to blunt.
The sun-gilt tools seemed golden daggers hung
In deep Arabian caverns, Genii hid
Beneath the shavings there—I feel them yet,
And all expectant turn this way and that,
As I were entered in a magic-room
In half-forgotten, half-remembered tale.

Who'd sack a Tool-house and dismantle it
Would sack a city and betray a friend.
Who'd cast its cherished life-loved treasures out,
Mock it as rubbish, and despise its hoard,
Would trample hearts and jeer at love itself—
A pigmy soul too dwarfed for reverence,
Its cruel crudeness unabashed before
The slow accumulation of the year—
The things of life and love and common needs
That are no longer things, but have become
Part of the human family, taken on
A something of the sanctity of life.

Making a President

Impressions of the latest revolution in Haiti.

By JUDGE HENRY AUSTIN

TO have seen a new ruler raised to power in a country that in some respects is the strangest in the world is not an ordinary experience, and yet I feel that I may lay claim to such a privilege since Cincinnatus Leconte is now President of Haiti.

Judged by Haitian standards, everything that was necessary to the choosing of a new chief executive of the Black Republic was carried on under my eyes while I was there. Take the skirmishes outside the principal towns, the scuffles between "loyal" guards and suspected henchmen of the opposition, the execution of revolutionary leaders, the perfervid proclamations of the acknowledged President, Antoine Simon,—and altogether the machinery of president making was running under a full head of steam while I was visiting Aux Cayes, Jacmel, Cape Haitien and Port au Prince.

Undoubtedly many of my readers remember that last summer, in the first week of August, to be more nearly exact, there were dispatches in the local newspapers regarding the outcome of a "revolution" in Haiti with the announcement that General Leconte had entered Port au Prince after the flight of President Simon. There was the grand salute of 101 guns in honor of the victorious Leconte, the enthusiastic populace acclaimed him as a "savior of the republic" and he sent his personal baggage to the Palace on the Champ de Mars. He was already, according to the traditions of the land, president de facto. But anyone who knows the Haitian temperament realizes that this mere seizing of the presidency would not be enough to satisfy the sense of the theatrical which is so strong a native trait. Hence, there followed the Te Deum in the big, barebooking Cathedral and subsequently, the hastily summoned joint session of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies to go through the motions of a regular election of a president.

Although I was in Haiti while the revolution was sweeping down from the northern district about Cape Haitien and although I was in Aux Cayes on the southern coast a few days before it was burned by the revolutionists, I was somewhat bewildered by the number of so-called leaders of the revolutionists. Still, as I look back on my stay there, it is apparent that President Simon realized the most dangerous of his opponents. While I was in Port au Prince President Simon issued a flowery proclamation of peace in which he denounced Leconte specifically as one who had dared to raise the standard of revolt against him. I have referred to this scathing document in a former article in connection with my interview with President Simon, and as I reconsider it, the keenness of President Simon, himself an old revolutionist and plotter against existing government, is revealed anew.

The fact was that there were a handful of would-be presidents in the revolutionists. To the foreign visitor, Leconte was only one of many. There were at the time such generals as Orelus, Delphin and Beliard, arrayed in the ranks of the revolutionists. And then as I was making my way back to the United States I heard of the return to Haiti of General Antenor Firmin from his post of Haitian minister to Great Britain. From what I had learned of General Firmin, he was one of the really great men of Haiti—a revolutionist by nature, of course, but a man of considerable education and initiative. When President Simon heard that Firmin had abandoned his diplomatic post he declared the minister a traitor



General Cincinnatus Leconte, President of the Republic of Haiti

and ordered his arrest if he should try to land on Haitian soil.

There was no doubt that if the revolution should prove successful, Leconte's most dangerous rival for the presidency would be General Firmin. Such was to a degree the case, but now that Leconte is more or less safely installed in the presidential palace and Firmin is dead, it may be well to recall something of Firmin's career as typical of Haitian politics. He had once been proclaimed president b body of revolutionists, but he was p claimed at Artibonite while General N Alexis was proclaimed at Port au Pri about the same time. So Nord Al became president and General Firmin obliged to flee for his life. That back in 1902, when President Simon S had been driven into exile and the v old ex-President Boisrond-Canal, been recalled to carry on a provisi

form of government until an election or a bona fide revolution could produce a new president.

It was in this period of uncertainty that Nord Alexis seized Port au Prince and had himself declared president in due form. With him was Cincinnatus Leconte, who became minister of the interior in the Alexis cabinet. It was later, in 1908, according to the stories handed down, that Leconte on one occasion dragged ten suspected generals from their beds in Port au Prince, marched them to the cemetery and caused them to be killed by a firing squad. That General Firmin was not served in like manner was due to his good luck and speed in getting out of Haiti.

Leconte flourished under the régime of Nord Alexis until some three years ago, when General Francois Antoine Simon came up from Aux Cayes in the south with a band of revolutionists and drove Nord Alexis from the palace to a French warship conveniently at anchor in the harbor of Port au Prince. That was the end of Nord Alexis and also, for the time being, of Leconte as well, for he followed his leader into exile. At the same time, General Firmin came hurrying back to Haiti, only to find he was too late and that General Simon had already been elected president by a Senate and Chamber of Deputies that voted under the eyes of soldiers who were loyal to Simon and had been lined up in the galleries of the legislative halls.

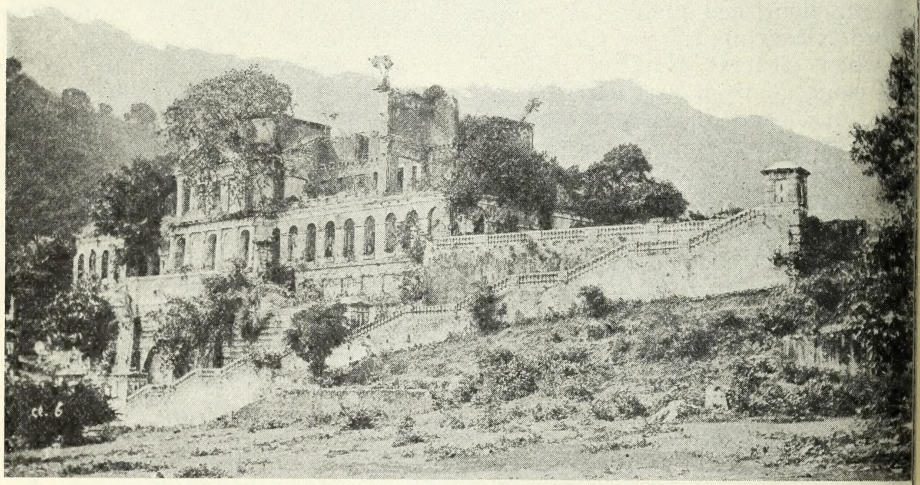
Everybody in Haiti, I suppose, knew Firmin's ambition, and when he appeared in Port au Prince the question was whether or not the newly elected President, Simon, would order his arrest and execution. But Simon showed himself humane and clear-headed as well, for he appointed Firmin Haitian Minister to Great Britain. This was a master stroke, for it pleased Firmin, and at the same time removed him to London, far away from the temptations of plotting among the "outs" of the Black Republic. I may remark here that from what I gathered in conversation with well-informed men in Haiti the dearest ambition of the native politician, next to becoming presi-



THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, PORT AU PRINCE, MACHINE GUNS HIDDEN BY SHRUBBERY.

dent, is to be appointed minister at Paris, with London as second best choice.

Thus it was that President Simon "put his house in order" and for three years tried to give Haiti a progressive administration. But his policy of developing the land by granting concessions to Americans for the building of railroads and other much needed improvements, was contrary to the sentiment of the great mass of ignorant Haitians. And so it came about that when I visited Haiti, General Leconte had returned



RUINS OF THE PALACE OF SANS SOUCI. THIS WAS THE RESIDENCE OF EMPEROR CHRISTOPHE IN 1811

quietly from exile, and was one of the leaders of a new revolution. We have seen how Leconte finally triumphed, but there is rather an interesting side-light to be found in the arrival, a few days too late, of General Firmin, who found Leconte installed in office just as he had found Simon three years before. But this time there was no offer of a pleasant diplomatic post to placate Firmin. Instead, he was told that Leconte would be pleased if he left Haiti. Probably Firmin remembered what had happened to those ten generals whom Leconte had dragged from their beds and shot in the cemetery. At any rate, Firmin went to St. Thomas

in the Danish West Indies and d within a month. Perhaps it was o broken heart, but some of those " tractors" of Haiti whom M. Leger nounces might mention the number similarly opportune deaths that have curred in Haitian political history.

As to the attitude of Leconte tow the development of Haiti by fore capital, there have been conflict stories, but one thing is certain, and t is the fact that the revolution directed against Simon's policy of frie

liness to foreign investors and con sionaires. Therefore, unless Lec deceived his followers, he, too, against this policy. Since my retur the United States and since Leco "election" to a term of seven years president, reports have emanated f Haiti to the effect that Leconte is to c tinue the building of railroads wharves, power-houses and tramway means of foreign, and especially Am can, capital. This seems strange, when he was minister of the interior der Nord Alexis he was aware of trouble stirred up by Alexis's grantin concessions, particularly in cabinet w

rests, to Americans. That was one of e prime reasons, I have heard on good thority, for the overthrow of Alexis. econte, as we have seen, was swept out ith old Nord Alexis, and he has been rried back into office on a revolution at charged the same offence against resident Simon, namely, "selling out" foreigners. If Leconte is honestly to ntinue granting favors to white in-



The Palace Band, Port au Prince

tors he cannot but realize the prob- e consequences. Moreover, he is a latto, and as such he may expect to be ler suspicion of the pure blood negroes o fear the man of mixed blood will or the whites in any transaction.

My estimate of Leconte, however, may somewhat one-sided, since I was own almost entirely among sym- izers and supporters of President on. In fact, when I landed in Haiti February it was at the town of Aux es, the birthplace and old home of sident Simon. To be sure, the revolu- was shaking local governments in ous parts of Haiti, but I was told that in Aux Cayes I would find true followers of Simon.

At Aux Cayes, there was a feeling of distrust and suspicion, but then, the town was on a razor edge of fear. That they were justified was proved, because two days after I left, the revolutionists drove out the administration forces and burned the place. I cannot say that I felt any regret when I heard of it; for it was one of the filthiest towns I have ever had the ill-fortune to enter, and in China and the Straits Settlements I ventured into some native quarters which I thought then represented about the limit of human endurance in respect to open sewage and foul odors.

From Aux Cayes on the southern coas of Haiti, I next went to Aquin, where the steamer touched for a day, and thence I completed my visit to the southern section by a stay at Jacmel, where there occurred arrests and skirmishes in the suburbs that later bore fruit in the execution of twenty-two generals, some time after I was on my way home. Before



PRESIDENT SIMON BEGGING HIS SOLDIERS TO REMAIN LOYAL. SCENE AT ROSTRUM ON THE CHAMPS DE MARS

reaching the northern coast of Haiti, I visited Santo Domingo City, in the sister republic of Santo Domingo, looked in on the Island of St. Thomas, and then after seeing Puerto Plata in Santo Domingo, reached the northern coast of Haiti. This north coast is, to my mind, the most romantic and historically rich section of the Black Republic. I found Cape Haitien and Port de Paix, with their memories of the days of the revolution, of Toussaint L'Ouverture, of the bloodthirsty Dessalines, and of the mad King Christophe, well worth the inconveniences of the trip. From the northern coast I went down into the foot of the great bay which cuts into the western coast of Haiti, and stayed some time at Port au Prince, the capital, where I met President Simon and his family, as well as his Cabinet, many of his generals and most of the educated blacks who were trying to do something for the development of their unfortunate country.

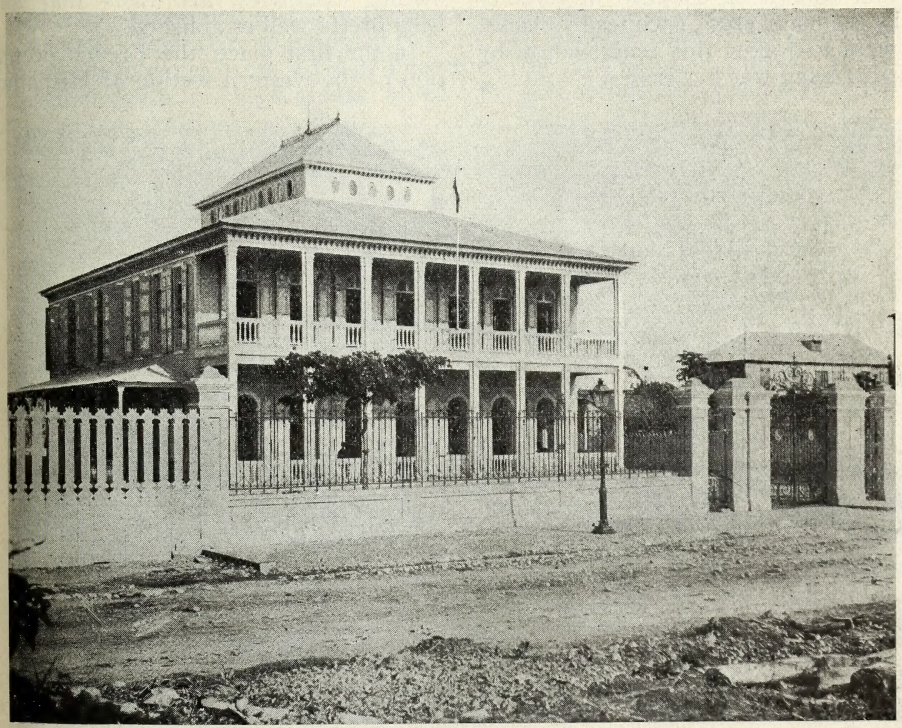
As a matter of fact there are many reasons why Haiti should specially interest Americans. These reasons are both economic and sentimental. First all, the position of this rich island, lyi as it does between Porto Rico, which possess, and Cuba, which we hold as *loco parentis* before the world, makes only natural that as the years pass, cannot afford to sit by and permit régime of anarchy and cannibalism smell to heaven from this land that become a sort of next-door-neighbor ours.

From the historical standpoint, very name "Hispaniola" savors of b caneers, of romance and adventu Haiti occupies the western half (roug speaking) of Hispaniola. The east "half" is politically Santo Domingo. B are colored republics, and for the sake distinction it is about correct to nomin Haiti a black republic and San Domingo a mulatto republic. Haiti French in language and French in c ture, so far as the term culture may ap to that nation. Santo Domingo Spanish in language and in its *dolce niente*, its happy-go-lucky spirit. Of two, Haiti is territorially the smaller,

its area is only 10,204 square miles, while that of Santo Domingo is 18,045 square miles. But in population, Haiti is superior, since its latest census enumerates 1,400,000 inhabitants, and the population of Santo Domingo is given as less than half that, or 610,000, to be precise.

In regard to the respective degrees of color, I think I am justified in calling Haiti black and Santo Domingo simply mulatto. The fact remains that in Haiti, ever since its Independence was established at a price of murder, torture and all-round atrocity, there has been a bitter feeling between the mulatto and the full-blooded black. The dislike is to be found in our American cities; it has been touched upon by colored publicists in this country, and it is at least generally understandable. But the aversion of the pure blooded black for the mongrel was strengthened in Haiti by the fact that long toward the end of the French occupation, there were freedmen who were mulattoes and who were themselves slave-holders. As might be expected, the mulatto slave master was even more cruel than the white. And then, to accentuate the difference, there were mulatto leaders in the time of the great revolution who were willing to sell back into slavery blacks who had joined them in the uprising for liberty.

Thus there have been very few Presidents of Haiti who were guilty of even the slightest white stain on the black of their escutcheons. The mulatto has always been under suspicion of trying to "sell out the country to the whites," and therefore the opposition to mulatto aspirants for a lodgement in the rambling, gimcrack Palace at Port au Prince has usually been effective. This fact gives added interest to the success of the latest president, Leconte, a mulatto, over Simon, a negro. In Santo Domingo, on the other hand, the mulattoes are numerically in the ascendant. Nor has the race feeling ever been so bitter there, for the Spanish seem to have been easy taskmasters for their negro slaves, whatever they may have done to the unfortunate



CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, PORT AU PRINCE, WHERE LECONTE'S "ELECTION" WAS HELD

Carib Indians whom they captured and set to work on their first landing. Thus we find that mulatto presidents have been the rule in Santo Domingo, and it may be for this very touch of the white man's blood and the white man's intelligence that during the numerous wars between Haiti and Santo Domingo, the latter has nearly always been successful. To-day, Santo Domingo, with less than fifty per cent. of the population of Haiti, has considerably more of the island of Hispaniola than its black neighbor possesses.

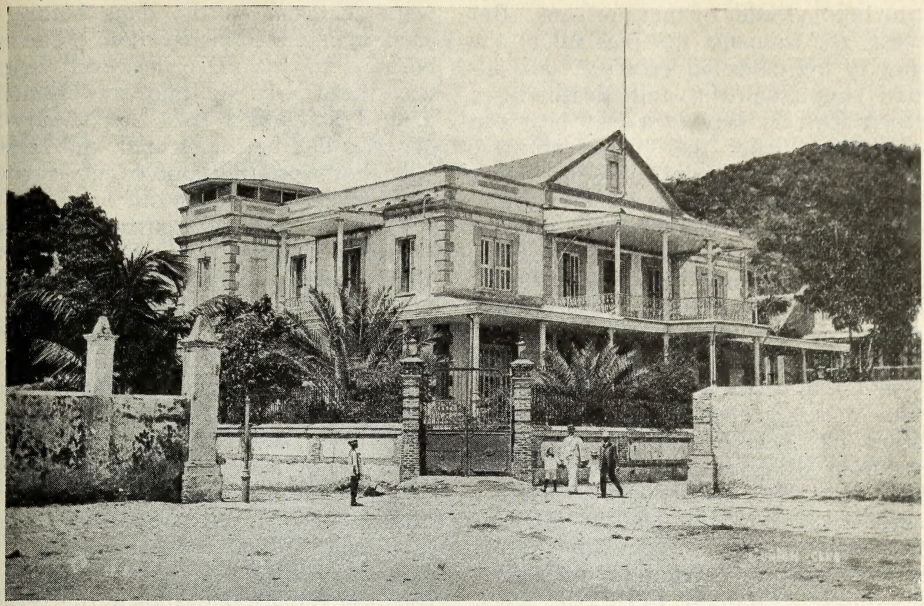
In speaking of Hispaniola, we must not forget that Columbus discovered it in 1492. If one were superstitious, there might be significance in the fact that it was on the rocks of Cape Haitien that Columbus met with the first mishap of his first voyage to the new world. His flagship, the "Santa Maria," was wrecked on a reef off the entrance to the harbor, and overlooking the scene to-day are the ruins of the French forts whose evacuation by the French followed a race war that was to be equalled in ferocity only by the massacres of whites by blacks, that were to follow this renunciation by France of what was her richest colony.

It has been the custom, on account o their proximity, to link Haiti and Sant Domingo together in speaking of one o the other, but it seems to me that they ar quite distinct in tradition, as well as i language and manners. To take Haiti b itself, then, it is evident, I think, tha none of our smaller neighbors has a mor picturesque history. Its independenc dates from 1804, but both before an after that time it was the scene of a ruthless warfare as has ever bee recorded. During almost the entir eighteenth century, the French held Hai as a colony. The French planters live in such luxury as is possible only in tropical island tilled by slave labor, an one of the unofficial estimates of the rela tive strength of whites and blacks at th time of the great upheaval places th whites at about 45,000 and the blacks a fully half a million. That the Frenc were hard task-masters, that they wer so far as to use in some instances in genious tortures over and above th simple lash that suffices in most slave owning countries, are facts that hav been pretty well established.

In the first place, the French occupa tion of the western section of Hispaniol



General view of Port au Prince



UNION CLUB, CAPE HAITIEN. THE FINEST CLUB HOUSE IN NORTHERN HAITI

was irregular, the earliest French settlers having been buccaneers who landed there, and, finding great areas outside of Spanish influence, proceeded to make themselves at home. Then they commenced to bring over black slaves from Africa, since the original Carib Indians had been killed off —literally worked to death by the Spaniards within a century or so of Columbus' discovery of this rich island. The French had become so strong in the Western part of Hispaniola that as early as 1640 we read of the arrival there of Levasseur as the first French governor of this colony, which "just happened." More slaves were brought by more French settlers, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century it may easily be true that Haiti was the richest colony of its size in the world. It raised cotton, coffee, sugar, indigo and cocoa. The French planters lived in great mansions; Port au Prince was a miniature Paris. Other ports and towns were beautified with parks and fountains, for it was a land where the artistic Frenchman had the easy means whereby to gratify his tastes. To-day we may find the ruins of the tropical chateaux in jungles, and we may see traces of the public works in the wallows and sloughs of the towns, where razor-backed hogs find a new use for what once were the basins of fountains or the pedestals of statues.

And the change that came over all this, the change that turned a precociously prosperous European colony into a place where African savagery has since at times overcome the influence of civilization, began with the French Revolution. When the established order of things was collapsing across the ocean, it is little wonder that the French colony of Haiti should have been shaken also. The high-sounding and half understood theories of Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, took on a sinister meaning in the colony where a handful of pleasure-loving whites ruled a horde of blacks. A determining factor in the bloody outcome of all this may have been the newness of many of these blacks to slavery. Either born themselves in Africa, or the off-spring of parents who had been caught in the forests of the dark continent, they were not thoroughly domesticated. Hence they needed but little provocation to become cruel as well as fatalistic warriors.

We have all been more or less familiar with the name of Toussaint L'Ouverture

as the heroic leader of that uprising. But he was too humane, too trustful in the honor of his white adversaries. His ultimate imprisonment and death in a French fortress may in a way bear out the Haitian belief that as an effective liberator Dessalines did more for Haiti than the magnanimous L'Ouverture. Dessalines was a bloodthirsty black, a veritable African savage, and it might be as well to pass over the cruelties, the massacres, the tortures that were wreaked on the whites by his direction. At any rate, he is the hero, the George Washington, of the average Haitian.

Since the days of Dessalines, Haitian history has been a moving picture of revolution, disorder and economic decay. There have been twenty rulers of Haiti as predecessors of President Leconte, and truly, if he considers their fate, he can feel with reason something of uneasiness for himself. Of these twenty predecessors, two were known to have been assassinated, two were generally believed to have been poisoned, and one committed suicide to escape assassination. This accounts for five of them. Eleven others were driven into exile, of whom, of course, the latest is President Simon. Three presidents, Petion, the successor of Dessalines; Nissage-Saget; and Boisrond-Canal, left office peacefully. Hyppolite died in office in 1896 in the last year of his seven years' term. Surely, with a record of only four out of twenty presidents who escaped violence of one form or another, the chances seem greatly against Leconte's holding his place for the full term.

That this will worry him overmuch, I think scarcely likely, since my stay in Haiti led me to believe that the true native is not given to thought of the morrow. This spirit was in evidence everywhere; at Jacmel, for example, the place which I visited after leaving Aquin. The same lazy soldiers, the same pompous customs officers, the same suspicions of graft and corruption were everywhere.

Jacmel is notable commercially for its exports of coffee, cotton, dye woods and rum, but these, like the exports everywhere else in Haiti, are only a sorry ghost of the quantities of such products that were sent out in the days before the black man gained his freedom. The main business of the place, however, when I was there, was fighting, and sometime after I had left I read that twenty-two generals had been executed, and presumably they were the same twenty-two who were locked up during our visit.

Because of my journey to Santo Domingo and St. Thomas, it was several weeks before I again touched at a Haitian port—this time at Cape Haitien on the north coast. It struck me as a town in decay. Warfare, fires and an earthquake have all left their marks on it. The ruins of the French forts tell of the stand the white men made against the rebellious blacks. Far back of the town, a distance of about ten miles, stands La Ferriere, a huge stone fortress on the top of a green mountain. Plainly visible from the deck of a steamship in the harbor, it is one of the most remarkable ruins in the Western hemisphere. It was built by Christophe, the third ruler of Haiti, who in 1811 proclaimed himself King and assumed the name "Henri I." This castle was intended by him to serve as a last stronghold for the blacks, if the French should come back to re-take the island and renew the institution of slavery.

The immense amount of labor involved in building such a fort on the top of a mountain, the cost in human lives of this toil, and the ingenious penalties imposed on the workmen, all make one of the strangest tales in Haitian history. While this grim enterprise was going forward, "King Henri I." caused a pleasure palace to be built for him lower down the slopes of the mountain. This place, with its garden and statuary, was the black monarch's Versailles, and to-day the ruined, overgrown grounds of Sans Souci, as he named it, are one of the sights of Cape Haitien. That Christophe committed suicide in his fortress to forestall his mutinous troops, who intended to murder him, and that his ghost is said to walk the battlements and guard some $30,000,000 of treasure he was supposed to have buried there, are merely bits of native history that illustrate the typical mixture of tragic and grotesque that one is to expect.

At Cape Haitien, as elsewhere in Haiti, I was impressed with the possibilities of agricultural development, and there for the first time was made to feel as I afterwards was made to feel in Port au Prince —that there is actually beneath all the fuss and fury of revolutions and conspiracies of windy militarists a certain element of intelligent colored men in the country who are trying to improve conditions. The American Consul at Cape Haitien is Samuel W. Livingston, and he is also President of the Union Club, where I was hospitably entertained. The Union Club is one of those centres in Haiti where men with the real interests of the country at heart are seriously trying to do some good. Although we in the United States are too prone to think of all Haitians as parading in uniforms, and fighting for or against the ephemereal administration, there are many citizens who are cognizant of the republic's needs and who are trying to justify the black man's independence in the estimation of the white man's civilization. How great a task these men have before them I need not say here, but all credit should be given them for their gallant attempt.

The last place I visited in Haiti was the capital, Port au Prince. Having seen typical provincial towns both north and south of it, I was prepared for the capital and was not so surprised as I otherwise might have been in finding the place ill paved, ill kept and actually filthy. Situated in the depths of a pocket of towering green mountains that rise all about the bay, it was one of the hottest places I have ever seen, and with its high temperature and its lack of anything like sanitation, one marvels that its death rate is comparatively low. Street scenes in Port au Prince are the same as in the smaller towns, although it does seem more incongruous to find soldiers asleep on the pavement of a capital city than to find similar recumbent figures littering the right of way in a provincial town. But such is Haiti, and sleeping soldiers, naked black or brown babies, lean pigs rooting in garbage piles—all are to be found there in the capital. The President's palace, hard by the Champ de Mars, is as representative of political conditions there as any building could well be, and cease to be an out-and-out fort. The high-pointed iron palings all about it are intended for something more than mere ornament. They are very convenient in case a band of disaffected citizens should try to rush the palace some morning and kill the President. The open porticoes about the low rambling palace disclose gatling guns ready for action, and beside the guns sit barefooted soldiers holding their rifles. In the palace are said to be stored tons of ammunition, but all the ammunition and the same equipment of rapid-fire field-pieces did not avail Nord Alexis when his own soldiers went over to the side of Simon. Nor, as events have proved, did ammunition and field pieces save Simon when his turn came to make way for Leconte. As for Leconte, he may expect the same end perhaps, or an even more cruel fate than exile, for an educated Haitian in explaining the customs of his country told me that the revolution there is merely a substitute for an election. He might have added, although he did not, that it is likewise a substitute for the initiative, referendum and recall.

Legal Evolution

By JOSEPH M. SULLIVAN

THE court room. Most people approach it with an instinctive dread. The reason for doing so is not very clear. We enjoy the theatre, and criticize the actors and their art. The court room scene in Madame X sends a chill through our veins, but a court room scene in real life we shrink from as though it were a plague. The court room is a legal stage, and the law

is a theatre with a slightly different setting. Lawyers are actors; they possess the simulation of actors without their art. The criminal court room is the school of misery; the judge is the schoolmaster; its lessons are suspense, grief, terror and despair. Life's tragedies are here tragically depicted; the sobs and wails of the unfortunate are mingled with the bravado of the young culprit who begins to serve his first sentence. On every face in the court room you can see care and sorrow; there is no one so depraved but what some heart beats warmly for him in all his wretchedness.

The Education of a Lawyer

A young lawyer of the present day does not hang out his shingle until he has had a four years' course at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, or some other leading university and then an additional three years' course at the law schools of some leading institution of learning, and after this thorough training of seven years study he begins the practice of law. Some states demand a college education or its equivalent as a precedent to the study of law, others a high school training, and as a result of these safeguards the student of the present day comes to the practice of law admirably equipped in an educational way to guard the rights of future clients. This is in marked contrast to the educational training and methods of the old time law student. This is not to be wondered at because in these days of universal education the instruction of lawyers has made rapid strides. The law student of the early days was janitor, errand boy, and before the advent of the telephone had to possess a good pair of legs and by the time he obtained any leisure to read law it was bed-time, and he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion over his books. After years of drudgery he finally picked up enough law and practice to get admitted to the bar and then he learned the syntax of the verb "to hustle." The American law school at that time was in its infancy, and its methods of instruction were rather crude, but it was still superior to the old style office instruction. Law schools were to be found only near large centres of population, and a young lawyer in the early days, especially in the western states, had to learn law in an office or not at all. Colleges in the days before the civil war were not any better than the present day high school, and the young lawyer in by-gone days received many hard knocks on the shoals and quicksands of legal learning.

The Present Day Law School

The law school of any leading university is equipped with a first-class library, thousands of text-books, reports of decisions of the courts of the English speaking world, moot-courts wherein students try their cases, draw their pleadings, and thus familiarize themselves with actual court procedure such as they will encounter when they begin active practice. The faculty of law schools of the leading universities is composed of the ablest lawyers that money can procure, many of them legal authors of note and fully capable of imparting knowledge to their students. It must be conceded that the young lawyers of the present day are indefinitely better educated than the old time law student.

The Law Office of To-day

A law office to-day consists of a large suite of offices with several rooms leading off to the right and left. Each occupant bears his share of the rent, telephone expenses, help, care of office, and general disbursements. There is a waiting room in front with a kind of enlarged entry way where the clients wait. A boy tends the switch-board, and alas, the taint of commercialism is upon the profession. The law office of to-day especially in New York employs a large number of people; in fact, some New York offices would remind you of a department store.

A writer in Case and Comment remarking about the effect of appearances says: "The progressive attorney is the one who merits his clients' patronage through his resourcefulness. To have the knowledge and use it is the thing. Your ability and success is measured, not by your knowledge but by its practical application. A systematic, attractive

office, like neat personal appearance, commands respect and confidence. Indexed law libraries, systematic reference files, etc., not only give you instant access to the knowledge of the law but bestow the desired air of prosperity. The attorney with the well-filled book-cases, business-like filing equipment and handsome furnishings has less difficulty collecting larger fees than has the equally studious lawyer of the meagerly furnished, unkempt office receiving "nominal fees." The public is attracted by prosperity and is willing to pay the successful man's price.

The Young Lawyer's Office

The office of a young lawyer or rather the corner of an older lawyer's office was in reality a fit subject for a novelist. Confusion reigned supreme; here and there were scattered books, and papers to give the place an appearance of business. His little desk in the corner had an air of loneliness, and clearly showed to the inquiring client his artificial inferiority. In the early days of practice the young lawyer perforce of circumstances had to seek counsel and assistance from some older practitioner. This was because of his utter helpnessness when beginning practice; his head was filled with book-learning and too little knowledge of the tricks and rascalities of the world. He must depend upon older lawyers for advice and suggestions until he becomes accustomed to the rules of court and the intricacies of legal routine. In part payment for the corner the young lawyer runs the errands, dusts the office, and makes himself generally useful. When important litigation comes perchance to the young lawyer, his older friend charitably allows him to sit at the same table with him at court, and carry his green bag. He is also reminded of his youth at the bar when his senior adjusts the case. The senior takes the greater part of the fee, and the junior gets the stereotyped advice which is always meted out to young men by their elders together with his insignificant remuneration.

The Young Lawyer's Clients

He must get an opportunity to appear in court, and if all signs fail he can go to the jail and offer his services gratis to some thief or vagabond who happens to possess little or no money. He secures an acquittal, gets a little notoriety, but no money. The poor debtors and tricksters seek him out and his list of undesirable clients appears to increase daily. His friends ask him all sorts of legal questions on the street, tap his brains, and overload him with their petty business for which they expect "no charge." The dull, obtuse and lazy senior counsel hand over to him their bills of exceptions, and for a miserable pittance he prepares their briefs. If the case is lost in the appellate court through the blundering or lack of legal skill of the senior counsel he is obliged to shoulder all the blame. In like manner if the case is won in the court of last resort the senior counsel keeps his name off the brief, and he is truly a "youth to fortune and to fame unknown." The young lawyer in real life is radically different from the erroneous type described by the novelist. The novelist gives the young lawyer immediately upon admission an important case to handle, which of course he wins, and business at once flows in upon him, nothing could be farther from the truth because no young lawyer can win an important case at the outset of his career; it takes years of constant study and application to get accustomed to the legal routine and the procedure of the courts.

Lack of Confidence in Young Lawyers

But after all, why should the public be afraid to entrust their business to young attorneys? The actual facts do not warrant this lack of confidence. Former Governor John P. Altgeld of Illinois, was the best trial lawyer in the state of Illinois when he was but thirty-five years of age. In like manner William D. Guthrie, Esq., of New York, one of our foremost constitutional lawyers, scored his greatest legal triumph, "the breaking of the income tax before the United States Supreme Court," before he had reached the age of thirty-five. Old age does not necessarily bring with it legal acumen and wisdom. I have known men

old in the practice of the law who were by no means the equal of young lawyers of ten years' standing. The public should learn to take men at their real worth, and give credit wherever it is deserved. In the medical profession, and also in the pulpit, impudence may pass for wit, and loquacity for learning, but in the legal profession no shallow minded or half-educated lawyer can succeeed. A learned judge and a vigilant adversary soon put the shallow pretender "*hors de combat.*" The trickster and the charlatan can succeed in almost any other profession but in the legal profession success can only be obtained by unmistakable ability, profound and analytical reasoning, and the confidence which comes to the skilled advocate from constant participation in important legal battles. In the medical profession a man possessing a cool nerve and a fair amount of literary ability can make a "bluff" as an expert by reading a few standard works on insanity and nervous disorders. Success in bluffing judge and jury is an easy task for an expert who possesses a cool nerve, self-confidence, and a lot of second-hand information. The revenue enjoyed by these so-called experts on insanity and hand-writing is enormous. Their testimony is for sale to the highest bidder, but expert or no expert, if your case is poorly prepared, and you encounter a sharper adversary, you will find youself thoroughly defeated.

The Legal Mind

Not every lawyer possesses what is called a "legal mind." A "legal mind" is one that can distinguish one case from another, find out whether the facts are in accord with the problem of which he is seeking the solution, and also in an analytical manner get at the root of a decision, separate the wheat from the chaff, and thus lay bare the point actually decided by the court. A young lawyer with a keen mind is in demand by the older members of the profession, but his compensation is poor enough when you consider the high quality of his work, the intense mental strain, and the almost endless research through the labyrinth of legal authorities.

A "legal mind" must possess determination, enormous mental grasp, and self-mastery in the field of legal literary work. Self-reliance is essential, but this is the confidence of the well-trained student. Memory culture and thought control is an essential part of the training of the legal scholar; also the art of logical thinking is a necessary qualification in order to possess the ability to draw briefs. A successful brief must contain reasoning power and mastery of composition in order to convince a hostile court of the correctness of your contention.

Legal Scholarship and Drudgery

A legal scholar is one who makes a specialty of looking up the law and preparing cases for trial. Upon him all the hard labor of a great legal battle depends. He must gather all the facts for the senior counsel, look up all the witnesses, ascertain the reputations of witnesses for truth and veracity in the locality and find out the records of jurymen so that no hostile man can get on the jury. He must prepare all necessary rulings for the court to pass upon, and very important is his work because it involves tireless research among the decisions of the courts of last resort to obtain all necessary legal authorities for use during the trial. If a serious question of law should suddenly arise and its admission or exclusion as evidence is of the utmost importance to the parties interested, he is sent at once to pull down books in the law library to get authorities in point from courts of last resort. He is a literary recluse "born to blush unseen" and gets no credit for the legal victory in which he plays the most important part. The senior counsel studiously keeps his name out of the papers in the case because that would detract from his glory and dim his lustre.

Changes in the Methods of Trial Lawyers

The methods of the trial lawyer of the present day differ radically from the style of the old-time lawyer. The old-time lawyer prepared his own cases for trial, looked up his law, and shouldered the full responsibility for the result of the

case. The present day trial lawyer employs a law ghost who saves him from the exhausting work of the trial. By this method of procedure the senior is saved so much toil and drudgery, and has so much reserve force left. The law ghost gives the trial lawyer intervals of relaxation and so he can last longer and better than if he did all the work himself. Lawyers do not break down so frequently as before the universal use of the law-ghost; he relieves their nerves from tension and they can go to bed at night, and the drudge of a law ghost will have all the law, correct and to the point, ready for the judge in the morning. Suppose the senior had to stay up all night in the library after a nerve-racking day in the court room, do you suppose he would be vigorous and full of fight and stamina for the next day's battle in the court room. Decidedly not. The saving of health and nerve-force to the senior counsel by the employment of a law ghost is incalculable.

Denial of His Existence

And yet no senior will ever admit that he employs a law ghost. He denies that anyone looks up his law, but it was looked up for him, and he went to the club that night and enjoyed himself. Yes he does exist, the law ghost, poor fellow, and his shyness is his only obstacle to success. No one even knows he is a lawyer, save a few intimates, and this militates against his getting any clients of his own. The blustering blockhead in court the people see, they know he is a lawyer, but no one sees the law ghost but the musty law books, and they can't bring him clients. So there he is, a hidden genius whose brain-work gets him no glory, but is hidden in the success of his senior. Sometimes his senior loses his law ghost through sickness, death, or otherwise, and then he suffers a mental eclipse until he can get another one, and that is not always an easy matter. His brethren at the bar wonder why Mr. S. did not try that case as well as he used to, he lacked the thoroughness of detail that he formerly had, but the law drudges on the inside know the reason. A similar case is found when a man loses his private secretary who used to write all his speeches for him, and if he don't get another in a hurry the public will miss that statesman's speeches, and the statesman is apt to find himself interred in a mental cemetery. Washington is filled with law ghosts, men of brilliant intellects, profound legal learning, who are able to write learned opinions on any legal subject which will stand the test of any court. These ghosts are for the most part better learned in the law than three-quarters of the judges on the bench in the United States to-day.

Method of Looking up Law

A legal scholar writing in "The Lawyer's Reports' Annotated" cleverly shows the changes which have been wrought in the field of legal study and research.

"First; the old style: Before the days of law encyclopedias a lawyer plunged into veritable forest of cases from all jurisdictions. There being many branching parts most of them leading nowhere, the student is frequently obliged to retrace his steps. One may arrive by great labor by this route, and find that he has what appears to be a very good brief, but is he sure? Another way is much better, a student can find out the law on a given case by means of text books, encyclopedias, digests, and other variations on the same general plan, which gives no reported cases. The road is rough and the breakdowns frequent on this route but it is a much more satisfactory way of preparing a brief than the tedious hunt through reports without any other aid than that of digests of single sets. The best way is furnished by a publication of leading cases which are decided by the courts from time to time. By examining leading cases on a legal question you can go straight to your destination in the shortest possible time. By it you find your exact "brief" point covered by a note that all the cases from the earliest times analyzed, and one or more late cases reported in full with briefs of counsel. You are saved the useless search among cases which are of no value and you cannot be misled by what some author says the law is as in the encyclopedia note you have enough facts given

from each case to judge for yourself." This is where reasoning power, intellectual force, and fine powers of discrimination come into full play.

The Legal Clearing House

The "vade mecum" for judges and lawyers. There is an association of legal scholars with offices at Seattle, San Francisco, and Washington which for a stated price will "give judges and lawyers the advantage of an office force with trained and highly efficient assistants; these scholars have access to the well-equipped libraries at Washington." They prepare pleadings, write briefs, arguments, speeches, opinions, furnish full information on all topics, and do a general business for the profession. In their prospectus they declare that no obligation is assumed by their legal customers in submitting cases for disposition, and if the rates are not satisfactory the papers will be returned upon request." Thus a lawyer or judge can have legal services performed or a judicial opinion written by simply forwarding the papers on to these law ghosts for criticism, suggestions, and correction. I do not know how prevalent the custom is among judges of courts of last resort in employing outside help to prepare their opinions, but that the practise exists is evident from the very wording of the advertisements in legal periodicals.

The Finish of the Law Ghost

It was Josh Billings who said "Society consists of two classes, the workers and those that are being worked." I don't know whether he had the law ghost in mind when he penned the above but the description fits the law ghost to perfection. Like every obscure genius he toils on till the end and "burning the candle at both ends" he submits his last brief to the great Judge from whose judgment there is no appeal. Some day the library janitor misses him and he learns that he has "passed away" far from the antiquarian "researches" which he loved. He lives only in the musty law reports which contain his name; his reputation is buried in the reputation of the lawyers who employed him in by-gone days, and future lawyers can extract brief material from the cases on record which slowly but surely sapped away his bodily and mental strength, and legal lore has lost a brilliant contributor to her treasures.

A Puritan School*

By PERCY STICKNEY GRANT

AN anniversary commemorative of a Puritan institution is a self-willed inconsistency for the Puritans hated anniversaries. The shade of Judge Sewall threatens us in the testy words he once addressed to a prankish grandchild: "Men came hither to avoid anniversary days, the keeping of them." A quarter of a millenium, however, has claims of its own so imperative that they may well excuse our lack of ancient approval; or perhaps we can win a smile from those stern times by calling this a Thanksgiving Day.

To think of the Roxbury Latin School as two hundred and fifty years old is difficult. A great foundation grows young with years, for while its beneficiaries come and go it advances to increasing power, wisdom and beauty. Bishop Brooks once said to me that he would like to live as long as Methuselah, only he would wish companions of his own age, for it would be so dull to have to play with little boys of eighty or ninety. But we who are assembled here must claim that it is the good fortune of immortality to commune with youth—and for what has survived the past to play with the children of to-day.

*An address read at the 250th Anniversary of the Roxbury Latin School, 1895.

In celebrating our colonial institutions —even the most enduring of them—we cannot help recalling how much we differ from the times in which they were founded. We are looking back to an age whose unlikeness to our own in customs, manners and ideals we rarely stop to consider. How inconceivable it is to us, for instance, that the minister of the First Church of Roxbury was the inquisitor of Ann Hutchinson—that sweet defender of a covenant of grace. How amazing it would be to her could she hear the doctrine that for nearly a century has been eloquently preached from the pulpit of her arch-enemies, Eliot and Weld, the doctrine for which she was banished from Massachusetts. Let us collect the gold left in the crucible of time, for to perceive and to honor the wisdom that survives illusions and eccentricities is the surest means of cultivating in ourselves the ability worthily to pass on benefits to posterity.

Religion and education seemed to Puritanism to be inseparable. The Emperor Julian hoped to destroy Christianity by closing its schools. The Puritans determined to perpetuate and spread their faith by establishing schools. They felled the forest and built rude shelter for learning. They penetrated the wilderness to carry the advantages of education to the savages themselves.

The Roxbury of 1645 was almost a seaport. Its northern limits, on both sides of Boston Neck, were washed by the shallow waters of South Bay and Back Bay—those coves in fact were called the Roxbury Flats—while on the west it extended into the marshes of Stony and of Muddy Brooks. To the south were hills with ledges of pudding stone, beyond which spread fertile fields. "It was well watered," to use the quaint language of Johnson who wrote Wonder Working Providence "with cool and pleasant springs issuing forth the rocky hills and with small freshets watering the valleys of this fertile town." A fine site for a town, and one that labor soon redeemed from "dismal swamp and tearing bushes." A seaport—for goods from the sea in those days could be sent in small boats directly from the ships to the shore. A farming community, too, for there was plenty of woodland to supply logs for winter fires; plenty of meadowland and salt hay for the cattle; plenty of fruit and vegetables and fish for men and what must have been vastly agreeable even to a Puritan—there were no Indians in the immediate vicinity.

The men who planted their homes in this attractive spot were of a superior sort. They were more well-to-do than many of their contemporary colonists. Nearly all the first families came from the same part of Essex, England, or from London, some twenty miles away, and were substantial farmers or craftsmen. This homogeneity developed unusual civil strength. The choice of a name for their town, Roxbury, descriptive more than reminiscent, also shows their independence.

The vicissitudes that attended all the Massachusetts colonists did not leave Roxbury unmolested. The climate, the poor food, the insufficient shelter produced at first a great mortality in the town. In spite of these hardships, the joint efforts of the people as early as 1632, only two years after their arrival, built a church "destitute and unbeautified," a chronicler calls it, but it was the fifth church of Christ in these parts. The church was town-hall as well. Religion and government, therefore, were given an immediate home.

The Roxbury Latin School was not established until 1645. For Roxbury was slower than some of its neighbors in providing its "Free schoole" and only got the start of the mandatory law by two years, for in 1645 Massachusetts Bay was stirred to the enactment of a compulsory school law, which obliged every town of fifty families to have its children taught at public expense.

The year 1645 was set in a critical period of European history. France was gaining that ascendency in the Thirty Years' War that culminated in the splendid reign of Louis XIV. England was struggling in the throes of a civil war for Parliamentary freedom. Richelieu had just stepped from the stage of European politics; and death, in that year, overcame the indomitable Galileo. Cromwell,

the great Condé, Milton, Molière, Pascal, were the wonder-working names.

In New England there were men worthy to live and to take part in the world's affairs and to shape its destinies. Roger Williams in those years was on a visit to England and saw much of Sir Harry Vane and of the best men in the country, in his endeavor to secure a charter for his colony which should grant freedom of conscience and the separation of church and state. For in Massachusetts (whence Williams had been banished) the theocratic ideal prevailed, church and state were so blended that civil law was merely the embodiment of the voice of conscience and of the mandates of God. The men who founded the Roxbury School and their neighbors in the towns adjoining, were attempting to frame a society in which religion and life should be identical, the most inspiring but most impossible of dreams, since the recognition of divine command, and, therefore, the possible range of human conduct, must always outrun lagging performance:

"Men follow duty, never overtake."

The poor and scattered settlements of New England were to advance civilization more than did the Thirty Years' War; more than Condé's victories, or than the charges of the invincible Ironsides. Religious liberty and the freest of representative governments were to be born out of their aspirations. The colonists endured separation from the land of their birth; they faced the strange dangers of long sea voyages and on an unexplored continent; they suffered the misunderstanding of friends; they interrupted their dreams and prayers to defend themselves against the attacks of savages in order to found a kingdom of God. They hungered and thirsted for a civil life that could be lived in the presence of God, to whom they bound themselves by covenant just as they bound themselves by an oath to their king. The Pilgrims and Puritans were self-exiled for conscience sake, believing with Pericles that whoever accepts unpopularity in a great cause chooses wisely.

A selection from Cotton Mather's Magnalia—that New England Plutarch's Lives, ought to be in the hand of every American school boy; it would infuse new virtue and iron into our race. Only affectation, conceit or degeneracy will despise that time or harshly judge its foibles and mistakes.

The religion of the Puritans is the inevitable background for Massachusetts institutions two hundred and fifty years old. The zeal for education that established such seats of learning as Harvard College, the Boston Latin School, and our own school, was zeal for religion, which, it was believed, could be more widely propagated by an educated ministry. "Their religious care of posterite" urged the founders of the "Free Schools of Roxburie" to provide for their children an education in "all scholasticall, morall and theologicall discipline." The foundation of our school, as set forth in the petition of the feoffees to the General Court in 1669, was for "the Glory of God, the future good and service of the country, and of the Church of Christ, and for the particular good education of the youth of our church and town." Two out of three of the avowed purposes for the founding of Harvard University were to train ministers and to equip Indian missionaries. Religion, we must remember, established the schools of New England. A catechism was taught in the Roxbury School as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The utter earnestness of the men who planted this school can be judged by the nature of their pledges to pay their subscriptions; their houses, barns and fields, they made a guarantee for its support. The school was intended for the children of prosperous citizens who paid for its maintenance. A few poor children were admitted free, and were even allowed to sit near the fire at such times as pupils of higher estates, whose fathers had forgotten to send the prescribed eight shillings or two feet of good wood, must freeze afar off. The subscription and the endowment received from 1645 to 1672 kept such a school as I have described. Mr. Bell's bequest in the latter year threw it more widely open to all classes.

I wish we had "snap-shots" of those first scholars—the Roxbury urchins of

two hundred and fifty years ago. The little Puritan boy was misunderstood; his nature and his needs were not comprehended; he became the victim of a training which often ran counter to the natural development of his mind and body, and so his strength became that of oak cut across the grain. His hours for study were long, his time for play was short, his sports were few, and the rigorous religion of lawyer John Calvin filled in all the interstices of his time as completely as the suet envelopes the plums, if we are to believe Oliver Wendell Holmes, in that pudding the giants threw—I will not say as completely as the mud held the glacial stones in Roxbury quarries.

What torture such a life must have been to bright boys! Cotton Mather could testify in 1685 that "the youth of this country are verie sharp and early ripe in their capacities." Their natural craving for rough, invigorating play was even then frowned upon by the authorities, who, in Boston at least, prohibited football playing. In that city the boys in lots of ten or a dozen families were parcelled out to the tithing men, who saw to it that no boy went in swimming or conducted himself improperly. They sat on Sunday in the gallery of the church, or on the steps of the big pulpits with the eyes of the congregation upon them; or in case of misbehavior were carried out to the horse-block and mercilessly beaten for their sins. Did they survive the morning discourses, they were afterwards treated to sermons read from books, or they were questioned on what they had just heard, until the church doors again opened to admit their reluctant feet. Such were our brethren of this school when it was young.

Their studies seem to us meagre and elementary. Even children who could not read were constantly finding their way into this dignified school. The standard must have been set by the requirements for admission to Harvard which Cotton Mather described as follows: "When scholars have so far perfected at the grammar schools that they could read any classical author into English, and readily into verse as well as prose, and perfectly make and speak true Latin, and write it decline the paradigm of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue, they were judged capable of admission to Harvard College." Once in college the student was well practised in Greek, for it was the custom of the president or one of the fellows at Morning Prayer to read from the Old Testament out of Hebrew into Greek, and at Evening Prayer to read from the New Testament out of English into Greek. But in the school itself as late as 1770 only nine scholars were studying Latin, while twenty were ciphers, seventeen writers, nineteen spellers and ten reading from the Testament and Psalter. One happiness at least was theirs: spelling was despised, and penmanship, stimulated by silver prize pens, was the preferable mark of a gentleman. This greater honor given to chirography accounts for the elegance of the record books of these days. I have seen Colonial Church Registers that were as beautifully inscribed as an engraved Tiffany card, and more florid.

The names found on the lists of feoffees, of masters and of scholars, for these two hundred and fifty years, are distinguished ones.

John Eliot, for sixty years minister of the First Church and the Apostle to the Indians, was the founder of the school. His call to the whole Bay was: "Lord, for schools everywhere among us! That our schools may flourish! That every member of the Assembly may go home and procure a good school to be encouraged in the town in which he lives." There are few men in the annals of any institutions of learning of a nobler type of greatness. Eliot was pious, learned and plainly eloquent. In his personal accomplishments he summed up all those qualities that an education in his time aimed at as an ideal. General even to self-impoverishment, *auxit benevolentiam consuetudo*. His pleasantest Christian labors were attempts made in smoky wigwams to evangelize the Indians, who eventually relapsed from his teaching or died out. His most arduous task was to give the Indians a written language into which he translated the Bible, a book now practically sealed, even to the scholarship of the world. He learned the rude speech

of the savages from their own lips. He constructed their oral use into a written language. He taught them his new tongue and then translated the Bible into it.

When one holds that strange volume in his hands, he marvels at the various labors it involved. The very printing of the book was an evidence of the success of the gospel it contained; for the praying Indians themselves set some of the type. While the signature, John Eliot, Wuttinneumoh Christ, — servant of Christ, gives renewed meaning to the words of Jesus: "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Twenty years of zealous care resulted in eleven hundred converted Indians, inhabiting some fourteen settlements. They had primers, catechisms and even Baxter's Call, in their own language. They were clean, industrious and progressive in laws and scholarship when King Philip's War made a breach between the races that never healed.

The living power of the loving labors of the Apostle to the Indians has shrunken to the dimensions of a little unintelligible volume, treasured under glass in a great library. What shall we say of such apparently profitless labor? In the work of John Eliot the would-be scholar or benefactor may learn a lesson of the possibilities of devoted toil; a lesson that will render him more willing to find satisfaction in results he may never see, or that may lift themselves spirit-like out of the apparent dissolution of all his plans. He must have the faith of Browning's Grammarian:

"Others mistrust and say, But time escapes—
Live now or never!
He said, 'what's Time?' Leave now for dogs and apes,
Man has forever."

The names of Thomas Bell, a London merchant, should be placed by the side of the Apostle to the Indians, among the founders of the school. Mr. Bell was, for those days, a wealthy man; a member of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in New England; a friend of the colonies, even when the Atlantic Ocean lay between them; and a ready contributor to their political, charitable and educational projects. He left his real estate in Roxbury—in all three lots containing about one hundred and sixty-one acres—to the town for the maintenance of "a school master and a free school for the teaching and instructing of poore men's children." The integrity and the intelligence with which this trust has been administered since 1672 has made possible our present existence and has furnished another illustration of the safety of educational endowments under a free and liberal government. The largest financial benefactor of this school scorned that excuse for selfishness one hears so often to-day: "Let the future take care of itself." He would say with Cicero: *Mihi autem non minori curae est qualis, ut publica post mortem meam futura quum qualis modie sit,* he was as much concerned for the future state after he was gone as for the present.

Joseph Dudley, son of Governor Thomas Dudley, was feoffee and benefactor of the school to which he left fifty pounds. He was a friend of Sir Richard Steele and that wit could say he owed many fine thoughts and the manner of expressing them to his happy acquaintance with Colonel Dudley. This New England gentleman seemed to have possessed an unusual aptitude for politics and is said to have held more offices than any man of this region has held since. He was president of New England and later rose out of banishment and disfavor to be governor of Massachusetts.

Then there was Paul Dudley, his son, a graduate of the school, who became chief justice of the province and the author of many reforms in the practise of the courts. His interests were so varied that not only was he an ornament to the Colonial Bench, but he was also a member of the Royal Society, and collected material for the natural history of New England. Beyond law and science he explored theology and founded the Dudleian Lectures at Harvard. His character, too, had all the firmness that his selfish and shifty father's lacked. The old milestones in Roxbury marked P. D. remind us of his usefulness.

William Cushing was master in 175

and afterward was a judge of the Supreme Court. One of his pupils was Joseph Warren, who graduated in 1755 and in 1760, after his college course, was master. A physician by profession, he became chairman of the Committee of Public Safety. The art of Trumbull has indissolubly associated Warren's death with the Battle of Bunker Hill, and his dying words disclosed a patriot worthy to be the centre of that great picture, for he found it "glorious and delightful to die for his country."

A later master was Samuel Parker, afterward Bishop of Massachusetts, one of the few Church of England clergy in this state who, after the evacuation of Boston by the British, remained in the country and supported the cause of the colonies.

A later graduate was Increase Sumner, who became master in 1768, the year after he left Harvard. He was afterwards elected to Congress and served also for fifteen years as associate justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States. In 1797 he was chosen Governor of Massachusetts and was re-elected for three successive years. His death is said to have caused a sorrow in this state second only to the death of George Washington.

Judge Lowell, a feoffee, has the glorious distinction of having introduced into the Declaration of Rights, prefixed to the Constitution of Massachusetts, the clause by which slavery was forever abolished in the Bay State. To his wise policy of long leases is attributed the financial prosperity of the school.

Tedious would but be, even to friendly ears, to listen to the roll-call of distinguished names associated with the earlier history of the Free Schoole of Roxburie. A competent authority informs me that until seventy-five years ago almost every man of mark reared in Roxbury was taught in the Grammar Schools.

Multi praeterea, quos fama obscura recondit.

To all these of brighter or obscurer fame we offer, in George Herbert's phrase:

"A wreathed garland of deserved praise."

Perhaps the best praise that was ever given to the school was that spontaneously bestowed by Cotton Mather, who called it Schola Illustris, and declared "that Roxbury has afforded more scholars first for college and then for the public, than any town of its bigness, or if I mistake not, of twice its bigness in all New England. From the spring of the school at Roxbury there have run a large number of streams which have made glad the city of God. I persuade myself that the good people of Roxbury will forever scorn to begrudge the cost or to permit the death of a school which God has made such an honor to them."

If we turn from Mather's days to our own generation we still find a remarkable record. From 1878 to 1887 there was only one year in which some class at Harvard was not led by a graduate. In 1879, 1883, 1884, Roxbury Latin men were at the head of two out of four academic years, and in 1881 and 1882 they led three classes. This surprising record taken only from one college was due to the new scholarship and methods of teaching introduced into the school, about forty years ago.

Augustus H. Buck, and our present head master, who became his assistant in 1860, must share between them the distinction of lifting the obscure country school into the proud position it has ever since held. Mr. Buck, who was connected with the school for.....years, impressed his scholars with his marked individuality, and was able to mould them by a sympathetic appreciation of their dispositions. His vigorous aphorisms have become household words, in Roxbury. Forty years ago the school was very small, numbering but a score of boys and there was less routine than its present size and standards necessitate. Excursions to places of historical interest lent vividness to historical narrative. Leisurely surveys of their literary efforts and of their attempts at declamation matured a taste for writing and speaking. The graduates of that period are profoundly grateful to their master for encouragement to a certain unhurried ripening.

We should not be here to engage in anniversary exercises of such proportion or significance, however, were our school only what it was in 1860, when William C. Collar became an assistant teacher, thereby doubling the force of instructors and, consequently, the number of pupils that could attend the school. Under Mr. Collar The Free Schools of Roxburie, founded by the hardly earned pounds and shillings of a few Roxbury householders, has become, two hundred and fifty years later, the most successful and distinguished school for classical instruction in America.

We will not forget among the head masters of the Roxbury Latin School in this century, John D. Philbrick, later a widely known educator, nor the famous astronomer, B. A. Gould, of whom the Autocrat sang:

"Thine was unstinted zeal; unchilled devotion;
While the blue realm had kingdom to explore—"

His science reminds us of that early feoffee of the school, Samuel Danforth, who was minister at the First Church with Eliot, and not only shone among the preachers of his time, but had scientific interests as well. He made a study of the comets and, before Sir Isaac Newton, considered them planets of an eccentric course and not, as they were held in his day, strange meteors. A line from his epitaph has beautiful suggestiveness:

Oui stellis semper se associavit.

In this century also the trustees, as well as the masters of the school, have been men of eminence. Who that saw it can forget the mild scholar's face of Charles Dilloway, as beautiful in line as a Greek coin; or be unmindful of the pleasure such an occasion as this would have given him. Neither can we withhold our tribute from him who wrote of a Man Without a Country, only, in consequence, to find himself known in every land,—a citizen of the world. To his friendliness, which was so broad that it embraced every needy cause in church, state or society, this school for many years has been indebted.

The first schoolhouse was placed on Washington Street, near Dudley, about where the Central Market is now located. Three buildings succeeded each other on that site. In 1681 a master called the building "confused, shattered and nastie: the glass broken and thereupon very raw and cold. The floor very much broken up to kindle fires, the hearth spoiled, the seats some burnt and others out of kilter, so that one had as well-nigh as good keep school in a hog-sty as in it." In 1742 a new brick schoolhouse was built by subscription, to which a second story was added in 1820. This structure was sold in 1834, and a small building of the Greek temple style of architecture was put up in the northwest corner of the present playground. About the same time a two story building, containing three rooms, was erected to hold the High School, then under the management of our trustees. The present schoolhouse, an inheritance from the High School, is not of expensive material or of imposing architecture, its equipment meets its needs. It can boast that like Mulciber, its workmanship has surpassed its material:

Materiam superabat opus.

You will not, of course, be so unkind as to misconstrue "materiam." It means buildings, not boys.

This quiet elevation, overlooking Boston and its gilded dome, is a happy location. As the scholars come up the hill they may recall what Eliot once said as he went up the thorny hill to the First Church: "The path of life is like this hill." Boys from Boston and its brick blocks find in the old school grounds surrounded by small wooden houses with gardens and by an old cemetery, a pleasant touch of the country; they are given elbow-room; they can look far off from the hillside and can breathe fresher air. In the warm, spring days, I remember that I used to see through an open school-room window the flashing gold of an oriole's flight across the yard from elm to elm, and I have never forgotten the May fragrance of neighboring hedges of lilacs and syringas, or the arbors of wistaria which became thereby in after years annual messengers to me of my boyhood, able deliciously to recall

.....the dewy prime

Of youth and buried time.

From 1839 to 1844 and from 1852 to 1857 the High School of Roxbury was consolidated with the trustees' school. The union was broken in each case by what seems to have been the unwillingness of the city fathers to put the High School in the hands of a board independent of their authority. This jealousy between the town officials and the school trustees had an effect upon the growth of the school which, being suburban and also standing somewhat aloof, failed to attract large classes.

The number of pupils has increased in the last thirty years fourfold; from under fifty to one hundred and eighty, and the number of masters in the same ratio: from two to eight. The course of study, too, has become more rounded and comprehensive. Physics, chemistry, botany and drawing, English, French and German, as well as the classics and mathematics are now taught. The military drill has been discontinued, somewhat to my regret, I, as a former captain, must admit, although I remember Ovid's line:

Teloque animus praestantior omni:—

The educational system of Puritan New England was not an indigenous production; it was not a new world idea. It had been brought from England where it was the system of the great public schools, Westminster, Eton and Winchester, and continued to be their system down to this century. It was not framed even in English, but imported from Germany where it was born out of the Calvinism, scholarship and character of John Sturm. The new scientific methods of Bacon, the new theories of teaching developed by Locke, the new knowledge of Galileo, of Harvey, Torricelli, and Pascal—all the product of the seventeenth century—did not find their way even into the seats of higher learning until the nineteenth century. Aristotle practically reigned supreme.

What was the ideal of education of a Puritan school, the ideal that governed the Roxbury School for nearly two centuries? One that dreamed of reproducing the intellectual life of Greece and Rome, and believed that the art, literature and philosophy of those countries were the acme of achievement possible to the human mind. Besides this knowledge of the ancients it desired to bestow upon its pupils piety and eloquence. In short, it was an attempt to graft Hebrew morals upon Attic, or, at any rate, Roman culture. A Christian Cato would have embodied its dreams. Hebrew, Greek and Latin had an additional value to the Puritans because they were the language of the Bible and of Christian theology.

The effect of this system that cultivated the dead languages and left English to be badly written and worse spelled, was pretty accurately described in Hudibras:

"It was a party colour'd dress,
Of patched and piebald languages,
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It has an odd promiscuous tone
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one
Which made some think when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel."

But when a Roman education was given to the red men, the ready-made curriculum became grotesque. Picture, if you can, Indians out of the wilderness, writing Latin at Harvard College, and their performance hailed as almost a second Pentecost.

Notwithstanding these ludicrous results of the old studies, we must admit that to-day we have found no better end of education than "knowledge, eloquence and piety," although we call them, perhaps, by the more modern names of science, art and religion.

The discipline of the school room was an outgrowth of the dominant religion. Calvinism and the reigning theology alike of Protestant and Catholic countries, believed in the total depravity of human nature, and, therefore, regarded a child as an animal or a savage, to be subdued only by hard discipline. Masters and pupils were foes. In our New England schools there were little inventions, such as the one-legged stool, the inverted chair, the nose-pinching twig, in addition to the birch rods for the body, that fairly emulated those instruments of civil and religious punishment, the pillory, the stocks, the pillar of re-

pentence, the branks and the jaggs. Education, as well as religion, was a stern and uncompromising wrestling with the untamed, unregenerate soul.

The change from the old to the new has but recently come. Rousseau's insistence upon a return to nature, if by nature is meant instinct, in matters of education, at any rate, was not sentimental or impossible, as was shown by the greatly improved methods and studies encouraged by the Philanthropins, by Pestallozzi and Froebel. Then came the superior school system of Germany stung to a high ambition after the Napoleonic defeats. Soon the formulation of the inductive method set thousands of observers and experimenters at work in all quarters of the globe, and the mass of new knowledge became enormous. Students in order to become efficient in the class-room, or bread-winners in the world, were forced to concentrate their attention on single departments of knowledge, and to satisfy them, the universities opened their doors to a train of sciences. The college of old was like a gymnasium which developed strength for any task. The college of to-day is more like a drill room, where skill is acquired in a special direction. Our house of life is larger but I am afraid that some of us who were educated in the ancient culture feel inclined to say of the new education what the first minister of the First Church in Roxburie once said about a new meeting-house:

"Larger its windows, but its lights are less."

Our knowledge has expanded but not our ideals.

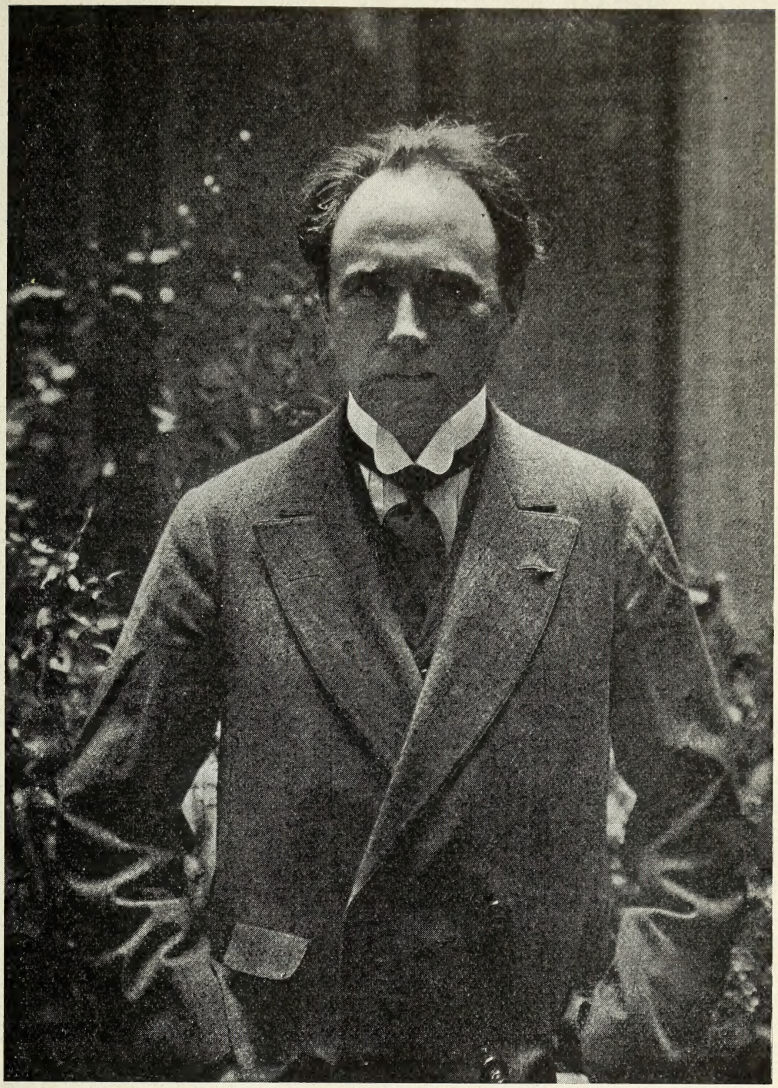
The secondary school has a new opportunity. It can stand for culture, for general mental training and new "humanities." There are many men besides Dr. Johnson who think their formative reading was all done in their teens. The school that can mould these years can do everything for personal culture and social idealism.

For Playgoers and Music Lovers

The first performance of the third season of Boston Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Henry Russell will take place on Monday, November 27. Mr. Russell is putting forth every effort to make this the great "star" year; however he is emphatic in his assertion that the appearance of celebrities of world-wide fame is by no means the greatest importance. Mr. Russell has said, "We are going to have great stars, celebrities of world-wide fame, but from my point of view this fact is of least importance, for the Boston Opera House is going to have the greatest ensemble in the world, and it is performances that are artistic creations in the truest sense of the word and not the excellence of individual singers that is to be my goal. The production of 'Samson and Delilah' will be superior in its splendor and attention to all details to anything the operatic world has witnessed until now, for I visited Brussels, Paris and Milan in my search for ideas. I have chosen the best; I have thrown aside the weak. I have added and I have toiled until now I do believe that if perfection is possible, we will reach that stage in the performance of 'Samson.'"

It is a logical and well-known fact that each conductor is better fitted as an interpreter of certain schools and not so satisfactory in other works outside his own favorite realm. It is therefore a significant fact that the Boston Opera House is going to have what no other opera house in the world can boast of, namely, a conductor for every one of the operatic schools that will be represented in their repertory for the season.

One of the noteworthy happenings of the year will be the coming of the great German conductor, Felix Weingartner and with him will come Mme. Lucille Marcel. Weingartner is one of the greatest conductors in the world and though he belongs to Germany, he is



Mr. Felix Weingartner

lauded triumphantly throughout the European continent. He was born in 1863 at Zara in Dalmatia. When he was four years old his father who held the post of director of telegraphs, died and his mother moved with him to Graz, where he attended college and at the same time studied music with the director of the local concert society, Dr. W. Mayer. He began composition at an early age. After leaving college he went to Leipsig in 1881 to finish his musical education at the Royal Conservatory there. His studies were rewarded by a scholarship from the Austrian government. Besides his musical studies he attended lectures on Philosophy at the University. About this time (1882) he made the acquaintance of Franz Liszt who took a great interest in his uncommon talent and remained his friend until his death. In 1883 he left the Conservatoire honored with the Mozart prize, and went to live at Weimar. There, at

the instigation of Liszt, his opera Sakuntala was performed for the first time on March 23, 1884.

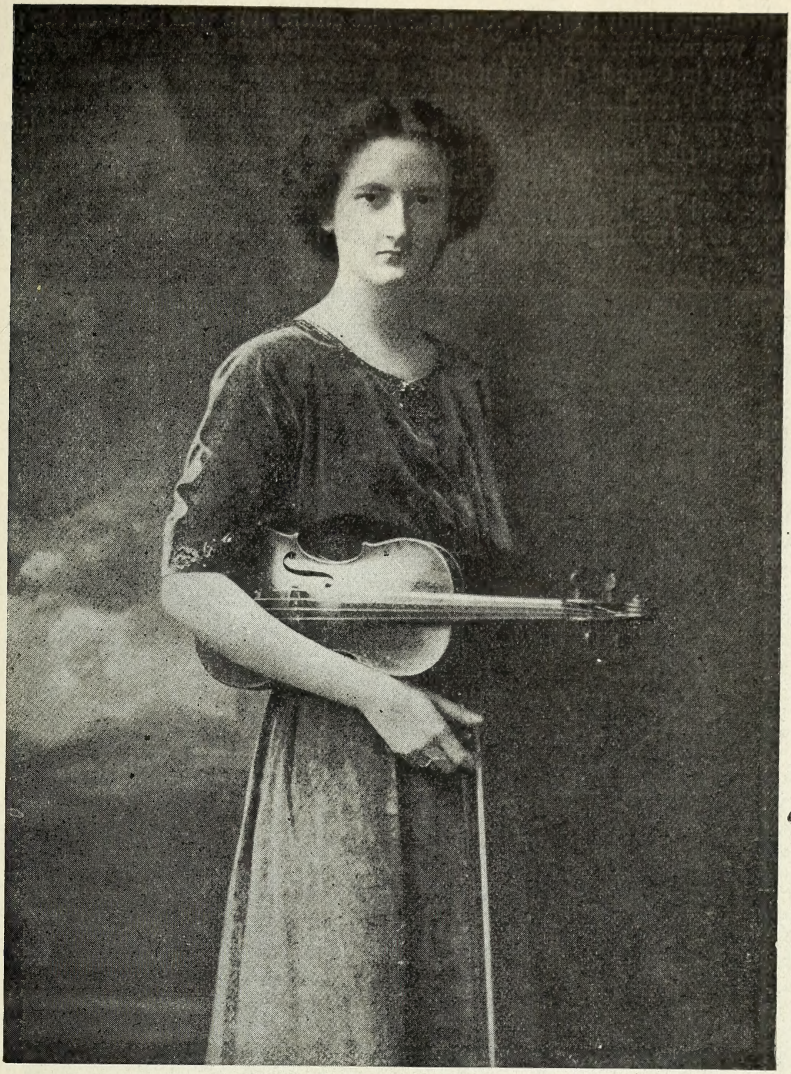
It was as director of the Royal Symphony concerts from 1891 (when he received his appointment as court conductor of Berlin) that the foundation was laid for his world-wide reputation. Mr. Weingartner's musical activity and genius has also found prolific expression in composition. His opera, "Malawika," was produced in Munich in 1886. He has written several symphonic poems and many songs. It is said that he is to bring with him to America a new work. The libretto for it has been chosen by Mme. Marcel, who will also sing the principal soprano role in it.

Another all-important event to America will be the appearance at Boston Opera, of that consummate artist, Madame Georgette LeBlanc-Maeterlinck. Being the wife of the great Belgian poet and dramatist, it is needless to say that the appearance of Mme. Maeterlinck in the performance of Pelleas and Melisande will be an authentic and unquestionable performance of this wonderful work—Mr. Jean Riddez will sing Pelleas. I do not suppose, with the exception of Bernhardt there is as consummately artistic a creature alive as is Georgette LeBlanc. It is she whom Maeterlinck addresses in his Dedication of La Sagesse et la Destinée as the voice of wisdom itself and it is she who is responsible for the initial period of fatalism which possessed Maeterlinck, being transformed into the beautiful wisdom of the "Blue Bird."

Arthur Symons, some years ago, wrote, "I have just been seeing and hearing in Paris a very curious experiment in the combination of the arts, about which I am the more anxious to say a few words. . . . .Mme. Georgette LeBlanc, a singer who is known for her creations of "Carmen," "Charlotte Corday" and at the Opera Comique, has developed a method of her own for singing and acting at the same time, not as a character in an opera, but in the interpretation of separate songs, the songs of Schumann and Schubert for instance, and in songs written for the words of Verlaine, Maeterlinck and by Gabriel Fauré, Fabre and others.

Imagine a woman who suggests at the same time Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Brown-Potter without being really like either. She is small, exuberantly blond, her head is surrounded by masses of loosely twisted blond hair; she has large gray eyes, that can be grave, or mocking or passionate or cruel or watchful; a large nose, an intent, eloquent mouth. She wears a trailing dress that follows the lines of the figure vaguely, supple to every movement. When she sings, she has an old, high-backed chair in which she can sit, or on which she can lean. When I heard her there was a mirror on the other side of the room, opposite to her. She saw no one else in the room once she had surrendered herself to the possession of the song, but she was always conscious of that image of herself which came back to her out of the mirror; it was herself watching herself; in a kind of delight at the beauty which she was evoking out of words, notes and expressive movement. Her voice is strong and rich, imperfectly trained, but the voice of a born singer; her acting is even more the acting of a born actress; but it is the temperament of the woman that flames into her voice and gesture and sets her whole being violently and delicately before you. She makes a drama of each song and she recreates that drama over again in her rendering of the intentions of the words and of the music. It is as much with her eyes and her hands, as with her voice that she evokes the melody of a picture: it is a picture that sings, and that sings in all its lines. There is something in her aspect, what shall I call it? tenacious; it is a woman who is an artist because she is a woman, who takes in energy at all her senses and gives out energy at all her senses.

She sang some tragic songs of Schumann, some mysterious songs of Maeterlinck, some delicate love songs of Van Leberghe. As one looked and listened it was impossible to think more of the words than of the music or of the music than of the words. One took them in simultaneously as one feels at once the



Miss Kathleen Parlow

softness and the perfume of a flower. I understood why Mallarmé had seemed to see in her the realization of one of his dreams. Here was a new art, made up of a new mixing of the arts, in one subtly intoxicating elixir. To Mallarmé it was the more exquisite because there was in it none of the broad general appeal of opera of the gross recognized proportions of things."

Kathleen Parlow's recent tremendous success upon her appearance with the Philadelphia orchestra upon which occasion she played the Tschaikowsky D Major Concerto, foretells what we may expect here when she appears during the next month as soloist with Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is said that the critics were thrown into a torrent of post-concert rhapsodical praise.

It was an unusual thing for a young girl violinist to achieve the immediate success with New York critics which was hers. Her success is even more unusual because until recent years she was frail and it was with difficulty that she met the

necessary strenuous study; also, she was poor and this was another problem. Miss Parlow was born in Canada but spent her early life in San Francisco. At the age of seven she was giving three concerts yearly. Through the friendly interest of Mrs. Carolan, a daughter of Mrs. Pullman, she received her first good violin and the means to go to England to study. The entire sum was put into the plans for a concert there but on the day that it was to have taken place she was seriously ill. Recovering she struggled bravely on.

At fifteen she first heard Mischa Elman and decided that his master, Auer, should be hers. Lord Strathcona, present at a concert where she played helped her to get to St. Petersburg to study for one



MLLE. ZINA BROZIA

year and a half. She played three times at Ostend, six times at Helsingfors as the outcome of one appearance, and in St. Petersburg frequently. The Grand Duke Michael and his wife and Queen Alexandra of England and Queen Maud of Norway have all been much interested in her. At the present time, excepting Maud Powell, there is no greater nor more masterful a feminine violinist.

At the Schubert Theatre the wonderful and beautiful production of the Blue Bird will continue. It is needless to say that this is one of the most remarkable plays that the world has ever seen. We printed a review of the play in the September number of last year. The staging—the wonderful transformation of the graveyard into a lily field,—the beautiful Palace of Night, is excellent.

Madame Sherry is, as every one knows, the only musical comedy now on the boards which is a worthy successor to "The Merry Widow." Apropos of this fact it is the same fascinating Lina Abarbanell who takes the title role. The plot is a satire upon that ever present, distorted and far-fetched art, aesthetic dancing—Madam Sherry is playing to large audiences at the Tremont Theatre.

Pomander Walk is a quaint, picturesque reconstruction of Dickens, as far as characters and what they do and say be concerned. There is Doctor Johnson, the parrot, and Mrs. Poskel's cat, Semporius, and an ever-present but invisible wife. It is one of the most wholesome and entertaining comedies playing and has become a great favorite at the Plymouth Theatre where it is now running.

At the Park Theatre Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford,—who turns out honest *by accident,* is showing a continuous flock of people how it all happened and creating an abundance of pleasure and fun. It is an excellent farce with many a hint at real life.

One of the very important events of the year is the engagement of Maude Adams in Chantecler. This modern classic will be presented at the Hollis St. Theater for a fortnight only, beginning November 20.

It is related of Rostand that when he had decided to write a modern drama in verse he was at a loss for his subject. It was an easy enough matter to go back a century or so and deal with the people of the times, but this was not what he wanted. His work must be modern, deal with modern thoughts, feelings and incidents, and he knew full well that the modern man as far as his appearance went did not lend himself to poetic discourse. For instance, a man with a tall hat and a frock coat would look ridiculous declaiming beautiful thoughts to another man in a pot hat and a square cut coat. That would not do at all. Rostand, according to his own story, was taking a walk one day in the country and stopped at a farm to ask for a glass of milk. While in the yard in struts a rooster with all of the airs and graces of a grand opera tenor expecting a round of applause. The ducks, geese and even the turkeys got out of his way. The hens and chicks bowed submissively and the saucy Blackbird stopped his chatter. The dog gave him a friendly growl; Chantecler was indeed cock of the walk. In a flash the thought came to the poet: "Why, here are my characters!" And so it happened that when the play on which he worked for nearly eight years was finally presented its characters were the birds, the fowls and the animals of a farm. A glance at the programme for Maude Adams' presentation of the barnyard fantasy at the Hollis Street Theatre next week is interesting. It reads like the inventory of a well stocked farm. Among the characters are Patou, the dog, a cat, a blackbird, a peacock, a nightingale, a carrier pigeon, a great-horned owl, a screech owl, a kite owlet, the latter's mother, a pointer, a wood pecker, a spider, a rabbit, a turkey cock and a turkey hen, a golden hen pheasant, a guinea hen and all sorts of ducks and geese, and frogs and toads. There are little chicks and big ones and they all meet at the reception given by the guinea hen in the third act. This act is laid in the kitchen garden at five o'clock in the morning before the gardener makes his appearance and the guests all make their entrance through a hole in the fence. The



MAUDE ADAMS AS CHANTECLER

scene is a clever satire on society.

Miss Elsie Janis, who for three years or more was known as the wonder child of the American stage by reason of her marvellous, mimetic ability as demonstrated in her imitations and characterizations of famous actors and actresses of Europe and America, has now graduated to full stellar honors as a comedienne and, at the early age of twenty-one, has also gained some slight fame as a dramatic author. Everybody knows of the success Miss Janis made in "The Hoyden," and later in George Ade's whimsical college comedy, "The Fair-Co-Ed." Last season Mr. Dillingham secured for her a new vehicle which required a considerable extension of her abilities and talents along the lines of legitimate comedy, while it still offered her ample opportunity to display her matchless gift of mimicry and her accomplishments as a dancer and interpreter of humorous songs. This new musical comedy, for it is a musical comedy—in three acts—is entitled "The Slim Princess" and, as the title will sufficiently indicate to most readers of light fiction, the play is taken from George Ade's ludicrously funny novelette dealing with the adventures of a Turkish belle of high degree, who found it impossible to accumulate sufficient avoirdupois to even enter the beauty class among the women of her native country, where the criterion of feminine charm is measured by a redundancy of curves.

Miss Janis and an excellent company are appearing at the Colonial Theatre in "The Slim Princess."

"The End of the Bridge," now running at the Castle Square Theatre, lacks nothing of the immediate popularity that was its reward last spring. Therefore Mr. Craig announces its second week, beginning Monday, with the same cast that contributed to its first success. As will be remembered, it won the first John Craig Harvard prize, and it achieved a run of no less than nine weeks at the Castle Square last spring, breaking all records at that house.

And the acting contributes no small share to this triumph. Mr. Craig's Dr. Garret is as a masterly impersonation of a real physician, and Miss Young as the wife, George Hassell as Felix Marriott and Henrietta McDannel as Peter share in his success. Miss McDannel, indeed, by her acting of the little boy made "The End of the Bridge" a play in which the children, as well as their elders, can take the keenest delight.

THE ANCIENT MORALITY PLAY AND THE MODERN ONE

From "Everyman" the fifteenth century morality play, "Everywoman," the eighteenth century morality play, the stage has traversed many by-paths. It would be interesting indeed, if a playgoer of five centuries ago could be transported from the shades to witness a performance of "Everywoman" of the present day. What would he say, not to the modern morality itself, its characters, its story and the spirit that animates it, but to the splendor of scenery and costuming, the marvels of mechanism, the unique lighting and the entrancing symphonic melodies which an American manager of to-day has given to the new setting of the morality drama?

Probably few theatre goers who witness with keen enjoyment Henry W. Savage's inspiring production of "Everywoman" bother their heads to inquire into the meaning and purport of the descriptive line on the program, stating that "Everywoman" is a modern morality play. It suffices that the entertainment they have seen has held them enthralled from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

It is just as well, however, to dig into the history of the drama a bit and find out what a moraility play really is. When the representation of the mystery plays, which were perhaps the earliest form of drama in England, began to fatigue and bore the guileless folk upon whom they were inflicted, the clergy under whose direction these plays were performed and enacted, sought to devise something of an allegorical nature and of more re-



Miss Aurora Piatt as "Beauty" in "Everywoman"



MISS ELSIE JANIS IN "THE SLIM PRINCESS"

strained proportions. The mystery plays were of almost interminable length, and the representation of one of them often lasted several days. Under the title of "Moralities" shorter plays of a symbolic sort, of an altogether pure imagination, and written always with a view to establish a moral truth, succeeded the mystery plays. In the category of the morality plays may be cited "The Prodigal Son," "The Wicked Rich Man," "The Blind Man and the Cripple," and "Everyman." "Everyman" may be read, not quite in its entirety, in Mr. Pollard's collection of "Moralities and Miracle Plays." It is certainly the finest, simpliest, gravest of all the moralities of which there is any trace.

It was a daring and original idea of the late Walter Browne to undertake the task of revivifying the ancient morality play of the fifteenth century, and making a bid for the patronage of skeptical and frivolous New York theatre goers. Critics shrugged their shoulders when the billboards proclaimed that "Everywoman," a modern morality play, would be produced in a spectacular way. The mere idea seemed preposterous, when it became known that Henry W. Savage, the sponsor of the production, had expended almost seventy-five thousand dollars before the first night's performance.

The Cost

By CHARLOTTE BANKS

GOOD morning, Job. You may go up **now."**

"Thank you Dragon. I trust you didn't hurry on my ac-unt."

"Not at all," calmly. "We were so in-rested in the baby we forgot all about u."

Kent Maynard smiled lazily back at e white-gowned figure in the doorway, lled his watch deliberately from his cket—and sprang to his feet.

"Great Scott! It *is* late! I'll have just out time to run up and say goodbye."

"Well, leave me the paper please." ith Darrell's bantering tone changed to more professional one as she held out r hand. "You can tell her the news t we won't let her read it for herself st yet. There's not much danger of er exciting her now, of course, but ere's no knowing what she might run ross and it's just as well to be on the fe side."

She took the paper he obediently nded her, folding and refolding it as e watched him spring up the stairs. hat a mighty nice fellow he was. There me back to her a remark Mrs. Maynard d made early that morning.

"When I think how absolutely happy nt and I are I feel as if I'd like to *ake* every girl marry."

The smile still lingered in Ruth's eyes t her mouth set a trifle cynically as she pped briskly about the kitchen prepar-g the baby's food. She had been in a od many homes since leaving the hos-al training school and not all of them d been like this one.

Meanwhile Maynard, after poking his ad cautiously in at the door of his fe's room, tiptoed eagerly across the om toward the bed. The brown-eyed rl over whom he bent laughed happily she pulled him down toward her.

"Sit right down here beside me and let me gaze my fill," she commanded. "Miss Darrell deals out your company in altogether too small doses. Oh, you'd better run along and pay your respects to Junior first," giving him an admonitory push and adding, in such good faith that Kent laughed outright, "He grows better and better looking every day. Really Kent, he's a handsome baby. Miss Darrell says so too."

As he came to her after a dutiful peck on the soft, pink cheek of his first-born his wife nestled down comfortably into her pillows.

"How are things going down stairs, Kent? Don't let Netta shirk now that I'm not on hand to see to things, will you?"

Kent grinned.

"Netta's a brick!" he assured her cheerfully, wondering if Edith really thought he would venture to interfere in any case. "Why do you talk so much about girls not being able to get along with trained nurses? She and Miss Darrell seem to be hitting it off all right."

"Ruth Darrell is a dear! Anyone could get along with her, Kent. Oh, don't look at your watch. *Is* it getting late? Why you've hardly been here a minute. Tell me, isn't there any news? I feel as if I'd been out of the world for a year."

Maynard's eyes widened and he gave a quick, satisfied nod as he slid the watch back into his pocket. If Edith wanted news he could give it to her.

"You bet there is!" he announced, with unction. "The Harters are getting a divorce at last."

"Kent! Really? A divorce! Are you sure? How do you know?"

She raised herself on one elbow gazing up at him eagerly.

"Well, I've only The Herald for authority but it's straight enough, I

guess. The bill's filed for desertion and non-support."

"Oh, then *she's* the one who's bringing suit?"

"Yes, oh, they'd probably planned it all out. That's what his trip meant, I suppose. Mighty decent of him, too."

"He *is* nice Kent. Much too nice for her. You know I've *always* said that. And yet, I don't see how he can. He's *so* devoted to little Jack. You see," dimpling and flushing adorably, "I understand so much better, now. Why, he can't! How *can* he give him up!"

"How can who give who up?" demanded her husband ungrammatically. "What do you mean, anyway?"

"Why I mean Mr. Harter and Jack. How can he give up that blessed boy? How *can* he, Kent?"

"Do you mean you think *that's* part of the deal? Not on your life! Jim give up his boy, and to that woman! Why you're plain crazy, my dear."

"But how can he help it, Kent? She'll never give him up, I know. Why she's his mother, Kent, his mother!" Her voice held a strange, half-defiant, half-frightened note.

"That's his misfortune, not his fault."

"I know, but she's his mother just the same," obstinately. "Oh, I know what you're going to say, but you needn't. She'd be good to him, even *for* him. You'd see. And anyway, whatever you and Mr. Harter and the rest of the men think, I don't see that it will make any difference. A mother has the first, the greatest claim always."

Kent made a faint clutch at his wife's point of view. Of course, he could understand Edith's feeling this way, just now, about any other woman. But Belle Harter!

"Don't you know she has, Kent? Why do you think anyone on earth could ever make *me* give up *my* baby?" she went on, a little wildly. "You know what I mean. It's not just this particular case. It's the idea that you, *you*, think a mother hasn't the first right always. She ought to have, whoever she is. I don't care anything about the law. It's the moral right I'm talking about. No one has any right to demand a child of its mother."

"Look here, Edith. It does make difference who the mother is. A migl big one and you know it. What has g ten into you? You didn't use to go o of your way to stick up for Belle Harte

But she paid no heed to him.

"The idea that, when things come to issue, the man, who can't even guess what she has gone through to bring h child into the world, should have t effrontery to stand up and say 'He mine,' precisely as if he belonged much to him as to her! I tell you aga *my* baby is *mine* and neither you nor an one else shall ever take him from n Kent Maynard!"

Kent's jaw squared and his lips tigh ened. Of course, Edith probably didn know just what she was saying but th was going a trifle too far. His boy! H own little son! Suddenly his Irish blo leaped. Edith was certainly not too to listen to reason. The sooner this fo argument was stopped the better an without pausing now to consider the wi dom of his course he promptly chose th shortest means to his end. After all took but very few minutes to bring h excited ravings down to one wailing, on half coherent cry—

"He is my baby! You shall not ha him! He is mine, mine!"

Beyond that he did not seem able move her and half ashamed, wholly ex asperated, he gave way to one final ou burst.

"Confound it, Edie! The boy isn yours! He isn't mine! He's *ours!*"

Edith raised her flushed, bright-eye face to his.

"He is mine!" she reiterated with sudden slow forced calmness.

Kent hesitated for an instant. The he did a thing he had never done befor Without another word, without a sign o good-bye he turned on his heel and stroc out of the room.

The girl on the bed stared into the ha after him with hot, startled eyes, holdin her breath and waiting. Then, as sh heard the lower hall door slam, he slender body seemed to collapse and sh began to shake convulsively.

Ten minutes later Ruth Darrell, en tering the sick room with her usua

cheery smile, gave a gasp of dismay as she saw her patient's condition.

She sped swiftly across the room.

"Dear!" she cried. "What is it?"

For answer Edith suddenly threw her arms about her neck and burst into wild sobbing. Bit by bit the story came out. Indignant and alarmed Ruth listened and in spite of her soothing reassurances it was some time before she succeeded in quieting the little wife and more than an hour before she had the satisfaction of seeing her fall into a light sleep.

Just after lunch there came a message from Maynard. Edith had awakened from her sleep quiet and, to all appearances, quite herself except for an odd, feverish look in her eyes and Ruth handed the note over to her with a smile. The next instant she turned quickly, at a little gasp behind her, to see Mrs. Maynard's face go white and the bit of paper flutter to the floor.

Later, when she was again at leisure, Ruth stooped and picking up the note, deliberately read it.

"Am called to New York on business. Shall not be able to get home before starting. Hope all will continue to go well with you.

Yours,

Kent."

No word of endearment. No sign of regret. Ruth could scarcely believe her eyes. That Kent Maynard could do a thing like this! Could so far forget his wife's weakness as to allow a foolish argument to take on the dignity of a quarrel!

She looked again at the note. No, there was no chance to send him word. But though she dropped the crumpled paper into the waste basket with a shrug of her shoulders her eyes grew grave as the afternoon wore along. The sick girl's fever had given place to a strange apathy and Ruth was more worried than surprised when the following morning brought no change for the better. She failed to catch the doctor at his office and the message she left must have been mislaid for though she waited hopefully all day he did not come in. Toward evening, however, she saw a sudden change steal over the drawn little face and hesitating no longer she sent the maid to the 'phone with an imperative message for the physician. If he was not in they must find him. She wanted him at once.

Dr. Benrow frankly owned himself at a loss to account for the collapse. He shook his head ruefully.

"She was doing so well," he said. Then his eyes narrowed as he turned them back toward the nurse. "There has been some sudden shock," he finished sharply.

Ruth's reluctance gave way to her sense of duty. It was his right to know. Why he *must* know, of course! What had she been thinking of! And at once, in a few short sentences she told him the cause of the relapse.

"Damn him!" cried the physician under his breath but with vehemence. "Beg pardon, Miss Darrell but—well, he ought to be that's all."

"But Mrs. Maynard's relatives?" she asked presently as he stood near the door, hat in hand, the heavy line still between his eyes. "There are none nearer than Vermont, I think. Shall I send for them?"

"They wouldn't be able to make it. Still, perhaps you'd better. You say you can't reach Maynard?"

"No, I got an address from the office this morning but I haven't been able to locate him. They think he must have already started home."

"H'm! Well, do the best you can. I'll come in again in a couple of hours or so. And I'll try to bring an extra nurse for the baby. You may need help."

Ruth saw him go with a sinking heart. For the first time in years she was seized with a dread amounting almost to panic, a wild desire to flee from her post, to escape from her responsibility. Her usually steady nerves were quivering oddly and it was all she could do to keep from crying out when the wide-eyed maid brought in a telegram. She tore it open quickly. It was from Mr. Maynard, of course. He must have received one of her messages. But no, this was addressed to his wife. Oh!—

"Will be home at four, Thursday. Took in Boston last minute. Forgive me, dear."

Thursday! And this was only Wednesday!

The evening passed and night came. Dr. Benrow came in once but failed to bring the other nurse. He patted her shoulder in an attempt at encouragement as he went out but she knew the look in his eyes too well to be deceived.

At last dawn came and then—!

Suddenly the terrible pitifulness of it overtook her. To have no relative, no dear one near! Only herself, a comparative stranger! Obeying an uncontrollable impulse she sent a hurried call for the doctor. It was useless, even foolish. There was nothing he could do. But she wanted him there.

He came within a half hour. She met him at the door herself.

"What!"

His bushy eyebrows rose in surprised interrogation and his voice rang almost sharply. Even he had not expected it to come quite so soon, then.

Ruth nodded, not trusting herself to speak and dropping her eyes to hide their unprofessional dimness.

"Maynard's not here yet, of course?"

"No, he gets in this afternoon. An old college friend happened to call him up last night and has offered to do anything he can. I shall ask him to meet Mr. Maynard but—Oh, *do* you want me to stay?"

Dr. Benrow gazed down at her curiously. He did not remember ever having seen Miss Darrell unstrung before.

"Only until to-morrow," he said kindly. "I shall have someone here for the baby then. You *have* been under a pretty hard strain."

Maynard did not arrive until evening and Ruth, who had seen the carriage plunge up the street and Kent half fall from it and stumble up the steps toward the door from whose knob hung the ominous streamers, went down stairs to meet him with clutched hands and tightly drawn lips. But when she stood on the lowest step looking down at the white, haggard face raised to hers, her anger was swept from her in a swift revulsion of feeling. Why anyone, *anyone* could afford to feel sorry for this man. In spite of everything, in spite of *everything*, she reiterated to herself, he had loved Edith dearly, dearly. There was no shadow of doubt as to that.

Ten months later Ruth Darrell was called again into the same neighborhood and as she and the tall, broad-shouldered man with her turned into the familiar street she wondered how and where Kent Maynard was and whether he had really given up the house, as he had told her he meant to do. She had thought of him and of Edith often. Her own life had seemed unwontedly drab and colorless after her glimpse of the bright side of the shield whose dark face had so often confronted her. For, as the weeks passed, she found herself forgetting the tragic ending of the idyl and recalling more and more the young wife's radiant happiness, her pride and delight in her big boyish husband and her frank commiseration for those who had never reached her dizzy height of joy. She had paid dearly for her happiness. Its very fulness had been her undoing and yet— Ruth felt tired and perplexed. What was it that really made life worth while? Was she making a mistake after all? She glanced up at the man beside her. He had been patient, more than patient. She had no right to evade and parry and hesitate longer. Her heart beat more quickly, a flush slowly deepened in her face.

Suddenly a man turned the corner and came hurrying up the street. Involuntarily she turned her head. The next instant she bent forward eagerly. Yes, it was he!

Dr. Ledyard's puzzled gaze followed hers.

"Who is it?" he asked. "Oh, yes."

"Wait."

Ruth laid a detaining hand on his arm. There was no one else on the block. Surely Mr. Maynard would see her and cross over. She waited expectantly then gave a little characteristic shrug as he hurried quickly by. But her eyes still followed him and quite unconsciously she stood and watched him as he sprang up the steps of the well-remembered house, watched as the door was flung open from within and a tall dark-haired woman, totally unlike pretty, dainty

Edith, stood for an instant framed in the doorway before his arms closed round her and with a boyish laugh that echoed across the street he bore her within and out of sight.

Dr. Ledyard's eyes, twinkling with amusement, came back to the girl at his side.

"Just in the nick of time, weren't we?" he laughed.

It was a kindly, good-natured laugh but Ruth drew her eyebrows together sharply as she heard it. Her companion saw the frown and quickly misinterpreted it.

"That's Maynard, Kent Maynard,' he explained. "Don't you remember? You took care of his first wife."

"Remember? Yes. But I didn't know—"

"That he was married again?" He laughed down quizzically into her startled face. "He's been married about a month, I think. I suppose it does seem rather soon but Maynard's a nice fellow, just the same. And I've no doubt he needed a wife—with the baby and all. I don't know that you can blame him."

Ruth made no answer only drew a long breath as she looked up at the number of the house they were passing and saw that she had reached her destination. Mechanically she held out her hand for her suit-case.

But as she stopped and faced him Dr. Ledyard's smile suddenly vanished. He dropped the suit-case and seized her hands regardless of any chance onlooker.

"Ruth!" he began impetuously. But she wrenched her hands free.

"Oh, don't! Don't" she cried. "I know it's been my fault, all my fault! I ought to have known long ago how impossible it would be for me. I expect too much, demand too much. I cannot, cannot. I had no right to let you believe anything else even for an instant. Please forgive me. I *am* sorry."

She raised her eyes to his, imploring but unfaltering. There was no mistaking their meaning now and his face grew slowly gray as his fear changed sharply into conviction. For a long moment he gazed down at her. Then, as the door behind them opened, he silently lifted his hat and passed on down the street and out of sight.

VITERBO

A Mediæval City With a Stirring Present.

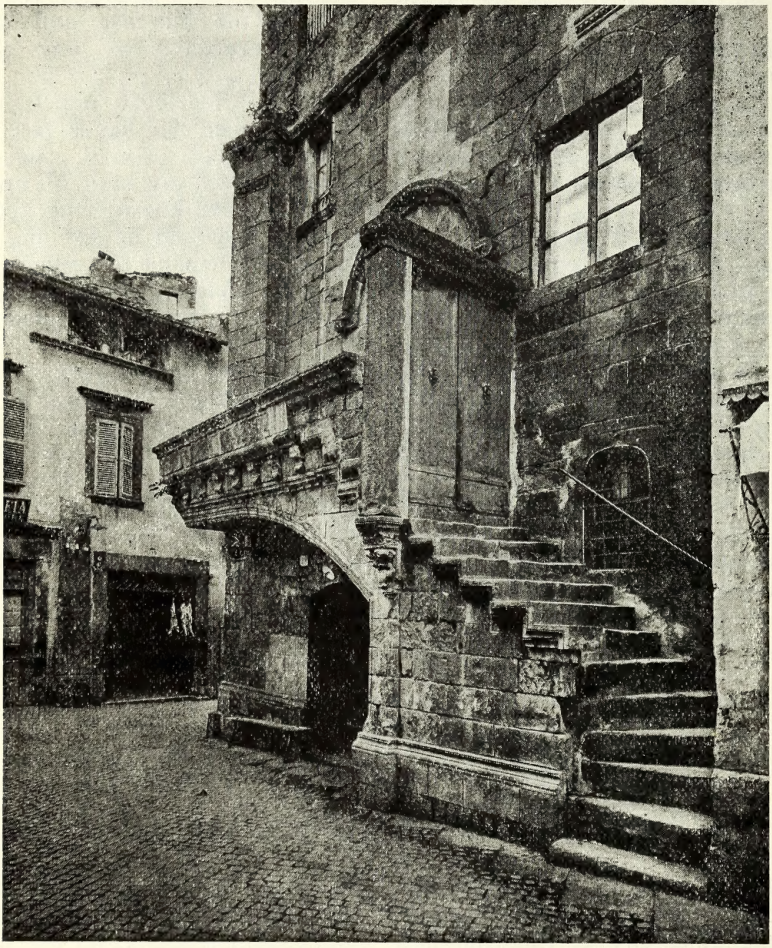
By MARIE DONEGAN WALSH

ON account of the famous "Camorra" trial, now taking place in the quiet city in the Ciminian hills, much attention is drawn to Viterbo; where it is being tardily discovered what a field of interest—romantic, artistic, and historic,—attaches to the plucky little city which has gallantly held its own throughout the centuries; defying pope, emperor and invader in turn, while steadily laying up for itself an accumulated treasure of architecture and artistic beauty which only now is realized by the traveler in search of "sensations."

For the very reason which led Italian justice to choose it as the tribunal in which to arraign a notable gang of evildoers—remoteness from the chief cities and travel-lines. Viterbo has remained, so to speak, isolated, thus preserving its mediæval character unspoilt.

Up above it, on the green wooded heights of "Mons Ciminus" was the former stronghold of Etruria; which yielded its mountain fastnesses only tardily to the great empire founded on the marshes; forcing it to send, not its common legions but its victorious generals; to bring Etruria to submission—to plant the Roman Eagles on the Etrurian "Arx."

The spirit of its founders (for Viterbo is founded on an ancient Etruscan fortress) has descended on the mediæval city; for not even centuries of peace and calm remoteness from the stirring events of life have been able to break its sturdy



Mediæval House Stairway

independence.

A good branch railway line connects Viterbo with Rome; but once the railway station "outside the gates" is left behind, the modern world of rush, din and fever seems a thing of the past. Out of the plains which lie between the Ciminian forest and the sea, rises up a city of towers and spires and palaces, encircled with a splendidly battlemented wall; where, at constant intervals, great square watch-towers, with archers windows, loom up like colossal monsters, breaking the perspective line of wall. Massive sculptured gateways give entrance to the city; and driving under the arched portal of the "Porta Romana"—(the Roman Gate) one seems to enter a very citadel of mediæval architecture. High up above the gate, between its battlements, a statue of the patroness of the city—"St. Rosa of Viterbo"—stands out against the sky, looking across the plains.

Coming down the narrow stony streets, every turn and corner is an architectural surprise, making a stroll in Viterbo a real

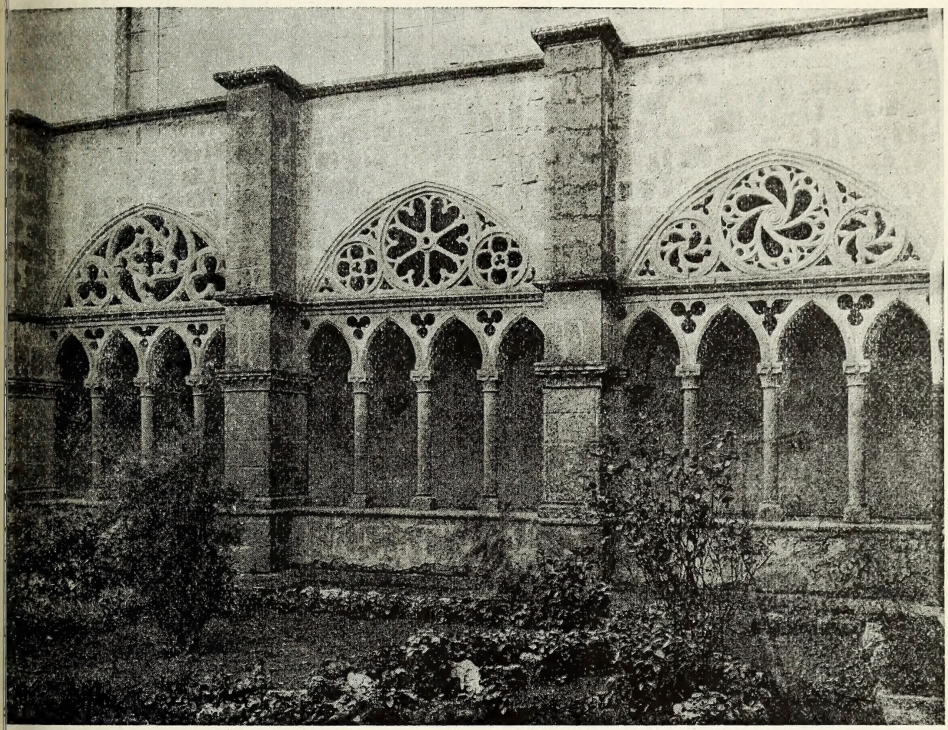
delight. Here an exquisitely-arched doorway claims the eye with its perfect grace, there a tall sombre palace built into a watch-tower, bears a cluster of carved shields of armorial bearings high up on its massive walls, or a flight of steps supported on arches, leading up to a mediæval house. One wonders if it is all real, or whether this little town sleeping so quietly in the afternoon sunshine is not a dream of the past or a stage-scene of extraordinary fidelity to the middle ages! But behold, before us, a carved marble doorway of the thirteenth century, adorned with a grieze of acanthus leaves which would do credit to the "Elgin marbles"—a piece of sculptural work which would be in a museum elsewhere than Italy—and from its posts and lintels a shoemaker has hung *garlands* of *stout country-shoes* of his own manufacture; while he sits busily hammering at his last in the midst of the doorway, roaring out snatches from "The Merry Widow" as he works; in a tenor-voice not unworthy of Caruso.

Viterbo is by no means a dream city living in memories; but a cheery lively town, which, while respecting her artistic beauties, believes in utilizing them. Up in a tall mediæval tower (these towers occur on every few blocks on a Viterbo street) whose machicolations cut the sky with their bold outline; the "archers windows" have been furnished with glass panes and *Nottingham lace curtains,* not to mention pots of scarlet geraniums and bird-cages. In the arched doorway beneath, brilliantly picturesque masses of vegetables—carrots, lettuces, leeks and beets (Viterbo is celebrated for its beets) are exposed for sale; while in another doorway, the shining flax is being combed and woven in bright lustrous twists, by sturdy bronzed young giants like "Hercules"—their white shirts flung open at the neck showing their strong brown throats, and the splendid muscles of their arms. Further on, a blacksmith's shop, under a flight of carved stairs, is like some Rembrandt picture of "Vulcan's forge." Wandering past all these fascinating street pictures in which Viterbo abounds, one comes suddenly on a glaring contrast—an old grey building, once a church, with a painted shield upon its facade, on which is written "Court of Assizes"; while outside its door four black prison-vans stand significantly waiting. It is a grim *memento homo* of the "Cause Celèbre" which has brought Viterbo a latter-day Renaissance —the tragedy which is being sifted with slow impartial justice (The "Cuocolo" trial has already gone on for over five months, and will drag its weary course all through the summer and autumn) behind those old time-worn walls, where *thirty-nine prisoners* in a *huge cage,* side by side with the "informer" in another *smaller cage,* wait with what patience they may, while the weary web of evidence is spun out with minutest detail! *Five long years* of imprisonment have elapsed, five months of trial; yet the darkness seems more impenetrable than ever, the sea of mystery will not give up its dead!

Anyone who has witnessed the scene in the Viterbo Court House will not soon forget it—the curious background, of the great iron cage with its rows of prisoners, some careless, some defiant, few studiedly indifferent; but all respectable-looking and well-dressed—for all the world, (as one spectator expressed it quaintly) "like a row of benevolent philanthropists"—certainly *not,* on the whole, the desperate ruffians one might imagine, though most of the faces bear traces of singular hardness and callousness. Their aspect is not that of men who have been in prison for five years—the only sign of prison life being their custom of sitting with their hands folded together as if hand-cuffed; for they are brought in twice daily, chained together and hand-cuffed; though these are removed in the court. The smaller cage, near the large one, is always an object of intense interest; with its one solitary figure inside; of the "Informer" —a young man dressed in black, evidently in fresh mourning; quiet, self-possessed, respectable-looking; with only a certain unpleasant furtivity of expression! One can scarcely realize that these men are fighting, if not for their lives, at least for serious issues; except for the overwhelming display of military police force, armed to the teeth. Facing the

prisoners, on raised benches and desks, sit the "gentlemen of the jury" with an appearance of unwilling constraint; not unnatural during the strain of the protracted trial. The most interesting nucleus in the curious picture, however, is the presidential bench, where, in a raised semicircle of carved oak stalls, the judges have their places, clad in the judicial robes which remind one strangely of the pictures of the "Council of Ten" —long black cloth gowns, velvet-edged, and octagonal black velvet caps—the group representing some of Italy's best forensic talent. A wholly interesting figure is that of the Presiding Judge or "President," with his calm unmoved face, trained to impassivity, where only the incisively-keen grey eyes, lifting like a veil every now and then, (as the Judge speaks, in a perfectly-modulated voice, which carries to the extreme limits of the court) reveal the strong yet restrained personality of the man, together with the firmly-moulded somewhat satirical mouth. Supporting the President, on either side come the Assistant Judges. Two of these present widely-different types of Italian law-givers, notable in their abrupt contrast. The first is motionless, languid, apparently indifferent, leaning back in his high carved chair, with an air of physical exhaustion; one would say almost as if bored by the uproar going on around him. But let a prisoner or witness be summoned for examination on some important point of evidence and watch the transformation! The Judge's attitude scarcely changes. He still leans his head wearily on his elbow—only the tired-looking eyes, with deep black circles around them, seem suddenly to leap into dangerous life; narrowing into such a *concentrated fixity* of attention — never moving, never wavering, *pinning* the witness as in a vice, that one imagines the individual before him, rolling off a glib tale, must *feel* the intense magnetism of the Rontgen ray intelligence, which is searching every fibre of his brain, every atom of his personality! It is like watching a panther about to spring; and when suddenly the strain relaxes, the evidence is over; the victim steps down, considerably less self-confident, and the Judge closes his e again with renewed weariness! mental photograph has been taken ir orably however, and will appear l when needed, in its proper place... The other Assistant Judge is the e antithesis of his colleague—an inte somewhat military figure, even in legal robes, erect at his desk, at attent wirily-alert, with great black penetra eyes which seem all too pervading for small strenuous face, absolutely vibra with keen personality. The eyes seen flash out electric sparks as he turns th from one person to another. No de is too small for his attention. Everyth must be verified; no careless statem is allowed to pass; and though his wo are few, they are terribly, startlingly the point; rapped out with the clean cisiveness of a dissecting-knife and veiling an incongruous or false statem with keenest satire. One feels on c looking at this man, that it must b character to whom falsehood and hyp risy are abhorrent; whose intense love justice would make him unsparing to wrong-doer. Down in the crow "Forum" where the lawyers for "Crown" and the "Defence" are condu ing the war of words, interest and citement wax strong, as now one, r another, of the legal gentlemen hotly pute a knotty point, or thrash out sh of evidence till it breaks in pieces. T or three "advocates" may be speaking once; one voice drowning another; e a prisoner from the cage may break with a shouted comment; till the l mind is utterly unable to follow even thread of the discussion; and one mar if even the participants in the wordy d can attempt to hear the various ar ments. Suddenly a single voice, differ from all the rest, deep and though alm low, curiously reverberating, breaks upon the uproar like a bell, quieting instantly, like a familiar hand laid on neck of a nervously restive horse! A heavy young man, standing there in picturesque "toga"; with long black h thrown back in a lion's mane from fine head, is speaking, quietly and emotionally; but with a curiously m netic quality in his voice which seems

cert a strange spell on this widely differ-
g audience. Many apparently, violently
sagree with the speaker's views, some
patient lawyer springs up irritably to
tack, then instantly subsides, as the
ilver-tongued" orator, holding up a de-
ining hand, continues his argument;
ch syllable given its utmost value, each
ord falling like musical notes. The ad-
cate continues till every statement he



Cloister of Santa Maria della Verita at Viterbo

tends to make is made, then the hub-
ub recommences, arguments flying
ross the rival camps like a football.
ut occasionally the strangely dominant
sonant voice interposes, prefacing its
marks or comments courteously with
e one word addressed to the Judge,
Eccellenza!" (which must be heard
onounced by a cultured Italian voice,
give it full value). Then the uproar
iets instantaneously. Some strange
sychical quality must belong to such a
ice, some unconsciously compelling
rce. Not the noisiest, most turbulent

of lawyers offers to interrupt; the strained unwilling jury lean back, unsit quietly listening, and the weary consciously soothed. Even the prisoners judges relax for a second, as the wonderful voice continues, slowly deliberately, magnetically; one has often heard of voices which sway crowds, but seldom experienced their value, but this Italian lawyer most certainly possesses that most rare of gifts to a high degree....The scene is indeed a curiously interesting one, to the chance spectator. Strange that we are so constituted, that somber as it is and unsavoury, the *human* interest is overpowering for the moment; yet one turns from the dark places gladly into the brilliant sunshine of the "Piazza Pubblico"—the center of life in old Viterbo. The XIIth century palace is a truly splendid architectural pile, with its colossal "Della Rovere" Arms of Pope Julius II., and its high arched windows, arcaded portico of majestic columns, its

adorned with the "Lions of Viterbo" in high relief. Above soars the "Monaldesca" Tower—light, airy, yet solid in its medieval masonry—the gaily-tiled clock-face contrasting strangely with the deep booming note of its bell which sounds sonorously over the city. All around the medieval buildings of the square, bas-reliefs representing the "Lion of Viterbo" —are let into the walls, for everyone here knows the fact that Hercules himself, in person, visited Viterbo in the twilight ages, and finding the city to his taste, took it under his protection and gave it the symbolic beast of strength to be its symbol. The city clung fiercely to this symbol through Guelf and Ghibelline feuds, modifying it later by the addition of a "palm-tree" of peace—under which the "Viterbo Lion"—of truculent aspect proudly stands (very much, be it said, in the attitude of the historic Irishman who would have peace at any price, even if he had to *fight* for it! For this addition of a "palm-tree" to Viterbo's coat-of-arms means a hardly contested peace, won by the crushing of a smaller rival, its Etruscan neighbour, Férento; whom Viterbo burnt to the ground in the XIth century; completing the conquest by annexing the coat of arms of Férento—the palm-tree," to the "Viterbese Lion." The cities of Etruria, however, were hard to obliterate from the landscape; those grim rock-dwellers with their splendid art, their enigmatic history, left their mark; and long after the remains of the proud little imperial city, built above the Etruscan, had crumbled into dust, Férento's exquisite, Etrusco Roman Ampitheatre came to light, *still* crowning the soft green hillsides in splendid preservation, one of the most interesting surroundings of Viterbo. Posterity owes a debt to both Viterbo and Férento, however; for the picturesqueness of the symbol; for the most intensely-striking decorative feature of the corner of the municipal palace, looking down the narrow street, is the grim old "Lion," surmounting a column, while above are clustered a group of splendid armorial bearings carved in high relief.

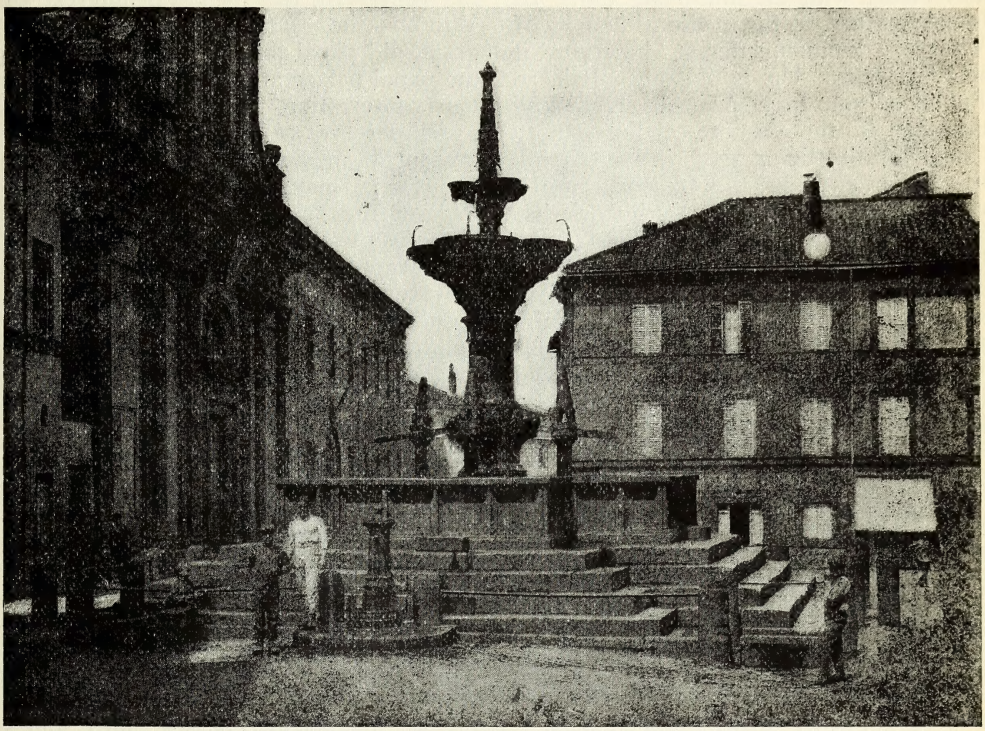
Opposite the "Lion" on the other side of the square, stands a tiny church, with a curious marble tomb encrusted into its facade raised on columns, with marble decorations above.

It is an antique sarcophagus of pagan times, representing in raised sculptural work, the "Hunt of Meleager." Inside the sarcophagus lies no hero of Greece and Rome; no Pope or Emperor, before whom the city quailed or fought; but (take off your hats! gentlemen! *only a woman!* young and comely—of such exceeding comeliness indeed that gallant inflammable little Viterbo went to war on her account, and raised this peerless sarcophagus to her memory after her death, out here on the public square!

Buttonhole any good citizen of Viterbo, even any intelligent boy or girl, and they will give you the history of the popular heroine of the city, "La Bella Galliana"! Enjoy it while you can; pity yourself if you cannot believe it; for "Bella Galliana" lives in the memories of her townspeople as no imaginary woman ever could have done. Celebrated for her beauty as one of the marvels of the age, this Viterbese maiden lived in the XIIth century. Tradition interests one from the outset in the heroine by asserting with gusto, that so clear of skin was she, and with so column-like a throat of transparent whiteness, that when she drank the generous red wine, the rosy fluid *could be seen, trickling down her alabaster throat!*

No wonder then, that wild beasts respected her loveliness, that suitors from far and wide came to woo this marvel among women! Innumerable are the similarity of the old Egyptian, Greek and legends told about her, showing the Roman myths to those of the middle ages. One such tradition states that Viterbo kept a sacred bull, to which each year was sacrificed a victim, (as tribute from the city,) which must be young and fair! "La Bella Galliana"—the most beautiful being in Viterbo—was brought forward as a scapegoat, to appease the terrible beast. When she was conducted to the sacrificial spot, however, a lion sprang out from the forest, and killing the bull with a stroke of his paw, liberated the maiden and retired again to the mountains, leaving her unharmed!

On this account—so says the chronicler—Viterbo inserted a "lion" into its coat-of-arms! A far more romantic story relates how a marauding baron came to win this medieval "Helen of Troy" from her father's Tower! The latter gentleman, being cast in resolute mold, defied the Baron by shutting his family up in one of the medieval wall-towers which bears to this day the name of the "Torre



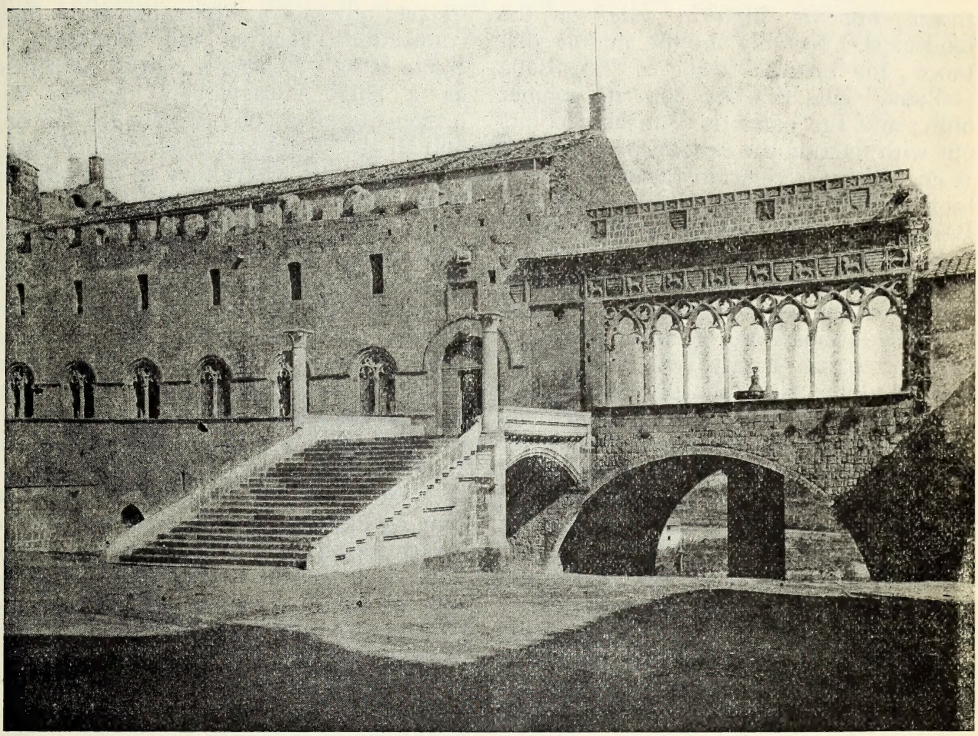
THE COURT OF ASSIZES AND ONE OF THE MEDIÆVAL FOUNTAINS, WHERE THE "CAMORRA TRIAL" IS BEING HELD.

della Bella Galliana." The siege being long and desperate and the suitor determined, much blood-letting resulted. Consequently, seeing it could only end in defeat, the Spartan father *slew* his fair daughter *with his own hand* and threw her dead body out of the Tower to the Baron, saying that *dead* he might have her, *alive* never! Another version runs that a Roman Baron, swearing to possess himself of the famous beauty, arrived in Viterbo with his foraging band, and encamping under the stern parent's tower, demanded his bride in the old free-booting medieval fashion of "might is right." Being equally well-armed, "La Bella Galliana's" father refused the suitor unconditionally. Whereupon the Baron, having recourse to strategy, accepted his dismissal with apparently good grace, only begging as a boon that he might be allowed to gaze once upon his lady-love. This modest request being granted, "La Bella Galliana" appeared at the window in the tower, whereupon the Baron's archers *shot her dead!*....It would appear that human nature remains much alike in every age, and even in the heroic period of history, cynics were not wanting to leaven the paste of romance, judging from the following version of the "Bella Galliana" story! Indeed a touch of thoroughly modern skepticism peeps out in the narration of the old chronicler, who asserts that a hot-headed Roman Baron, inflamed by the accounts of her peerless beauty, rode galloping to Viterbo to lay siege to the fair. Having beheld

her with his own eyes, however, the ardent lover found "La Bella Galliana's charms *vastly overrated;* and turned tail promptly to ride back to Rome—a sadder and wiser man! leaving the Viterbese beauty to survive—probably to a ripe old age! This story, though the least romantic, is perhaps, from its very "naturalness" the most authentic of all! Nevertheless Galliana's legend adds life and color, with an inimitable touch of human nature, to the medieval history of Viterbo. Human interest, however, it seldom lacks. Up in the old "Palazzo Pubblico," one may spend an interesting morning in the vast re-echoing empty Council-Halls, living again in the stirring life represented by the frescoes on the walls. Each event, not only historic but legendary, is represented there; from Hercules' earliest coming, to the history of Peleologus, the first Emperor of Constantinople (whom the Viterbese claim as a fellow-citizen) and the civic annals of Viterbo under both Emperors and Popes! The beauty-spot of the "Palazzo Pubblico," however, is its ancient "Cortile" or "courtyard," a spot from which it is difficult to tear oneself away.

At mid-day, when the sun is fierce, and all the world (including the Judges, Jury and prisoners of the famous Trial) takes a "siesta"—the great arched doorway of the "Palazzo Pubblico" is shut. But later, as the breeze freshens and the soft evening light begins to settle in the western sky no spot in all Viterbo's street-pictures is more worthy a long lingering visit. The massive doorway-masonry frames the "cortile" like a picture, throwing out into splendid relief the stone columns of the cloister, with their massive capitals; but beyond, all is light and brightness. It is an enchanted scene in its stillness. An exquisite medieval fountain adorns the terrace, with a background of walls and towers and open country, stretching away into blue undulating distances, melting imperceptibly into a pale transparent summer sky. Around the court lie Etruscan sarcophagi; each recumbent figure on its couch with its libatory urn seeming like the "genus loci" of this old Etrurian citadel; where the "buried peoples" still hold benevolent sway. A single acacia tree, heavy with soft green and white, droops almost to the ground, swaying to and fro in the breeze, shading the repose of the still Etrurian company! Only the soft musical plash of falling water from the fountain disturbs the restful stillness. It is difficult to believe that one is not miles from a city, in the dreamland of Etruria; but only five minutes away lies the center of the medieval interest of Viterbo—the Cathedral-close—with its grand old papal palace. Architecturally, the papal palace at Viterbo is one of the most interesting monuments in Italy, which deserves to be better known to the student of medieval architecture. After traversing many narrow streets, this wide-open square comes upon the eye almost as a surprise. The heaviness of the facade of the Romanesque cathedral only serves to enhance the effect of the peculiar and original grace of the Gothic building—its massive flight of steps, its exquisite open arches, and the pure Gothic traceries of the slenderly-arched windows. This beautiful old survival of its architecture is like an epitome of the middle ages—strength and conflict, combined with strong artistic feeling. One gazes with interest upon this venerable pile which has seen so much. A strange, almost human personality lingers about these old historic stones, as if the spirit of the vigorous life which went on about them, entered into their inanimate surface, galvanizing them into a vitality, whose magnetism passes into one's consciousness. This papal palace has stood on the verge of history since the foundation of Viterbo's citadel on this spot in the dim Etrurian past, and all through the middle ages of strife and event—external and internal. But the XIIIth century saw its most thrilling happenings. Several of the long line of pontiffs have died in the ancient palace; one of these—Pope John XXII., (a Portugese whose monument is in the neighbouring cathedral) met his death in tragic fashion through the walls of his bed-chamber falling upon him and crushing him to death. Not far away from its portals one of the most tragically premeditated of bloody deeds (even

for the middle ages) took place; connecting the history of England with that of Viterbo. Among the sovereigns and princes who had come to assist at a conclave for the election of a pope, was Duke Henry of Cornwall (nephew of King Henry III.). Enemies had followed him, however, even to this distant Italian city, for vengeance was vowed against his house by the sons of Simon de Montfort who had been slain at Evesham. Princes and cardinals were assisting at a mass celebrated at the beginning of the conclave; when, disregarding the place of sanctuary, a band of De Montfort's armed men rushed forward at the solemn moment of the Elevation of the Host and stabbed the young prince to the heart as he stood at the altar.... Most interesting of all the happenings of the papal palace of Viterbo, however, was the first papal conclave, which took place within its walls in 1868, when the cardinals assembled there to elect a successor to Pope Clement IV. Time was evidently *not* money in the medieval days. Two long years the "Fathers of the Church" tarried in their choice, till the good people of Viterbo, wearied of their vacillating indecision, resorted to the strenuous measure of *taking off the roof* of the Conclave Hall to expedite matters! Even this extreme expedient failed in its object; and the further experiment was tried, of cutting off the cardinals' good supply; so that "roofless" and rationless" they must perforce come to *some* decision! Needless to say a speedy election resulted; and Pope Gregory X. assumed the papal chair! Even in modern times Viterbo seems to understand the "art of waiting"; for the "cause celèbre" now being debated within its battlemented walls bids fair to rival the famous thirteenth century conclave in length!



THE PAPAL PALACE AND LOGGIA AT VITERBO, SHOWING THE FAMOUS "CONCLAVE HALL"

Inside, the conclave hall (which now forms part of the modern episcopal

palace) is vast and lofty, with traces of frescoed decorations on the raftered roof and window arches; but from the windows on the western side stretches the most exquisite prospect in all this "city of prospects."

Looking across a wooded ravine of green vines, and olive terraces, tremulously silver in the sunlight, the noble outline of Viterbo's massive encircling wall, broken here and there by a square tower, appears, high in relief on the landscape. Notably, in the middle distance, the historic tower of "La Bella Galliana" cuts the sky with its somber bulk; and the patriotic Viterbese points out with unction the *exact round window* from which the Spartan father of Viterbo threw his daughter's dead body to the Baron who waited below for his bride!

Beyond the vast stretches of Campagna land, golden with feathery broom, and billowing softly into blue hills full of a tender atmosphere, such as Perugino loved to paint—a city with a huge octagonal dome rises sharply against the sky and a green ridge of mountain! Go where one will, this dome and distant city dominates the horizon—"Montefiascone" —the hill city above the Lake of Bolsena; famous for all time from its legend of the wine of "Est-Est-Est!" the one landmark, in the expanse of hill, forest and "campagna" by which Viterbo is bounded. The prospect is so fair to the eye; so altogether restful in its summer loveliness that one is fain to linger indefinitely in the embrasure of the Gothic window; feasting the eye on Nature's "riot" of beauty, no longer wondering *where* the Preraphaelite Masters got their coloring but how human hands had ever been able to arrest it "on the wing" so to speak, and transfer it to canvas for posterity....Yet the charm of medieval Viterbo is calling one from this fairyland of Nature into the quiet narrow streets, where time seems to have stood still, and palace, arch and portico stand side by side—(the perfect survival of the past when they too lived in the city's history,) looking out on the many fountains which were Viterbo's architectural glory. In every square is the sound of running water from a medieval fountain, no two alike; and the olive-skinned dark-eyed Viterbese women, drawing water from the fountains and posing their Etruscan water-pots on their heads with unconscious grace, form one of the most picturesque sights of this city which should be an artist's paradise.

Many of the Viterbo Fountains—such as the "Fountain of the Lions" (an exquisite fourteenth century work) or the "Fontana Grande"—are valuable works of art; others are interesting from their connections, such as the "Fountain of Santa Rosa" (where the city's patroness as a child miraculously mended the broken jug of a poor neighbour) but one and all give a singular individuality to the ancient streets where they so fittingly belong. Rob the city of her fountains and much of her personality would be gone. One comes to look for these Viterbo fountains with increasing pleasure, becoming familiar with their picturesque charm. Like the towers they seem to strike a personal note; and the Gothic architecture of palace, street, or courtyard would be incomplete without its graceful fountain, where the water purls from many jets into a wide basin.

So far, in this sketch of the medieval city, we have only touched on its outward aspect, such as can be seen along the narrow old-world streets; but inside the dim interiors of ancient churches and cloisters, there are architectural and pictorial treasures worthy of repeated visits such as the papal monuments of Arnolfo's peerless thirteenth century work; or the shrine of "Santa Rosa"—the youthful patroness of the city. Outside the quaintly named "Porta della Verità" (Gate of Truth) an exquisite Gothic cloister adjoins a disused church where much of the artistic interest of Viterbo centers. If one has chanced upon it unexpectedly, towards sunset, in an evening stroll "outside the gates," the beauty of the deserted church comes almost as a revelation. It is full of bricks and scaffolding, and all the paraphernalia of renovation, for "Santa Maria della Verità" is destined to be the new municipal museum of Viterbo. But when the workmen are gone and all is still, a quiet-voiced "custode" leads one through the

cloister, with its Gothic arches, (where sweet-scented flowers run wild, in the green overflowing exuberance of an Italian garden;) into a side-chapel; where a wall-fresco of the fourteenth century glows absolutely into *vivid life,* as the rosy evening light falls full upon it! The work of Lorenzo di Viterbo (a rare old master belonging utterly to the medieval city, as does everything else in Viterbo,) reminds one of Masaccio's frescoes in Florence. Each figure is a study of contemporary life and costume —each face, with its strong characterization, a portrait, so that the whole fresco seems to make the Viterbo of the middle ages come before the eye not as a picture but a living scene—the fitting complement to the architectural surroundings which have come down intact from the thirteenth century; amid which these medieval figures lived their vigorous life. This pictorial representation was the one thing needed, to give realization to Viterbo! Now, after having seen it, as one goes down the narrow streets in the twilight, the pictured figures can be seen, in their sculptured doorways, in the armourers' shop, at the Gothic windows, living in Ghibelline and Guelfic feuds, gossiping over the doings of the day; no longer shadowy figures of the past, but human beings full of the overflowing interest and movement of daily life.

The architects left us the complete background of the medieval city—a page of contemporary history—the old Viterbese Master filled it with life and color.

To modern Italy also, must be given the due of preserving its art and antiquities with reverent hands; so that the old medieval city stands unique and unspoilt—a place of pilgrimage for those who love the medieval side of Italy better even than her classic period or the splendor of her Renaissance

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The Sister

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

BOOK III.

Chapter II. Continued.

And now for the first time Ruth noticed the room in which she was,—a long low room with a great fireplace, handsomely tilted at one end; a floor of inlaid wood with a gay rug across it; a claw footed table, in the centre; a tall clock in one corner; a wide handsome secretary, with brass handled drawers below and opened above showing the drawers and pigeon holes; a small spinnet in the corner, the first Ruth had ever seen; and on one side of the wall above a stiff backed sofa hung three portraits. The first, a man with flowing powdered locks, and handsome face showing between; then one with hair slightly powdered and drawn back from a haughty, handsome face; the third man had a kinder and simpler look. There was a likeness between them all, and of them all to George Trowbridge standing below, fingering a gun. Ruth rose and went toward him, standing before him timidly:

"If—if I could help thee."

He turned toward her smiling. "Can you fire a gun."

"I might learn," she said. He still smiled at her.

"Hold out your arm, eyes that way, straighter,—now shut one eye and press here." He was placing her fingers and holding the gun against her shoulder. She flushed a little, there seemed something not so wholly serious about this sort of help. "And then it goes off. Could you do it?"

"Why, I think so, it is quite easy."

Here there was heard a sudden howl by the fire. In aiming the gun, Ruth had unconsciously pointed it at Caleb; he was behind a high backed chair crying out at her. "'Tis enough to be shot by

the Indians, but not by thee, Ruth Williams, a follower of the Sister."

If George Trowbridge had not held the gun it would have fallen to the floor. "Shot! I! Oh, I could not!—Why didst thou tell me hold it?" she turned on him with a quick flash.

"I thought you wished to help."

"But not by hurting anybody," she cried in defense.

There was a thundering knock at the door. Ruth drew nearer her protector and he, disliking to move from such sweet company, called out to a man to be careful in unbarring the door, and stand ready. Then as they waited, he turned to Ruth again:

"Are you afraid?"

"Nay, why should I be?" She smiled with frank bravery in her brown eyes. Then into the room walked James Foster, panting a little and dropping into the first chair.

"'Twas a run I had. I was down the road towards the town and heard the red rascals in the woods. There are not many, but they are wild with the drink, some white man has maddened them with." Yet while he spoke of other things, his eyes were on Ruth who had drawn a little away from George Trowbridge. His lips curled suddenly in an ugly smile. "'Tis fortunate I stopped here to warn thee."

"And for a good shelter, James Foster," cried Mrs. Brown stoutly. "And much good would such late warning be, if we were not already fortified. Now Caleb, take a gun and shoot if thou canst."

"I—I am a peaceful follower of the Sister," stammered Caleb.

"Have you good eyes," asked George Trowbridge of Caleb. "Then go above and from the upper window watch toward the wood."

"I have good eyes," muttered Caleb, half loth to leave the lighted security of the lower room, "but 'tis only owls can see in the dark."

"Well, see what you can above. And since you are here, James Foster, will you have a gun?"

"Yes," said James Foster, seizing the piece presented with a zeal scarce befitting his garb and speech. "And if I ca have a shot at the red fiend I shall b glad." He looked toward Ruth onc more, who was again before the fir "How many have you here, only six There are more than that coming wit fire-brands in their hands. Think yo we can beat them off?"

Ruth was leaning a little forward; h liked to have her look at him with such wide, intent eyes and would have gon on if George Trowbridge had not broke in impatiently.

"We could do it with half the numbe if we keep our heads and know how an when to fire."

Here was a loud howl from above "Come hither! come hither George Trow bridge, they are coming from the wood Praise the Lord!"

Everybody started, even the Dame an Ruth, as if to go to the stairs and look with Caleb, but George Trowbridge turned on them with his quick orders "Sam you go to stable. You, Will at the back of the house and you in the room at the other side. Stay here yourself, James Foster, while I go to see Caleb." He was half way up the stairs shouting over his shoulder.

As he left the room, James Foster came over toward the fire. "Ruth, thou wilt see how I will protect thee. Have no fear."

"I have no fear," said Ruth lifting her face calmly. "Why should I fear, the Lord will take care of us all."

"If we were but in Beulah," lamented Sister Brown. "Three times since I have been in this spot, have the Indians become excited and tried to burn the houses. Sometimes they did, and killed a man and his daughter—but never have they come near Beulah. They fear the Sister North and South as a prophet of the Spirit. Oh, Ruth, were we but in Beulah."

George Trowbridge coming down the stairs, heard the last words.

"I am sorry you cannot feel as safe as in Beulah, but I will do my best. I think it would be best for the women to go up stairs, it is safer, up there in every way. Will you go up?"

"I will do as thou dost wish," said

Ruth rising. "But I am not afraid."

Caleb who had come down now, danced after her. "I will go with thee and protect the timid women. Praise the Lord."

"Stay, Caleb, and shoot!" said his wife turning on him, and the new made husband reluctantly obeyed.

Ruth went to the upper window in the darkened room and looked far out into the gloom. In the west the harsh blackness of the storm was giving place to the velvety darkness of night; the heavy clouds were rolling up like scrolls from the horizon showing a star-studded purple behind; the rain was not yet over, but it was finishing like a child tired with crying with little drops and sobs of wind between. Far away there danced a light close to the earth, like a firefly; it was coming nearer; another flickered beside it, and another; they came still nearer and Ruth saw strange shifting figures; she thought of the solemn dignified men before the Sister's preaching and smiled at the difference.

"You must not stand at the window, Ruth," said a voice behind her.

She turned with a little start and looked around. It was still dark in the room. Dame Beekham had left the one candle in the hall and the place was full of shadows, but she knew the voice.

"But I can look out and watch for thee as well as Caleb."

George Trowbridge stood beside her. "They cannot build many fires in this dampness."

He threw up the window and the heavy drip of soaked leaves was heard, the satisfied gurgle of full, flowing gutters. Then he turned toward Ruth: "Promise me you will not come to the windows."

Something seemed to palpitate in the soft darkness between them. He took hold of her hand as if to lead her away; but suddenly she stiffened.

"Thank thee, I can go myself," she said gently, moving toward the door.

Then out of the dimness came a wail. "Thee isn't going to leave me here by myself, if I knows it," and Dame Beekham's ample figure was blocking the door-way.

George Trowbridge brought from the room a chair and placed it in the hall, then he went back for another. Dame Beekham peered after him, then she beckoned with her pudgy forefinger to Ruth. The two women stood in the doorway and strained their ears, for the man was standing at the open window and was listening. There was a soft regular pit-pat that came faintly to the farther listeners. Was it only the drip of the rain? Then quickly but softly he closed the window, and came running past the two at the door and down the stairs.

Then the night commenced for Ruth. The house was in half-darkness; only one dim candle below and one at the far end of the upper hall. There were men's quick footsteps below, now and then somebody came running up the stairs and from room to room. Sometimes there were quick commands shouted, there were the sharp reports of guns, now and again a shrill, piercing, horrible cry from without. Dinah moaned and wept, sitting on the floor in the corner. Mrs. Brown rocked fearfully in her chair. Ruth walked back and forth in the hall, now and then pausing at the top of the stair-case to lean over and listen and watch. Once she knelt by her chair and prayed most earnestly. Then she was back to the head of the stairs. As she leaned over for this last time, she saw somebody come running up the stairs toward her.

Then a sudden cry rang through the house,—a cry of pain and sorrow, for Ruth saw on George Trowbridge's cheek a dark spot in the dim light, and below it and from it, other spots on his white stock.

"Thou are hurt," she cried, with her round chin quivering. She tore at her neckerchief, standing before him on the stair so that he could not pass, and with trembling fingers she took it from her neck and bound it about his face. "Is it deep? Is it bad?" she moaned over him as she tied it.

He could see her white throat swelling in the tiny triangle of the neck and bosom exposed by the neckerchief's removal, as he stood a step below her.

"No, no, nothing but a scratch, for which I am glad, very glad."

"Glad!" she drew a little away from him and he must pass her, for time was precious. But she stood where he left her and repeated, "glad!"

The man who had been standing below in the hall, watching them, was now at the great front door locked and chained and heavily barred. He had seen her from below seeming to be almost in George Trowbridge's arms, and above all he had heard the cry. Ruth, though staring down on him with a vague wondering glance, with the color deep on her neck and cheek, saw him not at first; then her glance focused on him. He was unbarring the great door. Ruth was down the stairs with quick, light steps, her hand fell on his arm, her eyes were on his.

"What madness is this, James Foster?" she demanded of him; her head was high.

"No madness," he muttered with the bar still in his hand.

"But thou wilt be killed if thou dost go without."

"I would rather die than see what I am powerless to help."

Ruth shook her head at him. "Nay, it is not so bad as that. The Lord will be our defense, shall we give up so soon? Thou are not brave. The righteous should have no fear of the wicked, James."

"'Tis not that fear I have," he said sullenly; he fingered the bar and looked down. "'Tis fear for thee. I can no longer stay and see thee give thyself to this man of whom thou knowest naught. What thinkest thou they will say in Beulah when they know that Ruth Williams, the future Sister, has been to a man's house by night alone."

Ruth stood looking at him motionless, her wide eyes deepened in color and shone out on the dimness, she seemed perfectly rigid for a moment, he could not see the swelling in her white throat; but when she spoke her voice shook a little.

"None who had heart of compassion would have refused to warn a defenseless man, 'tis our duty to help neighbors."

"But I did come to warn him, there was no need of two."

"Peace, James Foster," Ruth spoke commandingly, the man was awed. "Why should I excuse myself to thee, for a common act of kindness. Stop thy silly slanders! Go within and defend us still, if thou hast the spirit of a man." She pointed one finger at him, her voice rang out low, and vibrating, with something she had never felt before; he could not disobey her, he dropped the bar in its place and skulked into the next room.

Ruth stood immovable as he left her. Then her face began to work, the color came and left her cheeks; she thought of the moment in the dark room, on the stair.

She gave a little moan and threw up her hands with a quick gesture; then turned to the room on the opposite side. She went to the door and called the man within.

"Come here a moment, I must go out. Bolt and bar the door behind me."

"No, no, ye mustn't," said the man, a dull faithful creature.

"Do as I bid thee," the quick fingers were already at the bolt and bars. "There they are unfastened! Make them fast as soon as I am without. I thank thee." And with a smile of thanks, she slipped through the crack and was swallowed up in the outer darkness.

The great dog, doing service by barking at the wall within each sound without, came to the door and whined there. The man had not finished bolting the door when George Trowbridge came down the stair behind.

"What are you doing there? Come away! No tampering with the bolts."

"I was but fastening them," muttered the man, as George Trowbridge stood over him.

"Who unfastened them?"

"The lady."

"The lady, what lady? Why did she unfasten them?" His master turned pale. "Mean you Miss Williams." He turned calling up the stair. "Ruth, where is she?"

"Gone out," muttered the man at the door, the door was fast and he turned to go.

But George Trowbridge was on him, he shook the man by the shoulder. The master's eyes gleamed angrily. "Gone out, the young lady! Why did you let her? Fool! Unbar this door." His

ingers were quicker than Ruth's. "When call have it ready and open, call Will vith his gun to be ready too. Will! Here pen, be ready."

And again the door swung on its hinges nd a second figure stepped out into the hreatening, suggestive shadows.

"Good God," the man muttered beneath is breath, peering carefully about in the arkness. "If she is harmed—Ruth!"

He sprang suddenly forward at a spot hat moved before him. Ruth started ack but he had her in his arms and held er fast in a fierce grasp that almost hurt hile it thrilled her. It was but a step the door, but in that step he stumbled on something.

"Oh, it is a white man," moaned Ruth his ear. "Thou wouldst not have caught e, but I saw him and could not leave. ake him first."

"No, you," said the man with set eth, stepping over the prostrate figure. Let me in, Will, quick I say!" There ere sounds coming nearer now from the ck of the house, the soft summer night as full of portents of ominous things; it Ruth heard only the beating of his art beneath her ear and longed to shut out with every shamed sense of being. "Let me go—the man!" but she was rust into the hall through the half-open or. "Hold her," said George Trowidge and somebody within seized her st by the arm. "Here pull him in." A n's arms and head appeared at the ack; Ruth stooped with a cry and spite the unrelaxed hold on the arm, lped to draw the prostrate body in, t even as she did so she cried out; ome in I pray thee."

There was a quick yell almost in their s. George Trowbridge backed in ough the door, but his gun barrel was ween, there was one report—two—d something whizzed into the hall and uck the wall behind. Ruth gave a fear- cry, but he was in the hall in a mont and the bars dropped into place. turned to her. "Ruth hurt." He was in at her side over the body on the or.

"Nay, nay, I am not hurt," cried Ruth, t thee?"

He made no answer, he turned his face abruptly away. "Back to your places, men," he said curtly. The he leaned limply against the wall. His face was set and stern, he tried to wipe the damp sweat from his forehead between the folds of Ruth's linen, while she stood looking at him through shamed tears.

"Is the man dead?" he asked suddenly, to turn her thoughts.

She knelt down by the still figure, when Caleb's voice came from an upper window. "There be the soldiers coming up the road, I hear 'em, praise the Lord! If I but had that gun now I could shoot."

But Ruth was on her knees by the prostrate man. She tried to turn him on his face, but he was too heavy for her slight strength. George Trowbridge came, and stooping over, helped her. The man was slight and not tall, and dressed in a neat gray suit.

"Dinah, bring a candle," called the master as they turned him on his face.

Dinah groaning, stumbled down the stairs with the candle. The wavering rays lit up first the man's dusty shoes, then his worn hands, then the cut on his temple, then a dark circle on his head turning a brighter, more awful color in the coming light. George Trowbridge pulled at his bandage and kneeling opposite Ruth dropped her neckerchief over the man's face and head, crying out at her: "Go away Ruth. Close your eyes dear! Don't look! Let Dinah come!"

But Ruth put out her own small, cold hands and moved his away.

"I have a right to look at him, George Trowbridge," she said softly; for although the face was beardless and she had had but one glance,—something, perhaps the staring brown eyes of the dead, perhaps a new and tender intuition told her she had found her father.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER III.

The Dead Tell No Secrets.

The gray down was pushing back with chill fingers the curtain of night, when there came forth from George Trowbridge's house, a sad-eyed little party. The raiders of the night had come and gone, carrying their wounded with them and leaving their devastating path

through the flower-beds and corn-fields and more lasting traces in the charred base of a white pillar and a man with a face grayer than the dawn lying still in the best bed-room of George Trowbridge's house.

Ruth did not speak, as her host of the night led her into the cold morning and to the carriage which was waiting for her and Sister Brown. The shadow of the night lay between them, and that other shadow cast from the dead face of Ruth's father.

But Mrs. Brown was lamenting loudly: "'Tis a sad night's work, but if my house and farm are untouched, I'll not complain. I wonder if James Foster will stop there?" (James had gone on before.) "But what you'll say to the Sister, Ruth, I don't know. I'm out of favour with her and naught that I can say—"

Then her tongue stopped as Ruth turned her eyes upon her.

As the coach rolled away, George Trowbridge stood looking after it with a puzzled face that broke slowly into a smile, as if he saw after the night, the promise of day; saw, how upon so awful a night, so sweet a morning could arise.

As the carriage went down the hill by the winding driveway, Ruth watched the lighting of the western sky. The great shafts of gold fell heavy on the green glistening meadows; a clean, glad world awoke. At the gate of the Beekham place, she aroused herself and spoke with command to the driver.

"Thou needest drive no farther, I, too, will alight here."

"Massa Trowbridge say, 'Drive to Beulah,'" said the colored driver.

"Do as I bid thee," commanded Ruth, and the man drew up his horses at the unharmed Beekham farmhouse while the Dame got out with a scramble of pleasure.

"Come in, Ruth, come in, if thou wouldst not eat at George Trowbridge's perhaps thou wilt here; the thieves have not visited my larder."

"Praise the Lord," said Caleb, not stopping to help Ruth from the carriage, but trotting hurriedly after his wife, up the garden path.

George Trowbridge's carriage sw about in the road. Ruth stood a mo looking after it; then as she turne the other direction, she gave a little s

"Sister Brown come hither," called. The woman came to the and then rather grudgingly down garden path.

"See!" said Ruth pointing up road.

Then the woman gave a great sh "Oh, to be at George Trowbridge's! when we thought the danger was pa be scalped and murdered! Oh," her brought Caleb to the door. "In coming," cried his wife, whereupon in short order, shut and barred kitchen door leaving them without; the Dame could not go up the path Ruth held her firmly by the arm.

"Thou art a foolish creature," Ruth almost smiling. "See the Sist with them, they are the friendly who came to protect Beulah. They not harm us."

In a moment the Sister was on t Was it the sudden crimson flashin the eastern sky that made her seer pale, and gave such sadness to her e

Then a smile, to Ruth as bright a dawn, came to her face. "Ruth? my child!" she held out her hand to Ruth. Her voice was, as always, e but the white hand shook a little han from the saddle.

Ruth laid her cheek against the h it was cold; as she looked up, t seemed to be dark circles about Sister's eyes.

"Oh I am grieved that I have ca thee sorrow; but there seemed no warn Dame Brown and I came hith also the young man on the—"

"Brother William," said Deborah t ing abruptly to a staid, elderly man had been riding by her side, she smiled on the Indians a little behind will go forward with Sister Ruth, obtain a horse from Sister Beekha

"Brown," corrected the bride sudden boldness.

"Brown?" Deborah started her h apace and the two women walked b side. "Brown, didst thou say? W fore?"

'Thee must have known of my marge," said Dame Brown flushing, "ister Ruth here knew of it."

'Where is thy husband Sister Brown?"

'He—he is within doors—" stammered t woman.

'Why did he not come hither to meet n?"

Ruth would not answer; again a curve t t was almost a smile came to her lips.

'He—he thought thy Indians were—c ning to murder him—"

'Oh!" Deborah's eyebrows went up. "ou hast a valiant spouse Sister Beekh n."

Brown."

When thou hast asked for forgive- n s for marrying thus without my con- s t, then I shall recognize your changed n e," said Deborah inclining her head c lly. "Who was the minister who m ried thee?"

'Twas one in the town, Jonas Dit- m sh."

Deborah's frown darkened. "I know hi . He doth ever draw my disciples a y. Now Sister Beekham, go and ask C b if he will saddle the mare for Ruth W liams to ride home; he can call for it to orrow at Beulah."

he woman went muttering up the pa ; when Deborah called, she turned su denly. "And I shall remember thee ar pray the Lord that he may give thee a ntrite heart," and there flashed on the w an a lovely smile that turned her an r to a half-pleasure, despite the con- de ending words.

Now Ruth," said Deborah; she looked do n on Ruth standing below her. "I an waiting to hear from thee what hap- pe d last night."

I did go to warn Sister Brown and th I thought of the young man on the hil who has done me kindnesses and I we t hither to warn him—and—and the sto n was very bad—and I was wet— an tired—and he said I must not go— th ndians were about—"

e paused, struggling for a more im- pr sive rendering when she should come to r father's death.

'o on," said Deborah's voice; some- thi in it made Ruth lift her head high.

'Ie was about to go for Caleb and his wife—he said because his house was more defended—I have thought since 'twas to bear me company—" her glance was straightforward and met Deborah's. "Then she came with Caleb and James Foster and they fortified the house and beat off the Indians, and—"

Here Caleb appeared with the horse for Ruth and the Sister with scarcely a glance at him turned in the road saying:

"We will speak of your marriage further, Caleb, at some future time. But now we must return home. My following have waited long enough. Go on with your story, Ruth."

Ruth began to speak again; I must tell thee—something that happened—I—" Ruth looked away. Deborah watched her reddening cheeks with steady glance. "James Foster did insult me—and I went to leave the house—but without on the porch—was a man—he had been struck down—I was over him—when somebody came from the house for me—and—we took him in—"

"Ruth speak lower and more slowly. Took who in?"

"The man lying there—struck down—he was dead—he was—he was—my father—" Then Ruth turned and looked at Deborah, her voice choking, her eyes swimming in tears.

"Thy father?" said Deborah's soft voice. "Thy father, Ruth? Where is he now?"

"He—he is dead—lying in George Trowbridge's house."

Deborah drew up her horse, those behind came nearer to her; then she hastened forward and did not speak until Ruth and she were far at the front.

"Dost thou not wish him brought to Beulah?" asked Deborah presently.

"I fear he would not wish to come—now my mother is gone. George Trowbridge has offered to have the funeral from his home."

"When will it be," asked Deborah.

"I do not know—he said he would send me word—letting me know at what time—"

"Thinkest thou of going alone again?" asked Deborah with that unpleasing catch in her lip.

(*To be continued.*)

Our Country The World

By HOWARD H. BRIDGMAN

EVENTS which promote the political unity and organization of the world are occurring rapidly. Since the Hague conference of 1907 much has become history which will be invaluable for the work of the third conference, which will probably be held in 1915. The four years till then promise to be even more prolific in progressive preparation than the four years elapsed. Looking back, it seems almost as if a rush were setting in. Already it seems certain that the third conference will accomplish much which the earnest workers in the second found to be impossible because the world was not ready for their advanced proposals.

What is becoming more and more self-evident is the practical sense of the world organization propositions. What seemed utopian when first proposed is now coming to be accepted as certain to become fact in the near future. President Taft's efforts to secure unlimited arbitration, remarkable in themselves as illustrating the progress of any nation toward the ideal, are themselves less remarkable than the favor with which they have been received at the time of writing, by Great Britain, France, Japan and Germany. To those who have followed this movement, there is not the slightest doubt that this proposal of unlimited arbitration will surely become established fact in the near future. It is equally certain that the relation which will thus become established between the United States and all the other great nations of the world will become true of the other great nations severally in their relations with each other. That is, the reservations of "vital interests and national honor," which were made at The Hague, as of subjects which could never be submitted to arbitration, will be included in the general body of subjects which the nations formally ag shall be submitted to the arbitrament reason and not be reserved for settlem by force.

When the people of the nations co to think of it, they will wonder that th ever proposed or tolerated such exc tions, for if there is any subject wh demands pre-eminently that it be sett by reason and not by force, it is t which comes under the head described the words of the Hague conference wh have become historic,—"vital intere and national honor." It is a proof much progress that the nations ha come to see this. Furthermore, it proof of the rapidity of the progress intelligence in these matters that this l distance has been traversed in this sh time.

Unlimited arbitration means, on part of the nation which enters into toward the nation with which it ma the solemn compact: "I am fore through with fighting you. As far as y are concerned, army and navy are usel They shall never be brought into acti Peaceful methods alone, such only as worthy of people with reason as a gu for settling their differences, shall he after be employed exclusively, foreve When President Taft completes proposed arrangements with Gr Britain and our Senate ratifies the agr ment, and it is ratified by Great Brit then never more while time exists there be armed collision between navies and armies of the two great tions. The same will be true for Fran Japan and Germany. By the time th have made their compacts with us, dou less most of the remaining fight powers of the world will be added to list. We shall be in the position wh we shall not need an army for defense

any quarter. As for offense, we are apparently already at the stage where we are ready to promise the world that we have no designs of conquest upon even the weakest, and to go still further and say that we will not increase our territory by conquest. In the last Congress the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House reported unanimously a resolution, offered by Representative McCall of Massachusetts:

"That the president is hereby authorized to instruct the representatives of the United States in the next international peace conference to express to the conference the desire of the United States that the nations represented in the conference shall not attempt to increase their territory by conquest, and to endeavor to secure a declaration to that effect from the conference."

In the pressure of business in the closing hours, that resolution, coming at a time when the objection of one member could prevent its adoption, encountered that obstacle, but it has been reintroduced by Mr. McCall and the unanimity of the former committee is reason for predicting that this time the effort will succeed.

Having put ourselves, officially, in the position of referring all disputes to arbitration if they cannot be settled by diplomacy, we shall have given our solemn promise to every nation with which we make the compact,—and that will include practically the entire world of organized mankind capable of making treaties,—that we will never again fight with any of them. As far as they are concerned, army and navy will be utterly useless, without excuse for being. As far as the United States is concerned, therefore, we shall have no use for army or navy other than to protect ourselves from the barbarians within our own borders who cannot be controlled by police forces, and against the barbarians of other nations who cannot be restrained by their own governments and who are a peril to this country. As a practical question, how many regiments shall we need for such purposes? How many warships will suffice for that emergency? How many frontier forts and internal strongholds must be maintained in order to reinforce our police and repress the physical enemies of the public order?

Evidently our people have not reached the point yet where they realize the full and resistless force of that fact. It is already evident that public sentiment in the United States, especially on the part of the thoughtful men who lead in national affairs, approves strongly and actively the efforts which President Taft is making for unlimited arbitration treaties with all the nations of the world. But the continued action of Congress in legislating for the construction of more battleships and of President Taft himself in signing the bills for these ships proves that neither Congress nor the president realizes the practical bearing of what the president is doing for unlimited arbitration.

But we may be sure that the common sense of the people of the United States, advancing one step at a time and not going further than it can see in its short vision, just as it has done ever since the first Hague conference, will immediately ask, as soon as it is the settled, official and proclaimed policy of the United States that we are not going to fight any more, "why should we keep an army and navy when we are never going to need them?" Just as certain as the second Hague conference followed the first, just so certain will the president's policy be established officially. Just as soon as it shall be established, the very next question in order, as a practical proposition for a people who pay taxes, is why the enormous expense of the war and navy should be continued. Then there will arise the necessity, if the army and navy are to continue as in the past, either of discrediting all our solemn promises to the nations, publicly made and approved by the judgment of this nation and of every nation with which the compact has been made, to prove that we are still in danger of foreign war, or of demonstrating that our internal conditions are such that ordinary police are insufficient and cannot be increased, and that even militia as a reinforcement of police are unreliable, so that our regular army and navy must be continued in full strength. But what a proposition is that to lay before

people of common sense? It is evident that unlimited arbitration means the speedy relief of the United States forever from the burdens of the army and navy. More than that, it means the return to productive life of nearly all of the men now abstracted from production. More and still better, it means the sense of relief and reassurance which must thrill every foreign nation when it sees our enormous armament laid aside and our soldiers discharged forever.

That is what the near future will surely bring to the United States, unless all the signs of the last ten years are false. But it must be remembered that hitherto every one of those signs has been proved by the events to be reliable, and that the number of the signs has been increasing rapidly. Never before in the history of the United States were the forces for the organization and peace of the world as active, as powerful, as popular and as certain of further rapid advance as they are this year. It is not at all utopian now to predict this future, for we have abundant experience which did not exist when this movement began, when it was called utopian. The nation is seeing things it was blind to a few years ago, and it is feeling the momentum which it utterly failed to discern at the beginning of this century.

Now look abroad. It is certain that the United States will have unlimited arbitration with Great Britain. As against us, then Great Britain will have no occasion of armament. Neither will France, nor Japan, nor Germany, to take the situation as it looks at the time of writing. But it is impossible that unlimited arbitration should be concluded between those nations and ourselves and stop there. It may take some years for the cycle to come around to include every nation in the circle of all the earth, but a few years are incalculably brief as the world's history runs. It will not be long before all the world will be included in the scope of unlimited arbitration, if the present process is continued, and what is true of the uselessness of the army and true of every other army and navy on navy of the United States will be equally earth. Possibly the movement may culminate early enough to prevent the development of an army and navy by China and other powers which are still undeveloped. They could never realize the full extent of their good fortune, nor the weight of the curse from which they had been delivered.

It is true that time is required for the education of the nations to this ideal. It is admitted that some years must intervene. But the world is being educated rapidly; events have already moved much faster than any one dreamed possible only ten years ago. War burdens and dangers make rulers and peoples learn rapidly and it is evident that the Hague conference of 1915 will meet under conditions much more favorable, even, than exist to-day.

Right here comes in a consideration which must appeal to students of human progress and must encourage mightily all who are watching the development of events. Particular epochs of history are marked by special developments. Certain forces have far more vitality and activity than at other times. We note the phenomenon, but cannot always explain it. This occurs in the vegetable, as well as in the animal and human kingdoms. At a certain period there grew the great conifers which made our coal formations. At certain centuries flourished the megatheriums and other gigantic creatures of land and water. They had their peculiarly favorable time. At a certain stage in Greek history philosophy and art flourished and afterward declined. In certain centuries in Europe was a marvelous development of art as related to religious themes. Rome developed military strength and legal codes. At a certain period, just when the stress and need were upon them, the people of the British colonies in America produced remarkable forms of political institutions and written constitutions. Historians and scholars could multiply these illustrations. They are grounded upon forces mightily operative in the animal, intellectual and social history of the world. They are none the less mighty and active because men do not fully undertsand and measure them.

The point of the illustration is here.

We are just now in an unprecedented era of political constructiveness which is surely making a political unit of all nations. We are just getting our eyes open to the significance of the forces which impel us and of the facts which we help to accomplish. We are now making a world constitution. The code of true world law has been begun. So clear is this that it is to be expected that the third Hague conference will address itself intelligently to enlarging the code and making true world law, by formal ratification of what is now only international law. The legislative department is in process of evolution and we can see characteristics of the Hague conferences which were evidently never suspected by the participants in them, both the first and second. World executive germs have sprouted in a dozen places and the World Person has just emerged into the first glimmer of self-consciousness.

At this particular epoch, world forces are mighty and active for world organization. Greek philosophy did not thrive before its time, but in the fullness of time the human mind there turned to those great and immortal problems as it never had before. Geniuses were brought forth whose names are forever high in the list of the great men of earth. Phenomena appeared then which have not appeared since. So, right here, comes the epoch of world organization. Never before have the times been ripe for it. Work done now will never need to be done again. Just as certain as constitution-making was a marked political function of the founders of the early days of this republic, just so certain is it that world organization will be the function of the public men of the nations of the years in the immediate future until the world legislature, the world executive and the world judiciary are in their full and normal operation for the direction and progress and unspeakable prosperity of the entire organized body of mankind. This is our epoch,—the most important political epoch for the world, of all ages past or to come.

It is not a rash prediction that the entire system of arbitration for which we are now working so enthusiastically and hopefully will become antiquated, perhaps even before it shall be completed, so rapid is the progress of the true political organization of the nations into world unity. Arbitration implies absolute national sovereignty. It does not imply true judicial procedure under a body of statute law. But when the world shall become organized politically, as it is on its way to be, then it will have a body of world law, which is statute law, practiced before the world courts, just as the national law of the United States is practiced in United States courts. Suitors in courts go to law. They rely upon true judicial procedure, not upon arbitration, as their guarantee of justice. Legal procedure is as much higher than arbitration as organization is higher than disorganization or incomplete organization. Just as soon as our world judiciary shall have been established, then arbitration will be at an end. We shall have the higher and better process of judicial trial.

That means the recognition of world sovereignty as the one supreme political fact among the nations. Absolute national sovereignty will be reduced to its real place, comparing with state sovereignty in the United States in its relation to our national sovereignty. Establishment of world sovereignty will be one of the achievements of this great constructive era of world organization. From that accomplishment will proceed a thorough and necessary readjustment of the relations of nations to each other. Judging by the analogy of the historic epochs given as illustrations, we have reason to believe that, with the keenest and most patriotic intellects of men concentrated upon the problem and the public sentiment of the world giving willing approval, we shall advance at a phenomenal speed in the peculiar work of this epoch. With the object not yet discerned, unexpected accomplishments have been made. With the end fully in mind, with a proportionate conception of the results to be secured, we shall surely advance much faster and do better work than ever before.

We do not grasp the significance of the present era unless we recognize that it is a period of wonderful political construc-

tiveness in national, state and local affairs as well as in world organization. This is an era of political construction, of new creation, all through the political body. This is the meaning of the recent decisions of the supreme court of the United States in the cases of the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust and in the cases of all other combinations outside of the law or contrary to law which have sought to exploit the mass of the people for the private benefit of the exploiters. Government, in the case of the United States judiciary and executive, is the people themselves rising up against those members of their own body who have not made themselves subservient to the welfare of the body and saying: "We put our commands upon you that you become subject to the laws of political welfare. You must be tributary to the government and to the people as a whole. You must obey our will expressed in law and all the prosperity of your personal investors must be subordinate to the prosperity of the whole."

Any one familiar with the government of the states of the United States, with the developments through the legislatures and with the urgency of problems of municipal government, as they force themselves upon public attention, must realize that the problems of government, —which mean nothing more or less than problems of political organization,—are especially urgent to-day all over this country. We are in a ferment. No rest and no end is in sight. So many wrongs of the weak and oppressed are to be righted, the health of the poor and feeble is so far from what the well being of the public demands, the rewards of capital are so large compared with what labor can get for itself, the possibilities of better co-operation on the part of laboring men are so tempting, the possible functions of the entire body politic in way of industrial and productive activity are so seductive, the need of changing our commercial relations with other countries is so pressing, the demands for preserving nature's gifts in way of lands, waters and forests are so imperative, the wastefulness of present methods imposes such thorough study of economies and reforms, in short, the entire relation of the individual atom to the organs and to the whole of which he is a member, of the organs to the wholes, and of the wholes (states or nations) to the aggregate of humanity is so constantly claiming the best thought and effort of brain and hand that it is only too plain that we must attend to these demands or lose incalculably in material, intellectual and spiritual possessions.

To put it in another way, mankind is just beginning to find itself. We are parts of the mighty whole which includes every human being on the face of the earth. With wonderful energy the world forces are breaking down the barriers between different races, different languages, different religions, different trade customs, different artistic forms of expressing the human soul and making a common possession of the highest and best which the human mind, in any age or any country, has produced. This is what is actually in progress to-day. We are in the rush of the movement. It is speeding up more than we realize. Already, through trade, travel, social relations, intermarriages, literature and the daily exchange of information about each other there has been reached a status which is more favorable for the political unity of the nations than is realized by the men at the top who are responsible for the official status of relations.

Every person who is getting more out of the present order than he gives an equivalent for, as far as he realizes his status and acts according to selfish motives, opposes all this development. Every person who gets out of the present relations less than he gives an equivalent for, as far as he realizes his status and has the power, favors the present rapid progress. It cannot move fast enough for him. Hence we have the conservative forces, except so far as patriotism conquers selfishness, blocking the advance of the world. On the other hand, with those who get less than their share of the good things of the world, selfishness and patriotism work together to make them radicals. The conservatives are playing a losing game. Radicals will become conservative when official justice

protects the rights of those who cannot protect their own. Then they will support the existing order and oppose change because that order gives justice, peace and prosperity. For the present, however, there is no prospect that the radicals will relax their efforts to secure better political conditions, and that means better organization.

It is a fair tribute to the growing enthusiasm for this advance in world organization, with corresponding progress all through the nations, states and municipalities, to affirm that many most generous givers, whose selfish interests would array them among the conservatives, have poured out their fortunes lavishly and have taken their stand with the radicals, realizing truly, with prophetic vision, that justice to the unjustly treated means higher justice for all the world and that it is only as the diseased spots are cured by applications of justice that the entire body becomes healthy. It is fair, furthermore, to credit some of this radicalism on the part of natural conservatives to pure unselfishness, sympathy and an innate love of justice.

With the new and strong world forces in mind, we can foresee already a very different political future from any status which the world has ever yet experienced. Political organization, trade, social intercourse between many people of all the nations will cease to limit the friendliness of men to the citizens of their own country. Already the days are foreshadowed when there will be in all truth and fatality, a united political body including all mankind. That will be even more of a present fact in the lives of the people of earth than to-day the political unity of the United States is a present fact for the people of the United States.

Our country will be the world. That is the consummation to which we are tending. In truth, that is the supreme fact in our existence under government to-day, but it has not yet come up to the stage of formal recognition by the nations, and is not, quite yet, incorporated as to our official dealings with the people of other lands. But we are certainly and mainly on the road to that goal and events are moving faster than the world has hitherto realized.

Out of the unity of the world as one body, to have one head for the control of its many organs, will come a unity of institutions which will be the common possession of all the lands. Upon the union of the states of our United States have grown up new institutions which were not existent previously and which could not be developed until the conditions and the necessity for their use had become established. In just the same way there will develop world institutions which will hold a high, respected and cherished place in the hearts of the people of future generations. They will have their great principles for world action by the World Person, just as we have our great decisions asserting the powers and duties of the legislative, the executive and the judicial departments of our government of the United States. It cannot be doubted that there will be decisions of world judges laid down establishing the relations of the world courts to the national courts, the rights of citizens of one land to the protection of the world government in every part of the earth, the relations of classes, jurisdiction over transportation companies which cover the world, the rights of trade combinations which have branches in many or all lands under the sun, and so on through the list of rights and relations which are sure to rise to the crisis of legal determination under the world statutes which will be enacted by the world legislature.

All hostile collisions between the nations being at an end, the mighty armies being dispersed and the soldiers being engaged in production, all parts of the human race co-operating for the good of the whole, rather than preparing to destroy each other, all the parts working under the direction of one common head and plan for progress, instead of waging commercial war against each other and crippling the productiveness of all others, surely there will be such an advance in prosperity and happiness as will make anything in the past seem slow, weak and crooked. We shall be fellow citizens all around the world, with one supreme government to which we all shall be loyal.

The Bar of New London

By JUDGE ALFRED COIT

Time was when the dominie, the squire and the physician were in a class by themselves. They were the guides, philosophers and friends of the community. But times have changed, at least so far as the lawyer is concerned.

It is still his duty, as well as his privilege, to act in the aforesaid capacities; but he is, as well, a man of affairs. He may not "look down on the world from the loopholes of retreat and not feel it stir," for he is an integral part of a very busy world and his life is, of necessity, a strenuous one.

It has been truly said that "the New London County bar has from its beginning numbered among its members able jurists, talented advocates, and safe counselors. Here many have lived, flourished, and died, while others still are upon the stage of action who have been prominent in the advancement of the interests of the county and figured conspicuously in the councils of the State and Nation," and this can, as truly, be said of the bench and bar of New London.

It is natural that the sons of Mother Yale should be in the majority in the list of these men, but Harvard, Amherst, Brown, and other colleges have furnished their quota and some of New London's most brilliant advocates and wisest counselors have not been college men.

The list of noted men is a long one, and it were hard to choose from such an embarrassment of riches. Judges of the United States and State courts, United States Senator, representatives of this country in Great Britain, representatives in Congress, members of the state legislature, Presidential electors, State's Attorneys, mayors, and practicing attorneys, establishing rights and redressing wrongs, than which there can be no more honorable vocation,—all these of have been filled with credit to the inc bents and with honor to the profes and to the community.

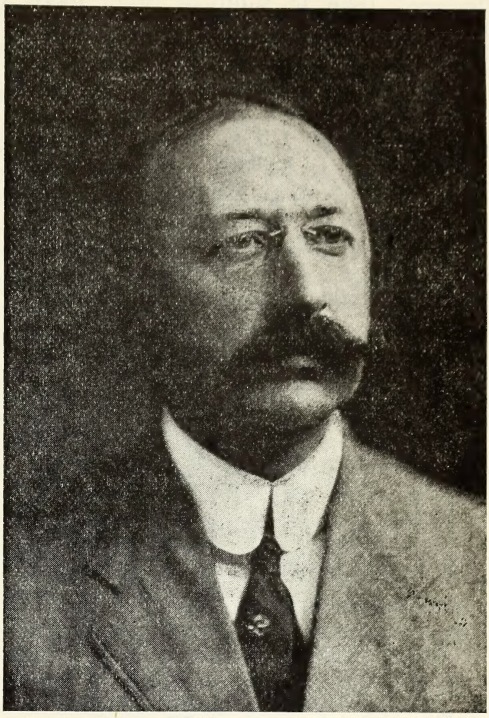
In the eighteenth century were Jos Coit, Harvard 1776, representative Congress and member of the Legislat Elias Perkins, Yale 1786, Presider Elector, Representative in Congr Judge of the County and Probate Co and Mayor; Jeremiah G. Brain Judge of the County Court from 180 1829, and William F. Brainard, his s Jacob B. Gurley, member of the Legi ture and State's Attorney; Richard L Yale 1751, friend of Washington, d gate to the Continental Congress, Ju of the Supreme and County Cou United States District Judge, revise the Connecticut statutes with Ro Sherman and Mayor; Lyman Law, Y 1791, representative in Congress f 1811 to 1817 and Speaker of the C necticut house of representatives; M vin Wait, Presidential elector in 1 member of the legislature for nine years and Judge of the County Co Jirah Isham, Yale 1797, Major Gen in the war of 1812, State's Attor Probate Judge and Mayor.

In more recent times have been Geo W. Goddard, Yale 1845, member of legislature, Probate Judge and Judge the Police Court; Abiel Converse; Hi Willey, first Judge of the Court of C mon Pleas and Mayor; Andrew C. I pitt, Mayor; John P. C. Mather, Judge the Common Pleas and Probate Cou and Mayor; William C. Crump, Y 1836, of whom it might well have b said in the words of the Psalmist of "mark the perfect man and behold the right, for the end of that man is peac Augustus Brandegee, Yale 1849, rep

ntative in Congress and friend of Lin-
ln, the memory of whose brilliant
rensic ability remains as one of the
ief glories of the latter day bar;
bert Coit, Yale 1850, Judge of the
obate Court, Senator and Mayor,
ose scholarly talents were, for the
st part, dedicated to other pursuits
n that of the law; Alfred Coit, Yale
56, member of the legislature, Judge
the Common Pleas Court and Judge
the Probate Court; John A. Tibbits
eaker of the Connecticut house of
resentatives and consul at Bradford,
gland; John G. Crump, Yale 1879,
lge of the Court of Common Pleas.

To paraphrase the words of the
hor of the Epistle to Hebrews,—
ese all died in faith of the New Lon-
n that was to be, not having received
promises, but having seen them afar

The living members of the bar are:
arles W. Butler, for many years Judge
the Police Court; Ralph Wheeler,
le 1864, State's Attorney and now
lge of the Superior Court; Thomas
Waller, Governor, Secretary of State,
aker of the Connecticut house of
resentatives, Consul General to Lon-
, Vice President of the Constitutional
vention, State's Attorney and Mayor;
lliam Belcher, Amherst, 1866, long
e Judge of Probate; Andrew C. Lip-
, Yale 1866, Judge of the Police
rt; Michael Kenealy, Speaker of the
necticut house of representatives;
l P. Tanner, Brown 1874; Samuel
k, Brown 1874, now practicing in
v York; Gideon F. Raymond; Hadlai
Hull, Amherst 1878, State's Attorney;
liam M. Stark, Trinity 1875, member
he legislature and Collector of Cus-
s; Bryan F. Mahan, Albany Law
ool 1881, now Senator and Mayor;
cy Waller, Yale 1882, prosecuting at-
ey; William B. Coit, Yale 1884,
mber of the legislature and now Judge
he Police Court; Walter C. Noyes,
nell 1884, now Judge of the United
es Circuit Court of Appeals; Frank
randegee, Yale 1885, Speaker of the
necticut house of representatives,
esentative in Congress, and now
ted States Senator; John C. Geary;



Judge Alfred Coit

Clayton B. Smith, Assistant Judge of the Police Court; William J. Brennan, Senator and now Corporation Counsel; Arthur B. Calkins, member of the legislature and now Judge of Probate; Thomas F. Dorsey, Yale 1890; Richard P. Freeman, Harvard 1891, prosecuting attorney; Ernest Chadwick, Yale 1891; Christopher L. Avery, Yale 1893; Charles B. Whittlesey, Yale 1894, member of the legislature, prosecuting attorney and now prosecuting attorney of the Common Pleas Court; Charles B. Waller, Yale 1896, member of the legislature and now Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; Warren B. Burrows, Michigan University, 18 , William T. Connor, Yale 1897, for many years Registrar of Voters; George Curtis Morgan, Harvard 1894, Assistant Judge of the Police Court; Charles A. Gallup, Town Clerk of Waterford for a long period; Frederick P. Latimer, Yale 1897, Judge of the Groton Borough Court; Philip Z. Hankey, Yale 1897; Ralph H.

Denison; John F. Sullivan, Yale 1900; Frank L. McGuire, New York University 1901; Daniel M. Cronin, Yale 1902, member of the legislature and now prosecuting attorney; Charles E. Hickey, Yale 1903, now Clerk of the Probate Court; John J. Lawless, Albany Law School 1903; Nathan Belcher, Yale 1903, now member of the legislature; Lewis Crandall, Yale 1903, now Assistant Judge of the Police Court; Marion R. Davis, Hamilton 1904; Benjamin H. Hewitt, Yale 1906; Leontine A. St. Germaine, Max Boyer, Albany Law School 1908; Perry J. Hollandersky, Yale 1909, and Alfred Coit, Yale 1887.

These men have taken a prominent part in New London affairs and have exercised great influence in shaping its destinies.

The eloquence of Augustus Brandegee stirred the hearts of the citizens in 1861 and fanned into a blaze the fires patriotism. The irresistible appeal Governor Waller preserved Ocean Bea for the city, and gave it a park wh value cannot be overestimated. The u tiring labors of Senator Mahan obtain from the State an appropriation whi will prove of inestimable value to t harbor and the business interests of t city. Many of these men were active engaged in the campaign, which secur for the city a college, whose benefits the community and to the nation no can measure.

The lawyers of New London ha been, as a class, men of whom the ci has been proud; who have done th which was right as God gave them see the right; and who have used the great influence for the welfare of t community and the upbuilding of Ne London.

Industrial Developement for Boston

EVERY commercial organization in the United States is wrestling with the problem of how best to stimulate local industrial development. Here they offer free sites, there they promise tax exemption for a period of years. In one town they build factory buildings and lease them at low rates. In another they have on tap a man who packs his grip and starts on a moment's notice to any city where there is a manufacturer who has been burned out, harassed by labor difficulties, or otherwise forced to consider a new location. Some cities merely distribute advertising literature, and hope thus to impress upon the minds of manufacturers the superior advantages of their localities.

The greatest activity along all these lines has been shown by the rapidly growing cities and towns of the West. But it has remained for the East to bring forward a new idea, one that goes deep and that promises to be of great significance in the coming expansion of New England industry.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce raising a half million dollars with whi to assist new industries.

Ever since the formation of this o ganization, nearly three years ago, i sistent demand has been made upon that it bring new industries to Bosto The Chamber attacked the problem s riously. It began at the beginning, b making a thorough survey of actual co ditions. Refusing to be blinded by e thusiasm, it asked itself honestly ju what Boston had to offer, just what kin of industries it could attract, and ju what kind of industries it wanted. Th net result was the conclusion th metropolitan Boston offered extrao dinary natural advantages for industry that these were being taken advantage o by an increasing number of manufa turers, but by no means up to their re capacity; that the ordinary "boom methods would not suffice, but that som scientific and systematic plan must b

devised. Then the Chamber committees went into executive session again, and went over the whole field in search of such a plan. Last spring they announced that they had it.

And so the Boston Chamber of Commerce went to the State House on Beacon Hill and asked for a charter for something to be known as the "Industrial Development Company." It was a scheme unheard of, but it was so bold, so logical and so promising when the solons looked into it a bit, that they granted the charter. The Chamber then went ahead and drafted by-laws, obtained some of the biggest bankers and business men in the city to serve as directors and loan committee of the company, and set out to raise a fund of half a million dollars for the purpose of guaranteeing credit for the small manufacturers that were to expand Boston's industrial activity. As this magazine goes to press, it looks as if announcement might be made any time that the half million dollars was raised, and that this unique company was ready to begin loaning money.

Now let us see what this plan is. In the first place, it is known as the "Industrial Development Company of the Boston Chamber of Commerce." Its purpose is "to assist financially or otherwise in developing small industries in the Commonwealth, both by helping new industries to establish themselves here and by making it possible for small enterprises already established to enlarge and expand their business."

The company has no capital stock. Instead, there is to be a "fund of guaranteed credit," amounting to $500,000, pledged by public spirited men under a form of guaranty contract running for three years, in sums ranging upward to $10,000. Each subscriber is liable for any loss sustained by the company only in proportion to the amount of his guarantee.

The method of operation is this. A man with an idea, a patent, a chance to acquire a manufacturing business, or frequently a man with a small factory already going, finds that if he had some capital—say $2,000 to $25,000—he could build up a good, productive business. He goes to the Boston Chamber of Commerce. The industrial department of the Chamber goes over his proposition. If it looks good, it is turned over to the loan committee of this Industrial Development Company. This committee, made up of skilled credit men, examines the proposition, and if it seems worthy and likely to succeed, advise the directors of the company to give it support.

The company does not loan the money It sends the manufacturer to a bank to borrow, and in order that he may obtain the loan, endorses his note. This endorsement, backed up as it is by half a million dollars pledged by leading business men, is sufficient guarantee to the bank, and the manufacturer receives his capital and is able to go ahead with a business which without this help, might have been forced to go to some other part of the country in search of money, or which might never have been born at all.

He pays to the company a small commission for its assistance—not so large as to be any burden. If his business succeeds, as it probably will, having been begun only after careful scrutiny by experts, he is soon able to pay off his notes, and be independent of outside assistance, and one more prosperous industry is added to Massachusetts' long list. If he fails—and this undoubtedly will happen occasionally—the company stands the net loss, and each subscriber pays into the company his share. It is expected, however, that the commissions on successful enterprises will a little more than take care of the losses on the infrequent fiascos.

It will have been remarked that this company is to help only *small industries*. This brings up an interesting point. The Chamber of Commerce, after careful study, became convinced that the future industrial growth of Boston could best be furthered by developing the smaller These smaller "loft industries," as they These smaller "lot infdustries," as they might be termed, are able to overcome and lighter forms of manufactures. the chief obstacle to industrial growth in a large city, viz., the high cost of land, by seeking accommodations on the upper floors of properly constructed loft build-

ings rather than by spreading out along the ground. Their requirements demand suitable floor space at reasonable rentals,—opportunity to buy heat, light and power on moderate terms,—an abundant and varied labor supply,—close contact with market conditions, supply houses and allied trades, and favorable transportation rates. All these conditions favorable to the small industry are found at their best in a large city like Boston.

Of course Boston wants big industries too, but the men with big enterprises to promote do not as a rule seek aid of a public body; they prefer to work through private financial agencies. It is the men with smaller enterprises who ask for and need the kind of aid which the Chamber of Commerce is in the best position to give, and it is toward them that efforts for industrial development can be most effectively directed. It is well to note also that the kinds of manufacture which these men represent make up more than half of the industries enumerated in the Census of Manufactures for Boston. Moreover, the light loft industries established on a small scale in the beginning are likely to grow and expand rapidly if successfully managed. In the aggregate, a considerable number of these smaller industries will in the long run make a very substantial addition to the local industrial output. The varied character of their products also introduces an element of stability into the local industrial situation.

The company therefore starts out with a very definite idea of what it is to do. It is officered by a strong list of men, its vice-presidents, William A. Gaston, its vice-presidents William A. Gaston, Daniel G. Wing and Thomas P. Beal, all leading bankers in Boston. The treasurer is Russell G. Fessenden, another banker.

The Board of Directors includes the above officers, and the following:

Elmer J. Bliss, of the Regal Shoe Co., Manufacturers and Retailers of Shoes.

Roland W. Boyden, of Ropes, Gray & Gorham, Lawyers.

Edwin F. Greene, of the Pacific Mills, Cottons.

George Hutchinson, of Clark-Hutchinson Co., Wholesale Boots and Shoes.

John S. Lawrence, of Lawrence & Co., Commission Dry Goods.

James J. Phelan, of Hornblower & Weeks, Stock Brokers.

Lehman Pickert, of L. Pickert Fish Co., Wholesale Pickled and Dried Fish.

The Loan Committee, which will have charge of the placing of the money, consists of:

Clifton H. Dwinell, of the First National Bank.

E. Elmer Foye, of the Old Colony Trust Co.

Charles B. Jopp, of the Beacon Trust Co.

Abraham C. Ratshesky, of the United States Trust Co.

Arthur P. Stone, of the Commonwealth Trust Co.

If the business men of Boston can launch and carry out successfully an enterprise like the Industrial Development Company the benefits to the community will be very great, nor will they be restricted to the operations of the company alone. A substantial number of small enterprises will be started and established capable of large expansion and growth in the future. But in addition to this the attention of local investors will be forcibly called to the industrial opportunities in the home field, and a more favorable attitude in banking and financial circles toward local enterprises will probably be created. And not the least important result will be the favorable publicity which Boston will be given all over the country as a live and progressive city whose business men appreciate their advantages and opportunities and are willing and able to work for the development of those advantages and the upbuilding of the city by sound business methods.

Beautiful New England

These beautiful views are from photographs of Greylock Park Reservation in connection with the interesting article by Grace Greylock Niles upon this range of mountains which includes Greylock, the highest summit of Massachusetts.

Mount Greylock

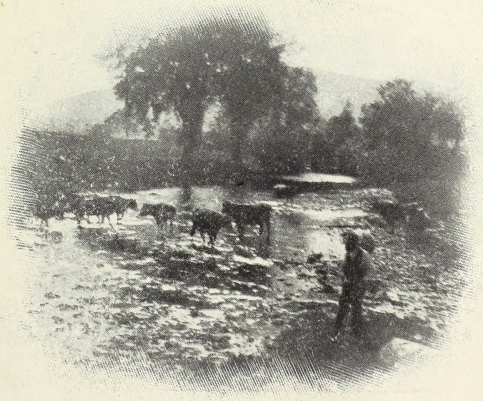
By RAYMOND CLARKE

Gazing at thee men have battled with mightier impulses truthward,
Under the rifts of thy shadow with loving grown holy and chastened,
Ever more large have they lived in the tutoring hush of thy silence;
Living with thee, brooded deep on the heavenward way of the spirit.

Over the valleys of toil and the kingdoms of men and their cities,
Agleam e'er the glow of the morning, and luminous still after sunset,
Hinting of hopes far outreaching the uttermost goals of endeavor,
Riseth the unbroken calm of thy vast inutility ever.

So have we set thee apart, aloof; to be henceforth forever
Teacher and guide. There are children unborn that have need of thy message;
They to live large in thy silence, to chasten their loves with thy azure,
Battle for truth by the gleam of God's truth on thy summit.

Under the stars shall they watch thee, and oft in the crystalline mirror
Measure thy height by the depth of the motionless silver
Flooding the silence while night-mists creep nearer and nearer.
Oft shall they tighten their lips at the echoing voice of thy thunder.





Greylock Park Reservation. Pot-hole formation in Hoosac Pass of Taconac Mountains



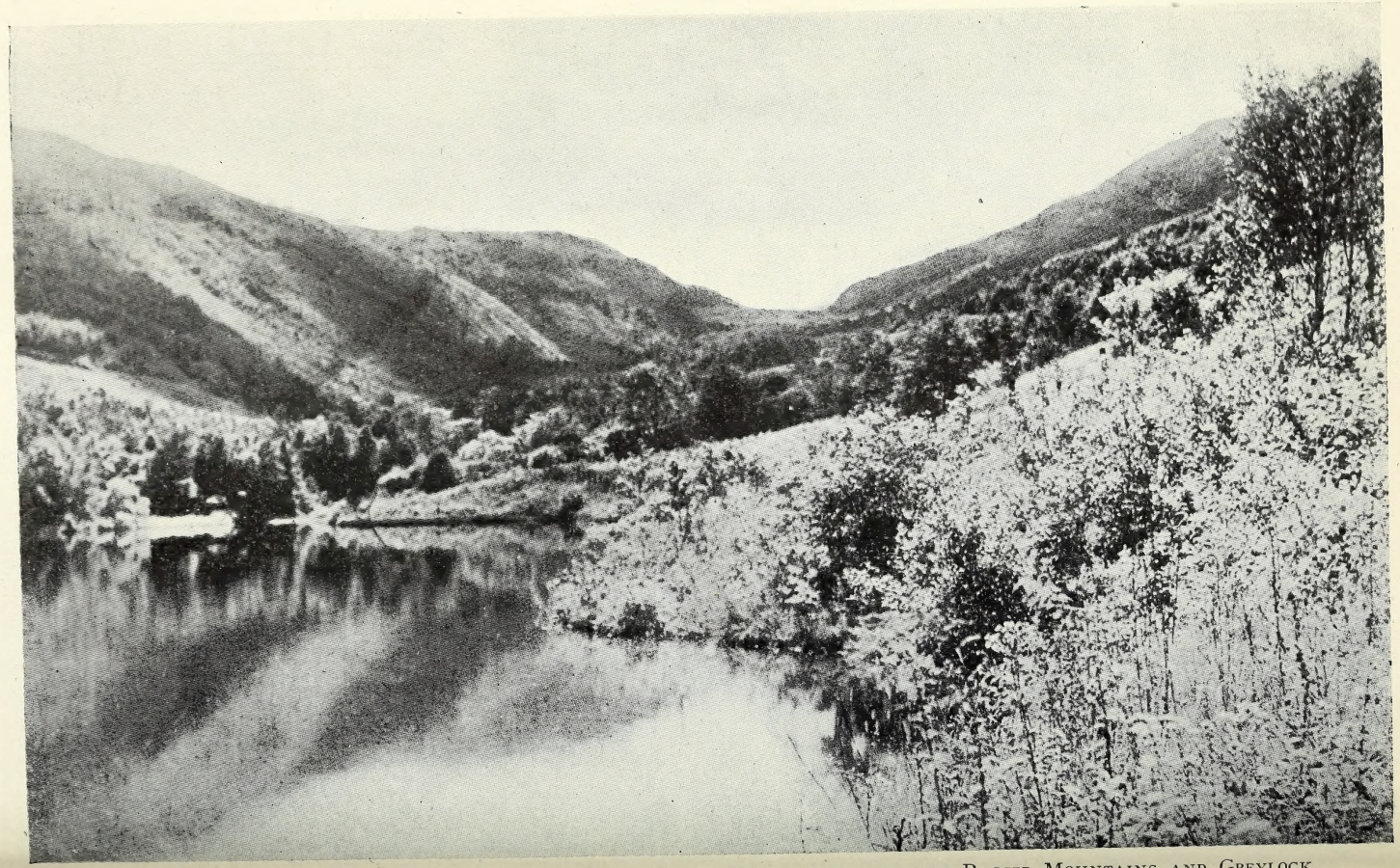
GREYLOCK PARK RESERVATION. THE PORTAL OF THE HOPPER. MOUNT BASCOM ON THE RIGHT AND SIMONDS PEAK ON THE LEFT, GUARDING GREYLOCK IN THE DISTANCE.



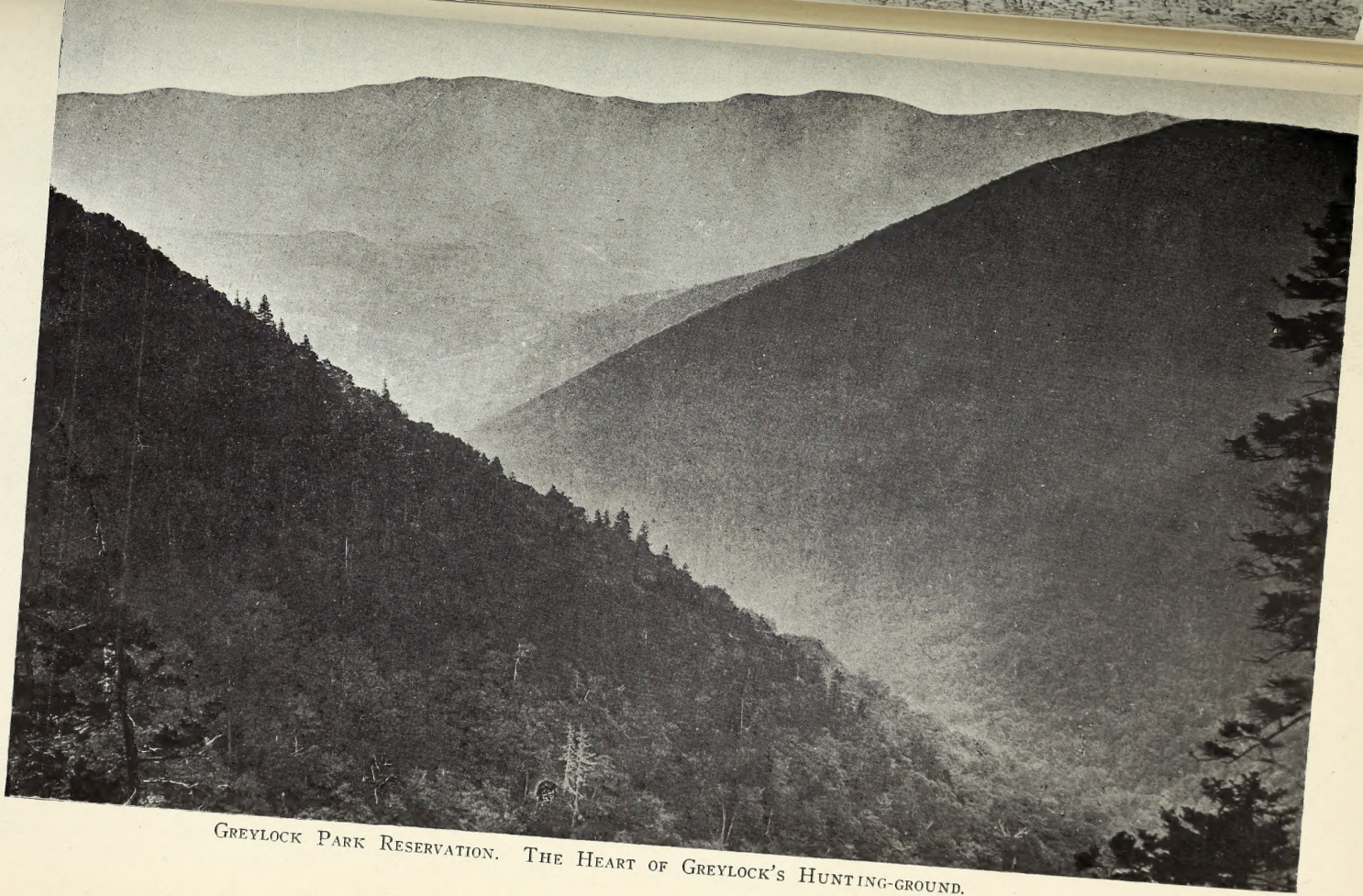
GREYLOCK PARK RESERVATION. GREYLOCK RANGE FROM WINDSOR LAKE, AT THE BASE OF THE FORBIDDEN HOOSACS, ON THE EAST.



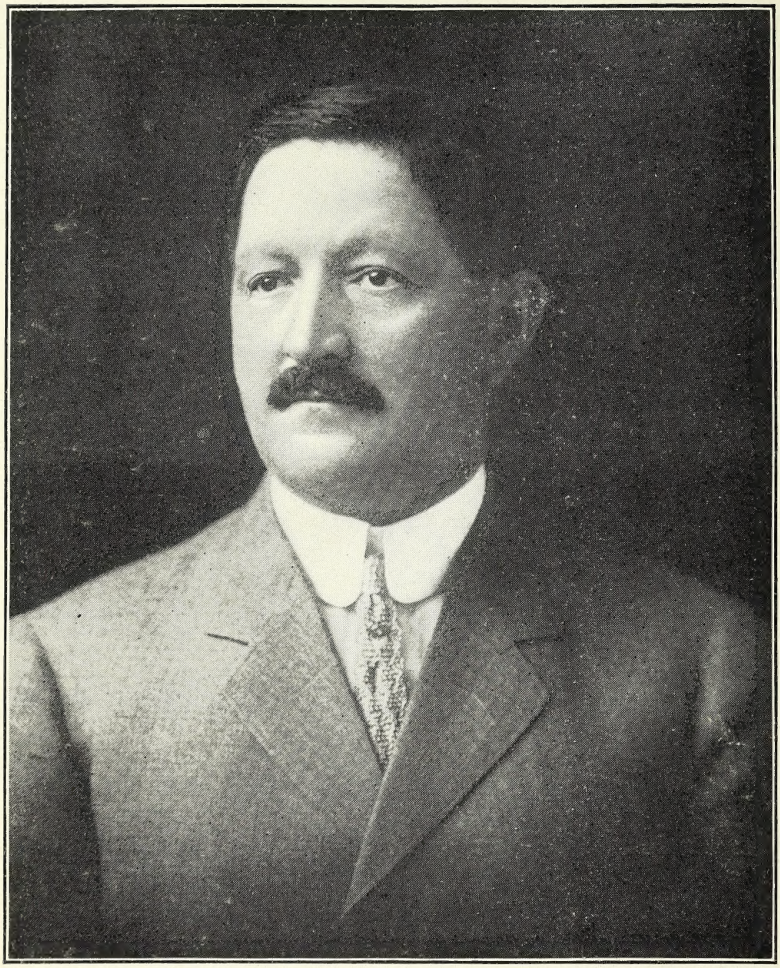
GREYLOCK PARK RESERVATION FROM THE NORTH, SHOWING WILLIAMSTOWN NESTLED AT THE MOUNTAIN'S BASE.



Greylock Park Reservation. Bellow's-Pipe Park, Notch Valley, between the Ragged Mountains and Greylock.



GREYLOCK PARK RESERVATION. THE HEART OF GREYLOCK'S HUNTING-GROUND.



HON. CHARLES E. HATFIELD

Hon. Charles E. Hatfield, re-elected mayor of Newton after a sharp struggle to overthrow the non-partisan city government which has been maintained unbrokenly since the incorporation of the city, and has made of Newton one of the best governed municipalities in the United States.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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A LOVE STORY FROM THE RICE FIELDS OF CHINA

By SUI SIN FAR

CHOW MING, the husband of Ah Sue was an Americanized Chinese, so when Christmas day came, he gave a big dinner, to h'ch he invited both his American and hinese friends, and also one friend who as both Chinese and American.

The large room in which he gave the nner presented quite a striking appearce on the festive evening, being dorated with Chinese flags and banners, gebraic scrolls, incense burners and opical plants; and the company sat own to a real feast. Chow Ming's cook d a reputation.

Ah Ming and Ah Oi, Chow Ming's tle son and daughter, flitted around like ung humming birds in their bright garents. Their arms and necks were hung ith charms and amulets given to them their father's friends and they kept an incessant twittering between themlves. They were not allowed, however, sit down with their elders and ate in ante room of rice and broiled prerved chicken—a sweet dish, the morls of chicken being prepared so as to semble raisins.

Chinese do not indulge in conversation ring meal time; but when dinner was er and a couple of Chinese violinists d made their debut, the host brought rward several of his compatriots whom introduced as men whose imaginations d experiences enabled them to relate achievements of heroes, the despair lovers, the blessings which fall to the of the filial and the terrible fate of the undutiful. Themes were varied; but those which were most appreciated were stories which treated of magic and enchantment.

"Come away," said Ah Sue to me.—We two were the only women present.—"I want to tell you a story, a real true love story—Chinese."

"Really," I exclaimed delightedly.

"Really," echoed Ah Sue, "the love story of me."

When we were snugly ensconced in her own little room, Ah Sue began:

"My father," said she, "was a big rice farmer. He owned many, many rice fields, but he had no son—just me."

"Chow Han worked for my father. The first time I saw Chow Han was at the Harvest Moon festival. I wore a veil of strings of pearls over my forehead. But his eyes saw beneath the pearls and I was very much ashamed."

"Why were you ashamed? You must have looked very charming."

Ah Sue smiled. She was a pretty little woman.

"I was not ashamed of my veil," said she, "I was ashamed because I perceived that Chow Han knew that I glanced his way.

"The next day I and my mother sat on the hill under big parasols and watched the men, sickle in hand, wading through the rice fields, cutting down the grain. It is a pretty sight, the reaping of the rice.

"Chow Han drove the laden buffaloes. He was bigger and stronger than any of the other lads. My mother did not stay

by me all the time. There were the maid's tasks to be set. Chow Han drove past when my mother was not beside me and threw at my feet a pretty shell. 'A pearl for a pearl,' he cried, and laughed saucily. I did not look at him, but when he had passed out of sight I slipped the shell up my sleeve.

"It was a long time before I again saw the lad. My mother fell sick and I accompanied her to the City of Canton to see an American doctor in an American hospital. We remained in Canton, in the house of my brother-in-law for many months. I saw much that was new to my eyes and the sister of the American doctor taught me to speak English—and some other things.

"By the spring of the year my mother was much improved in health, and we returned home to celebrate the Spring Festival. The Chinese people are very merry at the time of the springing of the rice. The fields are covered with green, and the rice flower peeps out at the side of the little green blade, so small, so white and so sweet. One afternoon I was following alone a stream in the woods behind my father's house, when I saw Chow Han coming toward me."

Ah Sue paused. For all her years in America she was a Chinese woman.

"And he welcomed you home," I suggested.

Ah Sue nodded her head.

"And like a Chinese girl you ran away from the wicked man."

Ah Sue's eyes glistened mischievously.

"You forget, Sui Sin Far," said she, "that I had been living in Canton and had much talk with an American woman. No, when Chow Han told me that he had much respectful love in his heart for me, I laughed a little laugh, I was so glad—too glad for words. Had not his face been ever before me since the day he tossed me the shell?

"But my father was rich and Chow Han was poor.

"When the little white flowers had once more withdrawn into the green blades and were transforming themselves into little white grains of rice, there came to the rice country a cousin of Chow Han's who had been living for some years in America. He talked much w Chow Han, and one day Chow H came to me and said:

" 'I am bound for the land beyond sea; but in a few years I will return w a fortune big enough to please y father. Wait for me!'

"I did not answer him; I could not.

" 'Promise that you will ever reme ber me,' said Chow Han.

" 'You need no primose,' I return Chow Han set down the pot of f grant leafed geranium which he h brought with him as a parting gift.

" 'As for me,' said he, 'even if I sho die, my spirit will fly to this plant a keep ever beside you.'

"So Chow Han went away to the la beyond the sea."

Ah Sue's eyes wandered to the dist water, which like a sheet of silver, flected every light and color of the sky

"Moons rose and waned. I know how, but through some misfortune, father lost his money and his rice far passed into other hands. I loved poor old father and would have d much to ease his mind; but there v one thing I would not do, and that w marry the man to whom he had betrot me. Had not the American woman t me that even if one cannot marry man one loves, it is happier to be true him than to wed another, and had the American woman, because she f lowed her conscience, eyes full of s shine?

"My father died and my mother an went to live with my brother-in-law the city of Canton. Two days before left our old home, we learned that Ch Han had passed away in a railway cident in the United States of America

"My mother's sister and brother-law urged my mother to marry me some good man, but believing that Ch Har's spirit was ever now beside me determined to remain single as American woman. Was she not brigh and happier than many of my marr relations?

"Meanwhile the geranium flow throve in loveliness and fragrance, a in my saddest moments I turned to for peace and comfort.

"One evening, my poor old mother fell sleep and never woke again. I was so id. My mother's sister did not love me, nd my brother-in-law told me he could o longer support me and that I must arry. There were three good men to e had and I must make up my mind hich it should be.

"What would I do? What should I o? I bent over my geranium flower and hispered: 'Tell me, O dear spirit, shall seek the river?' And I seemed to hear is message: 'No, no, be brave as the merican woman!'

"Ah, the American woman! She owed me a way to live. With her assistance I started a small florist shop. y mother had always loved flowers, and hind our house had kept a plot of ound, cram full of color, which I had nded for her ever since I was a child. o the care of flowers was no new task r me, and I made a good living, and if were sad at times, yet, for the most rt, my heart was serene.

"Many who came to me wished to buy e geranium plant, which was now very rge and beautiful; but to none would I l. What! barter the spirit of Chow an!

"On New Year's day a stranger came o my shop. His hat partly concealed face; but I could see that he was of r country, though he wore the dress of e foreigner and no queue.

"'What is the price of the large geraum at your door?' he enquired, and he told me that its fragrance had stolen to him as he passed by.

"'There is no price on that flower,' I replied, 'it is there to be seen, but not to be sold.'

"'Not to be sold! But if I give you a high price?'

"'Not for any price,' I answered.

"He sought to persuade me to tell him why, but all I would say was that he could not have the flower.

"At last he came close up to me and said:

"'There is another flower that I desire, and you will not say me nay when I put forth my hand to take it.'

"I started back in alarm.

"'You will not sell the geranium flower,' he told me, 'because you believe that the spirit of Chow Han resides within it. But 'tis not so. The spirit of Chow Han resides within Chow Han. Behold him!'

"He lifted his hat. It was Chow Han."

Ah Sue looked up as her husband entered the room bearing on his shoulder their little Han.

"And you named your boy after your old sweetheart," I observed.

"Yes," replied Ah Sue, "my old sweetheart. But know this, Sin Far, the Chinese men change their name on the day they marry, and the Chow Han, who gave me the scented leafed geranium, and after many moons, found me through its fragrance, is also my husband, Chow Ming."

In A Sultan's Palace

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

TO see a sultan's palace, a sultan, a row of royal princes and princesses, hordes of concubines, retainers and children innumerable, on the stage of a comic opera, is one thing; it often happens, to the ordinary citizen of a republic.

To see this in real life, in a real palace, with real personages, and all the accompaniment of native color and customs, is quite another thing; it does not often happen.

That we should see it in the city of Djokjakarta, Java, at the Kraton of the Sultan Hamangkoeboewono VII., was due to certain letters of introduction, and the influence of a retired officer of the navy; living in Java, who was good enough to make efforts in our behalf when he learned of the reception about to take place in the palace.

"I do not know that I can secure you an invitation," he said.

"The two Sultans of Java have little left of their former glory, save pedigree and pride; so they hedge themselves about with all the conventions and the formalities, belonging to royalty, in order that their subjects, and the general public may not forget that they are sultans."

It is something over two hundred years ago that, at the end of bitter wars, the Dutch government dispensed with all the sultans save two brothers who were contending for supremacy; and to each was given a province; and one became the Sultan of Solokarta, the other the Sultan of Djokjakarta.

The sultans of the present day, are descendants of the two brothers; and are therefore distant cousins; but the old feud still exists; and each sultan believes he is the only rightful ruler in Java; and each speaks of the other with haughty disdain. They have never met.

The Sultan of Solokarta has the la territory; and to him the governm allows three hundred thousand dol a year for the maintenance of his co and to the older Sultan of Djokjaka two hundred thousand. Certain est are said to yield him an added come.

It was to the palace of the latter t we set forth a little before seven o'cl in company with our Dutch Javar friend, in that state of gleeful exp ancy which characterizes the Ameri mind about to be entertained by n sights and customs. In theory we des ostentatious courts. In fact we l them, as we love spectacular drama.

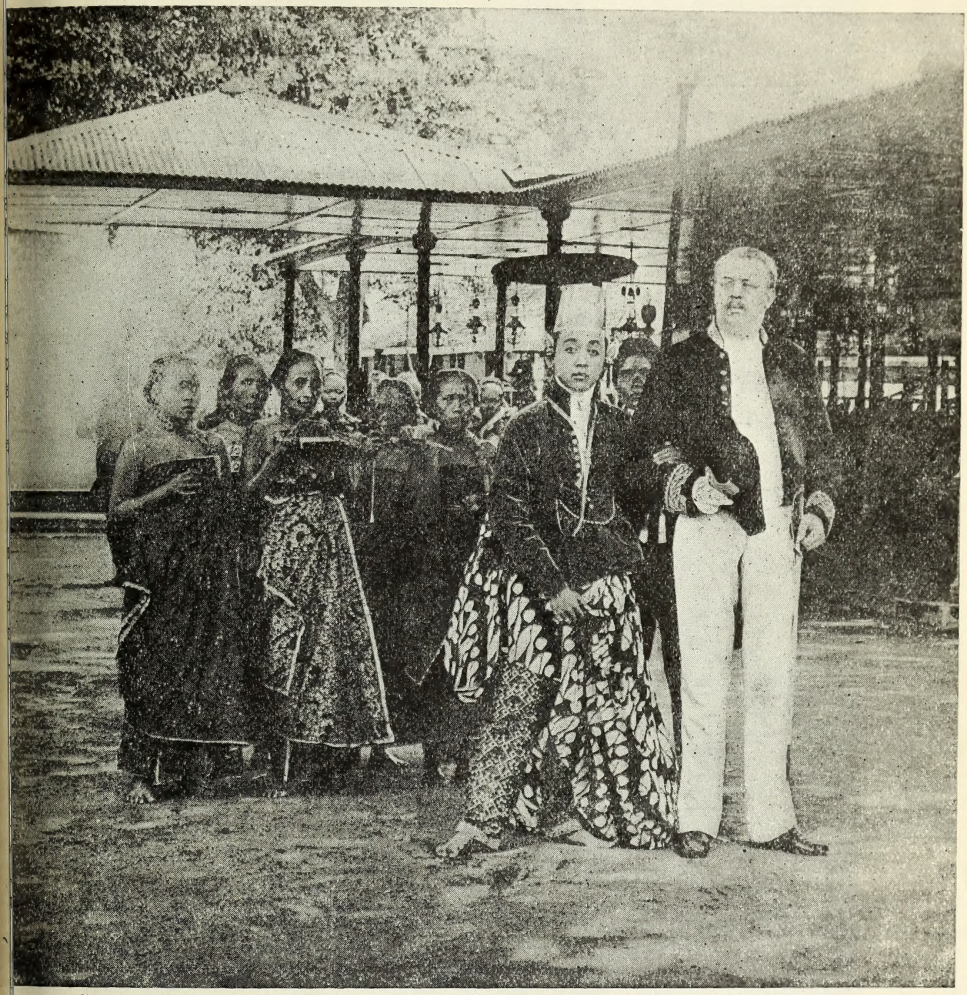
This particular reception was give the Kraton in celebration of the cerem of the previous morning; the circ cision of twenty-five sons and grands and nephews of the sultan, performe public in the court of the palace, witnessed by ten thousand people of b sexes.

The religion of Java is Mohamme and this surgical ceremony has bot physical and spiritual signification, constitutes a consecration to the creed Mahomet. It is followed by a for ball and a festival lasting three days. propitious time for the ceremony decided by astrologers.

Knowing the necessity to be punct in keeping appointments with royalty, arrived at the outer court of the Kra five minutes before seven; and proce through the shadows of great Ban trees, among increasing numbers of tainers and servants to the inner co

The sudden night of the tropics fallen; and as we descended from carriage to the place of waiting, a curi and weird picture was presented to sight. Through the dim purple twili

nd by the flickering flames of torches, undreds of retainers were moving bout; and as many more were sitting pon their haunches, illustrating the im- ortal line. "They also serve who only and (or sit) and wait." All of these were approached by two soldierly looking young Javanese men; who proved to be the crown prince, and his brother, sent to conduct the ladies of the parties to the palace. Through being the first arrival, the crown prince became my



CROWN PRINCE OF JAVA WITH RETAINERS AND DUTCH RESIDENT GOVERNOR

r al attendants were naked to the waist; f m hip to knees, clothed in the grace- f sarong. Some of them wore peculiar c s; others the fez; others a curious c b, set high on the back of the head; a each head dress or lack of head dress s nified the position, nationality, or oc- c ation of the wearer.

A few moments after our arrival, we escort; and a Dutch lady followed with the younger brother, while the men of the two parties brought up the rear as we passed through the inner court to the reception hall of the Kraton.

At the main entrance, just inside the large hall, the old Sultan of Java stood waiting to welcome his guests. He was dressed in military uniform; and his per-



JAVANESE COURT FAVORITE

sonality strongly suggested that of Bismark as seen in his portraits. He is seventy-two years of age; strong of face; of gracious manner and with a direct gaze when shaking hands, which always gives a visitor a sense of being welcome with his host.

Immediately behind the sultan, crouched his personal servant; hold in both hands what was afterwards c covered to be the royal spittoon; a when the sultan walked about, "bearer-of-the-royal-spittoon" follow with bent knees and low bowed hea for no servitor of the palace of the sul may walk upright in presence of

oyal master.

The crown prince conducted me about he room, and presented me to five of is sisters, and the crown princess, who ormed the receiving party. But instead f sitting together, they occupied chairs t stated intervals about the large hall.

Behind each princess crouched two omen servants; one holding the box of kaim (which is the royal sarong) of the same pattern; a pattern reserved for royal princesses. A soft brown in color, and composed of small squares the size of checkers. The kaim of the crown princess was in a different design. The hair of each was dressed in the same manner; brushed back from the brow and coiled low in the neck; and all were splendid



SULTAN OF BJOKJAKARTA WATCHING GAMES IN INNER COURT—COURT OF KRATON

weets, and the betel nut, so popular in ava; and the other the spittoon; for the etel nut necessitates the use of this unleasant utensil, even as does the tobacco sed by Javanese ladies to remove the ains of deep magenta, which the betel it produces.

After having made the tour of the om, I was seated near one of the exits, id allowed to watch the arrivals of the itive men and women of high caste, id the Dutch dignitaries and their wives id daughters. First of all, being a oman, I studied the costumes of the x princesses. Five of them wore a with jewelled pins and combs, and bracelets. The one touch of individuality was the coat of varying color and material. One was of velvet (a fabric much loved by ladies in the tropics, perhaps because it is expensive and unsuitable for general use) and others were of silk and satin, in as many colors as there were princesses.

Each princess carries a small fortune on her person in precious gems; and each was bare of foot. This is the law of the sultan; no man or woman (of native blood) may appear in his august presence with covered feet, unless it be a son who



A Royal Javanese Princess

has arrived at the distinction of wearing soldierly dress.

The faces, necks, hands and feet of the royal ladies were powdered creamy white; and their amiable and agreeable countenances might have been almost pretty, but for the unattractive custom (which only recently has begun to decline) of blackening the teeth. It is the distinguishing mark of the married man and woman. Now blackening the teeth does not mean to merely stain them black. It means to scrape off the precious enamel, paint them black, and then re-enamel them; which once done, is done for ever; or for so long as the teeth last. It is said that the custom originated with an idea of making the dental adornments of the human face differ from those of the animal. Others say it was done to make sacrifice on the altar of marriage. As our eyes see beauty in pearly teeth, so the eye of the Javanese and Japanese of the olden time, found beauty in these black pearls. To us it seemed a disfigurement.

When the crown prince and the princesses smiled which was often, and when they spoke their mouths were ugly black caverns. The attendants of the princesses (like all the inumerable serva in and about the palace), were cloth only in the sarong; while in the hair, a on the arms of these special "slavie shone jewels of the first water.

The courts surrounding the pala were packed with hundreds of these ha bare attendants, and in still another p tion of the great gardens within sig and sound of the reception hall, we crowded hordes of concubines and ch dren. These thousands of nude tors gleaming like bronze statues in the h lights, were a curious spectacle to t American eye, accustomed to only c casional glimpses of the human body the steam room of Turkish baths.

Later we saw the streets leading fr the main court, lined on either side wi little houses, occupied by the favorites the sultan.

The old sultan is said to be the fath of eighty children; the eldest a man fifty-seven; the youngest a child of thr months. The crown prince is a son the legal and official sultana, for whi true disciples of Mahomet, the sultans Java do not recognize more than one wi as legitimate, but legitimize and e



A Royal Daughter of a Concubine

oble many favorite children of concubines.

The Sultan of Solokarta has no children by his sultana; he has made the son f one concubine heir apparent, yet it is matter of great concern to him, that he as no royal heir to the throne.

The crown prince of Djokjakarta is he oldest son of the sultan, a princess y birth herself. He is thirty-four years f age; and has been married less than n years; but is the father of seventeen hildren. The sultan educates his sons n Javanese, Dutch and Malay, but reuses to have them taught European nguages, or to travel in foreign lands. Ie is intensely jealous of the European ountries; and does not wish his own to e contaminated by foreign manners, or leas.

The younger and more progressive ultan of Solokarta has sent three of his ns (by concubines) to be educated broad. Yet he is less social with the utch residents than his rival.

Our sultan crossed the large reception all and took his seat of state (a most mple one by the way) soon after we ade our entrance, and there he reained, until the march played by the uropean orchestra, in the court anounced the coming of the resident eneral; the official Dutch governor. escending from his chair, the sultan met e resident at the door, and conducted m to a seat on his left; the chair on his ght being occupied by the crown ince.

So soon as this ceremony had taken ace, the weird sad fascinating music of e native gamelan orchestra, gave the gnal that the feature of the evening as about to begin; the dance of the stern performances of a terpsichorean ture, has an historical basis; and each ep and jesture relates some event in e story of mingled romance, and glory. may be performed by a company of ncers; but this evening it was given by ur of the younger princesses; all essed in a costume reserved for such casions; and all as exactly alike, in aparance, as four peas in a pod.

Slim tall young girls (as height goes Java) they seemed to be not over seventeen years of age; and in their elegantly fantastic and rich costumes, with their powdered white faces, and black hair and eyebrows, and numerous jewels, they were peculiarly attractive; and they were not spoiled by blackened teeth.

The young women made a most deliberate and stately entrance. They were preceded and followed by two old duennas; withered dames who had taught generations of princesses this same dance. These royal ballet teachers were attired only in the sarong, fastened above the breast, and falling just below the knees. Their grizzled hair was plainly knotted; and they wore no jewels. It required some and they wore jewels. It required some ten minutes for the dancers to reach the centre of the hall; where they paused, each in her place, forming a square, directly in the centre of the room and in front of the sultan, and the resident. After the low obeisance was made, the four duennas dropped upon the floor; and squirmed (something after the combined manner of an inch worm and a crab), back to the main entrance. This movement was repeated eight times, by the old dames, who brought four tables, and four pistols, and placed them beside the princesses; and then writhed back to a position immediately behind the dancers, where they watched the performance as interestedly as if they had not seen it a thousand times.

A shrill chorus of women's voices, nasal and penetrating, was the signal that the dance had begun; and for ten or fifteen minutes, the graceful movements of the heads, and arms, of the slim young princesses, and the delicate manipulation of the scarf and the pretty little sliding side step of the bare feet, made a fascinating picture. It was all new, novel, and full of charm.

The remaining thirty-five minutes, grew monotonous, for the dance has no variation save the shooting of the four pistols toward the end; a proceeding gone through without a single change of countenance by the princesses; and with no excitement save in the audience.

The sultan watched the performance with a polite show of interest; but one



JAVANESE BEAUTY

could not help thinking that in the course of his seventy-two years, and with a family of eighty children, he must have seen this same exhibition too many times to be thrilled by it.

It was probably due to an irreverent American education, that the wish occurred to startle the good old sultan (who has never been away from his na island) by having his pretty daugh end their performance, with a Sal dance, or a Spanish fandango, or *da du-ventre,* to lend variety to the even

Shortly before the entertainn began, four young men between fif and twenty-two years of age, dresse

avanese costume, of sarong and coat, nd with odd little caps on their heads, ime salaaming through the main en- ance, and immediately dropped upon eir haunches, and hopped (*literally hop- adied*) their way to within a few feet f the princesses, where they sat until the d of the entertainment.

These were four younger sons of the ltan; who not yet permitted to wear niform, are likewise not permitted to alk upright in the presence of royalty. ven in the presence of the crown prince ust they squat; and hop when needing move.

The weird chant of women's nasal ices died away, the gamelan instru- ents changed their tuneless tune, to a arch movement; the four old duennas uirmed forward to the front, and the ar of the four princesses; they arose; ey stood erect as the young maidens; d away they all marched; princesses d duennas and the royal dance was er.

The sultan and the resident went ay to sup together; and then some- ing else happened, to entertain the reign eye.

From a row of chairs, on a platform ew steps below the reception hall (and low the six older princesses who had ceived the guests) came marching for- rd, led by the crown prince *sixteen ore royal princesses;* all dressed in ims of exactly the same pattern, as se worn by the six older sisters; and king so much alike as they ranged mselves in chairs, ready to be served, th refreshments, that one felt it was an tical illusion; or a trick of multiple rrors.

Each of the twenty-one princesses re a wide comb heavily studded with monds just over her coil of black hair; h wore a large diamond butterfly in middle of her coil; and each wore ee little diamond flower pins on either e of her coil.

Each sported diamond bracelets, above elbow; and each was powdered to a amy tint. But fifteen sets of teeth re pure white; and six were jet ck.

And then as they sat there, a curious thing was made evident. Every royal princess plainly exerted herself to hide her bare feet from view, by means of her tightly fitting sarong.

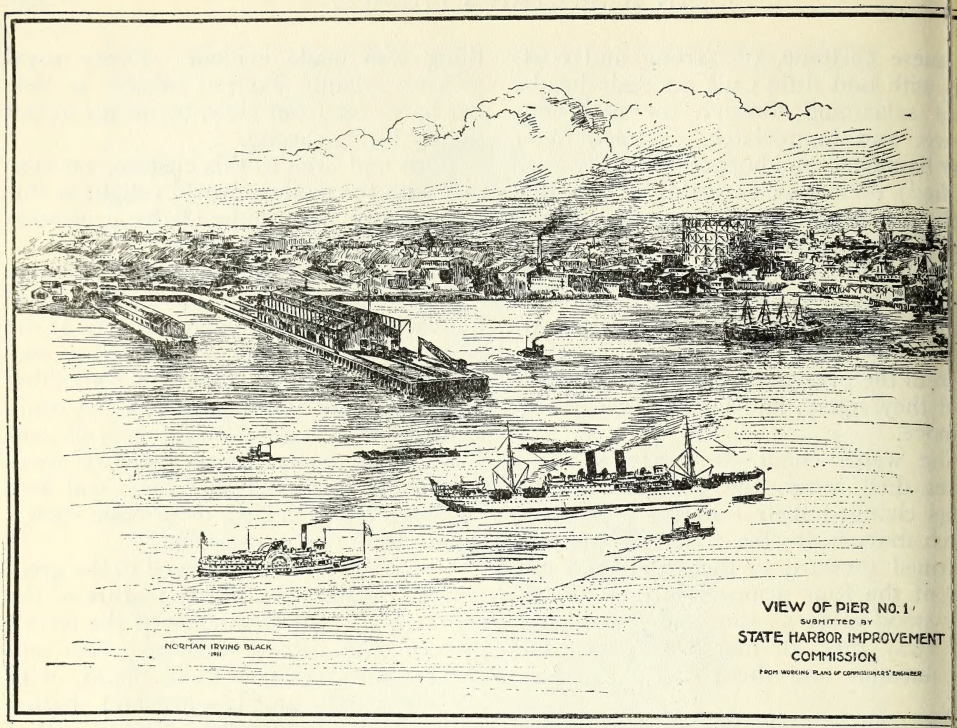
Born and bred to this custom, yet contact with the modern world (slight as this contact is), has rendered the princesses conscious of their bare feet.

A sumptuous supper of European dishes, was being served to the guests in the various side rooms, and courts of the palace; wine flowed, rich course succeeded rich course; and with something like fifteen thousand people in his train, all dependent upon his bounty (all consumers and no producers, save of more consumers) one felt that the royal host had been royal indeed, to provide such a repast for his many guests.

The princesses were served in the great reception hall, and a pretty feature of the occasion was the assistance of the crown prince; who helped them to cakes and cream, and removed their plates, with his own hands, and laughed and chatted with them meanwhile, as any other brother might do.

We came away and left them there; the charming young prince with the almost handsome face; the twenty-one near pretty princesses; in their simple native costumes (which require four months in the making; yet which by the casual glance may be mistaken for a bit of calico or creton), the squatting attendants with their two boxes behind each princess; the hundreds of retainers and servants of servants; the scores of concubines; and the innumerable half-royal children. As we looked back, the mass of half nude bodies, the variety of strange head dresses, the glitter of precious jewels, all produced a never to be forgotten picture; and we made our way to the outer court through a sudden tropical rainstorm to the music of gamelans; and we found our carriage by the flare of torches. And we drove away wondering how long this relic of a dying era would continue.

It is the last act of the spectacular opera—before another century, the curtain will ring down—Java will be less picturesque—but will not the human race be benefited?



PROJECTED IMPROVEMENT OF PROVIDENCE HARBOR

PROVIDENCE HARBOR

Something over a year ago the New England Magazine printed an article on Providence, in the course of which certain harbor improvements were advocated, and the Grand Trunk system urged to carry through their plans for entering the city. That article was part of a campaign by Providence, the success of which is now practically assured. The State of Rhode Island has appointed a commission of which Mr. Samuel B. Conant is the chairman, to have charge of improvements in Providence harbor. Two hundred thousand dollars has been appropriated for the purpose, and the above sketch gives a fair idea of the great wharf which the commission plan to build.

At the same time the Grand Trunk system announce their desire to carry out very extensive water front developments which will make Providence one of the greatest coal-receiving harbors in the country.

Mayor Fletcher has signed the or ance giving the company a right to and maintain rails in Allens avenue the state dock, which is under const tion, and with this signature the obstacle to the company was elimina

Vice-President Murdock says that company will shortly ask the city to le to it a portion of the city's property Field's Point where, in the near fut the city is to build a long retaining and dock combined. The company d not ask exclusive right to use this d but asks the right of way for its cars

The proposed sea wall will be 2, feet in length and the railroad prop that the city lay rails thereon, and o them to the use of all railway compa The Southern New England will ma connection with these, according to plan, from its coal-handling depot. freight yard large enough to hold cars is also planned nearby, for the ha ling of freight not for local distribut

The Uncommercial Club

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS.

HOW long a journey from your office can I persuade you to make at this session of the club? This is the Christmas ason, and it approaches the anniver- ry of Charles Dickens, the novelist of man kindness. Bare and bold against e back-ground of his own love of manity, stand out the old crusties that knew so well how to paint. But did yone ever paint the mental torture of ose who are "old crusties" not from santhropy, but from the sharp com- lsions of responsibility? There are en whose lives are one long masquerade that kind. It is a horrid mask to be mpelled to wear. I wonder if we ally need to? At no time of the year n you so readily experiment with the en-purse theory of economics as at this liday season.

Charles Dickens is one of the creators the modern Christmas spirit. Had he ne nothing else worthy of remem- ance, the world could still hail him as e of its greatest humanists.

One thing that I like about Charles ckens is that he did not have an rtistic temperament." He did artist's rk mighty well without the particular mbination of indolence and sensuous- ss that has had the impudence to as- me that title.

Come to think of it, the man who wrote e finest Christmas hymn ever chanted a poet's soul, was also notably ficient in artistic temperament. I can referring, of course, to no other than referring, of course, to no other than hn Milton, in whose verse is more ntal muscle and precision of thought n in anything else in English poetry. we can find a place in our hearts for Christmas that Milton sang of and ckens pictured, we will have a com- bination of humanity and devotion that will not unworthily memorialize the birth of the great teacher of Nazareth.

Speaking of "artistic temperament," did you ever note how utterly inapplicable the phrase is to any of the really great artists? It is only to the second and third-rate performers that you can append such an epithet—to Poe and Keats, but not to Shakespeare and Milton; not to the Homers and the Dantes of literature, but to the Heines and Rousseaus; not to the Raphaels and Michael Angelos, but to the hordes of lesser men whose deficiencies are covered by this accursed phrase.

An artist is one of the world's workers whose skill is set apart for the production of things intrinsically beautiful. The world has need of such. It is very hard work, requiring infinite patience and tireless energy, and the artist must needs possess the most indefatigable type of each. He is brother to the man with the spade and fellow citizen with the smith and the joiner and the weaver. The potter and the glazier are his fellow-craftsmen. The baker and the shoemaker are of the same guild. By virtue of his tireless industry the world is richer, and life far, far more worth while. The atist is also a thinker, not simply a dreamer, but a hard, close thinker. Nowhere will wish-washy thinking and slovenly mental habits show up so fatally and so inevitably as in the finished work of art. I think that a realization of these things would do us all a world of good. Here in America, particularly, we seem to have set the world of art aside as a thing having nothing to do with the toil upon which our civilized living is based. The "artistic" abominations to be found in the furnishing of so many American

homes bears witness to this false classification. Where on earth did we get it? How did we ever come to confuse art and sloppiness? I am inclined to think that the answer is not far to find. There were so many trees to be chopped down (which work we have certainly done to a turn), and, here in New England, so many boulders to build into stone walls, while our western friends have had such vast acreages to turn with the ploughshare, and we have had so many cities and railroads to build, that the man who could turn aside simply to do prettinesses has not received very much encouragement and scant honor. It has been looked upon as an indolent life, and its appeal has been to the indolent at heart. At least until very recently, our greatest artists have been building and digging and, with a few rare exceptions, a motley crew of "temperamental" people have been writing our poems and songs and painting our pictures.

Now that is all our own fault. It is our own foolishness that we have dumped all this slush and abomination of desolation into our divorce courts and the sensational columns of our newspapers. Is it not time to take out seriously? Is is not time to build fewer art museums and properly honor and support real art?

You will certainly fill the ranks of any profession with the type of men that correspond to the popular conception of that profession. It is our own fault that the ministry, for example, has deteriorated. We failed in properly construing and properly supporting and properly honoring the office. And the result? Why, everybody knows what that is. Fortunate is the rural New England community that has not at least one old white church with the doors nailed, or at least unlocked only semi-occasionally for some unknown visiting clergyman who could not, if he were a Chrysostom, speak with the authority of the old-time life-settlement pastor. No, we conform to expectation, with the few exceptions where tremendous strength of personality has been able to stand out.

Let us have a noble ideal of the artist and his work, and watch for results.

Always and inevitably, that brings to the educational foundations. Read of the New England Magazine know t we are strongly in favor of class education. The long vista, the d perspective of years, the familiarity w the totality of a race achievement, c rects standards and saves us from brashness of judgments that grow of the present alone. We take off hats to the government of Oxford U versity upon its retention of the r making Greek compulsory. Can a n play tennis well who never saw a gr player in the game? It is easy to go i raptures over our own accomplishme if we have no back-ground against wh to judge them. We have done more th a little of that in this over-sea land ours. We need the classical educat more than others, not less. We have back-ground of our own. We are many nations and races. We are an i migrant population. What will save from the paganism of our religious fr dom and sectarian narrowness, and barbarianism of our accumulating weal like the mental standards that acc from classical education? Don't mak mistake on this subject with your bo education. Give him the best.

To the ardent idealist it might se that the proximity to Boston of su well-governed municipalities as Newt and Brookline, could not but exercise potent and wholesome influence upon t civic life of the great New Engla metropolis.

The constant spectacle of so consid able a body of citizens enjoying all t felicities of good government, fin equipped schools, clean and park-li thoroughfares, pure water and a sile smoothly working system of public co veniences, at a minimum tax-rate, mig well lead to political reform and emu tion. It is somewhat stupefying to fi the influence in the other direction mo conspicuous and active. Within 1,600 a majority of the citizens of Newt voted, at the recent election in that ci for what was tantamount to a comple slump back to party political metho The mental standpoint of those who a

illing to sacrifice so much for petty aims
nd clique-victories is difficult to catch.
he spectacle of Boston's mis-govern-
ent and apparent helplessness under the
way of partisan politics is, it might well
e thought, of a nature to deter even the
ost calloused citizen from deliberately
unging his home community into such
chaos of extravagance and inefficiency.
he fight for freedom is scarcely more
an begun. With Cambridge bickering
er making room for the Massachusetts
nstitute of Technology, and Newton
ngerously near to overthrowing non-
rtisan local government, what may
irly be regarded as the most intelligent
cality in the United States reveals a
vic blindness and folly that shows how
ide is the need of the most elementary
struction in the essentials of self-gov-
rnment. Most of the discussion of civic
uestions that is rife is entirely over the
eads of the great body of the electorate,
ithout whose co-operation no progress
possible. What is needed is a patient
nd persistent evangelism beginning with
ie simplest rudiments.

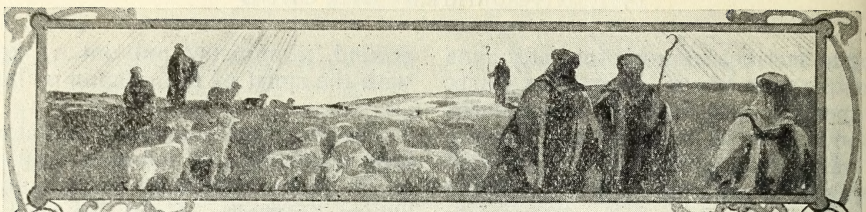
Day and night, and more, far more
eavily than we realize, the pressure of
tilitarian needs, like the great trade
inds that rule the growth of the pines,
ends us to its will. So steady is this
ressure that we are scarcely conscious of
s existence until something gives a tem-
orary relaxation. And I think that this
ct has much to do with our mental en-
oyment of things that exist for beauty
one.

I was thinking of this as I passed the
arkway which the Christian Science
ociety have opened out between their
reat church in Boston and Huntington
venue. A veritable ministry of peace
ows continually from this little plot of ground, a ministry not out of keeping with the spirit of the religion of healing.

The year that is drawing to a close has been distinctly and definitely transitional in its most important contributions to human progress. There are such years followed by others of distinct and definite consummation. Very remarkable, for example, was the year 1859 that saw more epoch-making work actually accomplished than can be credited to any consecutive twelve months since that date. Darwin's Origin of Species, Ewald's History of Israel, Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics were, each in its own field, revolutionizing books.

Garibaldi's victories in Italy, the battle of Solferino, the victory of the Palmerston ministry were events of equal importance in the field of European politics. In America, it is the year of John Brown's tragic attempt at Harper's Ferry, and of the admission of Oregon to the United States.

If any events of like importance have occurred in the year 1911, the fact can only be known by the illuminating light of history. In the near perspective nothing of the kind is visible. And yet there have been changes of great importance in progress, changes not yet consummated. The backward swing of the pendulum toward idealistic thought is more rapid and more pronounced. Politically in this country there is a distinct turning of the tide of radicalism that seemed so overwhelming a year ago. The man who tries to put his finger on any revolution or conspicuous betterment creditable to the year 1911, is almost certain to be disappointed, but the man who lives as though 1911 had not happened will find himself woefully behind the profession.



"L'OISEAU DE DIEU."

(A Legend of Normandy.)

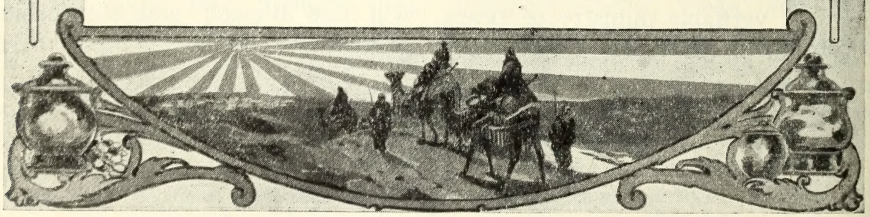
WHEN sweet Babe Jesus sleeping lay
And shivered with the cold;
The wee brown wren took thought to Him,
Her down she plucked and brought to Him,
Enwrapped Him, fold on fold.

When sweet Babe Jesus craved a robe,
A-couching in the hay,
Her own warm plumes she laid on Him,
A feathered garb she made on Him,
That blessed Christmas day.

Babe Jesus lacked a coverlet;
The rude wind stole within;
The wren brought leaves and spread on Him,
Russet and gold she shed on Him,
And lapped Him softly in.

Dear bird of brown, thou tender heart,
Thou gav'st the Babe thine all!
To praise thee is most meet to us,
Thy pitying deeds are sweet to us,
God's blessing on thee fall!

Nora Archibald Smith.



A Recent Volume of Verse

Macmillan and Company, New York, have issued a volume of poems by Madison Cawein, the Kentuckian whose rank as an American poet is vouched for in a "foreword" by W. D. Howells. The volume might be called "Nature Poetry." This term might become merely a fairly forbidding epithet after reading many of these poems at one sitting, for it may be possible that we are not to blame for a feeling of weariness on account of Mr. Cawein's incessant noticing of the minutest nature appearances; a cataloguing, as it were, (poetically to be sure) the visible attributes of "An Old Byway," for instance. In this we feel a trifle disappointed, for "An Old Byway" must surely be peopled with such a ghostery of human experience; and not a word of it but merely a recounting of the natural objects themselves. It is as though one walked down this Byway and saw much but felt little. This is a frequent fault throughout the book. It would seem that it were a habit of Mr. Cawein's and that he had found he could do it and was loth to cease.

There is a vital sensing of things in "A Woodland Grave," but it seems that however much the theme may be flooded with an opportunity for deeper human appeal to us, he is still borne along, caught in the current of the whirlpool of lifting rhythm and a corresponding accompaniment of a Swinburnian felicitousness of phrasery,—and this accompaniment is so incessant and insistent that it too often beats away the theme. The last stanza has an abandon to fate which redeems it, as far as helping it to deepen the experience for us be concerned. But the first lines, the first stanza, bear no trace of this.

An Enterprise Worthy of Boston

A UNIQUE institution, such as exists in no other large city in the United States, for the encouragement of new industries, was launched in Boston December 4, when the Industrial Development Company of the Boston Chamber of Commerce held its first annual meeting and announced that it was ready for business. It also announced that a fund of $500,000 has been subscribed by leading bankers, merchants, manufacturers, department stores and public-spirited individuals, to guarantee the credit of small manufacturers who wish to obtain money in order to locate in or about Boston, or who are already in business here and want to expand. The Chamber of Commerce regards the raising of this great fund as one of the most important achievements of its entire history, and expects through it to increase materially the industries of Boston.

James J. Storrow, formerly president of the Chamber, was elected president of the company. The following other officers were elected:

Vice-presidents: William A. Gaston, Thomas P. Beal, Daniel G. Wing; Treasurer: Russell G. Fessenden; Secretary: Thomas L. Pierce; Board of Directors: Thomas P. Beal, Elmer J. Bliss, Roland W. Boyden, Russell G. Fessenden, William A. Gaston, Edwin F. Greene, George Hutchinson, John S. Lawrence, James J. Phelan, Lehman Pickert, James J. Storrow, Daniel G. Wing; Loan Committee: Clifton H. Dwinnell, Charles B. Jopp, E. Elmer Foye, Arthur P. Stone, Abraham C. Ratshesky.

The active and only salaried official of the company will be its secretary. All the other officers serve without pay. The company is not a money making proposition, but the Chamber of Commerce in reply to the insistent demand that something be done directly to stimulate manu-

facturing in Boston has provided this medium through which promising industries which have reached the limit of their bank credit may secure further money.

The formation of the company is the result of the appointment by the Chamber some time ago of a special committee on manufactures. The committee early determined to learn whether any of the leading commercial organizations in the United States did anything directly toward giving financial assistance to prospective manufactures or whether the organization gave endorsements which, by influencing persons to subscribe for stock, were equivalent to financial assistance.

The committee received letters from many organizations similar to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and in every case these secretaries reported that they neither gave endorsement nor made any efforts toward obtaining capital for prospective industries.

The Chamber committee, after giving hearings and interviews to many applicants for such aid, finally decided that there might be some way to assist them through a subscription guaranty fund. It therefore secured the services of a trained economist, who made probably the most comprehensive and exhaustive report on all the resources of Boston that has ever been made, a report which is now on file at the library of the Chamber. One of his conclusions was that municipal Boston offered unusual opportunities for small plants occupying loft buildings. With a view to aiding these small manufacturers a study was made by the Chamber as to the best sort of working plan whereby the guaranty credit fund could be obtained, and last spring a charter was obtained from the Legislature in the names of President Smith and Secretary McKibben of the Chamber, and David F. Edwards, formerly in charge of the industrial department of the Chamber. The first activity, following the granting of the charter, was the raising of the $500,000 fund. This was done during the summer, through the active efforts of Mr. Storrow, President George S. Smith of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Mr James J. Phelan, a Director of the Chamber, Mr. Gaston, Mr. Wing, and other leading advocates of the idea.

The list of subscribers is representative of all business interests in Boston Headed by many of the business houses which are represented on the board of directors, it includes men from practically all lines of activity, retailers wholesalers, manufacturers, financiers grain dealers, newspaper publishers philanthropists. The subscriptions range in size from $1,000 to $10,000 each.

The method of operation will be as follows: A man desiring money, and finding that he cannot obtain it at the banks, goes to the Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber has an industrial development committee, distinct from the development company, of which George Howland Cox of the Cambridge Trust Company is chairman. This committee will make a preliminary inquiry into the merits of the proposition. If it is found impracticable to give the assistance sought, the man is so notified. If, on the other hand, it seems meritorious and worthy of more careful study, it is turned over to the Loan Committee of the Industrial Development Company. This committee makes a thorough study, and if convinced that the industry is desirable and seems likely to succeed, recommends it to the executive committee of the Development Company. The executive committee give the applicant their endorsement on his note, which he takes to a bank. The bank, seeing the endorsement of this company, loans the money desired, and the industry locates in Boston.

This plan is one which has never been tried in any large city in the country Two or three very small cities have used a similar plan with success, greatly increasing their industries. In these cases however, the conditions have been different, in that the men subscribing to the credit fund have been able to foresee direct personal benefit to them from obtaining new industries, the community being so small as to make this direct return traceable. In a large city like Boston, however, the benefit from in

creased industrial activity is widely diffused over the whole community. It is therefore considered the more remarkable that it should be possible to raise so large a sum as the Chamber of Commerce has obtained for this purpose.

Restoration

By LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

Around the old abandoned house
  Runs wild the knee-deep grass;
The windows, stark, unsightly,
  Have lost their eyes of glass.
The matted vines that wind the porch
  The leaning pillars hide,
The birds fly in, the bats fly out,
  The doors are open wide.

A rabbit creeps across the floor
  To take a noon-day rest.
And on the dusty mantle shelf
  A phœbe builds its nest;
The tented chambers next the roof
  Receive the slanting sun,
The spider's drooping tapestries
  From floor to rafters run.

A rose-vine wanders in the hall
  And winds about the stair,
As if to keep for memory dear
  A hint of beauty there;
And through the rooms, so empty, cold,
  And through the straggling flowers,
Elusive laughter seems to ring,
  Lost notes from happier hours.

Then lo! a troop to overcome!
  Child voices in the lane,
The sound of hammer and of saw,—
  The home is new again!
Brave hearts, the toil of eager hands,
  Swift joy-lit scenes compell:—
The curling smoke, the hearth restored,
  The laughter at the well.

A father's smile, a mother's kiss,
  A trust that never grieves,
The book, the song, the lamplight,
  The rain among the leaves.
Eternal gladness finds its own.
  The home will not decay;
Fair children riot in the rooms.
  And Love has come to stay.



HAMILTON PARK, WATERBURY, CONN.

Waterbury, the Brass Centre

By JOHN HARLAN

IT would be difficult to think of an art or industry into some part of which the produce of the brass and copper-smith do not enter, so that though based on that single raw material, the industries of Waterbury are first of all, notable for their great diversity. From the telephone wire that you talk over to the pin in your desk tray and from your wife's kitchen boiler to the buckle on her hat, the chances are just 73 to 27 that it was made in or near Waterbury. For in that portion of Connecticut is centered 73 per cent of the brass and copper manufacturing of the whole United States.

Out of its own poverty Waterbury rose to this pre-eminence. The poorest piece of mother earth upon which the imagination of the real estate dealer ever conferred the title of "poultry farm," is a dream of fertility beside the cropless acres that set their stubborn resistance against the back-breaking toil of pioneer husbandry. And, in all probability, it was savage poverty that dictated a form of industry for the pursuit of which the locality possesses not a single natural advantage. Without a mine of copper, zinc or tin within a thousand miles, far from the great highways of travel, without water connection with the great markets of the world and no market of her own, without fuel for her furnaces and forges, what irony on political economy dictated that this Connecticut town should manufacture more brass and copper articles than all the copper-producing districts in the world put together?

Waterbury began on the worn out copper kettles of her more prosperous neighbors. The copper kettle was an institution in New England, and the source of supply seemed literally inexhaustible to the maker of small waves who could hammer out the discarded domestic utensil into a thousand forms of beauty and utility.

Then came the human equation and developed this child of lean necessity into the giant industry of to-day. It is a wonderful story and worth pondering over by students of economies. It breaks every law but the highest—that of the supremacy of mind. Waterbury should have its own hall of fame, and in it should be inscribed many a name unknown to the world of those whose ingenuity have fashioned the wheels and rollers into which the shiny metal feeds and from which it emerges, a finished product. For there is the secret of her strength. Pre-eminence in the devising of brass working machinery has kept her always to the front. Waterbury dreams of a machine that will receive brass at one end and turn out watches at the other, wound, adjusted and ticking in perfect isochronism, and equal in time-keeping qualities to the best chronometer made.

But the machines actually in operation are sufficiently astonishing, and it is now no small part of Waterbury's business to supply these to the rest of the world.

Beginning with a patent granted Stephen Hopkins long before 1796, Waterbury men have recorded thousands of inventions, many of which have proven to be sources of wealth to their fortunate owners. Some of these inventions which have helped to make Waterbury and the Naugatuck valley famous, are A. B. Wilson's Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine, Charles Goodyear's process for vulcanizing India rubber, Edward S. Hayden's patented process for electrolyzing copper, D. A. A. Buck's long wind Waterbury watch, Theodore Timby's revolving tower for war vessels (used on the famous Monitor), L. J. Atwood's sixty-two patents during thirty years of his life to 1890, L. S. White's thirty patents in as many years, and H. W. Hayden's thirty-nine patents in less than forty years.

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Court House

After a novelty has made its market to the extent that all the owners of the patents need to do is to turn them out by the million and take in the money with the other hand, they want to economize on the cost of manufacture.

Then they can come to Waterbury to the men who are skilled in such things with a sample of the article in hand and say: "Build us a machine to make that out of the metal at one operation." The machinists set to work and produce th machine. When it is done it works s that a boy can run it. He sees that it oiled and fed with material and take away the hundreds of finished piece which it throws out in a shower ever minute. Every original machine of thi kind is a special order and the first c each kind may cost many thousands o dollars and be perfected only afte months of experiment. Nowhere else i the world can such delicate and intricat machine work be done as here. It i machines and processes like these i which Waterbury is so expert that have kept her in the lead of the world in the higher branches of metal working. It i this "knowing how to do it" that explains the old Waterbury Watch, the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, and in fact that the metal buttons on the overalls you buy in Australia and the coins that you pick up in Costa Rica were made in Water-

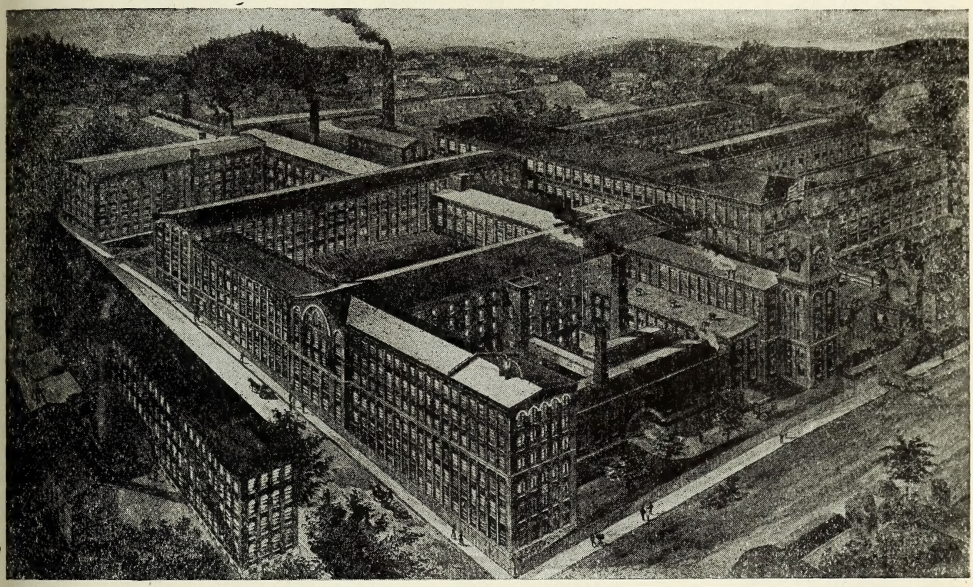
bury.

Here pennies and nickels for the United States government are made in the rough by the million out of special "government metal."

Besides coin, the buttons of the soldiery of several nations furnish much labor for us, while government armament enters very largely into the responsibility of one large concern. Most of this work is a grave responsibility, requiring skill of a special character. Because of it federal secret service men come and go out of Waterbury unseen and unheralded and special representa-

that Silas and Henry Grilley operated as makers of pewter buttons, and Mark Leavenworth made gilt buttons with Willard Spencer and Corydon S. Sperry as partners.

About 1830 two Waterbury men, Daniel Hayden and his son, Joseph S. Hayden, perfected the machine which first covered cloth buttons. In the history of Waterbury it is stated that in 1858, out of thirty-four concerns in Waterbury ten were wholly or in part devoted to button making. The Waterbury Button Co. was the first in the field of button endeavor, for years a depart-



Plant of the Waterbury Clock Co.

tives of different nations make the city at of different nations make the city at times their stamping ground. The most important of this class of work perhaps, is the sensative mechanism for the big self-firing naval shells and the brass and copper cylinders that confine the powerful chemicals that destroy life and property in war.

No city in the world has such a reputation for buttons of all kinds. The button industry dates back to 1760 at least, when Joseph Hopkins made them of sterling silver and to last forever. Those familiar with the history of the trade say

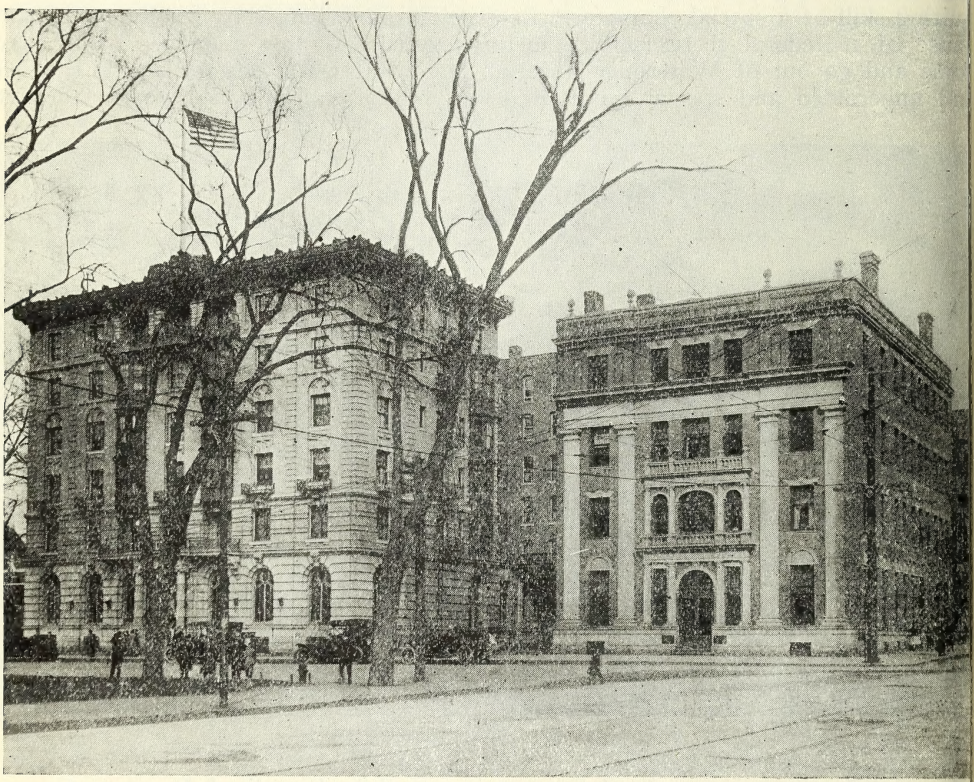
ment of the Benedict & Burnham Co. and afterwards since 1849, as a corporation. The Scoville Co. as early as 1824, distinguished itself by making a special button on a die made at the United States mint, which buttons were to commemorate the visit to America of the Marquis de Lafayette. These buttons were of solid gold and were given as an appreciation of the interest of the marquis in this country.

The clock product, now closely approximating 3,000 daily, is an illustration of how more than 1,600 people are occupied in some of the most modern fac-

tory buildings in New England. These clocks reach every point of the compass, and tick away human life methodically and accurately. All over the countries of the old world Waterbury's clocks are household fixtures dear in sentiment and associations.

In the manufacturing and labor world Waterbury is credited with having a larger number of skilled artisans than blacks in darkest Africa.

Engaged in the moulding and th finishing of the varied products i Waterbury plants are more than twent thousand industrious and contente workers. Strikes and dissensions a unknown, a tribute to the intelligence c the workers and the friendly understan ing that exists between employer an employe. The annual amount of wag



Hotel Elton, Citizens National Bank Building

any other city of equal size in the world. The products of Waterbury can be found in every quarter of the civilized and partially civilized globe. A Waterbury clock is ticking a greeting to the visitor to the home of a millionaire and missionaries to the far off heathen have brought joy to the heart of the savage in the brush with the presentation of a Waterbury timepiece. The pins and brass decorations turned out in Waterbury are used in the home of these blest with wealth and in the thatch roofed shelters of the

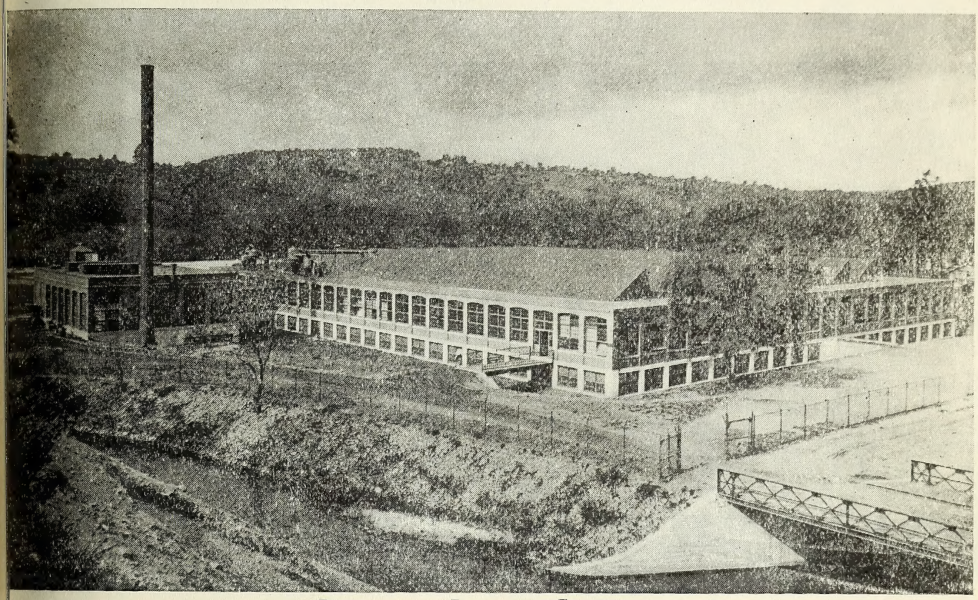
paid is nearly $9,000,000 and every yea sees an appreciable increase. Addition floor space is constantly being added, a befitting the center of the brass industr of the world and each year sees an in crease in the number of workers em ployed.

Waterbury is situated on the Naug tuck River, about 30 miles from Lon Island Sound, and about the same di tance northwest from New Haven an southwest from Hartford. It is the hea quarters of the western division of th

New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, which includes three lines still called by their old names, the Naugatuck, the Highland and the Berkshire. Waterbury is at the junction of the Naugatuck and Highland lines. There are branches extending to Watertown on the north and to Meriden and the Connecticut River on the east. The Naugatuck line connects Waterbury on the south with New Haven, Bridgport, and by the main line with New York, and

business center of the city. The Library building is one of the most notable structures in the city. It is the gift of Silas Bronson who left also an endowment of $200,000 for its maintainance. It contains a larger number of books than any other library in the state, except that of Yale University.

In the heart of the city is the Green fronting on which are some of the more important public buildings, including the City Hall, one of the city's leading



Blake and Johnson Company

gives through these ports, water connection with all the world. On the north the line reaches Winsted and gives connection with the Boston and Albany and the New York Central roads. The Highland Division extends on the west to the Hudson River, and on the east to Hartford, Boston and Providence. This makes Waterbury one of the most important inland railroad centers in New England. The company has lately built a depot and made other improvements costing about $3,000,000.

The visitor whose favorable attention has already been won by this unusual and attractive railroad station, enters the city by a broad, handsome highway that leads him by the Library Park to the hotels, and the two oldest churches. A considerable portion of the population of Waterbury passes or crosses this little oasis, and the loving care with which it is kept testifies silently and powerfully to the public spirit of the citizens.

One big asset which the city of Waterbury enjoys is a system of water supply second to none in the state and superior to most of the systems in New England. A comprehensive plan extending over several decades has been worked out under intelligent engineering guidance and the result is the present system, with the Wigwam reservoir completed and the big reservoir at Morris, to cost a million dollars, well on the way toward taking its place in the chain of lakes high up among

the hills of Morris, furnishing a pure and abundant water supply for the people of the city for still another decade.

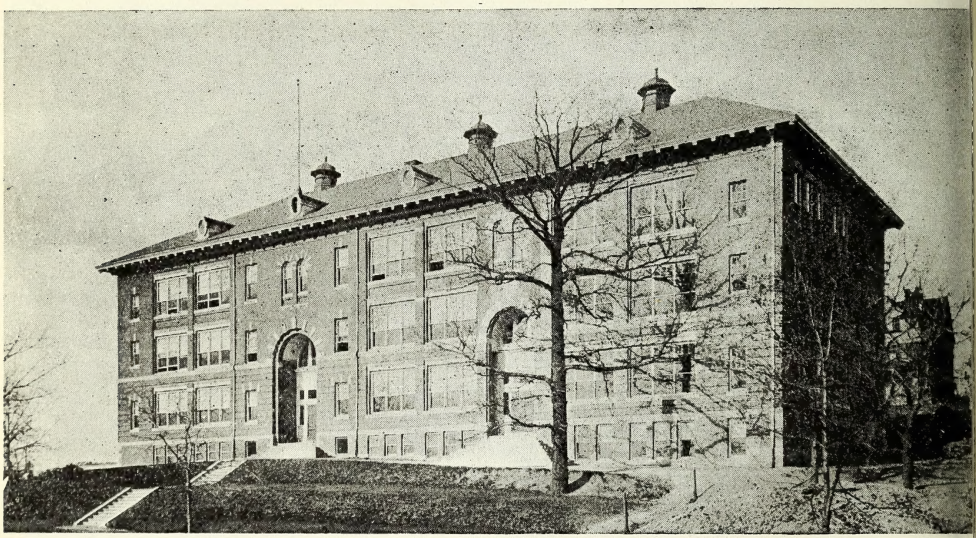
The contract calls for its completion in September, 1912, but there is some doubt whether all the work will have been done by that date.

When the storage reservoir is completed it will impound 2,000,000,000 gallons of water, in addition to the 735,000,000 gallons held by the Wigwam reservoir. The new dam, which closes up the valley at the upper end of the Wigwam reservoir just above the main stream of the west branch, as the water course has been known since old colonial days, as the Morris brook. The storage reservoir is calculated to impound water to the depth of ninety feet. The dam itself will be 100 feet high and all will extend 1,100 feet across the valley from hill to hill, practically a quarter of a mile. The foundations of the colossal mass of masonry will go down to bed rock forty-five feet below the level of the reservoir bottom. This makes the height of the dam from the foundation 145 feet.

Water for the various purposes of manufacture is very important and in this Waterbury is most fortunately situated.

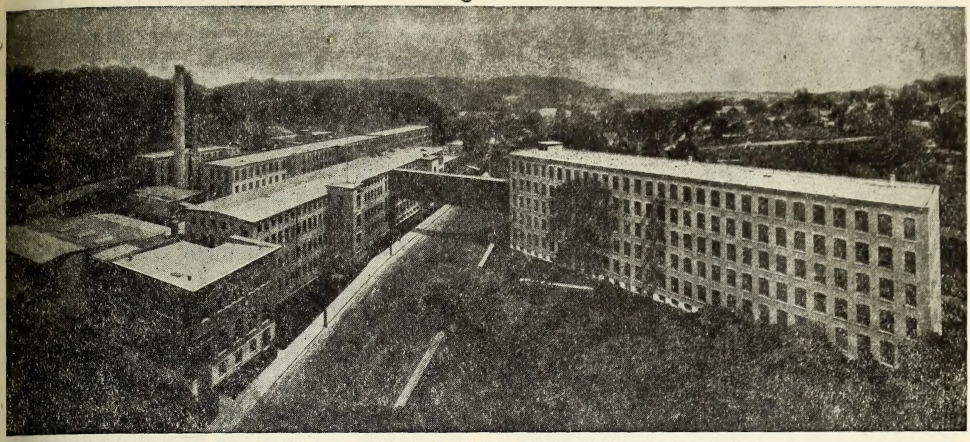
Another element of growing importance in manufacturing is gas. It will doubtless be a surprise to most peop who are in the habit of thinking of g only in connection with lighting ar cooking to learn that there are more tha 800 separate and distinct uses to whic this commodity is now put.

Not only has gas become an importa factor in the running of machinery an numerous industrial processes, in whic it tends to cut down factory expense, in prove the quality of the work and in crease the output; but it is intensely in portant as an illuminant of greate strength and color value which facilitat work and saves the eyes of employes.



THE WALSH SCHOOL

While gas is generally recognized a the ideal industrial fuel and illuminant, is of particular interest to note that i Waterbury the gas supplied is of un usually high quality and that the servic of the Gas Company is such as to thor oughly safeguard the interests of manu facturers. The United Gas Improvemen Company has a thoroughly modern plan and exercises the greatest care known t modern science in making gas of a hig candle-power and also containing unusua heating value. After being manufacture the gas is constantly tested, with th result that it is supplied day and night a even pressure and with practically n change in lighting or heating efficiency



PLANT OF THE OAKVILLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

The illuminant standard is kept at twenty-four candle-power and the heating value at six hundred and fifty British thermal units. Added to the quality of the gas, the fact that the Gas Company maintains a Service Department which advises with manufacturers and insures their lights and industrial appliances working satisfactorily at all times, is an important consideration to the factory owner or manager.

Of particular interest to the manufacturer is the sliding scale of prices maintained by the Gas Company, which makes it possible for a large industrial consumer to secure his gas as low as seventy cents per thousand cubic feet. The rates are as follows:

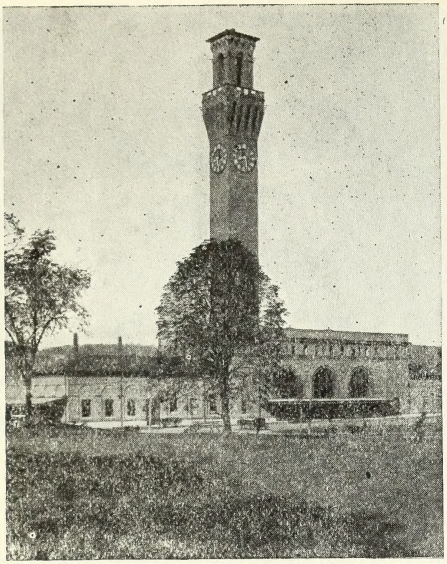
First 10,000 cubic feet per month, $1.10 per thousand cubic feet.

Next 20,000 cubic feet per month, 90 cents per thousand cubic feet.

Next 20,000 cubic feet per month, 80 cents per thousand cubic feet.



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING



NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STATION

All gas consumed in excess of 50,000 cubic feet per month, 70 cents per thousand cubic feet.

At the present time there are three National Banks, three Savings Banks and three Trust Companies doing business in Waterbury; one of the National Banks and two of the Trust Companies also having savings departments.

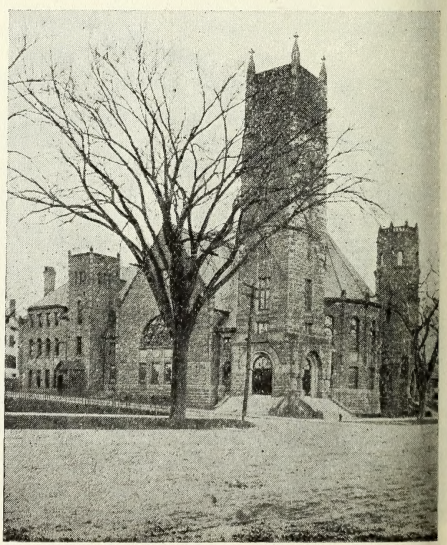
The total capital of the National Banks and Trust Companies is $1,700,000 and, according to their latest statements, their surplus and undivided profits amount to over $1,100,000, with deposits of approximately $7,500,000. The deposits of the three Savings Banks amount to $13,000,000 and their surplus to $500,000.

The banks of Waterbury, during the panic of 1907 were in better financial condition than a majority of the banks in the country. At that time it was not necessary for them to use checks for pay rolls in any way.

The Waterbury National Bank, the oldest bank in the city, was started in 1848; the Waterbury Savings Bank, the oldest Savings Bank, was organized in 1860; the Citizens National Bank was opened in 1853 and the Dime Savings Bank in 1870.

The net work of railroads that center in Waterbury, its splendid gas and water service, its great financial strength an above all, the many thousands of skill labourers living there afford attractio to manufacturers that are very appealin Waterbury will meet half way and we come in substantial fashion the right kir of new industries. There are favorab locations to be secured and every facili will be secured to those seriously unde taking any new business that will bene the city.

The beauty of the location is in itse an attraction not to be despised even fro the most utilitarian standpoint. Th Naugatuck valley is one of the mo charmingly picturesque in beautiful Ne England. In this age of automobiles, th surrounding country is one's door-yar Its attractiveness is an important item the health and happiness account. N where can a greater variety of interestin and beautiful landscape be enjoyed tha in a few hours' ride in the country abo Waterbury. The city is showing i realization of this fact by the develo ment of its park system. Tracts of lan have been given by Mrs. David B. Hami ton, Mrs. Augustus S. Chase and other and as these are improved, the city will b supplied with recreation grounds of un surpassed beauty, and the recently sple did gift of the old hospital grounds b Helen Chase.



SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

The Convict Critic and Other Prison Notes

By JOSEPH M. SULLIVAN

SING SING prison always had more than its share of literary critics; this is because the prison is situated in the large state of New York, and has a large population to draw its literary characters from and because in New York we have the brains as well as the vices of the entire world. There has just been issued from the press at Sing Sing prison a book which has been reviewed by T. P's Weekly, a London literary periodical, and the review is so appropriate that I give it here in its entirety.

The Prison Book Reviewer and Author.

An extraordinary document has just come to light at Sing Sing. Written by a convict in the prison vernacular, this work is a criticism of all the prison literature actually read by the author himself. It is intended to be a guide to the other convict readers, and now holds a place in the Sing Sing library under the title of "My View on Books." The author is Sing Sing No. 57,709. There is a foreward to the volume running as follows: The author offers no apology for what follows, which perhaps will illustrate to what Stygian depths the English language may descend. Unlike many book reviewers, he refers only to what works he has read. Every book mentioned is in the library at Sing Sing (bearing the number given after it) and may probably also be found at Auburn and Clinton.

The Balzac Stable.

Such is the interest in a work setting forth the actual views of a man on the literature which he has absorbed in the uninspiring environment of a prison that a few of his criticisms, as they actually appear, should prove acceptable. "Cæsar Birrotteau," by Honore de Balzac, is eulogised thus:—"Swell goods." Balzac is all to the mustard when it comes to giving us a line on the doings in Giddyburg." The same author's "Pere Goriot" also meets with approval:—"The Balzac stable has nothing but winners. This one is about an old frog-eater who, while taking life easy, was bled from the parlor to the garret by a couple of flashy dames that belonged to the family. Give this one the glad hand." And again on Cousin Pons:—"Cast your glims over this; two old guys in this that are classy. It's an up-to-the-minute scoop that Balzac is in a class by himself."

Don Quixote Wins the Literary Handicap.

Don Quixote never received more whole-hearted praise:—"This one grabs the cake. Cervantes won by a mile when he entered the Don in the literary handicap. About an old guy with a screw loose, who went out to rescue distressed damsels when knighthood wasn't in flower. The geezer that went with him was a 'fall guy' for fair." Some of the author's criticisms of Marie Corelli are appended: —" 'Wormwood': This is a strong yarn of a booze fighter with an absinthe yen-yen. He certainly was the original terrible example. Get next to this live wire; it'll do you good." " 'Thelma': Marie takes the candy. It is a sure thing you'll like this one." " 'The Romance of Two Worlds': This one is a pipe dream of this world and the one to come, as Marie sees it. You can scratch this entry if you want to. Other winners in the Corelli stable are 'Vendetta' (No. 546), 'The

Sorrows of Satan' (No. 951), and 'Ardath' (No. 548)." Alphonse Daudet, Hall Caine, Alexander Dumas, Oliver Goldsmith, Rider Haggard, W. D. Howells, Victor Hugo, W. W. Jacobs, Charles Kingsley, and a heap of others come in for most irreverent criticism, but there is no use denying the skill displayed by the critic.

The Cost of Environment.

The above critic clearly shows in his language the mark of environment. The language of the race track tout and the characteristic lingo of the horse jockey are clearly seen in the literary work of the reviewer. The patter of the Bowery tough, "cockney foot-pad," and Paris gamin is a subject full of vital human interest to the student of philology not averse to researches in that part of human society known as the "underworld."

Learned societies are to-day puzzling their wits over the "Jobelin of Villon" trying in vain to discover what that prince of crooks meant by some of his astonishing rhymes. Many of his meanings are to-day utterly unknown. This subterranean dialect, obscure, ingenious, wonderfully poignant, which passes muster everywhere as a "lingua franca" among criminals, is surely worth more than a casual study.

The Literary Shut-in.

The literary education of the average convict begins with his incarceration. When a man is arrested his first thought is to rack his brain and find out the names of sympathetic friends who will aid him in his hour of trouble. So he buys a dozen "stickers" (postage stamps) the prisoners' friend, and writes to all he knows who he thinks will lend a helping hand. After conviction he tries his hand writing to the governor, parole boards and prison commissions. By dint of hard work he masters the art of letter-writing and then he launches forth into the unexplored depths of essay and English composition. The prison magazine attracts his skill and after years of acquaintance with the English classics he acquires a fairly good English style. There is all the difference in the world among convicts; you will find the cultured colle man and the illiterate prisoner in eve institution. Convicts are merciless critic they can tell you the literary beauty Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, t grace and charm of Keats, and the grac ful elegance of the poets Byron, Lon fellow and Tom Moore. In like mann they are competent critics of the capab ities of public speakers; in their lectu rooms at the prison in the course of year they have an opportunity to hear ar judge of the abilities of both pulpit ar lay speakers. The prison audience is peculiar one; the attendance is enforce and they are allowed to cheer but not express any signs of disapproval. The again a man in prison is not in his norm mental state and things which bore him prison might please him under other co ditions were he at liberty. But on t whole the prison audience is as acute, a preciative and attentive as the averag audience at any public gathering or a sembly. From my own experience I ca safely say that the taste of the averag prison audience runs to humor; t reason for this is an obvious one becau humor is a stranger within prison wal and daily life in prison is one of stern an severe monotony. They would muc rather see a vaudeville entertainment tha listen to the wearisome discourses many public speakers upon subjec which are much better expressed b writers in books which are contained the prison library, and upon which the are as well informed, if not more so, tha the speakers who are addressing them.

Prison Poetry.

The prison mind is naturally poetic and sentimental. Thoughts of happi days and loved ones left behind rus through a prisoner's mind and stand b fore him like accusing spectres. Gener Burke while an English prisoner wro the following lines which clearly sho his sympathy for all students in t school of misery:

"Light hearted we come from the fiel
and camp
To the narrow cells and dungeons dam
And our hands that waved the sab
blade

In the quarry toil with the pick and spade.
The sash and braid and the gay cockade
The dress of a martial day
Of each sized hue both the "gray and the blue"
Give way to the convict's gray.
Comrades, ha; hip, hip, hurrah,
For a manly garb is the convicts' gray.

Ah, you know
How little we heed the slanderous blow,
Our laugh and song shall echo along
The corridor's gloomy way,
Light hearted are we
Though bound we be
And wearing the convicts' gray.
Comrades, ha, hip, hip, hurrah,
For a manly garb is the convicts' gray.

From the tone of this poem good old General Burke evidently thought that there was "some class" to political prisoners of his type, but good soul that never flinched before the fire of musketry and the cannonading of the enemy he soon found that in prison all castes are levelled and he had to toil in the stone sheds and quarries alongside of the "rat thief" who richly deserved his sentence.

THE BALLAD OF READING JAIL.

Oscar Wilde wrote the "Ballad of Reading Jail" while he was serving a sentence of two years for certain misdemeanors. This poem is one of the greatest in the English language; it is a perfect literary gem and for pure horror surpasses Coleidge's "Ancient Mariner." In describing the execution of a culprit he says:

And all the woe that moved him so
When he gave that bitter cry
And the wild regrets and bloody sweats
None knew so well as I
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.

In the last two lines he refers to his own fall, misspent life, and the pangs of conscience which follow every wrongdoer and eat at his soul as effectually as cancer destroys the body. The description of the details and preliminaries of the hanging is most interesting.

"'Tis sweet to dance to violins
When life and limb are fair,
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes
Is delicate and rare,
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air.

How graphically he describes the enervating and at the same time destructive effects of prison environment.

"The vilest deeds like poison weeds
Bloom well in prison air,
It is only what is good in man
That wastes and withers there."

THE COMMITING OFFICER OR CONVICT NUMBER 12,705.

The sentence of the court has been imposed upon the prisoner, and he is immediately turned over into the custody of the sheriff. The clerk of court at once makes out a full copy of the record in the case, to wit, a copy of the indictment or complaint as the case may be, and the mittimus of the court directing the master or warden of the penal institution to receive the prisoner in his custody for the term named in his sentence. The booking officer at the prison if the offender is an old-timer with a long record would have the following entries on his book for future reference.

"169-10." "Office Number."

"Name, alias, Prison and Register number." "George Wilson, alias James Hamilton."

"Date and place of birth." "Clinton, Massachusetts, 1869."

"Height without shoes." "5 feet 8¾ inches."

"Complexion." "Fresh."

"Hair." "Dark Brown."

"Eyes." "Brown."

"Marks." "Two scars front of forehead, scar back of neck, three brown dots front right fore-arm, burn mark above right nipple, one brown mark right side of back, varicose veins back right shoulder, two brown marks back left fore-arm, brown mole back left upper arm, two colored flesh marks left side, mole centre of back."

"Offence in full, place of conviction." "Chicago, Cook County, Illinois."

"Breaking and entering building in the night time. Name of Court."

"Sentence and Date of Conviction." "5 years hard labor, State Prison. March 25th, 1909."

"Date when Penal Servitude expires and Parol Supervision commences." "September 25th, 1912."

"Date of liberation, intended address, past and future occupation." "September 25th, 1912. Bricklayer. Intends following same upon release."

"Remarks." "Five previous convictions in Ohio, Iowa, and Massachusetts." See for further details Ledger No. 112, page 67.

PRISON VERNACULAR.

The newsboy has his favorite jargon, the race track tout also has his favorite words which are intelligible only to the followers of his cult; the horse jockey has his own characteristic lingo; in fact each and every class of the criminal world uses its own peculiar dialect, and uses it frequently whenever occasion requires as a mode of conveying its or their own peculiar ideas, thoughts, and expressions, and to people not familiar with the habits and customs of the "underworld" this slang is unintelligible a full of mystery. To everybody the su ject appeals as interesting. But to wh must it appeal as absolutely essential t the understanding and pursuit of th profession. The philologist should l to have this information, although he c remain efficient without it. The soc logist, the writer, the business man, these and many others would find crim nal slang better reading than most nove yet, frankly, the subject is not vital them. But to certain classes it is ve vital.

Concerning it there reigns a most a tonishing degree of ignorance among t very people who ought to be in du bound to understand it. I mean detectives, policemen, lawyers, in sho all persons in any way whatever co nected with the administration of justi Justice might less often miscarry we the subject more thoroughly and gener ly understood. Slang from society's c lar is one of the freak characteristics the English language, and the subject a peals to the scholar who loves to gro into the labyrinths of that part of t human family known as the "unde world."

THE THREAD

By CHARLES WASHBURN NICHOLS.

O sweet heart, dear heart, when the day is done,
  And dusky night has paled the afterglow,
  Full weary are the steps of time, and slow,
More heavy yet the long hours slowly run.
For in the silent shadows, drear and dun,
  Alone I long for thee, and yet I know
  That if again I call thee, soft and low,
Thou wilt not answer, for the Fates have spun.
Ah woeful thread upon that fateful loom,
  Why dost thou stay me from one happy hour?
  O bitter Fate, that I have learned to dread,
Why hast thou spun for me so sore a doom?
  And yet, dear love, the Fates would have no power,
  If thou wouldst put thy hand upon the thread.

The Future of American Poetry

By ZITELLA COCKE

THERE is a question which the thinking and observant reader will readily admit has never been directly, satisfactorily and conclusively answered, and probably never will be answered in the fixed, unequivocal form of a definition, and that question is a very old one—What is poetry? Like the ancient question propounded by Pontius Pilate—"What is truth?" The answer can never be crystallized into a form as precise and rigid as the answer to a problem in mathematics. It is impossible to extort the secret, and notwithstanding the vast amount of illogical reasoning upon the question, it remains as elusive and intangible as ever. And yet the world stands to-day, as it has always stood, full of poetry which is unconsciously felt by men and women of every generation.

That which has been shall be, and need we argue that poetry must be a part of the future as it has been a part of the past. An eminent essayist and critic, and truly, a poet who has left his mark on the nineteenth century, Matthew Arnold, has uttered no uncertain pronouncement upon the future of poetry in these forcible words: "The future of poetry is immense because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry."

But let us do the author of these words the justice which is his due. He nowhere says or implies that true and undefiled religion does not rest upon a firm foundation. That can never be questioned or impeached. Dogma and tradition are vulnerable, not religion and the argument against the dogmas and creeds of religion holds equally good against the dogmas and creeds of science. We see every day how the creeds of ethics are shaken and how the accredited dogmas of rationalism are called in question. The materialist, practical and matter of fact as he claims to be, and as he insists that others must believe him to be, is not unfrequently called upon to revise his facts. He arrives at conclusions which he did not logically foresee—his so-called facts fail him,—he is on the wrong path and must return to the starting point. Doubt assails the materialist, the rationalist, the man of science, quite as often as it does the man who has been trusting to formulated dogma and creed. The procrustian bed, wherever it may be found, is not long enough that a man may stretch himself on it or wide enough that he may be assured of ultimate security. Where to-day are those "atheists" who were so clamorously sceptical forty and fifty years ago? Those productions of half-knowledge and cheap education are rare in these days and if found at all, are holding forth in small towns and fifth-rate schools. In the time of Byron, it was quite current to associate this drinking of whiskey and soiled shirt collar with genius, and who to-day would not prefer a clean and sober genius, or would not instinctively distrust the disreputable looking pretender? It is said that the reading of the book, "Sorrows of Werther" drove many young men to suicide or maudlin sentimentalism, but it is no longer fashionable, admirable, or interesting to advocate such absurdities.

The watchford of the present day is—"Mens sana in corpore sano," and the affections of unbelief are the recognized credentials of the "poseur" as well as the inferior intellect. Nothing is more alarmingly dangerous than a little knowledge, and when thereto are added large proportions of vanity, conceit and deceit, it would be difficult to find an amalgamation more disgusting or more contemptible. To see things as they are, fairly and sincerely we must realize that there is a basis of sane intellect,—a condition of all thought, and that is, the unhesitating acceptance of the fundamental order and harmony of the universe. This basis is the first axiom and postulate of all science, all art, and all thought. He who denies a positive, ultimate meaning to the universe is in fact a sciolist who is simply ridiculous, and can only impose upon these persons who are as superficial as himself. Arguments cannot be made without premises, and still less can there be conclusions. The famous philosopher of the school of Athens, who declared that he could move the earth by his mechanical invention, if he had somewhere to set his foot, uttered a truth which is universal. We are not infinite, and we must have a basis sure and steadfast upon which to rest while we pursue our search after the inmost truth of things, those eternal verities, the thought of which often compels men to say that the poets are the only truth-tellers. It will be remembered that James Russell Lowell in his soliloquy on Columbus makes that navigator say:

"For I believe the poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity."

And the true poet utters and interprets what he sees with that inward eye, that insight, which may be named and is called inspiration. This insight is of course, prophetic. This is meant by the significant words of Wordsworth:

"While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

Here then is the true test of the poetic sense,—the ability to perceive the nat of things in the sense of seeing into th life—to find the deep thoughts that lie the meanest flower,—to apprehend lessons which Nature is perpetua teaching us, to discover in the primr something more than a yellow primros

That the name of poetry has been often "soiled with all ignoble use," c not be denied. There are those who wont to declare that the name "gen man" and "lady," has become ridicul and practically devoid of significance, much has it been degraded, and yet real lady and gentleman must ever c tinue to honor womanhood and manho So poetry has been and must ever be ennobler and purifier of human thou and ideals. The practical and pessimi Schopenhauer strikes a true note wl he says that poetry is the art of excit by words the power of the imaginati and that its province is to show by ample what life and the world are,— short, getting at the real meaning things,—two minds utterly dissimilar, to say antagonistic, Wordsworth Schopenhauer pronouncing the sa truth!

Are we then to conclude that all g minds must concur in opinion on utility of poetry and its ennobling fluence upon civilization. Certainly does not sustain such a conclusion. know that Carlyle insisted that noth was said in poetry which might not h been better said in prose, although own pages are glowing with po thought as well as with the most turesque word-painting, and, incred as it may seem to the modern thin Pythagoras condemned the great h Homer, to the horrible torments of T tarus,—the almost god-like Plato exc ed poets from his republic, and M tesquieu went so far as to define po as the "art of enchaining and stif sound reason." To these names ma added Fontenelle, Duclos, Lamotte Buffon, who relegated poetry to limbo of inutility, and cordially endo the action of Plato.

In view then of the veneration w we feel for these renowned author what can be our argument against t

ctum? The very simple one that the dgment of the wisest men is not in- riably just. There is no such thing as e dogma of infallibility in literature or ience, inasmuch as the most obdurate d inveterate opinions are being con- ually upset by the revelations of ex- rience and discovery. We know that lileo was right, notwithstanding the position and execration of the so-called rned doctors of the church. Thales of letus, sinned by the error of ignorance en he declared that water "was the y element of all things." Not less did o of Eleas stultify himself, when he sumed to sustain the theory that ere was no motion." It is plain that fault lies wholly in the judgment or orance of men who, for lack of wledge or experience or foresight, are hat degree incapable of forming a cor- opinion.

ut let us hear the opinion of authority respectable as the verdict of Plato. stotle declared poetry to be more osophical than history, because poetry s with generals while history deals particulars. Lord Bacon expands same idea by extolling poetry as sub- ing the shows of things to the desire he mind,—a desire for a more ample ness and a more exact goodness, as as a more absolute variety than can und in the nature of things. The evident and most notable ground of uperiority of poetry is its solidity, aying, enduring power. It is a well n fact that poetry is the real means dition in the transmission of human ledge, and, during the protracted in- of society, was the only vehicle of ity, history and legislation. Every n on the globe is indebted to poetry s first notions of virtue and justice, rgely, for its first models of great- and religion. The Cretans and ans received their first laws and ts in the form of verse, and in this r were given the lessons of the ancient philosophers and the laws most ancient systems. Poetry l the habits of the Athenians, their policy and in the best sense, dated their government. The which contained the laws of Solon were written in verse. The influences of poetry upon civilization is clearly traced in the Druids of the ancient Bretons, called "Vates,"—in the Elcaldros of the Excits, and in the bards of Germany. According to Strabo the ancient Turdule had their laws written in verse. The simple rhymes handed down from generation to generation, on the common-place every day events and circumstances of life, reveal the chosen means of crystallizing thought into the minds of the common people. A verse is easily recalled and remembered when it treats of the common-place and utilitarian. How logical then, is it that poetry should be the vehicle of transmitting thoughts which come within the domain of the highest intellect and imagination!

Hence the proverbs and teachings of Asia as well as Europe are embodied in verse. The Zendavesta of the Persians and the sacred books of the Brahmins, the Mahaharat, the Bhagnat Geeta, the Shasters and Puranones, are in fact poems of law, morality and religion and the books of the Hebrews are virtually the same. The instruction delivered from Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai, possessed the magic and charm of poetry. Israel's prophets and legislators were poets. The song which records the triumphant passage over the Red Sea is a heroic poem, and the literature of the world cannot show sublimer poetry than the Book of Job and the Psalms of David.

Thus we see how the love of poetry and the desire for poetic form is rooted in the heart of the common people, and we also see the truth and force of the statesman's words: "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes their laws,"—and how the natural, instinctive love of the poetic form justifies the declaration of Quintilian, when he said: "The heart cannot give admittance to that which is displeasing to the ear." Indeed it is one of the characteristics of the healthy, genuine poetic nature that this love of poetry is rooted rather in the heart than in the head. The true poet is not a mere artist, a mechanical worker, a collector of mosaics, or a dilettante, but he is, above all things, a man among his fellow-men,

with a heart which beats in sympathy with theirs—but a heart with wider and larger sympathies, a heart of deeper, finer sensitivity, and of more intensity of feeling. It follows then in the nature of things, that nothing which pertains to man or to man's experience and life, save that which is mean and ignoble, is unworthy of treatment at the hands of the poet. Suffering and sorrow, joy and hope, past history and future destiny, all are within the domain of poetry;—*Quid quid agunt homines;*"—lies open to the poet, who by force of imagination, has the power to enter in and possess them by interpretation and re-creation. As he is the interpreter of nature, so is he the interpreter of science, and how truly does Wordsworth call poetry, "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science," and not only does this great poet of nature call poetry the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of science, but in a finer sense he pronounces it to be "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."

Is it then illogical or unfair to surmise and even to believe that Plato and Pythagoras, sinned against poetry, so to speak, in ignorance of the truth. If Plato whom an eminent poet of our time calls the poet of philosophers, had possessed the light of experience and knowledge enjoyed by later generations, would not his opinion and utterance have been entirely otherwise? What would be his astonishment to see the influence, the tremendous power wielded over the literature and civilization of the world to-day by the poetry of his country and by the very poets he desired to exclude from his ideal republic? Could he and the wise Pythagoras re-assert the same pronouncement or exercise the same judgment they so vigorously maintained? We trow not. Rather would they exclaim in heart-felt admiration of those whom they so severely censured and so cruelly ostracized:

"Blessings be on them and eternal praise!
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight of hea
lays."

Surely Pythagoras, who was hi
something of a dreamer and Plat
statesman, must have possessed tha
ly feeling for a situation and the
to express it, which constitute the
and their failure to appreciate and
sequently to value the work and d
of poetry, must be due to the want o
knowledge and experience of the v
and power of poetry, which have b
the heritage of posterity.

To claim that the moral is the ess
aspect of life and that in it poetry
its true atmosphere, is so much a t
that it seems a platitude, yet no
is more patent and so undeniable
truth that poetry has a life in co
with religion and draws its life fro
which eye hath not seen and ear ha
heard. Poetry and religion are al
asmuch as both partake of and la
on the unseen and the supersensible
apprehend the invisible, but wh
ligion deals directly with the u
poetry finds its material in the
seen, and performs its fine funct
drawing upon the unseen and pe
ing the things which are visible
light from behind the veil. The c
assumptions of natural religion a
very home and premises of poetr
fundamental tones, so to speak,
underlie all the strains and harmo
the world's highest and most er
poetry. This is not only true of
which deals with Nature, but equa
of poetry which deals with hum
and individual character. The
unseen order of things is continu
cognized by poets, either tacitly
ferentially or by positive exp
Who does not see in the work
world's greatest poets the serio
viction that this world and tim
are but the vestibule of an eternal
being, and that man here lives
and shall live in Him forever,
existence here is but a preparatio
life hereafter.

"O life! O death, O world, O t
O grave, where all things flo
'Tis yours to make our lives sul
With your great weight of wo

That doctrine which is the never fail-
g source of comfort to the Christian
art,—the doctrine of a Divine Provi-
nce, is scarcely more emphasized in the
ges of Holy Writ than in the pages of
e poets, the Divine sympathy and in-
est in human and individual life is ap-
rent in the work of poets who might
considered outside of orthodox
ristianity—those who may at first
ht seems to be more absorbed in the
rely human side of things, not less
n in such devout singers as Milton,
enser, Dante and Wordsworth as
Shakespeare nothing can be truer
n the words of a recent writer:
akespeare may or may not have been
eligious man, but whatever his per-
al views or feelings may or may not
e been, the light by which he viewed
was the light of Christianity. The
ne, the shadow, and the color of the
ral world he looked upon were all
sed or cast by the Christian Sun of
hteousness." Surely no reader of
kespeare will fail to discover that in
dramas, there is no great character,
depth of pathos, no climax of passion,
re the thought of the other world
ot present to add interest to what is
e or suffered in this. And who does
feel the beauty of Shakespeare's
oines? Differing from each other as
do, in some way their religious feel-
their spiritual nature, their pure and
e longings and yearnings are made
ifest. As Ruskin has so aptly and
ificantly said and proven, it is woman
is the redeeming power of almost
y one of Shakespeare's plays. The
t poet does not argue their excel-
e, or analyze their spiritual nature,
imply presents them. They walk be-
us as do the high-minded, beautiful
en we have met in our every day ex-
nce, and we realize all that they are.
great dramatist has simply done the
k of the true poet.

nd how true it is that the best and
st things which are given to us in
not only elude, but defy analysis.
we analyze our esteem for a friend?
the most practical and common-
lover dissect his feelings toward his
love, as the botanist tears apart the
petals of a flower in order to determine to what class it belongs? Does he analyze his emotions and challenge his admiration for each one of her charms and good qualities? Such love, we trow, would hardly pass in Cupid's Court, and he who would offer his hand and heart as the result of this chemical analysis of his emotions, would richly deserve to be cast into outer darkness. We cannot explain why we love, we only know we do love, and so the poetry which merits the name, takes us unawares by captivating heart and imagination. Whenever the soul comes vividly into contact with any truth, whenever it realizes it and takes it home to itself with greatest intensity, there arises out of this contact a thrill of joy, a glow of emotion, a burst of deep feeling, and the expression of this joy, this intense feeling, this deep emotion is poetry, and hence, although poetry is as old as thought, it must ever remain young, renewing its vitality with every succeeding age and generation.

That the poets are in sooth the truth-tellers, the prophets of every age, the world has learned long ago. With what eagerness does the bereaved heart seek comfort and consolation in the wealth of poetry which has been bequeathed to the generations of men is too evident to require any confirmation of argument. The one doctrine of the never-failing Providence of God, and the fatherhood of an almighty and omiscient Creator is the universal belief and teaching of the poets of every tongue. That recognition of and sympathy with the experience of individual life so dear to every human heart is one of the fundamental thoughts of poetry, because poetry must deal with life if it fulfils its vocation or obeys its own nature—it is the very *raison d'etre* of its existence. Nor is the Creator more a father to man than to the rest of the universe. The lines of the simple-hearted Blake show how fully he realizes the vocation of the poet:

"A skylark wounded on the wing,
Doth make the cherubs cease to sing.
A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage."

We are not accustomed to include

Swinburne among the religious poets or thinkers and yet what a true note he strikes in the following words:

"All crowns before His crown
Triumphantly bow down,
For pride that one more great than all
draws nigh.
All souls applaud, all hearts acclaim
One heart benign, one soul supreme, one
conquering name."

And can there be found among preachments or sermons a truer lesson for guidance or inspiration than is to be found in the famous Ode to Duty, beginning with the lines:

"Stern daughter of the Voice of God,
O Duty, if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide—a rod
To check the erring and reprove."

Or a truer preacher than Wordsworth! The many minds he has enlightened, informed and guided would indeed, if rightly estimated furnish an unanswerable argument for the province of true poetry. In his work we find at once that high and excellent seriousness which Aristotle declares is one of the grand virtues of poetry and standing as he does as one of the great apostles of English poetry, he is a heritage for the American mind and character.

Since then it 's so clearly proven by the thought and experience of the best and the wisest, that poetry has a mission to perform and has so far performed that mission to the world, it follows as a natural sequence that its work among the people of the United States, is far from being one of trifling character. The spirit of poetry might be said to have lived in America, long before the Puritan or the Cavalier set foot upon its shores. Those simple, untutored worshippers of the Great Spirit, who peopled the new world, without possessing the genius of the Greeks, seem to have shared in some sort, the Greek love of beauty. If the Greeks found gods and goddesses in fountains and streams and flowers and ocean, the uncivilized Red Man, bestowed names upon animate and inanimate nature which go far to prove that he had the poetic instinct. The whole of American territory teems with Indian nan all of which are significant of sc quality or characteristic of the object named and too, in the most beautiful spiritual sense. This of course pro nothing save that material for poetry abundant, and the American poet fi his themes and ideas at hand if he the eyes to see them. In other wo there are things in American civilizat and in the American individual life to seen with the poetic sight, which nothing more or less than seeing an ject with sympathy. It may be a hom illustration, but we have often hearc we are acquainted with Mother Go rhymes, that the cat who went to see queen, saw the mouse under the ch and nothing else but the mouse—we what we bring the eyes to see. Ther a kinship or sympathy between the po eye and the thing it looks upon, and kinship to a large degree supplies wha called the poet's inspiration—by it sees into the life of things. As one the German poets has said:

"If the eye had not been sunny
How could it look upon the sun."

And so to paraphrase Wordsworth, poet must look with no unworthy eye the forms of things. More than in Ame do things present themselves with a vivid exactness to the penetrating discriminating eye.

It would not be pertinent in this pa to enter into a detailed criticism American poets. Suffice it to say there are gems of song in Ameri poetry which the world has not faile recognize. It must be with gen regret that any true lover of poetry of patriotism realizes the failure Americans to recognize Poe in the e periods of his work, but that time jealous partisanship is past and Po now appreciated by his own country as well as by the critics abroad. A g inheritance came to America in her yo as patrimony, so to speak, from w she could reap large dividends—great wealth of English poetry. wealth, far richer than that of any o nation, opens to her vast fields which she can gather, and mine treasure in which she can labor.

we see the material, the opportunity and the poetic insight are the possession of America, and with the beginning she has already made, the steps she has already taken, can we not safely predict for a future?

With the immense variety of dramatic situation which her own civilization offers, the abundance of material which her territory provides, the distinct finger pointings of Providence which her own mistakes have both instigated and revealed, surely the poet's eye in America has enough to see!

That very sensitive and discriminating man, the author of *Rab and His Friends* once most aptly said: "It is with poetry as with flowers and fruits, we would rather have them and taste them than talk about them. It is a good thing to know about a lily, its scientific ins and outs, its botany, its archæology, even its anatomy and organic radicals; but it is a better thing to look at the flowers themselves, and to consider how they grow."

So we have been considering how poetry does grow and how it should grow, and when we touch and taste the fruits and flowers of the poets of Canada and the United States shall we not believe that the future shall show a rich harvest of American poetry?

THE MERMAID

By ELIZABETH MAXWELL WOOD

There is a creature, soulless—fair
  That rides like foam on the rolling deep
Singing songs with a lingering air
While the wild winds toy with her streaming hair
  And sailors dream in a fitful sleep.

And, oh, the light of her eye beguiles,
  Her white arms beckon away, away,
Now she is pleading, now she smiles,
And wins men's hearts with her witching wiles,
  Ah, woe be unto such as they.

They say there is no more witchery,
  But haggard men who have dreamed that dream
Must see her beckon continually,
Now here, now there, on the open sea
  Her sweet voice lures and her white arms gleam.

Greylock Park Reservation

By GRACE GREYLOCK NILES

The illustrations sent by Miss Niles to accompany this article upon the picturesque group of summits which skirt Berkshire County, Massachusetts, have been used by us for our "Beautiful New England" Series.

FOR ever, since the world began, thy eye,
Grey-headed mount, hath been upon these hills,
Piercing the sky, with all thy sea of woods.

David Dudley Field, *Greylock.*

Greylock Reservation consists of a picturesque group of Taconac summits, which extend over seven miles—east and west, along the northern border of Berkshire County, Massachusetts. The isolated range is separated from the main Taconac Range, on the New York boundary, by Green River Valley; and from the Green Mountains, on the north and east, by the devious Hoosac Pass.

The wheelman can easily pedal around the base of Greylock, without ascending to any great elevation. Beginning at Williamstown Station, a romantic road leads up Green River Valley, west of the range, to an old road below Lanesboro, which turns east over the foothills of Ragged Mountain to Berkshire village on the upper Ashawaghsac—the South Hoosac Branch. By following north, down this little river, to its junction with the Mayunsac—the North Hoosac Branch in the city of North Adams, the tourist passes beneath the abrupt eastern face of Greylock, which lies wholly in the town of Adams. At North Adams, the traveler turns his face westward down the Hoosac Pass between the Bald summit of the Green Mountains on the north, and Mount Williams of the Greylock spur of the Taconacs, on the south; and less than four miles below, arrives at the junction of Green River with the Hoosac, and completes the journey about the base of Greylock Reservation.

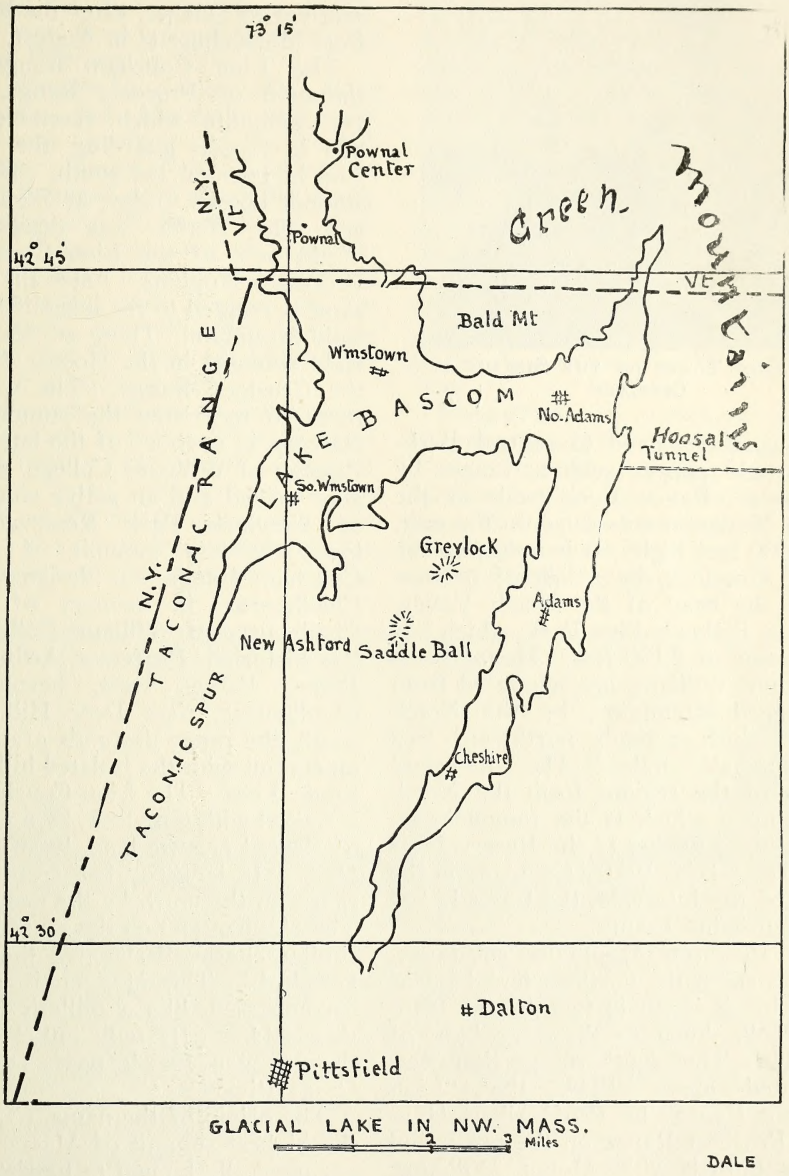
The Ashawaghsac—the South Hoosac Valley, which separates Greylock Range from the Hoosac Tunnel spur of the Green Mountains, on the east, is exceedingly narrow, and affords little perspective of the central ridge of the Greylock summits, against the horizon.

"Or the huge shapes, that crouching at their knees;
Stretch their broad shoulders, rough with shaggy trees."

The late Dr. John Bascom of Williams College, once wrote that: "Greylock, like all great mountains, refuses to be looked at on such intimate terms." The range, as viewed from the east and south in Berkshire, appears in a crouching or sitting posture. This is due to the gradual slope of the intervening foot-hills about its base.

The northern and western views of Greylock, from the slopes of the Green and Taconac mountains are both sublime and picturesque. The range, as beheld from Burgess Cobble, overlooking the Hoosac Pass in Pownal, on the north, reveals the classical village of Williamstown, nestled at Greylock's entire northwestern base. Against the horizon line appear four or five distinct summits. On the left, Mount Williams towers abruptly from the floor of the Hoosac Valley, to an elevation of 3,040 feet; a mile southwest of this summit, and 80 feet higher, towers Mount Fitch. Greylock, 3,505 feet high, is the central and highest shoulder of the range, although only two miles beyond Mount Fitch, it looms 400 feet higher, on its bald eastern

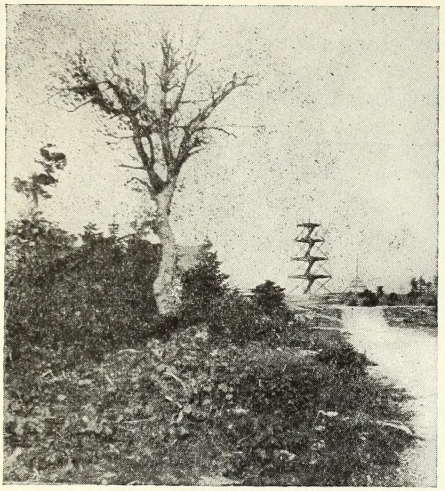
peak. One mile south of Greylock, appears Mount Moore 600 feet lower; and a mile beyond Mount Moore rises Mount Griffin, frequently known as Saddle Ball.



hills of the Ragged Mountain sub-range, stretching about Greylock's southern and eastern base. Mount Williams, Fitch, Greylock and Griffin all loom over 3,000 feet high, and are the four highest pinnacles of the State of Massachusetts.

This peak is higher than Mount Moore, and only 220 feet lower than Greylock. The range slopes down suddenly from Mount Griffin to Jones's Nose, rising 2,100 feet high, to the rounded foot-

Greylock is described as the only two storied range in the state. It is surrounded by two lower sub-ranges each



THE IRON TOWER ON THE SUMMIT OF GREYLOCK

of which, if removed to central Berkshire, would appear sublime ranges by themselves. Raven Rock peak of the Ragged Mountain sub-range on the east, rises 2,500 feet high. It is united to the base of Greylock, by a belt of pasture land at the head of the Notch Valley, known as Bellow's-Pipe Park, which has an elevation of 2,150 feet. Mount Fitch and Mount Williams are separated from the Ragged Mountains, by the Notch Valley, which extends northward two and one-half miles. The thousand springs of the region, form the Notch Brook, upon which is the famous Cascade ravine. Owing to the Reservoir of the North Adams Water Company in the center of the intervale, the Cascade has lost its pristine beauty.

The Prospect Mountain sub-range, stretches about the northwestern base of Greylock. It is cut in two, by the Hopper Brook, down to the very base of Greylock. The southern portion was designated about 1838, the "Lion Couchant Range" by Prof. Albert Hopkins. Prospect Range on the north and east is united with Mount Williams, Fitch and Greylock, by a level pasture land, known as Wilbur Park, which like Bellow's-Pipe Park rises 2,150 feet. Both these clearings are bordered with spruce and fir Christmas trees. The slopes of Simonds Peak, 2,500 feet, the highest summit of the range, are brilliant wi azalea or pinxster flowers in spring. Tl northern height of the range is known Slope Norton, in memory of Chapla John Norton, who headed the Englis captives to Quebec, after the burning Fort Massachusetts in August, 1746.

The Lion Couchant Range—a co tinuation of Prospect Range, contain two summits which resemble a hug lion in repose, guarding the portal The Hopper on the south. The highe summit known to-day, as Stoney Ledg and The Bluffs, was designated th "Bald pate of the Lion Couchant" b Professor Hopkins. Later the name b came corrupted to the insignificant nam Bald Mountain. There are several othe Bald summits in the Hoosac Pass abou the Greylock Range. The writer ver tures to rechristen the summit, *Mou Bascom,* in memory of the late Dr. Joh Bascom of Williams College, who was good friend and an active commissione of Greylock Park Reservation. Th lower western summit of the Lio Couchant Range was designated Mour Chadbourne, in memory of Presider Chadbourne of Williams College, by th late historian, Professor Arthur Lathar Perry. Father west, beyond Mour Chadbourne, rises Deer Hill. On th south, the range descends gradually, an tapers out with the isolated hill known a Sugar Loaf. The Lion Couchant Rang is united with Greylock, by a narrow be of cleared pasture land, known as Baco Park. It is separated from the mai range on the north by the deep chasm o The Hopper, and on the south by anothe similar chasm, designated the Heart o Greylock. The Hopper is completel encompassed, like a miller's hopper, o three sides. Its only outlet is that o the Hopper Brook pass, westward t Green River.

The origin of the name, *Greylock,* fo the highest summit of Massachusetts, i not generally known to tourists climbin the mountain to get its good tidings. I is believed, that the name arose from greylock of cloud-mist capping the sum mit at dawn or sunset. But the tru origin of the name, reaches back to th time of King Philip's War, between 167

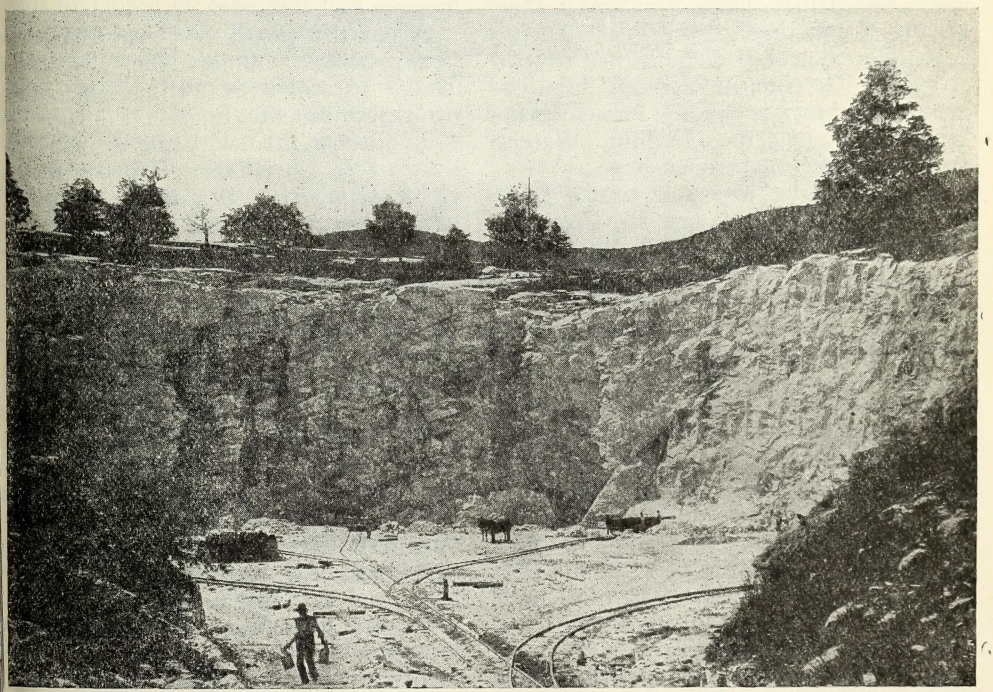
and the death of the stern Woronoak chieftain, Grey-Lock, in 1724. Grey-Lock's native Agawam hunting-ground occupied the site about Northfield and Springfield, in the Connecticut Valley, until he was forced from there by the Christian Pilgrims in 1675.

Many changes have taken place along the Hoosac and Mohawk war-trails, about Mount Greylock and the Forbidden Hoosac Tunnel Range, during the past two hundred and eighty-six years. The Hoosac and Mohawk War, which began in 1626, continued to rage for forty-three years through the Hoosac's hunting-grounds, until Soquon and his Hoosac Bears, won the final conquest over Kryn and his Mohawk Bears, during the late autumn of 1669.

The Hoosacs, known as Soquonsacs, under Captain Soquon—*Uk-hooh-pauw*—Owl-sachem or orator of the Abenakis Democracy, now returned from Coos Meadows, on the west bank of the Connecticut, and took up his residence in the Hooh's Valley of the Abenakis Nation. The Mohican affix, *ac, ic, ok, etc.,* all signify place or valley. Thus arose the designation Hoosac Valley—the hunting-grounds of the *Hoo* or Owl. The name, Housatonac or Hoosatonac is the over-mountain valley beyond the Hoosacs; and it was the residence of the Abenakis king and his orator and hero councillors.

The Dutch Boer and French Walloon hunters of Rensselaerwyck and St. Croix manorlands in central Hoosac, were undoubtedly the first Christians to ascend to the summit of Greylock. Dominie Michaelius in 1630 recorded that the burghers of Rensselaerwyck kept a covetous eye upon the Hoosacs' deserted cornfields and fertile, pleasant vales, until the close of the Hoosac and Mohawk War.

Meanwhile the covetous eyes and grasping hands of the English Pilgrims in the Connecticut Valley, led up to the Mohican's revolution in 1675, headed by King Philip. Several fugitive bands of his savage army were forced up the Connecticut and organized the St. Francis



THE STOCKBRIDGE LIMESTONE. A QUARRY AT BASE OF RAGGED MOUNTAIN IN ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS.

tribe under the Jesuits in Canada. The Woronoak chieftain Grey-Lock — so called by the English, from his grey-lock of hair,—and his Agawam and several Wampanoag warriors, were attacked by Major Talcot's Connecticut militia near the headwaters of the Housatonac and Hoosac valleys. Grey-Lock, and over two hundred warriors, torn and wounded, made their escape westward to the Mohicans at Potic village in the Catskill Mountains, and to Soquon's Schaghticoke village on the lower Hoosac.

In the spring of 1676, Governor Edmund Andros of New York, called a *Witenagemot*—Assemblage of the Wise, in order to establish peace between the Hoosac and Mohawk scouts and the fugitive New England warriors, with the Christians. He planted the Witenagemote Oak or Treaty Tree of Peace and Welfare, near the junction of the Tomhannac Creek with the Hoosac, in the Vale of Peace, at Old Schaghticoke, where the aged oak still stands. About this time, Soquon and his Hoosacs reorganized with their eastern kindred and took the tribal name, *Schaghticokes,* arising from their council-fire, having been lighted near the confluence of two streams. The ancient Hoosacs' hunting-grounds, thereafter became known as the Hoosacs' Valley of Mingling Waters, from its numerous branches.

Before the dethronement of the Duke of York—as King James II., Governor Thomas Dongon of New York confirmed the Hoosac Patent covering over 70,000 acres of the Schaghticoke's lowlands in central Hoosac during July, 1688. But treaties appeared to have laid lightly, both on the Indians' and Christians' conscience. The conquered Kryn, and several of his humbled Mohawks soon migrated to La Prairie on the St. Lawrence under the Jesuits in Canada. The revengeful Grey-Lock, before the opening of King Williams War in 1689, left Schaghticoke village. He built Fort St. Regis on the lower Missisquoi Falls in Champlain Valley, where he was joined by several praying Schaghticokes and Mohawks under the Jesuits. The region of St. Regis village was settled by mixed tribes of Delawares, Mohicans, Hurons and Mohawks, hostile to each other, and loyal in a certain savage degree, to the Dutch Protestants or French Jesuits with whom they had formerly lived. J. Fenimore Cooper in *The Last of the Mohicans,* describes the period of 1757, among the mixed Hoosac and Mohawk warriors about St. Regis villages.

Painted warriors frequented the trail about Greylock's base and guarded the Hoosac Mountain pass to Deerfield and the Agawam hunting-grounds until the death of Father Sebastian Rale in 1724. He was the commander of the St. Francis and St. Regis Indian villages. According to tradition, the Christians, venturing to climb over the "Forbidden Hoosac Mountain," never returned to their friends again; but, were, undoubtedly scalped by Grey-Lock's warriors. He continued to haunt his native Agawam hunting-grounds and burned the English settlements at Northfield three times. After setting a torch to the village in 1724, he was also slain and the English secured his coveted scalp with its grey-lock of hair.

After the death of Grey-Lock the Schaghticokes under the Protestant Dutch patroons, as well as the Stockbridges under the English Pilgrims, became discontented with the unjust treatment of the Christians. Between six and eight hundred Schaghticoke warriors headed by Queen Ester left their ancient Vale of Peace on the lower Hoosac, between 1726 and 1733. They located at Grey-Lock's Fort Regis village and at the St. Francis lodges under the Jesuits. The last sixty Schaghticokes deserted their village in Old Schaghticoke, on August 28, 1754, during the opening raids of the second French and Indian War. Several of their Stockbridge kindred also, deserted their Housatonac mission village, about Monument Mountain, soon after the Peace of Paris was signed in 1763, and moved to Pennsylvania and the Ohio Valley.

It was not until fifteen years after Grey-Lock's death, that the General Court of Massachusetts, commissioned Ephraim Williams, Sr., of Old Stockbridge Indian mission, to survey one of

more townships on the upper Hoosac. Headed by surveyor Nathaniel Kellogg, and a Stockbridge Indian guide, Ephraim Williams, Sr., ascended to the summit of Greylock in June, 1739, in order to observe the pleasant valleys about its base. The line between Adams and Williamstown, passing along the western brow of Greylock below the tower remains the same as originally surveyed. Surveyor Kellogg, however, met opposition from several Dutch Patroons from Albany, who owned large manorlands in central Hoosac. This appears to be the first record of the Dutch and English visiting the Greylock Range, and it was not a friendly meeting of ordinary hunters of wild game. It is evident that the Albany Gentlemen were headed by the sheriff of Rensselaerwyck Manor, and Captain Johannes Knickerbocker of Fort Schaghticoke, in the interest of the Schaghticoke sachems, who challenged the headwaters of the ancient Hoosac's Valley about Greylock and the Forbidden Hoosac ranges. Undoubtedly, Captain Garrett Cornelius Van Ness of Fort St. Croix and Barnardus Bratt—the Patroons of Dutch Hoosac, were all present in the Hopper with Ephraim Williams, Sr., when he and surveyor Kellogg were forced to leave the region. The Dutch requested that the English *first* negotiate with the Schaghticokes for their Indian deed, covering the sources of all streams joining the Hoosac in the Greylock region; and that the Governor of Massachusetts survey and establish the western boundary, bordering Rensselaerwyck Manor and Hoosac Patent lands.

At that time the sheriff of Rensselaerwyck, claimed that his manor extended four miles east of the confirmed twenty mile line, established after the English conquest of Dutch New Netherland which was founded about 1665. As a result several of the Dutch tenantry of Rensselaerwyck Manor, had as early as 1724, pushed nearly four miles up the Hoosac Pass of the Taconacs, and settled between Kreigger Rocks and Weeping Rocks, in Pownal, on New Hampshire Grants, then believed to be a portion of Massachusetts. Governor Belcher later dispatched Richard Hazen, to the Hoosac Valley, and he surveyed and established the present northern boundary of Massachusetts in April, 1741. The western boundary, bordering the Dutch manors of New York was not established, until long after the close of the American Revolution.

At the opening of King George's War —known in Massachusetts as Shirley's War, Governor William Shirley directed Colonel John Stoddard and his militia to build Fort Massachusetts on the upper Hoosac. It was completed during the summer of 1745, although the Schaghticokes challenged the builders, and watched every movement of the Christian soldiers marching over the "Forbidden Hoosac Mountain" trail to their Greylock hunting-grounds. As a natural result, the Indians aided by the French burned Fort Massachusetts the following summer. Governor Shirley, however, ordered the fort rebuilt, and in January, 1749, Colonel William Williams, headed the survey of Bennington, on New Hampshire Grants, now Vermont. During October following—ten years after the first survey of Adams and Williamstown, a second survey was completed, by Colonel Oliver Partridge and his surveyors, Nathaniel Dwight and Nathaniel Kellogg. They arrived at Fort Massachusetts, and climbed to the summit of Greylock by way of The Hopper. In his report Colonel Partridge considered both the intervale on the east, and the west slopes of Greylock, as exceedingly valuable land.

After the English had established their "club law" rights to the Schaghticoke's Hoosac Valley, the grandsons of Grey-Lock, aided by their St. Francis kindred, continued to molest the English garrison at Fort Massachusetts until the fall of Quebec and the burning of the St. Francis and St. Regis villages in 1759. There is no record proving that the Christians of the upper Hoosac in Berkshire County purchased the Schaghticokes' rights to the Greylock hunting-grounds. The Bennington settlers, however, negotiated with the Stockbridges, who had inherited the Schaghticokes rights, for their lands on the headwaters of the Walloonsac Valley in 1767.

The Hoosac and Mohawks loved to hunt about Greylock Mountain, and their River Bend camp-ground a mile north of Williamstown Square was said to be the most picturesque encampment on the Hoosac and Mohawk war-trail in New England. The dense pine and oak forests between River Bend, and the famous warm Sand Springs of Grey-Locks' Agawam and Wampanoag warriors were cleared by the pioneer settlers of Williamstown, between 1765 and 1775. The Bellow's-Pipe Park, at the eastern base of Greylock was the haunt of bear, deer and wild turkey, and it was held sacred, as St. Onetho's hunting-ground.

"Oft Soquon, of Great Soquis race,
Sang in the Bellow's holy hunting-place,
Where Onetho—the phantom chieftain hies,
Wielding his lightning weapons of the skies."

William Cullen Bryant, *A Legend of the Delawares and Mohicans.*

Long after Soquons and Grey-Locks ancient Hoosacs and Wampanoags were driven from Mount Greylock hunting-grounds and peace was established; the Pilgrim settlers of Northfield, Springfield and Deerfield beheld the stern brow of the giant of the north, capped with a greylock of cloud. This reminded them of the frowning visage of the grey-headed chieftain Grey-Lock gazing down upon them in his native Agawam Valley. The name, *Grey-Lock* distinguished the summit until the English settlers in Pontoosac—now Pittsfield looking northward beheld the "twin thrones of the north" which reminded them of a giant's Saddle Ball or Saddleback. These names still cling to portions of the range to-day.

"Near Lake Onota, says the late Dr. Bascom, "one best sees the origin of the designation of 'Saddle Mountain.' Mount Griffin is the ball of the saddle and Greylock the cantle, while the distance between them is much foreshortened. The depth of the saddle is 600 feet and the length 10,000 feet. The phantom horseman, checking rein and standing in his stirrups, can survey the mountains, hills and valleys of four adjoining states."

Dr. John Bascom, *Greylock Reservation,* 1907.

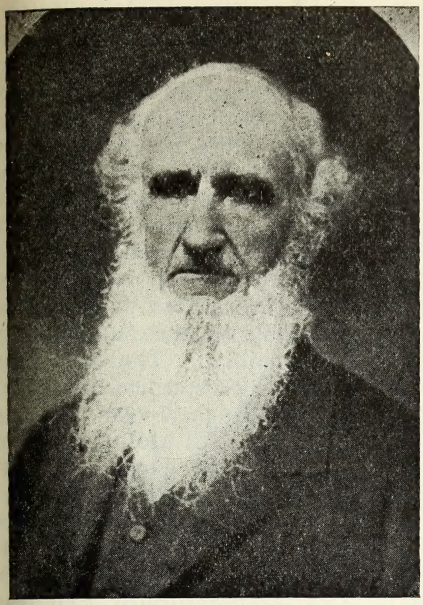
The first record of the name, *Greylock,* as applied to the height of land o Massachusetts, appears in Nathanie Hawthorne's *American Note-Book.* Th prose-master describes his stage-coac ride between Pittsfield and the Nort Village of Adams July 26, 1838. At th South Village of Adams Hawthorn asked the stage-driver, Platt, the name o the mountain rising abruptly on his left He replied, that it was a "very high hill known by the name Greylock, a poeti designation, records Hawthorne, whic he greatly preferred to the more commo name, Saddleback.

"Mountains," wrote John Ruskin "seem to have been built for the huma race, as at once their schools an cathedrals." Perhaps no other range o mountains has been so fortunatel builded, as Greylock, for the instructio of the human race. It towers agains the horizon, in full view of Williams Col lege on the north; Lenox and Pittsfiel seminaries on the south, and casts it sunset shadows, as a benediction over th State Normal School, at its eastern bas in the city of North Adams. The Grey lock Range is accessible, and its base i only six hours ride from New York an Boston. The poet Bryant, in 1811, wrot in his satire, *Descriptio Gulielmopolis* while at Williams College, a descriptio of the valley. He confessed that he wa inspired by the mountains grandeur:

"Safe from the morning's golden eye,
And sheltered from the western breez
These happy regions, bosomed lie.

"Hemmed in with hills, whose heads as-
pire
Abrupt and rude, and hung with woods
Amid these vales I touch the lyre,
Where devious Hoosac rolls his floods.'

After the opening of the Free Schoo of Williamstown in 1790, and its reor-ganization as Williams College thre years later; the students began to climb to the summit of Greylock, for recreatio and inspiration. Chester Dewey, a early graduate of the college was en-gaged as instructor of literature an natural history in 1810. Samuel J. Mills

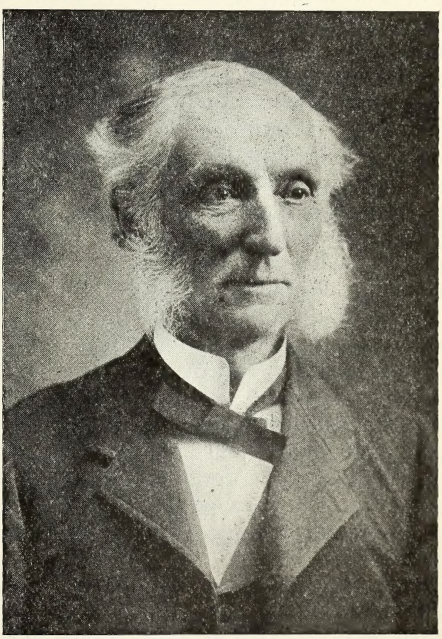


PROFESSOR ALBERT HOPKINS,
Leader of the Mountain Day Excursions and Founder of the Alpine Club of Williamstown, 1853.

r.—the "Father of American Foreign Missions" had just graduated, and the ollowing year, William Cullen Bryant—lestined to be the *first* distinguished American poet, arrived at Williams. It vas a few years later in 1817, that Professor Dewey invited Ames Eaton—a raduate of Williams—then at Yale College, to give a course of lectures on nineralogy and botany to the students at Villiams. Professor Eaton's classes oon comprised sixty-three students, including the name of Ebenezer Emmons. Ie subsequently became the discoverer nd founder of the Taconac system in eology in 1840. It was during Eaton's cture on botany at Stockbridge in June, 817, that Albert Hopkins—youngest rother of the subsequent President Iark Hopkins of Williams, heard of benezer Emmons. Young Hopkins and mmons were later destined to be closely ssociated, in the advancement of botany, eology and astronomy between 1835 nd 1872.

Between the opening of Eaton's lectres at Williams in 1817 and his death 1842, he had traveled 17,000 miles cturing and surveying. Every state in the Union—except five authorized surveys and he lectured to over 7,000 students. He published the *first* textbooks on botany and geology in this country between 1817 and 1824 and is recognized as the pioneer in these sciences in the United States. Professor Chester Dewey, after the opening of Eaton's lectures on botany at Williams, began the study of the genus Seges. Before his death he had collected the finest herbarium of this genus in the world which he presented to the Natural History Museum at Williamstown.

It was during President Edward Dorr Griffin's term at Williams, between 1821 and 1833, that the Mountain Day excursions were organized. Sometime between 1824 and 1832, President Griffin headed a party of natural history students, and directed the building of the first tower on the summit of Greylock. The prosemaster Hawthorne, recorded in his *American Note-Book,* under date of July 26, 1838, that the stage-coach driver Platt, informed him: "That several years since the students of Williams College erected a building for an observatory



DR. JOHN BASCOM,
Late Commissioner of Greylock Park Reservation.

on the top of Mount Greylock, and employed him to haul the material for its construction." He boasted, that he was the *first* man to drive an ox-team to the summit. President Griffin, mounted on horseback, rode ahead of the team and led the way. Griffin's Tower, however, passed away several years before Hawthorne's visit to Hoosac Valley.

The second tower on Greylock was known as the Meteoroligical Observatory. Professor Hopkins, aided by Tutor Coffin, headed a party of Williams College students, during the summer of 1841 and built the tower. Professor Hopkins organized "bees" among the Hopper farmers and a road was built about Mount Bascom, through Bacon Park to the summit of Greylock. The first story of the tower was made of solid logs, forming a cubical blockhouse twenty feet square. Two retreating stories were built above the blockhouse, each twenty feet high. They were constructed of framed timbers, sawed at Pettit's saw mill on Hopper Brook, and hauled to the summit.

The third story chamber of the observatory, according to the late William D. Porter of the class of 1850, contained anemometers, barometers, self-registering thermometers, wind-registers and other instruments, furnished chiefly by Professor Hopkins and Tutor Coffin. Professor Hopkins in 1838 dedicated his Astronomical Observatory on East College Hill, and is recognized to-day as the "Father of Astronomy" in this country. Both Professor Hopkins and his brother, President Hopkins, believed that the teacher should make nature the principal and let her do her own teaching. "Have the means and apparatus to do this fully, and your course loses the character of mere book-learning. And though you do not advance science immediately, yet you kindle fires. You incorporate your course into the very being. You awaken thoughts and feelings 'that shall perish never.'"

It was the custom on Mountain Day at Williams College, according to William D. Porter, as early as 1846, for a party of thirty students to ascend to the Meteorological Observatory and remain over night on Greylock. They slept c the floor in the second story chambe with their feet toward the huge woo stove, in the center of the room—close packed like sardines in a box. Long b fore dawn they were mounted on tl tower, to greet the white light of mor ing, and observe the rosy glow, flood tl neighboring summits, while the valle far below, slumbered in shadows.

Both Hawthorne and Thoreau believ that Mount Greylock was built for tl inspirations of the students and travele climbing to its summit. The former, he beheld the white steepled village Williamstown, through a vista of clou mists from the slopes of Mount Willian during August, 1838, exclaimed tha "It was like a day-dream to look at it; a the students ought to be day-dreame all of them,—when cloud-land are o and the same thing with the substanti earth." The poet-naturalist Thore visited Hopkin's Tower on Greylock du ing the summer of 1846, and has left description of his visit to Hoosac Vall in his book entitled: *A Week on t Concord and the Merrimac Rivers.* H slept in Hopkin's Tower and observi its object said that: "It would be small advantage if every college we thus located at the base of a mountain, good at least as one well-endowed pr fessorship. It were as well to be educa ed in the shadow of a mountain as more classical shades....Every visit its summit would, as it were, generali the particular information gained belo and subject it to more catholic tests."

Geological students at Williams, ha been studying the formative rocks Greylock, Equinox and Ælous—the thr highest summits of the Taconac Mou tains for ninety-five years—since Am Eaton in 1817, inspired young Ebenez Emmons, then a student at Williams solve the difference in the Taconac roc from those of the Green Mounta Range, a few miles eastward. Dr. E mons discovered distinct proof of l Taconac system in geology, both Stone Cobble, now Mount Emmons along the base of Green Mountain Ran opposite Mount Williams and Slope N ton; and in a ravine south of Berlin P

over Mount Hopkins, on the main Taconac Range in 1840. The Mohican name *Taconac* first arose from the term, *Tohkoneac*—distinguishing a bubbling spring near Copake Lake, on the west side of the main Taconac Range. Livingston's *Taghkanic Tract,* was purchased of the Mohican king and his councillors residing about Monument Mountain in Housatonac Valley. In time, the name of *Tohkonac Spring,* designated the entire Taconac Range—distinguished for its rocky, woodsy mountains, full of caves, bubbling springs and huge quartzite and marble boulders; which glistened on the hillsides, and were known to the Hoosacs' as *Manitou Asenisah*—Spirit-stones.

Tourists, climbing to Greylock, believe it to be a summit of the Green Mountain Range. Yet, the Green and Taconac ranges differ widely in their structure and formations, and have individual forests, peculiar to their formative rocks. The Green Mountains are a strong, unbroken wall of granite, quartzite and iron; their summits are covered with evergreen spruce and fir; and their slopes and valleys with hemlock, pine and mixed wood. The Taconac Mountains are a ruined chain of isolated peaks of soluable shists marble and limestone poised upon an insoluable floor of quartzite. The schistose summits and hills are clothed with beach, birch, maple, oak and chestnut; and their slopes and valleys with mixed wood and conifirs peculiar to both ranges—the rocks of which overlap in the Hoosac Pass between the two ranges.

The oldest rock of the Greylock Range, is that of the Green Mountain quartzite, 1,000 feet in depth, formed in the Lower Cambrian time. It is observed along the Hopper Brook, and underlies the entire range; and reappears again on the cliffs of Monument Mountain in central Berkshire, where the Green Mountain rock ends. Overlying the quartzite rests a stratum of rather soluable Stockbridge limestone, 1,000 feet in depth. It is extensively quarried above the New England Limekilns, at the base of Ragged Mountains in Adams and North Adams. Above these so-called lower limestones is found a layer of Berkshire schists intermixed with soluable Bellow's Pipe or upper limestones, 600 feet in depth. The fourth and crowning stratum of Greylock, consists of Taconac schists, of intermediate hardness, 2,000 feet in depth. This rock caps all the highest summits and hills of the range. The time required for the deposition of the four strata of rock material, of which Greylock is constructed, according to calculators of geologic time ,is estimated between 1,000,000 and 10,000,000 years. This covered all of the Cambrian and Lower Silurian time.

The Lower Cambrian quartzite floor of Greylock is composed of beach sand, pebbles and boulders, and marks the advance of the ancient ocean over a rocky land surface, which had already been subjected to atmospheric erosion. The accompanying ledges of pudding-stone conglomerates of limestone known as Weeping Rocks in the Hoosac Pass of Pownal are composed of pre-Cambrian sand, pebbles and boulders cemented together with calcareous material. Geologist Dale says that: "It is evident that at no great distance from where Greylock now is there was land in Cambrian time. From that shore the ocean probably stretched westward to the Rocky Mountains and northward to the St. Lawrence" about the base of the Laurentian Highlands.

The legend of the Hoosac and Little Hoosac valleys reveal that they have been submerged by three successive shallow seas between the Lower Cambrian and the Lower Silurian time. Their successive recessions were followed by three crustal movements of the earth's surface. One of which during the Ordovician or Hudson age produced a crinkling pressure of the earth's surface which forced up the Taconac schists crowning the Greylock group, and the entire Taconac Range west of the Green Mountains.

T. Nelson Dale, *Geological History of Greylock,* 1906.

The peculiar Taconac rocks stretch from Fishkill, Dutchess County, New York, two hundred miles northeast to the Rutland marble region of the Green

Mountain State, where they taper out two miles south of Brandon village.

The most interesting legend of Greylock, "must ever remain the unwritten one—the one," says geologist Dale, "written only in negative evidence." When time was young Greylock towered nearly twice as high as it does to-day. His sweltering brow wore a grey-lock of cloud mist beneath the scorching rays of the Lower Cambrian sun, and his stone face ruffled the waves, during the Upper Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Jura-Trias, Cretaceous and Tertiary periods. These periods, all together, are only one and three-fourths as long as the Cambrian and Ordovician periods. Geologist Dale says, "There were two long processes involved in building Greylock, the one constructive, the other destructive." It is to the latter that the ruined Taconac Range owes its sculptured beauty and graceful wave-like summits.

The age of Greylock—one of the most venerable chieftains in the world, can best be understood by beholding the deep wrinkles of time in the Hopper chasm, from either Simonds Peak or Mount Bascom which guards the portal of the Hopper Brooks pass. Geologist Dale estimates that there has been removed a pyramid of soluable rock one mile square at the base, and 1,500 feet high, through the narrow pass of Hopper Brook to Green River and thence to the ocean. Enough soluable schists and limestones, about the base of Greylock, has been removed to build a mountain range.

The language of the Ice Age, during Quaternary time is written to-day upon the bald schistose face of Greylock. The *striae* or scratches have a northwest-southeast direction. It is not easily estimated by geologists, how much erosion about Greylock occurred in pre-Glacial time or how much was sculptured about the range in Glacial time.

After the crystal, Glacial peaks of the Laurentian Highlands, on the site of Niagara Falls, receded northward—the original rivers flowing southwest over Greylock's shoulders, reversed their course—southward down the Hudson Valley. After a time local glaciers capped Greylock, Equinox and Ælous of the Taconas, and the Dome and Hoosac Range of the Green Mountains. The streams flowing from these ice-capped summits, formed Lake Bascom at their base. For a time, the hollow was filled to its brim, and overflowed its mountainous shores. Waterfalls pouring over the Greylock Range at different periods formed pot-holes in The Notch and The Hopper, which eroded into the soluable heart of the rocky mountain side, wrestling with the giant Greylock himself. The distance between the belt of pasturelands in the Bellow's Pipe, on the east, and the Inner Hopper on the west side of Greylock, is not over half a mile distance.

The volume of water leaked down through the pot-hole caverns and formed underground rivers, which flowed through the center of the Hoosac Pass of the Taconacs. In time, the marble and schistose arches spanning The Hopper, The Notch and the Sayunsac and Ashawaghsac valleys broke away. All that now remains is the Natural Bridge in the Mayunsac Valley, above North Adams; and various caves in Ragged Mountains, Mount Anthony and Ælous, which mark the channels of the underground streams, through both the Hoosac and Walloonsac valleys. According to Geologist Dale, the terraced shores of Lake Bascom reveal that it had a depth of 600 feet 10,000 years ago about the base of Greylock. After the final breaking away of the marble arches spanning the natural dam of the Hoosac Pass at Kreigger Rocks in Pownal, the Hoosac Valley was soon completed, as we behold it to-day, and the Hoosac River system took place. Tumbling bergs of ice during the Glacial time freighted with quartze, marble and granite boulders from the north, were hoisted along the terraced slopes of Greylock and Hoosac Mountain, where the stones rest to-day. The ancient seer Soquon of the Hoosacs recognized those sparkling stones of marble on the mountain side, and significantly called them *Manitou-aseniah*—Great Spirit-stones. The gigantic upheavals of Lower Cambrian quartzite in the region were attributed to *Hobbamocko*—the Evil Spirit or Devil whom the Hoosacs recognized

s the god of thunder and earthquakes.

The Alpine Club of Williamstown—he oldest mountain organization in this ountry, for recurrent pedestrine moun-ain climbing, was organized by Profes-or Albert Hopkins in April, 1863. In measure, it replaced the Mountain Day xcursions at Williams and included both entlemen and lady members. The late amuel H. Scudder—a distinguished aturalist, and Professor Paul A. Chad-ourne were among the leaders of the ub while at Williams College. Profes-or Hopkins—the Chronicler of the lub—recorded many excursions to The opper and The Heart of Greylock.

The members of the Alpine Club in 864 camped three days at Bacon's—the wn poor-house located in Bacon Park. he ladies occupied the ground *floor* and e gentlemen retired to the barn for arters. Nine members, including veral ladies ascended the steep western ce of Greylock by way of the March ataract ravine — probably the only urists to ever perform the feat. At e point in the ravine, it was estimated at a view could be had of a continuous read of water nearly five hundred feet length, during spring time. The ex-rsion was chronicled by Professor opkins under the title: *Baconian eminiscences; or, The Short and Simple nnals of the Poor-House.*

Samuel H. Scudder, *Appalachia IV*: . 45-54, *November,* 1884.

The famous Camp Ground of the lpine Club was chosen by Reverend hn Denison—one of the members of e club, near the head of Camp Brook the south side of Bacon Park over-oking The Heart of Greylock, on the uth, and The Hopper chasm on the rth. The Heart of Greylock is a inature counterpart of the stupendous nphitheatre of The Hopper, and like it, freshened by a thousand springs shing forth to form a semi-circle of scades. The streams rise along the ow of Greylock and Mount Moore, d leap down to the very base of the untain and find an outlet in Jeruselem rook — known locally as Roaring anch.

Clouds have frequently broken over Greylock and resulted in landslides 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height. A notable land-slide in the Inner Hopper was visited by the Alpine Club on November 4, 1864. The thin leaf mould, laden with snow, loosened by the cloudburst, rushed 1,000 feet below to the very floor of The Hop-per. Another cloudburst occurred along the eastern face of Greylock during August, 1802, which is visible from the village of Adams. Six or eight huge stone stairs were laid bare of every vestige of vegetation in the path of the torrent. It is known to-day as The Slide-trail and the Chieftain's-stairway.

The Hopper Brook at the western base of Greylock, is formed by the junction of Bacon Brook and its numerous branches on the south, with Money Brook and its multitude of streams from the north. The March Cataract rises on a branch of Bacon Brook, along the western face of Greylock—1,900 feet above the floor of The Hopper. It is the highest water fall in the State of Massachusetts, although as its name im-plies is not permanent. It is formed by the melting of the snow on Greylock's summit during March. The Cascade was discovered by Professor Hopkins while heading the Alpine Club in 1864. After August thunder storms the torrents leap down in successive cascades over the stone benches, which rise one above another in semi-circular tiers like seats in a theatre. Beneath the overhanging rocky shelves is found hanging moss dur-ing dry weather that is constantly freshened by the hidden springs in the ravine.

The two highest permanent water-falls in Massachusetts are located on a branch of Money Brook, which rises near the sky line of Mount Fitch. They were discovered by Professor Hopkins in June, 1869, while heading the Alpine Club. He first beheld the lower cascade which he christened Wawbeek Falls, ris-ing about 1,800 feet above the floor of The Hopper. A fifth of a mile above Wawbeek Falls he located the cascade which he named Sky Falls. They are not accessible to tourists visiting the summit of Greylock; Professor Hopkins asid that: "The falls are in a dell so

deep and lonely that to most persons they are destined to remain forever among the myths of Greylock."

The Hopper chasm resembles a miller's hopper, and undoubtedly was designated by the first Dutch and English hunters and surveyors visiting the region, between 1688 and 1739. Soon after the incorporation of Williamstown a remote ravine on Money Brook was known to a gang of counterfeiters. Here they built a log cabin and hauled a chest of tools, with which to hammer out Spanish dollars and possibly Pine-tree shillings, then in circulation in Massachusetts. The haunt of the gang was discovered by a hunter and their chest of tools captured. The unknown outlaws escaped, although Caleb Gardiner, son of Captain Caleb Gardiner of the Gardiner Tavern of Hancock, south of Williamstown, was later hung at Albany in 1786 for passing counterfeit Spanish dollars. The significant name, Money Brook, clings to The Hopper region although its origin is nearly forgotten.

A magnificent northern view of The Hopper is obtained from The Vista of the Alpine Club, at a point above their Camp Ground, on the brow of Greylock. The eye ranges northwestward through the portal of the Hopper Brook pass, between Simonds Peak on the north, and Mount Bascom on the south, and beholds the church steeples and college towers of Williamstown. The late Dr. Bascom said: "Nature has rarely given a more exquisite frame to a more delightful picture." The views of the Williamstown valley from Mount Bascom and Simonds Peak during the autumnal coloring of October are unsurpassed. The grandeur of the views from the summit of Greylock impress the beholder with vastness and immensity. The eye ranges two hundred miles both north and south, as well as nearly the same distance east and west. No such a detached group of mountains can be found elsewhere in New England, or broadly speaking in this country. The Hopper, as beheld from the main Taconac Range—seven miles west of Greylock confronts the beholder with a magnificent background. Dr. Bascom said, "Greylock standing just back of The Hopper, appears as a chi seen through the open door of his tent

It was a happy, beneficent thoug which led to the incorporation of t Greylock Park Association on April 1 1885. At that time the Association own only 4,000 acres about the summit Greylock. At a meeting held in Nover ber following the incorporation of t Association, $4,425 was reported as pa in and expended for building an exte sion of the North Adams Road fro Walden Farm, in the Notch Valley to t Summit, a log house, log barn and t present iron tower, fifty feet in height.

At a meeting of the stockholders the Greylock Park Association, Nover ber 21, 1899, it was voted to convey the property to the State of Massachusett The Legislature having on June 20, t year previous, established the Greyloc Park Reservation of 10,000 acres, co ditioned on the State's attainment of t present land, buildings and tower, owne by the Greylock Park Association, fr of all expenses. It was not until the la ter part of 1900 that the Association w able to release their claims, and turne over the property to the State.

The State, according to the repo made June 5, 1906, has appropriate $91,000 for the purchase of the 10,0 acre reservation. Over 8,243 of th amount of acreage has been purchase and enclosed with fences, and intersecte by numerous roads and trails. The a nual support of the Reservation, requi ing $25,000 is assumed by the Berkshi County people. A more commodious in is sadly needed on the Summit of Gre lock for entertainment of tourists wis ing to remain over night. Log houses Bellow's-Pipe Park and in Wilbur an Bacon Parks would be frequently o cupied also by camping parties, not wis ing to climb to the summit of Greyloc the same day. The late Dr. John Basco one of the pioneer commissioners of t Reservation, in a report to the writer la Christmas, stated: "Greylock Reserv tion is a gift to the people. It shoul have an educating as well as a stimula ing influence on all classes. It was hope and is still hoped, that the wealth c those born within sight of Greylock c

esorting to its neighborhood for summer elaxation, would be freely used for suitble buildings on the summit."

Between five and eight thousand ourists annually register their names at he summit of Greylock, and undoubtdly three thousand ascend the mountain uring the closed season who do not egister. An electric railroad has been roposed to the summit, but at present a our-horse stage-coach from North dams makes two trips to the summit very week, for those not wishing the leasure of a long walk and blistered eet.

The roads leading summitward, from he north, south, east and west approaches of the range, have been nearly ompleted. The summit is encircled with he picturesque Crown Road, affording istas of the valley below. A trail leads est from the North Adams Road to a liff overlooking the yawning chasm of he Inner Hopper, a mile below the ower. Another road leads down to he Vista and Alpine Club's Camp round, and thence to The Bluffs of Mount Bascom, from the Lanesboro and Pittsfield Road. There still remains to be completed the East Road from Adams village, which in time will connect with the West Road from Williamstown, leading up through The Hopper and Bacon Park.

The Slide or Chieftain's stairway is designated on the eastern side of the Crown Road, as is the Bellow's-Pipe Park trail of Hawthorne and Thoreau. Trails should be laid out to the March Cataract, Wawbeek and Sky Falls in The Hopper and to the Cascades in the Heart of Greylock.

It has been well said that: "Massachusetts, with her back to the sea, faces the continent in peace, as she first faced it in border warfare," along the mountains and valleys, which cluster about the commanding giant of the northwest, appropriately designated Greylock, in memory of the frowning visage of the chieftain Grey-Lock who guarded the trail of the Forbidden Hoosac Tunnel Mountain against the incursions of the Pilgrims.

The Eagle

By ETHEL SYFORD

Swift he hurls from dizzy heights,
Soul of the Over-world,
Cleft from the rock's jagged, charred waste,
Silent and sullen he sweeps and he sways,—
Now swift like a Demon of pitiless Woe
Now he hangs on the ether, rides the fierce winds,
Now he coaxes them,—lulling, caressing their frenzy.
Not eagle, but Aeolian harp
Strong, strung, taut pinioned to the air.
Chant low thy rhythmic minor spell,
Dash out thy whirr of frenzy chromatic,
Spin, spin thy symphony,—message majestic.

No bird steeped in humour of Earth-fumes, thy kin;
Breath of the fierce first-force,
Destruction begot thee.
Unerring in aim as the wild wind thou ridest,
No song thine, but in thy dark silence
The message of thunder; dissonant Death in thy scream.
Fragment of chaos,—Twin of the War-God,
Soul of the awful mid-air.

For Playgoers and Music Lovers

Klaw and Erlanger's production of the musical comedy de luxe, "The Pink Lady" is at the Colonial Theatre direct from its wonderfully successful engagement at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York city where it stayed for nearly a year and was seen by over half a million people.

"The Pink Lady" is the finest achievement of the musical comedy productions upon the American stage. It is more after the fashion of opera bouffe which did so much to elevate the tone of the French stage when Offenbach and similar geniuses turned their attention to the lighter forms of music.

This new addition to the field is a comedy in three acts with a score that forms an integral part of the story's developments and abounds in numbers which were woven into the thread with a regard for their fitness rather than for mere musical effects. Mr. C. M. S. McLelland wrote the book and lyrics after an adaptation of the French farce, "Le Satyre," by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud which ran in its original form for a year at the Palais Royal in Paris. The music was composed by Mr. Ivan Caryll long identified with the greatest successes of the Gayety Theatre in London. In his "Pink Lady" score Mr. Caryll has outdone himself.

The New York production and cast will be brought to Boston intact and it is expected that they will establish as enviable a record at the Colonial as they did in the metropolis. The original pink of perfection chorus will also be seen on this occasion. In the cast will be found such favorites as Frank Lalor, Hazel Dawn, Alice Dovey, Jack Henderson, Alice Hegeman, Crauford Kent, Harry Depp, Florence Crosbie, Aileen Flaven, Jean Crane, Maurice Hegeman and Benj. Lissit.

The story is in three scenes and these are outlined by stage pictures which a marvels of their kind. The light ar costume effects harmonize with it all ar in every respect "The Pink Lady" wh seen demonstrates the reasons for its r markable vogue.

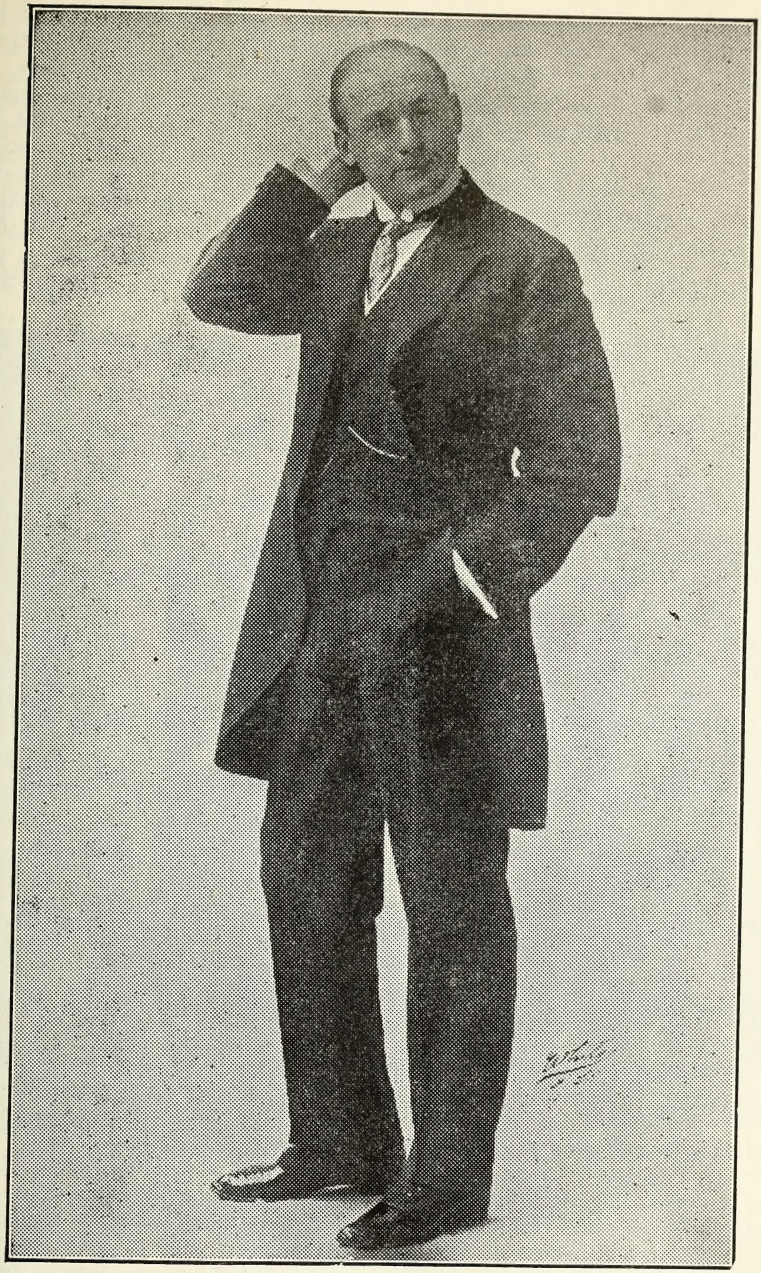
DOGS ON THE STAGE

Nearly every theatrical company existence to-day carries one or more dog but, of course it is not every attractic that has use for the canine on the stag The animals as a rule belong to th members of the company. In such in stances the dogs are usually of a sma breed, such as poodles, pomeranian etc. These dogs naturally have an a traction for the female members of th company and it is not often that th gentler sex take to bull-terriers as do Miss Dolores Suarez, of the "Doctor D Luxe" company.

The bull-terrier which Miss Suare leads on the stage in the first act c "Doctor De Luxe" is a most noted an imal. He was bred by John Mullen, noted dog fancier of New York, a ma who bred dogs for the pit and not fc show purposes. When this dog was puppy, three months old, he was sold b Mullen to Nat Ray, the well-know steeple-chase jockey, who was the pre mier cross-country rider on the big track for a number of years and who will b remembered rode for Mr. Hitchcock owner of "Hylas," "Good and Plenty and other noted horses that raced throug the field.

Ray considering "Hylas" the greate horse he ever rode, named the pupp after the horse and kept him until h was three years old when he made M Kelly, the manager of the "Doctor D Luxe" company a present of the dog.

"Hylas" the dog, and Mr. Kelly ar fast friends and are almost inseparabl



RALPH HERZ AS "DOCTOR DE LUXE"

t Mr. Kelly allows Miss Dolores Suarez take "Hylas" out for his daily exer-e and it is only natural that a strong achment has grown between the lady d the dog. Although "Hylas" was bred for fighting purposes and is a game dog, he is nevertheless of a most kindly disposition and is companionable with the smaller dogs that are kennel mates with him.

"Hylas" is never troubled with stage fright. He took to "acting" like a duck takes to water and while the poodles and pomeranians with the company are well liked, "Hylas" is the real pet of the entire company.

CHARLES CHERRY IN "THE SEVEN SISTERS."

Charles Cherry has returned to Boston as a Daniel Frohman star and is at the Hollis Street Theatre in a new comedy from the Hungarian called "The Seven Sisters," in which he had the support of the New York Lyceum Theatre Company. Though Mr. Cherry has been a star the past two seasons he is perhaps best known to Boston theatre-goers through his long association with Maxime Elliott and his success with her in the Clyde Fitch plays "Her Own Way" and "The Great Match" in which he was an unusually agreeable figure. Possibly next to John Drew he is the best li comedian in the higher class comedy t we have on the stage to-day. He p sesses an unusual charm of manner a is genial and captivating in a vigoro manly way that compels general admi tion,—not to mention the matinee adoration, which these qualities credited with inspiring. All these f qualities are brought out in a most c tivating way in "The Seven Sisters"



CHORUS IN "THE PINK LADY" SINGING "BRING ALONG THE CAMERA."

which he plays the role of an aristocr count who is a lieutenant in the reser He is a strong manly type of hero, f of adventure, with a strong sense humor and an equally high sense honor. He has occasion to dress as P rot at a mask ball where he meet hoydenish, venturesome young dressed as Pierrette. She is the fou sister Mici and is expelled from the c vent for going to the ball unknown to nuns. Her return creates consterna for her presence seriously interferes

he mother's plans of marrying off the hree elder girls. It is the custom in Hungary of keeping all the younger girls n the background in short frocks and irlish braids until the eldest one is mar- ied off and their ages are reduced in roportion to keep that of the first sister ufficiently youthful. Mici is at once de- rived of her modish gown and demoted o the age of fourteen. Her cavalier of he ball, Lieutenant Horknoy, comes to er mother's home and discovers her in rlish dress. She explains the situation



CHARLES CHERRY AND THE SEVEN SISTERS

nd he immediately suggests a scheme hereby her three eldest sisters shall be narried off and she would secure her roper age and "emancipation." Their lot results in a series of highly amusing omplications and in the end the three ldest sisters are married off. But the omantic attachment of Pierrot and Pier- ette has its period of grave misunder- tanding before they are happily united. he play is a dashing bright comedy full of rollicking fun from beginning to end, —and is also thoroughly refreshing in the clean, wholesome, merry atmosphere which prevails always. Mr. Cherry's supporting company is excellent in every respect. The production is most elaborate and preserves with fine charm the pic- turesqueness of the foreign country.

"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLING- FORD"

How a shrewd manipulator may be- guile the gullible public is most admirably demonstrated in George M. Cohan's greatest comedy success, "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" which has proven the biggest hit ever presented at the Park Theatre, Boston.

The universality of its human appeal is truly something wonderful. Based upon the celebrated "Wallingford" stories by Mr. George Randolph Chester, Mr. Cohan has evolved a unique farcical



HALE HAMILTON AND FRANCES RING IN "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD."

comedy that is screamingly funny, fairly scintillating with brilliant epigrammatic wit and clean-cut, wholesome humor. Yet, at the same time serving as an effective vehicle for a timely lesson of inspiration and achievement, as well as telling a delightfully logical love story that displays the power for good that a truly good woman may exert over any man who is not hopelessly bad at heart, and incidentally conveying the moral that "honesty is the best policy" after all.

The unprecedented success of Mr. Cohan's brilliant satire on the "get-rich-quick" game, affords another indisputable proof of the fact that present day playgoers have shown a marked predelic tion for laughs, first, last and all the time Not so very long ago it was only th more serious forms of the drama tha proved appealing, especially to the ladies to whom the ideal offering was one tha afforded a "real good cry," but the publi taste is ever shifting, the face comedie are the most popular offerrings of th day, and "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford' is the premiere of them all.

Mr. Cohan recently stated in an im portant interview on the occasion of the 500th performance of "Wallingford" in New York: "It is the laughs that get the money now-a-days, practically ninety-

five per cent of the successful plays, whether musical, straight comedy, or farce, have been the 'laugh-getters.' Give people an up-to-date theme, something that touches upon everyday life and conditions, with a corking good love story that has real heart interest, sprinkle in plenty of laughs that are real laughs,—make your characters truly human in appeal and the laughs will come,—and with the laughs, the money."

It goes without saying that "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" is far and away the greatest laugh-provoking farcical comedy in recent years. It has played in New York almost two years of continuous performances even throughout the summer months, simultaneously with the presentations in Chicago by a specially organized company.

Boston is to be congratulated upon the fact that Messrs. Cohan & Harris are presenting the original and entire New York cast at the Park Theatre, with Hale Hamilton in the title role as J. Rufus Wallingford, the part he created and has played over 600 times, and William H. Boyd who has won the enthusiastic approbation of the press and public as "Blackie" Daw, Wallingford's pal and co-worker, as well as Frances Ring in her original creation as Fanny Jasper, the lovable little stenographer who becomes Wallingford's private secretary and afterwards his wife. The organization is a very large one, over 75 persons are required to present the play in a typical George M. Cohan manner.

On Christmas Day Eugene Walter's new play, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," will come to the Boston Theatre. This dramatization of the novel by John Fox, Jr., has been well received in Philadelphia. The playwright's wife, Charlotte Walker, plays the heroine, June. W. S. Hart, once Cash Hawkins, the "bad man" of "The Squaw Man," plays the father. The settings in the Cumberland Mountains make the drama something of a spectacle as well.

At the Majestic Theatre the performance of "Everywoman" will continue. This modern and impressive adaptation of the ancient morality play has been a phenomenal success. Mr. Savage is always successful in his production for the "outer-ring," so to speak. In other words, he puts a play on in such a way, that he enhances its unique value and thus does he awaken the interest of the "theatre-goer" and the apathetic "stay-at-homer" as well. "Everywoman" is certainly one of the most remarkable productions at present to be seen on the American stage. It is on everyday allegory,—as true to life as it is interesting and wonderful in scenic effect.

The Craig prize play will be mounted at the Castle Square Theatre after the holiday run of "The Wizard of Oz." The title has been changed from "The Product of the Mill" to "The Grist of the Mill." The author of the play is Miss McFadden. Following this play will come a clever comedy written by H. C. Brown while a student at Harvard two years ago. It is titled "Adele Disposes" and is about a chorus girl and a newspaper "cub."

At present Mr. Craig is trying a new play, "The Woodsman," by Robert Stodart, a New York newspaper man. The wood scenes are ones of real beauty and the scenery of the whole invariably brings much applause. The first act, showing the heroine's cabin and the long vista through the woods is remarkably beautiful. Morgan Wallace makes a capital "half-breed" and Miss Young is excellent as the "Society Girl" transferred to the woods. Mr. Craig as the guide could not be improved upon. It is a delightful melodrama.

At the Plymouth Theatre one of the great events of the moment of stageland in America, has appeared. Mme. Simone, daughter-in-law of the President Casimir Perier of France, has been appearing as Hélène de Brechebel in "The Whirlwind," a piece by Henri Bernstein, the author of "The Thief." "The Whirlwind" is "La Rafale" of the French. Mme. Simone supervised the translation and her own English is excellent,—she has studied it since a child. Mme. Simone is "great" as an exponent of the modern French dramatic school. She is

graphically great, one might say. Her moods are distinct and *toujours* do we find that inimitable polish of technique which is so well mastered by no other nationality and, on the other hand which is as mute in its appeal for emotional response in us. She is *adroit,* intellectually calculating, even luring in her values and nice balancing of parts, but she does all this by variations of tempo, by gradations of tone by a certain electrical animation even in andante reflections, which all is only to say that she is distinctively a thing apart from a natural call from soul of actor to soul of imagination of the audience. It is a great play if for no other reason than because of its crude daring, it literal and sinister facts. Bernstein seems to flourish it all in our faces. He delights in striking us dumb, for that is one way of being sure to be effective. There is some semitic shrewdness in such calculation. There is some art in being so determined to make a success that you are perfectly willing to trade it for making a sensation. It is not a summoning of the muses, exactly; it is rather a forcing down one's throat the kind of a dose that most of us gather up our skirts and pass by in every day life. At all events Mme. Simone's like has undoubtedly never before appeared on the American stage. She is verily a flower from the French theatrical garden. She is an artist of high achievement and her art is edgless but it is *achieved* and *polished* and so nervously perfect, oh so perfect. There's the rub.

Weeks of preparation and rehearsal are promising one of the finest of Mr. Craig's holiday musical productions in "The Wizard of Oz." It will open at the Castle Square on Friday evening, December 22nd, the theatre being closed the first four days of the week in order to give every facility and every possible moment of time to its preparation. It will be given with all the spectacular effects that have made it famous, including the wonderful cyclone, the marvellous poppy field, the sparkling splendor of snow and ice, the loose-limbed scarecrow, the oily jointed tin woodman, the Lade Lunatic, the Cowardly Lion, and the Frolicsome Heifer.

"The Wizard of Oz" also possesses a plot, one of wonderful variety that mingles illusion with humor, music with dancing, and gorgeous scenery and costumes with magnificent scenic effects. The story of the little girl who is whirled away on the wings of a Kansas breeze is fanciful enough to include a great deal of comedy, pantomimics, and music of the brightest and lightest jingling type, and there will not be a dull moment in all the three hours of its presentation. For the children and grownups alike it will hold unlimited entertainment.

The chorus will have its share in the production, and the principals in the cast will include the entire ensemble of Mr. Craig's company. George Hassell will be seen as the scarecrow, Donald Meek as the Tin Woodman, and there will be excellent roles for all the other players, including Miss Mary Young as the little heroine, Dorothy Gale.

SOTHERN AND MARLOWE AT THE SHUBERT.

So far, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have been justified of their courage. They chose for their appearances here the fortnight which Christmas Day divides. The earlier week is counted the week of the whole theatrical year in which audiences are smallest. The latter week is a week in which the theatres struggle against all sorts of holiday diversions outside those that they themselves afford. Moreover, throughout this fortnight, the schools and colleges in and around Boston, which have long yielded Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe a considerable patronage, will be closed. Yet the response in mail orders to the Shubert has been very large for every part of the house and inquiry at the box office window has been as brisk. The moral is not far to seek. Of course, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have their following here, eager to see them as interesting, long-liked and conspicuous players. But their plays more than themselves attract their audiences. A public that goes often to the theatre is glad each year to see plays of Shakespeare; another public cares for

these pieces above all other plays; a third public, especially numerous among our foreign folk and our youngsters, is keenly curious about them as new and exciting experiences. The regular, the occasional, the very rare playgoer sit down together before their Shakespeare. The parquet is as representative of one social element as the gallery is of others; while between is the balcony full of those who choose their play carefully and count the cost of their playgoing shrewdly. Shakespeare still "draws" the most widely representative audiences in this town. On that score, for a fortnight, the Shubert will be near to a "civic theatre."

HAROLD BAUER AND ELEANORA DUSE.

"I was making a tour of Italy," relates Harold Bauer, the pianist, "and just before I went to the concert hall at Florence the manager told me that he had a particular request to make. There was a certain woman friend of his, he said, a woman of nervous temperament, who did not care to sit in the audience and yet much desired to hear my recital. Would I permit her to sit in a little alcove facing the piano, just off the stage? I agreed, and after the recital began I realized that it was Eleonora Duse, the actress. As I left the stage she threw up her arms with a meaning gesture and exclaimed: "Oh, happy, happy man!" I asked her just what she meant, and she explained that because I was a pianist it was possible for me to do something that she had hoped all her life to do—to act alone."

THE ABBEY PLAYERS.

Here is an enterprise (The Abbey Theatre of the Irish Players) which, if it has not as yet attained the full and acknowledged dignity of a national theatre, contains the beginnings of one, and shows how easy it is to lay the foundations. Millions of dollars do not seem to be at all essential. The preliminary requirements appear to be a little ability, clear purpose, co-operation, and enthusiasm. These Irish Players, it appears, are bound together by common views and common interests. They have the same friendly, financial, and artistic interests, and are able to enjoy an amount of liberty and self-respect beyond the reach of ordinary players working in the treadmill of a syndicate.—The New York Evening Post.

BOSTON SYMPHONY AND COMING CONCERTS.

Mr. Fiedler has promised to play the Debussy "Gigue" soon and it is to be hoped that he will not omit the Mahler Symphonies. There is every reason to feel that they will be very much more satisfactory than the vagaries of stupid Englishman. The Elgar Symphony is as bad as any of the rest of them,—Bantoch, etc. Mr. Fiedler is going to play the overture from Miss Symth's opera, "The Wreckers," and we have a ray of hope,—partly because we don't yet know anything of this English lady's music and can't guess how stupid she is, perhaps.

On January fifth and sixth, Elena Gerhardt, the dramatic soprano who is a prime favorite on the continent,—especially in Germany—will be the soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Elena Gerhardt is a lieder singer *par excellence*. She is a *protege* of Arthur Nikisch and this will be her first appearance in America.

It is a piece of good fortune that Mr. Mudgett has made it possible for us to hear Mme. Gerhardt in a song recital in Jordan Hall on January twelfth. There are a number of interesting recitals which will open the new year for us.

Mr. Wilhelm Backhans, the unique and excellent German pianist who recently appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on January eighth in the afternoon.

Miss Nina Fletcher, the talented violinist who is much liked here in Boston, will give a violin recital in Steinert Hall on January sixth at three o'clock. Miss Fletcher is a pupil of Charles Loeffler and is very interesting in recital.

Miss Lilla Ormond, an old favorite with everyone and well-known as soloist at Handel and Haydn and Apollo Club



ELENA GERHARDT, SOLOISTS WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

concerts and in oratorio work, will give a song recital,—her last appearance in Boston—on the afternoon of January fourth at Jordan Hall.

It is seldom that we have heard a piano recital of as high an order as was the Schumann Chopin-Liszt program played by Harold Bauer recently. It is seldom that we have found ourselves in the company of such refined and sensitive appreciators as composed that audience. It was a serious program, the pervading mood was one of genuine serious appreciation and Mr. Bauer's playing was luminous, eloquent, beautiful. Schumann's Kreisleriana is the very essence of piano music at its romantic height and it will never be more sensitively, more richly painted than it was at this recital. Mr. Bauer will be heard for the last time in Boston this season on the afternoon of January thirteenth in Jordan Hall.

Mr. Jean Riddez is one of the new-

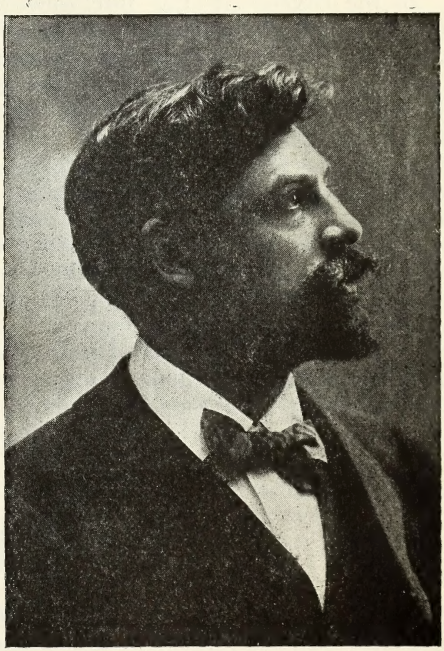


GEORGETTE LEBLANC-MAETERLINCK

omers from Paris to Boston Opera. Mr. Riddez appeared recently with Mme. Trozia with great success as the monk in he first production of Thais. Much of he success of Thais must be given to Mr. André Caplet whose inimitable handling f Massenet and Debussy and the entire rench school is a guarantee for the suc- ess of a production. Mr. Riddez will ppear with Georgette Leblanc—Maeter- nck is Pelleas in "Pelleas et Melisande." t is needless to say that with such a rinity as Mme. Maeterlinck, André Caplet and Jean Riddez as the guiding pirits, the production of "Pelleas et Melisande" will probably never again be qualled in this country. Mme. Maeter- nck can not be let go with a single ter- nination. There will be those who will o home saying she is not a great singer. There will be those who will not be sure hat she is a grand opera singer and she s not. There will be those who will not e quite sure that she is a great actress nd she isn't conventional as a trained xponent of the footlights. But all these neasy heads, all who see her can not elp feeling that she is, somehow or other, great artist soul—and that the power of her has left a great impression, an elusive inexplicable atmosphere, as it were, and that they have lived very close to the little soul of Melisande for a few hours. And that is a great thing. It is too bad we are not more accustomed to it.

Mme. Eames will make next week both her announced appearances at the Opera House. Not only will she take the part of Tosca in Puccini's like-named opera on Monday, but on Friday she will re-appear as Desdemona in Verdi's "Otello" —much to the bettering of the announced cast for that opera. In her years at the Metropolitan Mme. Eames was the Desdemona of each revival of "Otello," and it is easy to recall the charm of her bearing and the beauty of her song in the part. It must be long since she has taken it on any stage.

The revival of "Mignon" is now definitely set for the afternoon of Saturday, December 23. The old and pretty opera will be sung in French and with Mr. Goodrich conducting. The cast will comprise Mme. Tetrazzini as Philène—a part she has not hitherto taken in America;



JEAN RIDDEZ WITH THE BOSTON OPERA COMPANY.

Miss Dereyne of the Montreal Opera as Mignon; Mr. Clément as Wilhelm Meister; Miss Swartz as Frédérique; Mr. Rothier of the Metropolitan as Lothario.

CAPLET AND DEBUSSY.

In an interview in the current issue of Musical America, Mr. Caplet, the conductor of the Boston Opera House, affirms that Debussy will come thither in December, to remain long enough to conduct in "Pelléas and Mélisande" and in the music for orchestra and choruses that he wrote for d'Annunzio's mystery play, "Saint Sebastian." On the other hand, Mr. Schindler, the able and ambitious conductor of the McDowell Chorus for New York, sends word that he contracted last summer in Paris for the performance in America of the music to "Saint Sebastian," and that he will "produce" it at a concert on February 12. He purposes to perform then, the music of the Prelude, of the Court of Lilies, of the Ordeal of Fire, of the Syrian Women and of the final Vision of Paradise.

In the course of the interview Mr. Caplet expatiates at length upon Debussy as a composer; announces his own opera —a setting of Maeterlinck's "Princess Maleine"—to be produced at the Boston Opera House next season, calls "the action of the Italian school shrieks and stabbings," and declares he purposes to turn Shakespeare's "Othello" into a music drama that shall "reproduce the real Shakespearean spirit," unlike Verdi, the text of whose opera "is but a travesty of the great work of the Avon poet." As a mere detail of fact, much of Boito's text happens to be a faithful translation of Shakespeare's. But then Boito and Verdi were only Italians and Milan is far f Paris.

"Oscar Hammerstein's newly discov prima donna, Felicia Lyne, continue hold and increase her audiences in I don, and she has become virtually the of his new opera house because the pu has made her such. She won her success as Gilda in "Rigoletto." I evening she took her second part, "Lu in Donizetti's opera, and was no less plauded for her singing of the "M Scene." When she appeared in Ame a year ago in "Hans the Flute Play she was too obscure a member of company to be often pictured. Now American prima donna is as interes to London as was Mme. Tetrazzini, w the Italian made a like surprising dé

A coup de theatre (writes one who at the London Opera House on the ev ing in which London discovered the singer) is the mildest term which can applied to the début of Miss Felicia Ly The audience, accustomed to a mat Gilda, were startled by the appearance what seemed a mere child. And w the young girl, for Miss Lyne is no m proceeded to prove her charm and qua the surprise changed into unbounded miration. Apart from her rare mus gifts, she invested the part of Gilda w a pathos and charm which are poss only when presented with real you The critics received Miss Lyne into th collective bosoms. In consequence M Lyne woke on Sunday, and still more Monday, to find herself famous. Sm wonder that "nerves" made a vain, glorious attack on her on Wednesd when her success was repeated. It is thing to make a satisfactory début; it another thing to create what may pr a historic furore."



New England County Jails a Menace and Disgrace

By RAYMOND B. MANVERS

CHAINED in breathless dungeons over steaming sewers,
Fed on rank bread that crawled upon the tongue,
nd putrid water, every drop a worm,
ntil they died of rotted limbs; and then
ast on the dunghill naked, and became
ideously alive again from head to heel,
ade even the carrion-nosing mongrel
vomit with hate and horror."

Tennyson.

The milk drawn from the mountain goat
as changed for water from the moat,
ur bread was such as captive's tears
ave moistened many a thousand years,
nce man first pent his fellow man
ke brutes within an iron den."

Byron.

The prisoner of to-day experiences far fferent treatment than did the victim of e religious hatred of "Bloody Mary" old England, and of the political tred of the Duke Bishop of Savoy, th of the sixteenth century.

The inquisition also whose horrors no ngue can tell, that instrument so fectively used in the name of religion, s become a mere name in history. The d age régime of horrors has given way an enlightened spirit of reform. The d age was the extreme of superstition d intolerance, the new age is the exeme of tolerance and enlightenment.

Ridpath, the historian, speaking of the nishments meted out to offenders, ys:

"The fangs of barbarism have their st roots in the law books of the world. hey are the only thing never reformed cept by revolution. The theory of the rbarian age was that the cure for crime is punishment. The theory of civilization is that penal measures are among the smallest and least salutary of all the influences to be employed in the eradication of criminal passions and practices. The soul of that age was cruelty, and the heart of justice a stone."

An immense amount of suggestion—good,bad, and indifferent—has from time to time appeared in books, magazines, and newspapers regarding prison reform. Some of this suggestion has proved by trial to be practical and of great value, especially that portion emanating from prison associations composed of men who have given years of study and thought to the subject based upon full knowledge of actual conditions in our prisons. Unfortunately there has been far too much of bad and indifferent suggestion, which, strange to say, has also been adopted. Most of this later class is based upon crass ignorance of actual condition and is the product of the brains of a class of persons called humanitarians actuated by maudlin sentimentality. They seem possessed with the idea that our modern prisons are places where the ancient methods of corporal punishment, —the dungeon silence, the solitary cell, the rack and screw, darkness and starvation reign supreme. Impressed with this idea they have rung the changes on the bells of reform until there has come into existence a system of prison administration in our New England county jails that is demoralizing in the extreme.

Of all the points considered in a discussion of this subject there is no one of greater importance than that pertaining to prison administration. In the penitentiaries and state prisons of New England prison administration is, in the main, as near perfect as it is possible to make it,

but in our jails it verges closely on the absurd and pernicious. The reasons for this condition of affairs are obvious. Penitentiaries and state prisons are under the management of men who are carefully selected because of their training and experience, hired and paid by the state, and retained in office as long as they do efficient work. They are usually men who have made penology a life study. The quality of their work is from time to time carefully examined and passed upon by a board of prison directors, chosen by the governor or legislature of the state. These directors are chosen because of their especial fitness by reason of long years of the knowledge and experience in the matter of prison administration. The warden and the directors are not chosen because of their political or religious faith, and are not apt to be the victims of sentiment.

The county jails on the other hand, are in charge of sheriffs, most of whom are politicians anxious for the emoluments attendant upon the office. A faithful worker for his party, or a man with a pull, is often given the office as a reward. His term of office expires within a year or two. Anxious for a re-election sheriffs have been known to give special privileges to prisoners whose terms expire just prior to election day so as to get their votes and services. A political upheaval throws a new and untried man into the jailer's chair. With every change comes new ideas as to prison administration, and lacking knowledge of and experience with the criminal class the new jailer is quite apt to be influenced by some new fangled reform idea he has heard or read of, he tests it in his management of the prison population under his care and management, and sooner or later Sheedy goes out of the window without let or hindrance.

The sensational escape not long ago of the "gentleman burglar," Timothy A. Sheedy and his whilom friend, James Cornell, from the fostering care of the Hartford County jail, and the far too numerous other escapes from different jails throughout New England within a comparatively short period of time, have caused the general public to inquire as to the reason for the seeming
management of these jails. These
capes are also causing those particul
interested in the penological treatmen
prisoners to examine present method
prison administration, so far at leas
it pertains to county jails, and this
terest although greatly accelerated by
event above mentioned, is however
reality but a natural product of the g
wave of productive research and
vestigation into the general subject
criminology which is sweeping over
country, and which has received ad
impulse from the discussions and delil
ations of the various internatic
prison congresses held within the
few years.

Sheedy was an important prisoner h
at the jail until such time as he could
provided for at the State Prison
Wethersfield. He had been arrested
a burglary committed at Hartford,
after a long trial, in which almost
limited financial means were at his
posal, and in which he was defended
one of the most able criminal lawyers
the state, had been found guilty, and
ing an old offender—having served t
terms of ten years each in Dannem
and one of six years at Jackson—w
under the incorrigible and indetermin
statutes of Connecticut, sentenced t
term not less than three and not m
than thirty years imprisonment. It wo
seem that this fact alone would have b
considered by the jail officials as an
portant factor, and have led them
adopt extra precautions in watching h
but as the sequel shows it evidently
no figure whatever even if once c
sidered. He was kept at the jail fr
March until the time of his escape
August, a period of a little over
months. During this time he manag
to completely hypnotize his keepe
Even though an opportunity was offe
for removing him to the states pris
another prisoner was taken—one
much less importance in every wa
and Sheedy was allowed to remain,
cause he was such a *model prisoner*
so studious—being an omniverous rea
—and so *quiet* and *good natured*. It
reported that even the jail physician w

attended him during an alleged attack of appendicitis said that he was one of the most agreeable patients he ever had. In the light of subsequent events it is however morally certain that all this docility was assumed for the occasion, and that from the very moment of his being sentenced, to the moment when he vaulted over the eight foot fence in the rear of the jail, every breath he drew and every thought he had was utterly and entirely devoted to the one great scheme of effecting his escape. He fully realized, as he has since said, that once behind the bars at Wethersfield there was no possibility of escape. It is not necessary to detail all the incidents of that, the most sensational escape ever known in Connecticut, as they are well known throughout all New England. It was a difficult one owing to the distance he was obliged to traverse from his cell to the final outlet, but aside from that one feature everything was in his favor. Soft steel bars in his cell door, frequent opportunities of free and uninterrupted conversations in the corridor with visitors during which time almost anything from a marline-spike to a cross-cut saw could with but little trouble be given him, library books whenever desired, between the leaves of which letters, knives, and fine steel saws could be concealed, and last but by no means least, the trusty who had the run of the entire jail at any hour day and night, and who in this instance proved to be the right man in the right place, at least for Sheedy. Each and every one of these features of prison administration were of valuable assistance in the break-away, and so far as known there was not a single hitch in the entire program from its inception to its finish. Sheedy planned and one Cornell, a trusty executed. Friends outside had been duly advised as to the hour of the escape and were in waiting with an automobile of high power at a designated spot. And so at the psychological moment Sheedy and Cornell disappeared from the sight of the jail officials as effectually as though they had vanished into the upper air. Sheedy was subsequently recaptured after he had taken a trip to Italy but, Cornell has never been seen or heard of, and as a result of the pernicious trusty and visiting systems prevalent in prison management, the state of Connecticut is twelve hundred dollars—more or less—out of pocket.

Sheedy was skilled enough in human nature to at once realize that this trusty Cornell—with his unlimited opportunities to become unfaithful to his trust—was the medium through which his escape could best be effected. He has since said that he bribed Cornell by the offer of one hundred and fifty dollars, fifty in spot cash and the balance when once outside prison walls. This is in the main doubtless true, as Cornell whose term had nearly expired, would not be likely to jeopardize his future by assisting in the escape for the mere fun of adventure. The question has been repeatedly asked how was it that Sheedy managed to have several hundred dollars in his possession when it is against the rules to have any money whatever while under confinement. The answer is obvious.

Our jails are the most important of all our penal institutions for there it is that a large majority of unfortunates get their first taste of punishment for their offenses. The youthfulness of persons who commit the majority of serious crimes is a fundimental fact in connection with the problem of crime. The fact that the vast majority of offenders are between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five must be recognized in scientific penal management. If the prisoner is impressed at the outset with the fact that the discipline is strict, severe, and unpleasant, in short that he is in jail for punishment and that his imprisonment means something, it is calculated to check any further indulgence of criminal instincts, a great end has been attained, and the chances are that in a great many instances criminal careers will at once and forever be entirely checked. If however he learns that this discipline is lax, uncertain, and far from being unpleasant, there will exist in his mind no great dread of the ordeal he must undergo if he further offends, and he easily yields to temptation.

The term jail here used includes city and county jails, houses of correction,

and other institutions however named—excepting reformatories—that are used as places for the safe keeping of persons awaiting trial in any of the courts and unable to give bonds, or awaiting transfer to state prison to commence service of sentence imposed for felonies, or serving what is known as jail sentences, having been sentenced to jail as a punishment, their offenses being in the main misdemeanors and not felonies. There is not probably a lawyer in existence who would undertake to exactly define the term felony. Some of the New England States, Massachusetts for instance, declare by statutes that only those offenses which may be punished by death or imprisonment in state prison are felonies.

Others make no attempt whatever to declare what offenses shall be considered felonies. The Massachusetts definition is the one most easily understood and is the one generally accepted.

He who sins must atone to the offended law. If therefore imprisonment be meted out to the offender it is for three distinct and separate purposes:

1.—As a punishment for the offense.

2.—The reformation of the offender.

3.—The protection of the public.

Proper jail administration is therefore important as a means for obtaining the results sought to be attained by the first two of the reasons for punishment as above set out. Crimes are more effectually prevented by the certainty than by severity of the punishment. The same is true as a means of reformation, as fear is a far stronger incentive than the promptings of morality.

In a letter mailed by the Secretary of the Connecticut Prison Association, to the clergy of the state suggesting that a certain Sunday be observed by the churches of the state as Prison Sunday, the writer voicing the unanimous sentiment of the members of that most excellent and valuable association, said:—

"Our jail system is still a disgrace and a menace—a system under which good men can accomplish very little of benefit but evil men great harm."

In order now to fully understand just what the defects in jail administration are, we will enter one of the best conducted jails in New England, and c serving carefully most of the details management, note the wise and unw methods there in vogue. All the jails New England—and in fact of the enti country—are practically cut out of t same piece of cloth, and while a very fe may possibly verge on the barbarous b cause of methods of treatment of priso ers and because of unsanitary conditio the majority are conducted according the humane ideas—so called—prevale in this twentieth century. In the instit tion we are about to enter this corrodi spirit of reform has eaten its way to t very vitals of the entire system, and t institution designed as a place of punis ment for offenders against the law, ha as above quoted, become a menace a disgrace.

Some one has said that over the porta of each and every penal institution in t land there has been written by an i visible hand the words the poet depic as written over the portals of hell, "A hope abandon ye who enter here." F the intelligent, educated, and refin offender, in a business, social, and mo sense these words are true, but to the va majority of offenders the words have application whatever.

The prisoner passing through t heavy iron grated door leading from t jail office to the cell room, finds himse in a large, well lighted and ventilat place, scrupulously clean, filled with lar blocks of cells rising tier upon tier, a surrounded on all sides by corrido Conducted at once to a desk near th door he is obliged to fill out, even to t minutest detail, a printed blank, whic when completed, gives information as all his past career in general, and t criminal part in particular. Then f the purposes of future identification t Bertillion method of measurement used. This being concluded he is co ducted to the wash room and turned ov to another officer who relieves him of his valuables of every name and natu which are placed in an envelope beari his name and jail number, and eventua deposited in the office safe. His clothi is next taken from him, and after shower bath he is given the regulati

prison suit—light blue flannel coat and pants and a white cotton shirt for winter use, and blue striped jean pants and jacket for summer use. In the meantime his discarded clothing is taken by an attendant to the "hot box" where they remain until his liberation. He is then conducted to the cell he is to occupy as a ward of the state where he usually remains in seclusion for a day before being put to work in the shops, or assigned to duty about the jail corridors. As soon as he goes to work the terrible monotony of jail life commences. All of this is of course the regulation method, and is merely perfunctory to the regular administration of the jail.

About the first taste of punishment the new prisoner gets is when the "grub" as it is called is served. It is extremely difficult to define the service. No matter however whether you call it La Carte or Table d'Hote it is always the same on each and every day of the week according to a regular formula. Tin is the favorite ware used—tin dishes, tin spoons and knives, and occasionally on festal occasions tin forks. The ignorance of the outside world regarding the food served in our penal institutions is universal, and it is interesting to note how large a number honestly suppose that the bread and water prison fare of the early centuries is still in vogue. As a matter of fact the food served of every name and nature, is similar in kind, quality, and quantity, and the experience of years has demonstrated the fact that it is the most wholesome and hygenic that can be procured, and that it is an almost invariably result that the long term men—or those that remains for three months or more—almost invariably increase in weight and improve in health. The food is plain and wholesome in the extreme, and when the first feeling of disgust that arises at the first view of the service is overcome, it becomes a matter of secondary consideration. To the fellow who has been accustomed to his three square meals a day served on silver and china ware, the first shock experienced at the sight of the food and its manner of service, is a terrible one, and it is often several days before he can overcome his repugnance. The main feature however is the regularity with which all meals are served. Not more than once or twice in a year perhaps is there more than five minutes delay in service. Promptly on the stroke of the bell at 5.30 and 11.30 A. M. and 5.30 P. M., excepting Sundays and holidays, the meals are ready and served.

Inasmuch as every virtue attributed to the bill of fare as a health producer is claimed as an absolute fact, settled by years of experience beyond a reasonable doubt, what matters it, if the prisoner finds that the bread is oftimes baked only in spots, that the decoctions called tea and coffee are mixtures fearfully and wonderfully made, that the soups are the same, that the hash machine for the greater portion of the time is either broken or on a strike—resulting in the frequent appearance of a whole potato or a piece of meat arising from the dish like a "Banquo's" ghost, that the milk is skim milk costing two cents a quart, and that the corn-beef is frequently so tough as to render it absolutely impossible to eat in the time allowed for meals, and is therefore—by the expert prisoner—stored away and afterwards used as chewing gum?

Words are also inadequate to describe the first term man's sensations when he first attempts to dispose of the mixture served on Saturday nights and known as mush and molasses, of which however the least said the better. But use becomes to be a second nature and all these revelations become a matter of course, and are but incidents that so stir the blood and gorge of the inmate as to materially break in on the dead monotony of prison life.

As before stated so universal is the ignorance regarding the nature of the food served in our prisons, it will perhaps be of interest to the outsider to be advised as to just the quality of the food served, and we therefore append the daily bill of fare year in and year out—excepting Thanksgiving and Christmas on which occasions turkey, chicken or roast pork are served—to the extreme delight of all concerned. The bill of fare is as follows:

SUNDAY.

Breakfast—Bread and coffee.
Dinner—Soup—sometimes called Irish stew.
Supper—Bread and tea.

MONDAY.

Breakfast—Corn-beef hash and bread.
Dinner—Fish hash.
Supper—Oatmeal and milk.

TUESDAY.

Breakfast—Bread and coffee.
Dinner—Corn-beef and potatoes.
Supper—Oatmeal and milk.

WEDNESDAY.

Breakfast—Hash and bread.
Dinner—Bean soup.
Supper—Mush and milk.

THURSDAY.

Breakfast—Hash and bread.
Dinner—Boiled corn-beef and bread.
Supper—Oatmeal and milk.

FRIDAY.

Breakfast—Bread and coffee.
Dinner—Fish hash.
Supper—Oatmeal and milk.

SATURDAY.

Breakfast—Hash and bread.
Dinner—Bean soup.
Supper—Mush and molasses.

In a very short time after having been assigned to his cell the prisoner is put to work either in the shops as an ordinary workman or assigned to duty as hall man about the corridors. If he goes to the shops the chances are that he will learn—or at least acquire the rudiments of—a good trade, useful and of value in after life. Boots and shoes, baskets, clothing, and chairs are among the most common products of our New England jails, and are a source of considerable revenue to the different states. But if he goes to the hall he is quite apt to become completely demoralized in a short time, for here discipline is greatly relaxed and the opportunities for conversation with other prisoners thus afforded offer unlimited chances for the hatching of plots and counter plots. The passion to break jail for instance, inherent in the breast of every prisoner, no matter who he may be when he finds himself behind bolts and bars, is fed and encouraged every hour.

Adjusted to his work whatever it may be, the dull and dreary routine commences. From 4.30 in the morning until 9 at night the eternal grind goes on. At 4.30 in the morning the night watchman armed with a long sharp pointed stick, begins his final round. Going to each cell that is occupied he wakens the inmate, and if the response to his summons is prompt and vigorous, well and good, but if not, the sharp point of the stick is applied to such part of the victim's anatomy as is most convenient to the watchman, and the results are such, as to awaken a series of growls from each cell resembling the growls heard issuing from a hungry and very cross menagerie at feeding time. At 5 o'clock the bell strikes and every prisoner is expected to be dressed and standing at his cell door ready to step out at the given signal. At the second stroke of the bell all the cell doors are opened automatically and he steps out into the corridor or landing as the case may be, and on the third stroke he starts in single file with his fellow prisoners, on his march to the wash room. The washing completed the return in file to the cells is made where breakfast is served by the hall men specially assigned for that purpose. Each meal is passed in to the prisoner through a small hole at the bottom of each cell door. At five minutes to seven on the stroke of the bell the march to the shops is taken up in the same manner and form as the march to the wash room. In the shops each man has his assigned task which he is supposed to follow closely until 11.30. On the stroke of the bell he marches back to his cell, taking on his way from a long table set in the corridor near the cook room door, his dinner which he carries to his cell. Here he is locked in until one o'clock, when he returns to the shop as before and there labors until 5.30. He again returns with his supper to his cell and is locked in for the night and the time until 9 o'clock is passed in reading or other allowed occupation, when the signal "lights out" is given and he goes to bed.

Such is the daily routine of jail life in

ew England, and it is much the same ewhere. It is varied only by the ange occasioned by Sundays and holi- ys. The above applies of course only such jails as have workshops connected th the institution, or to those few jails here prisoners work outside prison alls under guard.

To the average prisoner of experience e jail hospital is the "Mecca" of his sires. This may seem strange to an tsider who shudders at the very name hospital. But the average New Eng- nd jail hospital is a large, airy, well ntilated and well lighted place and a ry pleasant spot when contrasted with e other parts of the jail. Good beds d an easy time, free from work, are nong its attractions. Then too the spital, as experience has proved, is the vorite place for break-a-ways à la eedy. The schemes devised in order reach this desired spot are many and aried, limited only by the failure of in- enuity on the part of the prisoner. Eat- g soap is a favorite method although a arsh one, as it creates a terrible nausea d high fever. The jail doctor would be ite likely to diagnose the complaint ere he called to the case, but he is not enerally available at midnight when the ajority of such cases appear. The ightened night watchman hurries such ses off to the hospital without much in- estigation as to the real trouble, in order get rid of them. Four or five cases a eek—caused by soap—are not unusual a jail with a population of two hun- red and fifty. Another favorite scheme what is known as "throwing a fit." It astonishing to note the degree of per- ction an expert in this line of work can ttain. Here, too, soap is a prominent actor, for by its use the performer roduces the foaming at the mouth which a feature of the trouble and doctors are requently deceived by these experts. But hatever the scheme the perpetrator ets a day or two off for rest and ease. f course if detected in his fraud he is t once consigned to the dungeon or black hole." Here there is an entire bsence of even the comforts of the or- inary cell—no light—no bed but the oor, and a single meal a day and that of bread and water,—and his sole occupation being to curse the day and hour he tried to turn the trick and failed.

Jail privileges are numerous—far too numerous—for therefrom spring most of the evils attendant upon our present day jail administration. Prominent among these privileges may be mentioned, the weekly distribution of library books; the use by the prisoners of their own bed and bedding brought in from outside, which is permitted by statute in many of the states; the weekly reception of visitors; the obtaining for a consideration from the private kitchen of the jailer or from an outside restaurant any or all of their meals; the weekly attendance on chapel services on Sundays; and the being enroled among the far too numerous number of trustys.

With the single exception of the use of library books every one of these privileges are demoralizing in the extreme, tending to cause the prisoner to overlook in a great measure the main purpose of his imprisonment.

Every Sunday books are distributed by a trusty and collected on Saturdays. This is a salutary and humane custom and is to be commended, as the evenings, holiday, and Sundays are long and dreary. No newspapers, as such, are allowed, the design being to keep the prisoner in ignorance of all matters pertaining to the outside world. Magazines, and papers with magazine features are however freely admitted, in fact, sought for by the prison authorities. As a result many a fellow reads a book or magazine who otherwise could not be induced to look into one, and thus frequently acquires a taste for reading which follows him through life with excellent results.

It would be interesting to know the name of the man or woman who first conceived the idea of allowing prisoners to provide their own beds and bedding, and what is more, succeeded in getting that idea incorporated among the laws of some of our New England states. This one privilege alone robs jail life of half its terrors, and the fact that but a very few of the prisoners of any jail are able to afford this luxury, and that as a consequence it is of rare occurrence. detracts

nothing whatever from its absurdity.

In the same class stands the privilege of allowing the prisoners to have meals supplied them from outside or from the jailers kitchen. This also appertains to only a very few—say five or six—in a population of two hundred and fifty, owing to the fact that but a very few have the means of purchasing. The scale of prices for this luxury is a long one, but the most popular are a turkey dinner for fifty cents, and a common every day dinner for twenty-five. Naturally this detracts greatly from punishment imposed by reason of the regular prison fare, and it also causes an immense amount of envy and dissatisfaction among the less fortunate prisoners, and serves no useful purpose whatever.

The attendance upon chapel exercises is a farce of the first magnitude and in every way a dangerous menace to prison discipline. Nearly every Sunday morning during the year the prisoners may attend religious exercises in the prison chapel if so inclined, but there is nothing compulsory about it. The opportunity is however seized upon with the greatest avidity as a change and relaxation, and therefore the chapel is usually crowded. With the prisoners seated side by side more deviltry is concocted in the brief time allotted to services—than could be concocted during a year of jail opportunities. A song may fasten attention for an interval, but beyond that, no attention whatever is paid by the male prisoners to the service. By whispers and notes passed from hand to hand escapes are easily planned and communication established with the outside world through the medium of out going prisoners. In this connection appears a somewhat curious circumstance which marks all these exercises. With not more than three or four exceptions during the year, a Catholic priest officiates. An equal opportunity is offered the clergy of the Protestant faith, but for some reason they fight shy of penal institutions. The extreme to which this matter of the so called religious welfare of prisoners is carried is well illustrated by the spectacle of a bishop of a Catholic diocese of one of the New England states administering the rites of cc firmation to a "class" of twenty-thi convicts in one of the penitentiaries, of the twenty-three being long term m and most of them convicted of one the other of the most henious crimes the whole catalogue. It was really qu a circus for all concerned. This actua happened quite recently, and aside fr the spectacle itself, the most amusi thing of the entire proceeding was, t comment of the state press.

Every Saturday, from 8.30 to 11. A. M., and from 1.30 to 4 P. M., visito are allowed to visit the prisoners. Th meet in the corridors and supposedly u der the eye and in the hearing of official. Twenty minutes are allow each visitor. In a jail with an avera population of 250 the corridors allott for visiting purposes are quite often ov crowded and it is not possible for t officer in attendance to properly supe vise proceedings. It is therefore a con paratively easy matter for a visitor pass to the prisoner contraband articl of every description concealed about t person. No bundles or packages excep ing those containing fruit, cigars, or flow ers are allowed to be taken inside the jai

Entering the corridor the visitor give to the officer in charge the name of th prisoner he wishes to see, and he produced by a hall man. Bound ove prisoners and those waiting trial in th lower courts are allowed no visitors sav those who have a permit from the pro secuting officer having the particular cas in hand, and even then all conversation closely supervised by a special offici designated for that particular purpos Looking upon one of these scenes we ar almost led to believe that the prisoner are to a man the victims of public hatre and tyranny, instead of being violaters o the law.

One of the most unpleasant scenes con nected with this visiting system is th lavishing of gifts of fruit, flowers an tobacco upon he prisoners. Many a poo wife and mother who has been shame fully beaten and maltreated by the hus band or son whom she is visiting, de prives herself and her children of th necessities of life in order to provid

m with fruits, flowers and other allowed xuries to which he has ever been a ranger in the world outside. It is in-ed a pitiful spectacle to see a blear ed dirty brute going back to his cell aded down with gifts, while the poor ife goes back to the four walls called me where the actual necessities of life r health and comfort are entirely want-g.

The last but by no means the least nong these special privileges is the Trusty" system, which has been spoken and commented on at the beginning of is article. It is the result of a spirit of onomy, for when the services of a usty is utilized a paid official is not cessary. Two actual incidents may be ted from among many to show the ex-nt to which this system is carried and e abuses attendant thereon. They speak uder than words.

Mike was a stout husky youth, 22 ars of age, who unfortunately had be-me a confirmed drunkard. One day came home "fighting drunk" and be-use his father and mother remon-rated with him he assaulted them both, ating his father shamefully. Neigh-rs hearing the disturbance and alarmed the cries of the parents rushed in and ike made good his escape but was soon ptured in a neighboring saloon. Pa-ence with the erring son had by this me ceased to be a virtue with the ricken parents, and they both appeared court at the proper time and testified gainst him. Mike should have been nt to state prison for a long term for an ggravated assault, but the judge who eard the case evidently did not take uch stock in the fifth commandment nd therefore sentenced the reprobate to x months in jail on each of two counts, ne year in all. Mike went to jail and as naturally supposed to be living on rison fare and doing the first work of s life in the prison shops. About six eeks afterwards his father—an old an—just recovered from the beating at Mike had administered to him, while ttempting to cross one of the city reets, was nearly run down by a pair f horses attached to an elegant turnout ashing along the street. But for the efforts of passers by, two of whom seized the bridles of the horses, the old gentleman would have been run over. The curses of the driver when his progress was thus stayed were loud and long. Hearing the voice of the driver the old gentleman thought he recognized it and when he had collected his scattered senses he saw that the driver, rigged out in a full coachman's outfit, high hat and all, was no less a personage than his son Mike. The old gentleman was bothered a good deal by the fact that Mike, serving a sentence of a year in jail was on the street driving a private conveyance and having a good time of it. The more he thought of it the more it bothered him, so, after talking it over with the wife he made his way to the office of a friend who was a lawyer and made a full statement of the puzzle that was worrying him. It didn't take long to ascertain that the sheriff had appropriated Mike as his coachman and thus it was that Mike was clothed in fine raiment and fared sumptuously every day, sleeping in the coachman's room over the stables and feeding on the best that the sheriff's table afforded, in short having the time of his life, as a punishment for beating his father and mother, all of which was quite a contrast with sleeping on the "soft side of a plank" in a cell in jail, living on prison fare and working in the shops. The incident got into the papers and created quite a sensation. The county supervisors took the matter up with the sheriff, with the result that Mike lost his job as coachman, and was at once relegated back to a prison cell and went to work in the shops. It seems that Mike had been what they call a "trusty."

In another jail a very amusing incident along the "trusty" line occurred which at the time occasioned a good deal of comment. A prisoner had been sentenced by the United States Court to jail for a year for a violation of one of the United States statutes. In the jail he was known as "Charlie the Red"—almost every jail inmate having a nick-name. He proved a jolly, good natured fellow and soon became a favorite with the jail officials. He also proved to be a sort of "Jack at all trades" and therefore instead

of being sent to the shops he was held as a reserve "trusty." He was handy at everything, from filing a saw to building a house. One fine spring morning after he had served about half his term, Charlie was missing from his usual haunts and none of the prisoners saw him again for several weeks. One night not long after, in the evening edition of a leading city paper appeared a letter written and signed by the secretary of the Painters Union, addressed to the editor of the paper, the gist of which was in the form of a query as to what right the sheriff of the county had to take a United States prisoner out of jail and put him at work at the shore painting a cottage, and saying further, that the local union would be very much pleased if the editor would give them the desired information. In a foot note appended to the letter the editor frankly admitted that the nut was too much for any one connected with that establishment to crack, and so gave it up, but suggested that a good lawyer might give the desired information. The letter appeared about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the inference is that some friend of the sheriff "got busy" and advised him that there was something doing at headquarters. At any rate, early the next morning Charlie was found to have taken up his quarters at the jail, having returned from the shore vacation on the last train the night before. He was browned and burned by his trip and evidently feeling fine. He expressed himself as having had a d—d good time, his only regret being that he had not quite finished trimming the cottage. It afterwards appeared that some of the local painters wanted the job of painting at the shore but were utterly unable to compete with the non-union man under the circumstances, as to price. The incident was supposed to be closed when Charlie returned to jail, but the local press referred to it and discussed it so often that the attention of the authorities at Washington was called to the incident, with the result that United States attorney for the district was instructed to bring the sheriff before the court on a charge of contempt. When arraigned, the sheriff plead "custom," claiming that such proceedings were quite common among keepers of New England jails. It is teresting to note that on investigation the papers this appeared to be true. T plea however had no force with the co and the sheriff was fined and reprima ed. These two incidents are by no me exceptional, and fully show the folly the trusty system as carried out in jails of New England.

Such are some of the leading privile accorded. Could the ghost of Little D rit visit one of these jails the pictu presented to her vision would be rat that of the old debtors prison—the M shalsea of London—made famous Dickens, than a place of punishment a violation of our twentieth centu criminal laws.

There is something also radica wrong in the supervision supposed to exercised by the jailers over the bolts a bars of their respective institutions. proper oversight of the bars of Sheed cell would have prevented his escape. is true that the majority of those w escape are ultimately recaptured, b there are far too many exceptions.

One stormy and windy day not lo since an inmate of one of our jails on visit to the bath room noticed a peculi rattling noise proceeding from the ba of one of the bath room windows, a on investigation found that one of t bars was so loose in its socket that it w a veritable "reed shaken by the wind Selecting two companions who we roaming about the jail as trustys, he r turned with them to the bath room a easily bending the loose bar—in sho removing it entirely—all three went o of the window into the storm. They we not missed for four hours, and were n recaptured until the next day after an a night search. Instead of punishing t jailer for allowing such a condition affairs to exist, the authorities added a extra term to each of the sentences of t men who simply walked through an ope window, all of which was in accordan with the statute in such case made an provided.

A man was brought before the court a certain New England city for a seriou assault on the person of another. Th

prisoner admitted his guilt but excused himself on the ground that the fellow he assaulted was far too intimate with his—the prisoner's—wife, and that the assault occurred on the occasion of one of a long series of visits made on the said wife by the prosecuting witness, and that these visits had been going on for a year at least. The story of the supposed wrongs of the prisoner was suddenly interrupted by the prosecutor who said, "How do you know that the state's witness has been visiting your wife for a year or so, you were only released a few days ago from jail where you had been serving a sentence of fifteen months, were you not?" The prisoner admitted that he had been a ward of the state for some months past, but in explanation said that he had seen the fellow at his—the prisoner's—house several times during that period, and then told the following story:

He had been assigned to duty as assistant night watchman at the jail and one of his particular duties was to take charge of the heating apparatus in the cellar. A night or so after he commenced his particular job he found a large tin pipe, once connected with the furnace for some purpose or other, but which was at that time out of commission, which ran through the cellar wall to the outside. His job not being a close one, one night he thought he would investigate and crawling through the pipe he soon found himself outside the prison wall in the open. He did not wish to attempt an escape for he knew he would soon be recaptured, so he crawled back through the pipe, and no one was the wiser. But a few nights afterwards he was "awful hungry," and it occurred to him that he could go home and get a bite to eat. He did so, and after that night was in the habit of going home on an average of two nights a week during his entire term of imprisonment. He frequently found the fellow at his home but didn't dare thrash him then as he feared exposure of his trips, and so waited until his time had expired before he attempted the job.

This story told as it was, under such peculiar circumstances nearly broke up the court proceedings. The judge discharged the prisoner with a reprimand, he did not have the heart to punish him. Police circles in that particular city were much stirred up over the unexpected condition of affairs in the county jail. The sheriff of course denied the truth of the story, and as a last resort suggested to an inquisitive public that the word of an ex-convict ought not to be taken in opposition to the word of a high sheriff. So far as known no investigation of the exact circumstances was ever made, at least no report was ever made public, the supervisors evidently being of the opinion that it was one of those matters regarding which the least said the better. Surely, iron bars in jail windows so loose as to be shaken by the wind, and tin pipes large enough for a man to crawl through, extending through prison walls into the open, show a woeful lack of intelligent supervision on the part of somebody.

Illogical, unwise, and detrimental in the extreme is the universal custom of forcing first term men and educated, intelligent unfortunates to mingle and associate with the dregs of humanity that go to make up the average New England jail population. This population is made up in a large degree of drunkards, vagrants, thieves, and other violators of every law both human and divine. The jail is an attractive place during about four months of the year to a large number of the so-called criminal class. Men too lazy to work and who manage to exist eight months of the year by begging and thieving flock to the jail in crowds as soon as it gets too cold and unpleasant to sleep in the open. If they can't manage to get there by begging in the highway the step to the commission of some petty crime which will cause the jail door to swing wide open, is a short and easy one. Warmly clothed, safely and warmly housed, plentifully fed, and relieved from the necessity of worrying about their immediate future the county jail has no terrors, and especially is this true when they remember the many privileges accorded them because of the inroads on proper prison discipline of the humanitarian ideas which mark the present day. Here they manage to remain until what time the sun shines on both sides of the road, when they issue forth for another

eight months wandering through the country.

Unfortunately, to many a New England laborer of the unskilled class, the inside of the county jail is far more pleasant and comfortable than the inside of the place which shelters him and his belongings and which he calls home. The per-diem pay of this great and constantly increasing class of laborers is far too small to enable him to provide even the bare necessities of life, and the jail provides him with a solution of the ever vexing problem of how to pay rent and feed and clothe a family in a decent way on $1.25 a day. Disheartened and disgusted with his surroundings and with the cruel fight for existence he takes to drink and thus spends money which ought to go towards the support of his family, in order to obtain oblivion from his anxieties, and then as the jail has no terrors for him but is rather an asylum where he can take life easy and be relieved from all anxiety for the immediate future, he commits some minor crime—oftimes on purpose in order to be arrested—goes to jail for thirty or sixty days where the state supports him, and the town in which he lives looks out for his family during his absence.

An intelligent and thoughtful observer of the average population of one of our county jails, cannot fail to be horror struck at the sight of the beastiality and degradation which passes before him. Every vice known and practiced by human kind is here exhibited. There is scarcely a redeeming trait to be found among the great majority of these men.

They are sordid and selfish in nature, and filthy and obscene in person and speech, in the extreme. The very few exceptions only go to prove the rule. The classification of these human beings given to the writer by a certain jail chaplain, is apt and to the exact point. This chaplain by the way, had never studied theology in the schools and had no church over which he presided. He was a business man and added the one hundred dollars a year which was a perquisite of the position to his income merely as a matter of business. His spare time was spent as a mission worker in the slums among the poor and unfortunate of the city where he lived and worked. He was a genial, whole souled creature bent on doing good, and during his long term as such chaplain he helped many a poor fellow along the path to a better life and right living. He said, "They are nothing but a set of damned hogs." Upon hearing this description we were constrained to say as did the prophet of old, "How forcible are right words."

There is a red streak in every human being. Rub off the veneer of supercivilization and human kind naturally revert to the habits and tastes of the cave man. Every animal instinct comes to the surface and is the rule of life. Society supplies the veneer with a willing hand but a term in jail effectually removes it and nature asserts itself. Humanity, clean living, morality and decency are only concomitants of society as exemplified and inculcated in the world outside. Remove the restraints imposed by society and the habits and tastes of criminal instincts become at once the rule of life. Into this hideous, loathsome mass of humanity the refined and cultivated first term man is plunged. Instead of being segregated and given a chance to retain and still cultivate the ordinary decencies of life and thus retain his self-respect—for all first term men have some self-respect—he is compelled day after day to mingle and associate with the filth and obscenity that accumulates in the form of man in a county jail. When our twentieth century reformers recognize the fact that there is an aristocracy in crime as well as an aristocracy in society perhaps they will take steps tending towards a proper handling of this class of unfortunates. There are but a very few, comparatively speaking, in our jails who are expiating crimes induced by the business temptations of life rather than those induced by the passions. They could be easily segregated. As it is, however, the handling of pitch defiles them and thus a long leap is taken into moral darkness and degredation.

In this connection may be mentioned the woman's department of our jails. The privileges are about the same as in the male department but for the reason

that the population is small the evil results attendant upon privilege are much lessened. The less said about this department perhaps the better. Occasionally the world outside is stirred to its profoundest depths by a scandal similar to one a few years ago shown to exist in a certain New England jail.

A woman had been in jail for about three years charged with the murder of her husband. Her trial had been long delayed but eventually the state succeeded in obtaining a conviction and she was condemned to death. The administration of that particular jail was terribly lax, for shortly before the date designated for her execution the authorities were horrified beyond expression by receiving her written petition asking for clemency and a stay of execution, on the alleged ground that she was *enceinte*. At the hearing granted her a condition of affairs was shown to exist in that particular jail that was disgusting in the extreme. Just what to do under the circumstances was a difficult question until some wise man suggested a resort to the old law in ancient times for such cases made and provided, i. e. a jury of matrons to decide on the truth or falsity of the matters set up in the petition. Every one of the jury had a different opinion and as a result were unable to agree. In the meantime two men, one a turnkey and the other the inevitable trusty, each fearing that the hearing might disclose the fact that he was the first cause of all the trouble hastened to the captain's office with the old excuse—the one alleged to have been offered by our first parent on the occasion of that remarkable trial in the garden of Eden, viz., "the woman tempted me and I did eat." The turnkey was discharged, the trusty placed where he could do no more harm for a while at least, the investigation summarily "squelched" and the woman executed according to law.

As heretofore suggested, the jail as a place of punishment for criminals is the most important of all our penal institutions. It is in short the kindergarten as it were, where punishment should be of such a nature as to teach a lesson never to be forgotten. It should be for all swift and certain in its monotonous and inevitable duration. Criminal statistics show clearly that crimes increase or decrease in exact proportion as punishment is sure and swift. The criminal's experience in our county jails is not such as to strike would be criminals with terror. The "powers that be" seem to forget that the "iron jaws which close on the marrowy bones of privilege never relax until they are broken."

What then is the remedy for this state of affairs in our New England county jails, and for that matter in all the jails of the country? It would seem as though they were all conducted along similar lines, if dame rumor is to be credited. The recent disclosures of the privileges accorded to those four millionaire land grabbers by the authorities of a certain Nebraska jail is a case exactly in point. Four millionaire land grabbers sent to jail for a year being permitted to have adjoining and connecting cells, the walls of which were covered with tapestries and pictures, the floors with fine rugs, allowed to have books and papers of all kinds and cigars and wines, and even a telephone installed in one of the cells through the medium of which communication could be had at any time with friends outside, hot meals served three times a day by a chef installed in a house just outside the prison walls rented for the occasion, and the bill of fare for each meal arranged by telephone, all this rather beats anything that has as yet been found to exist in New England.

Two steps should be at once taken. The one is general and means an entire and absolute change in the law relating to the management of our jails, eliminating the shifting sheriff as a jailer and in his place and stead installing a man of experience chosen by a board of jail directors, who in turn, are chosen by the governor or the legislature, as the case may be. In other words, make the law regulating the conduct of our jails the same as the law regulating our state prisons. And then in that event the other step will at once be taken which means the almost entire elimination of the jail privileges heretofore mentioned, or their modification in a great degree. This

would result in the doing away with the bed and bedding absurdity, the abolishing of the weekly visiting system, and substituting therefor monthly visits on which occasions the prisoner talks with his visitor for a very brief period from behind the bars of his cell door, or through a hole in the wall separating the jail office from the prison proper through which only the face of the visitor and prisoner can be seen, or seated at a table opposite his visitor, in all such cases an official being in close attendance upon each prisoner hearing every word of the conversation, the abolishing of the privilege of having meals served other than prison fare, the compelling the prisoner at chapel exercises to sit rigid in his seat with eyes fixed on the wall back of the prison platform with officers enough present to enforce the rule, and the entire elimination of the trusty system, substituting paid officials for the usual work done by the trusty. It is true that the trusty system is followed to some extent in our penitentiaries and state prisons, but the trusty is a life prisoner with no known home or friends and too old to run away even if he had a chance.

The important question of the proper management of our jails is almost entirely overlooked except to find some way and means to enable the prisoner to escape punishment. In a large degree the efforts of penologists are directed towards the solution of the question of ways and means of helping discharged prisoners to become self-supporting and thus save them from the temptations to crime imposed by the harsh and cruel treatment of the ex-convict by society. Sad to say it is a fundimental fact that society does not much care how guilty a man may be of the actual commission of some crime, as long as the fact is not made public. In the being found out, not in the crime itself, lies the offense, according to the code of society. If the man has money and his offense does not "smell unto heaven" by reason of having become public property he is recognized and received, but let his offense become known to the general public through the medium of the public press or by prosecution in the criminal court and thus become public property, the atmosphere is changed at once. This extends even to the man who publicly accused of some crime, is acquitted on trial or has in his favor the Scotch verdict of not proven. Society says he is guilty but escaped by reason of some technicality. In short it is as serious an offense to be arrested and tried even though proved entirely innocent and consequently acquitted, as it is to be found guilty and sentenced to prison. Therein lies the gist of the whole offense—it is the being found out. In either event the man becomes a social and moral Pariah in the hypocritical eyes of society. Against him are closed the doors of society, the church and every avenue of business. There is absolutely no hope for him, all fairy tales to the contrary notwithstanding. And the sleek and oily hypocrites of society are the ex-convict's worst enemies. This is all true and cannot be honestly disapproved or even disputed.

Nothing can excuse the craven meanness of the many, who, having fawned around him in the days of his elevation and prosperity deserted and reviled him in the after time of misfortune. If there is a noble element in human nature which inclines us to take the weaker side, there is a base principle also, which urges us to indulge in the hue and cry, and that base principle predominates society. Let penologists do what they may to aid and assist the ex-convict along his future hopeless path and all these efforts are entirely neutralized by society. The whole situation is admirably expressed by a recent writer who said:

"Men go down in the immense activity of the modern world and are lost sight of in ruin and disgrace, and there comes no sudden silence, no moment's hush, while the dead are carried out and hidden away from the sight of their fellows. The record of those who have succumbed to moral peril is often longer in the morning newspaper than the record of those who have fallen by physical disease, but the columns on either side, the melancholy story of faith betrayed, honor forgotten, loyalty disowned, pulsate with the rushing vitality and throb with the tumultuous energy of the age. Men are barely

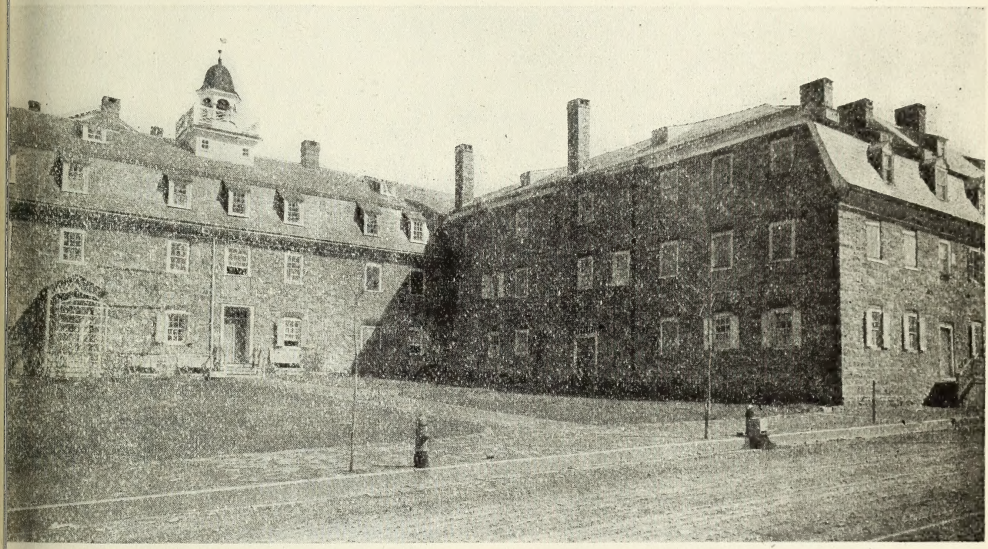
ible to take time to bury their friends; they can hardly be expected to sit in silence and sorrow about the forms of those who have died to honor, trust, and love."

And so on his stormy way through life the ex-convict's only consolation, if consolation can be found, is found in those words of Byron:

"The thorns which I have plucked were
Of the tree I planted,
They have pierced me and I bleed.
I should have known what fruit would
Come of such a seed."

Christmas in Bethlehem in Pennsylvania

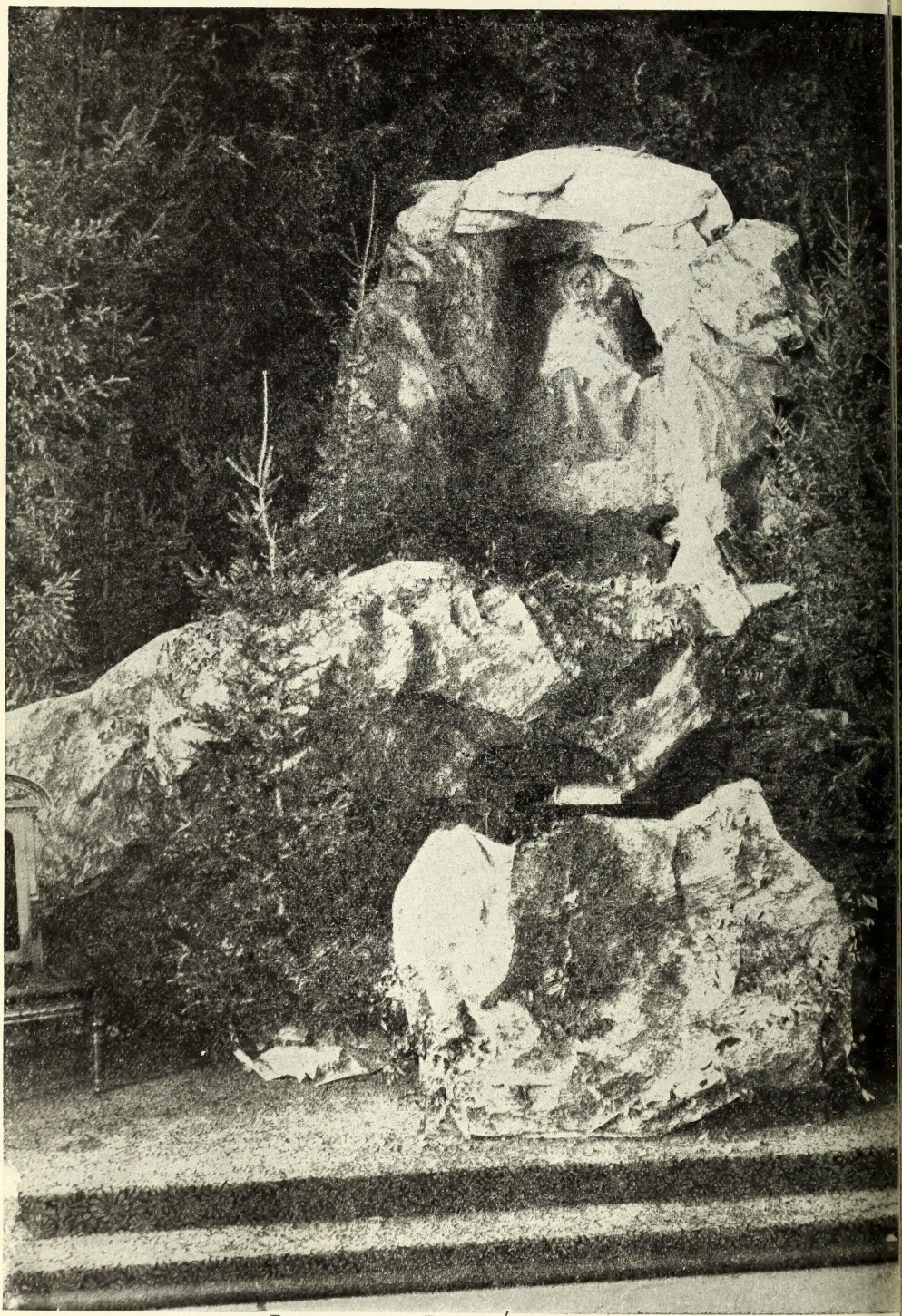
By CHARLES H. ROMINGER, M. A.



The Bell House and Sisters' House,—buildings of Community Days.

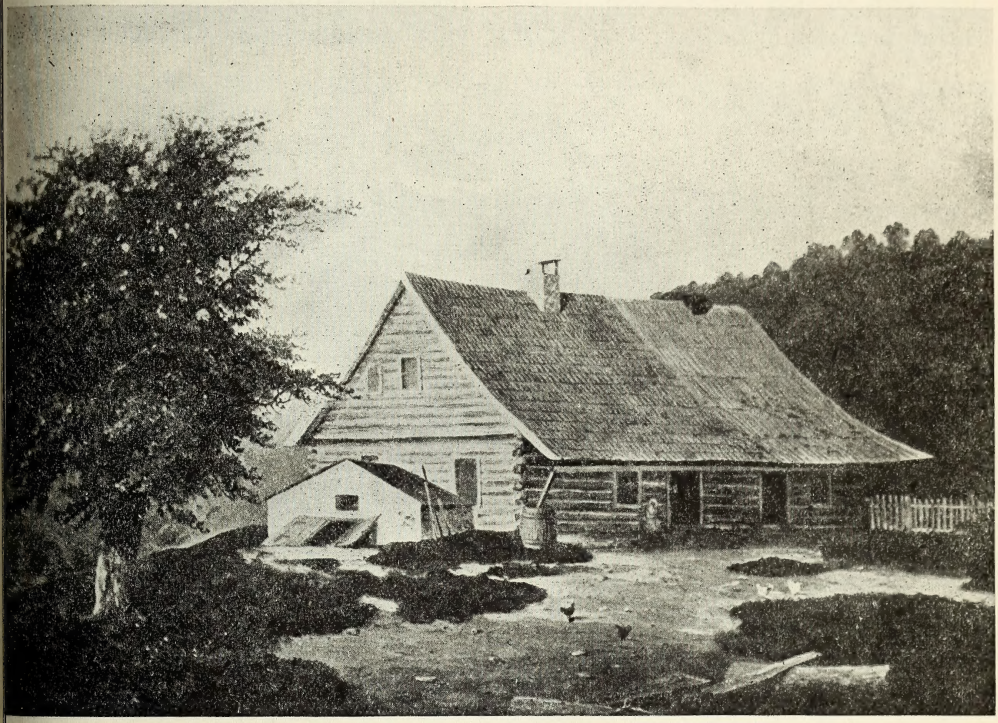
THE Spirit of Christmas was born in Bethlehem in Palestine almost two thousand years ago, and its gentler influence lingers still in certain countries beyond the sea, but, in our non-traditioned land, where the commercialization of every sentiment is almost an accomplished fact, its ministry has well nigh perished in the flood of years. Santa Claus is gone. The Christ Child is secondary to the Spirit of Lavish Giving. It is a boon, therefore, to those whose hearts still cling to the older and more natural method of remembering the birth of an infant Savior, to find in Bethlehem in Pennsylvania a custom that is unique in its traditional purity and genuine in the simplicity of its faith and practise.

The Christmas in Bethlehem is the Christmas of the Moravians, who came to the wilds of Pennsylvania in 1740. They were in the van of Missionaries to the Delaware Nation. The Spirit of Mis-



CLOSE VIEW OF CHURCH DECORATIONS.

sions, to which this church has always been devoted, had led the good Count Zinzendorf and a band of faithful followers into the Indian strongholds. The center of activities was established at a convenient point along the Lehigh River, from which the Indian country could easily be reached. In 1741, while the missionaries were celebrating the first Christmas Eve in the newly erected mission quarters, the settlement received its name. Count Zinzendorf called it Bethlehem in honor of the day.



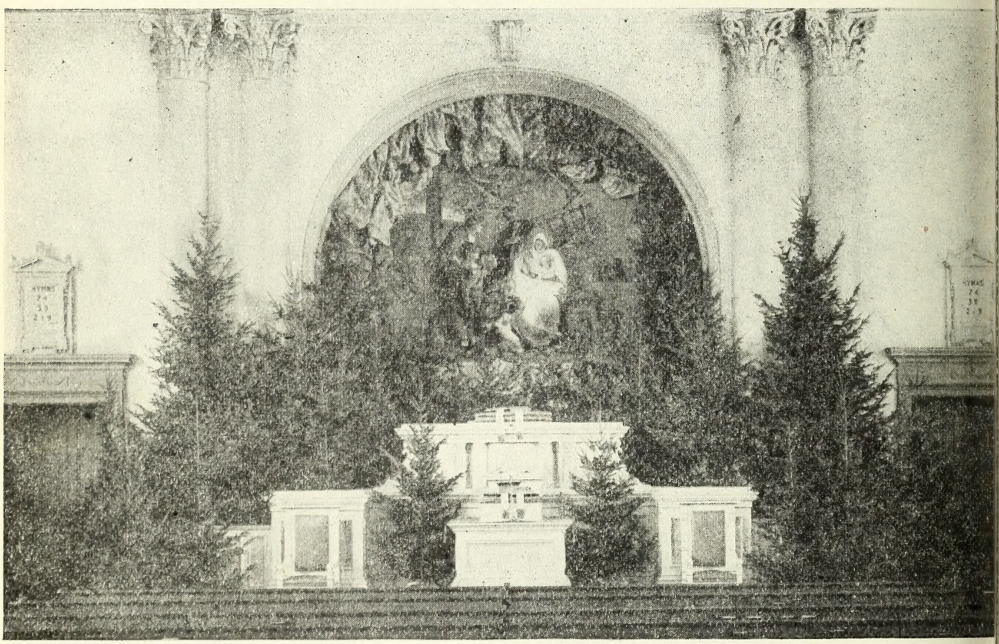
First House in Bethlehem where the First Christmas was celebrated.

The Indian missions were successful, and Bethlehem grew. Like other Moravian settlements, it became a community. This community has its own peculiar history, but it must suffice for this article to say that Bethlehem outgrew communistic life. Iron and steel came to the Lehigh Valley; graphite and silk mills came also; and other industries found a welcome there. As a result, Bethlehem is a thriving upland city of fifty thousand inhabitants, the home of the Bethlehem Steel Company and of Lehigh University. Some of the ancient buildings remain. They are grouped in a prominent section of the city, and together they are known as Moravian Bethlehem. The central, and most prominent structure, is the Moravian Church. Built in 1803, its simple, capacious walls, with their modest yet artistic, decorations, make it a model of churchly architecture. Beside the church, on the one hand, is the Seminary for Young Ladies, and, on the other, the Moravian Parochial School. In the rear are the Gemein Haus, the Sister's Haus, the Widows' Haus, the Bell Haus, the Todd Haus, the Old Chapel, and a modern Sunday School building. All of these buildings, except the last, are of chaste German architecture and have been preserved in their original designs. In other portions of the city, are another church, two chapels, and a College and Seminary. All told, this congregation

counts its members by the thousand.

Much as the Moravians love their architecture, they love their worship more. Their liturgies are as stately as their buildings, yet they emanate an atmosphere of faith and hope and love that is unsurpassed in any church. They love music; the old masters are always welcome in the Moravian loft. They follow the church year assiduously. These are characteristics that assist in making the Christmas season in Bethlehem a time of unique significance. Some of the customs that were in vogue during the days of the community have, of course, disappeared, but their spirit still remains, and is expressed in ways more suited to our times.

Christmas in Bethlehem begins with the first Sunday in Advent. This day, like all festival days in the Moravian church, is announced from the belfry of the tower by a choir of trombonists. At nine o'clock the congregation meets for prayer. The morning service follows, with an advent sermon and the Te Deum. In the afternoon a love feast is held, which the children of the Parochial School attend *en masse*. The service consists, for the most part, in singing. There is no address, but, while the congregation and the choir and the children fill the hour with song, the *dieners* serve steaming coffee and tasty buns to the congregation. These *dieners* are a permanent feature of all church love feasts. The ladies, black gowned and white capped, the gentlemen, dark groomed and dignified, find in this office a chance to serve their church in a very practical and effective way.



Christmas Decorations, Moravian Church, Bethlehem, Pa.

The following Sundays in advent are all given to liturgies, addresses and sermons preparatory to the celebration of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

The observance of Christmas Eve begins with a love feast for children. This service is held during the afternoon of the Natal Day. The pupils of the Parochial School are in attendance, and children of all ages are very much in evidence through the crowded audience. The white and gold of the Corinthian pulpit are hidden beneath a bed of spruces and



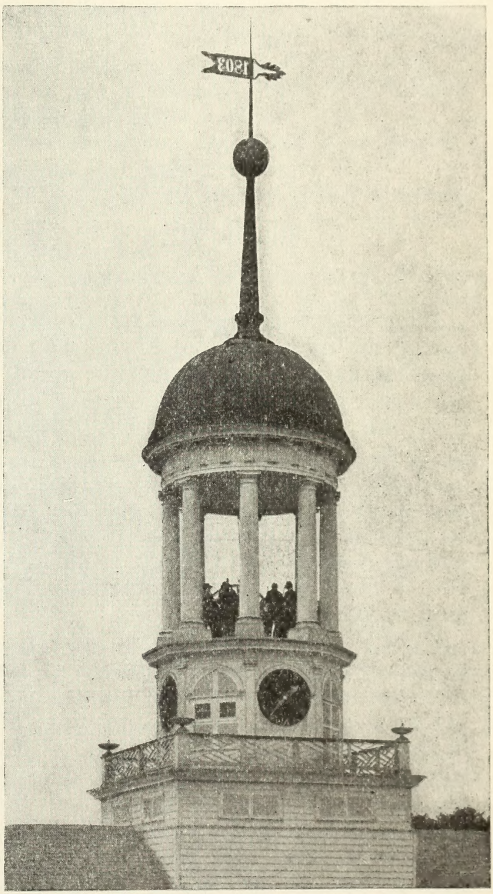
MORAVIAN CHURCH, BETHLEHEM.

dars. They tower up to the very caps the tall pillars as they embrace an oil inting of the Nativity. The *dieners,* ter their favor of buns and coffee have en served, return again—this time with ays of lighted candles. The odor of rning bees-wax soon fills the church d the blaze of tapers typifies the Light at came to Palestine so many Christ- ases ago. Every child receives a candle, d, as the *dieners* retire, they separate either side of the pyramid of spruces, rming, as they pause, a halo of light ound the evergreen frame of the paint- g of Jesus and Mary and Joseph. As e strains of music cease, and the *ners* disappear, one leaves this service, eling that the Spirit of Christmas has ieed been born anew in Bethlehem in nnsylvania.

At six o'clock the congregation reas- nbles. This is a service of song for e entire membership, but many chil- n are there, and visitors as well. At e close of the impressive service, the *ners* reappear. Again the candles and e happy faces of the children! Again e blaze of light upon the cedars and uces! The Christmas Eve Vigils have n kept. The audience dissembles to t other celebration, less formal and s public than the service in the church, as vital and as important to Mora- n Bethlehem, viz., the Christmas in home.

Christmas Eve in a Moravian home is inspiration. It is an occasion for ily reunions and the exchange of s. The home group gathers about a decorated tree, upon which the gifts have been placed, and each member receives his quota of the treasures. There are expressions of appreciation and thanks; there are wishes for the good will and health of all; there are sweets and Christmas songs; there is everything that can make such an evening glad. The home decorations are sometimes elaborate. The tree is often surrounded by a "putz". This putz, which is the result of hours of patient labor, is an intricate expression of typical emblems of the Christmas story. Its design is legion, but its object is always the same, viz., to visualize the story of the Birth. It is not unusual to find a Moravian putz occupying an entire room of a Bethlehem home.

Christmas Day in Bethlehem is more



THE CHURCH TOWER. TROMBONISTS ANNOUNCING FESTIVAL DAY.

nearly like the usual American Christmas. Before and after the morning service there are Christmas calls. Then follows the Christmas dinner, when reunited families join in feasting upon the Christmas turkey or goose, or upon the Christmas pudding. Calls occupy the afternoon, and the evening is given to the Christmas exercises of the Central Sunday School. These are held in the new Sunday School Building.

Second and third Christmas days are still redolent with the Spirit of Christmas. In fact the atmosphere of Christmas-tide remains longer in Bethlehem than anywhere else in the United States. Some of the homes retain their decorations for weeks, occasionally for months, after the season has closed. Nor is influence of this mother congregation upon the other Moravian congregati on this side of the Atlantic. Where the Moravian Church has sought a ho the Moravian Christmas has found ready welcome. It is as though a bre from Palestine had visited the Occid bringing with it the myrrh and aloes True Worship. Why must we hail foreign lands to witness a unique celeb tion of the Christmas season, when have in our own country, at our v doors, as true a Christmas as the m of man has yet conceived? Nothing more sweet, nothing more sinc nothing more inspiring than a Christ in Bethlehem in Pennsylvania.

The Sister

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

BOOK III.

Chapter III. Continued.

"George Trowbridge said something of asking the minister from town—who he said, knew my father—where he went—when he was in town before—a kind man he said—that he has always known—"

"Thou hast too many 'hes' in thy discourse for clearness Ruth," said the Sister evenly. "Whatever this presumptuous lad, George Trowbridge, is planning for, I shall attend the funeral. Thy mother would wish it."

Ruth looked away perplexed, and tried to lose herself in the soft green of the meadows unfolding in a swimming haze before the sun, in woods spreading out in thick fringes on the borders of the level fields, at the river with the gold of the sun at its farthest point and the crimson of cloud at its nearest. She spoke no more as they rode into Beulah. As they paused at the Sister's gate, Dolly came dancing out:

"Take off your hat, take off your hat," she cried before Ruth nad a chance dismount. "I want to see if your sc is taken off, or if your hair is still pretty as ever. Of course I'd be so to see you scalped but I do envy you t hair, so gold—and—"

"Dolly, Dolly," said the Sister smil on her, "Ruth is weary with the nig anxiety.

"Oh, Ruth, where were you all night?" cried Dolly.

Ruth's color touched the edge of unscalped hair; she looked at Debor "Come to me with all thy questio Dolly; Ruth must rest now. Go to now, Ruth, and sleep." And Ruth w up the stairs to her room and went to to sleep heavily, and to dream, in forgetfulness of youth, of the liv rather than the dead man.

It was when she was struggling to through the tree tops to George Tr bridge and could feel her toes just bru ing the oak leaves, and the Sister fly almost as high through the branc below after her, that it seemed as if Sister caught her and cried,—"Ruth."

She awoke then and saw the Sister sitg beside her bed, looking down on her. 'Ruth, I have somewhat to say to thee, hou art awake."

'Yea, yea, I am awake," said Ruth athing slowly and winking heavily.

'James Foster has just gone from here. is a kindly young man and has shown nself most anxious to please thee. But has told me some sad and grievous ngs, which I would not believe till I question thee."

Ruth said not a word; her eyes snapped n now and remained so.

'He tells me he saw thee bind up orge Trowbridge's wound with thy kerchief. I did not note the lack of beneath thy cloak, but can scarce be- e thou wouldst do so indelicate a g."

'He was wounded in my defence," l Ruth very low, "and I was sorry; re was naught else at hand to bind it h."

He says that George Trowbridge did y thee in his arms into the house from porch without."

'Twas the only way he could bring I would have come no other." Then h caught her breath and the Sister ght her lip.

Perhaps thou dost not mean all that fession, Ruth."

James Foster was in the house to in- me," said Ruth panting a little. Deah could not see the blue and white terpane lift and fall with her hurried ths. "I would have left and been d rather than to stay near him and insults."

Then all he has told me is true?" d Deborah.

It is true as I have told thee," wered Ruth.

He said yet more," went on Deborah's dy, clear voice. "He said that George wbridge was whispering of love to through half the night."

he counterpane heaved more irregu-, the pinkness from her sleep deepl in Ruth's cheeks and her eyes, kling from their rest, flashed.

He spoke no word of love to me," she . "It is a lie."

eborah heaved a tender sigh. "I shall strive to believe thee rather than James Foster."

Ruth smiled at her strangely. "Thou doest well to believe me."

Deborah rose. "All that I do is for thy highest good, Ruth. I will explain all things to James Foster and will get his promise that he will repeat naught and I will tell him that no word of love was spoken to thee."

Ruth turned on her pillow and Deborah moved away. The Sister stood still behind the bed with a strange look of pain and puzzle on her usually serene face. But Ruth did not see it, she thought indeed, that Deborah was gone. Presently her soft voice spoke from the pillow; the words seem framed in a long sigh:

"But if he had spoke of love—"

A little pause. "What then Ruth?" asked Deborah coldly.

There was a little start beneath the counterplane; but Ruth did not turn or speak for a moment, then she finished slowly and deliberately:

"I fear me—I could not have been so angry—as I ought."

Then Deborah put her hand suddenly to her side; after a moment the door clicked and she was gone.

There came a note the next day to Ruth from George Trowbridge brought by Caleb who came fearfully for his horse and was glad the Sister was not to be seen. The note was short and formal, asking if Ruth had any wishes which she would like followed out at the funeral, and Ruth answered, with a still more formal little note, in her quaint wording, that whatever he thought best would be pleasing to her; she was only too glad to have somebody take the responsibility of the end of this pathetic life.

"I do not know what my father would like," she wrote him. "I did not know him at all, I cannot tell how to please him."

In the flutter of answering the note she had forgotten to mention the Sister; therefore on that day of the funeral she was somewhat nonplused to find Deborah, ready to go with her, in the best coach, saying grandly:

"I go to attend the funeral of your father, I have asked all those who wish

to, to come to George Trowbridge's from Beulah."

"But—but—" began Ruth weakly, then her voice faltered.

"What is it?" asked Deborah looking at her calmly.

"Does George Trowbridge expect thee?"

"Yea, I dispatched a message to him, telling him I would be present and would speak. Thy mother would wish it."

Ruth looked at her perplexed; then at Dolly who came dancing down the steps of the house and reaching into the coach, put her arms about Ruth's neck to whisper:

"I'm fearful sorry for thee, Ruth, but I can not go to funerals. I am not like the folks about here who dote on such things."

Ruth and the Sister were in advance of the audience from Beulah. When they drove up the driveway and alighted in George Trowbridge's yard, nobody came to meet them, but the great dog leaped upon Deborah with his usual barks and growls of welcome to a stranger.

"Oh, he will hurt thee, come here sir, come here!"

But Deborah's steady hand went out to the animal's head, her clear, unwavering eyes met the dog's blood-shot ones. "Get down sir," she said quietly and she struck him with her open hand. "Get down I tell thee."

Ruth, remembering her first fright, watched wonderingly, as the dog subsided growling.

George Trowbridge came to the door to greet them. Ruth barely lifted her eyes, but she caught one glimpse of a purple scar on his cheek. Within the shadow of the hall stood another man, who was in the white neck-cloth and black garb of a minister. He was not a young man, but had a gentle benevolent face, that took on a sudden fierce intentness as Deborah's stately figure was ushered into the house.

"We would look upon the remains," said Deborah's silvery voice; she seemed unconscious of the old man watching her. "We would enter and be alone."

They went into the room where Ruth had first come a few nights before. By the window stood the coffin. Ruth went toward it and looked at it with a lit gasp of surprise. Somebody had flowers all about; everything she saw h been done with kind good taste. T head was covered with a white cap t gave a delicate cast to the tired face. T pathos of life and the hopelessness death suddenly touched Ruth, as if t dead father had laid his cold hand hers.

"He is with my mother, now," she s softly, with her face working, not much for love, as for pity of the ma then she fell on her knees by the cof and buried her face in her hands.

Deborah had not answered her, s was standing by the sofa and looking at the pictures of the three men hangi on the wall. Her face turned strang gray in color, almost like the man's in t coffin. She swung stiffly about with soft sweep of her garments. Her ey were wide with something like horr Then, as their glance fell on the desk ne her, she suddenly bent forward, with fierce compression of her shapely li She was peering beneath the projecti pigeon-holes, something gleamed far ba in the shadow. A bundle of papers lat drawn from the place were on the de and they revealed this object that h long lain behind them. Deborah's qui eyes went with a side-long glance to Ru whose face was still hidden. A wh hand was on the desk. The long tap fingers, the flat slender hand were press in the low space. Something grat across the desk; then a small black b inlaid with pearl with a key hole at o side was in the stealthy hand. In a m ment it was beneath her cloak. Debor looked again toward the coffin, first the sharp gray profile barely visible, th at Ruth. The girl had her hands do from her face and was looking at her.

Deborah smiled composedly. "'Tis pleasant old room," she said sweet "and 'twill hold a good concourse people."

Ruth rose stumblingly to her feet. S thought she had seen something in D borah's hand that was now beneath h cloak; but she must have been mistak her eyes were blurred with tears. "Ye she said, "yea."

Then George Trowbridge knocked at the door and entered the room.

"My friend, Mr. Jonas Ditmarsh, will lead in the services, Miss—"

He stood opposite the row of pictures. Deborah's glance went from the central one to his face, then back again slowly and calmly; she spoke steadily, each word falling with slow distinctness.

"My name is the Sister, and only the Sister. I sent word that I would lead in the services, George Trowbridge."

"Did you get my message?" he asked.

"Whatever the message it cannot change my purpose." Her black eyes were hard.

"The minister here was a friend to the de—deceased—" he said meeting her gaze steadily.

"Dost thou know to whom this clay did once belong?" asked Deborah. He nodded.

"I have been as a mother and father to John Williams' daughter, and will do this last office over his remains."

The young man compressed his lips as Deborah had hers. "I understand that he was not one who had cause to love you over-much;—at a funeral it seems to me it is not fitting for one to speak whom the—deceased has not cared for in life."

"Who told thee this tale?" asked Deborah's rich voice. Her eyes went to Ruth, then back to his face.

"Not his daughter," said George Trowbridge, "but his friend. It does not seem—"

"If his daughter wishes me to speak, I presume it will be done according to her desire?"

He bowed, biting his lip, Jones Ditmarsh had not been talking to no purpose; but what could the young man do?

"Miss Williams, shall a friend or an enemy of your father speak over his remains?" He asked it quickly.

Ruth stood, looking from one to the other, helplessly; her brown eyes were full of tears. "Oh, it is most unseemly his talk before—him. I—I—" she looked at Deborah. "She has been kind to his child."

Deborah's smile of subdued triumph flashed on the young man. "Tell Jonas Ditmarsh, for I understand that is thy friend's name, that he may offer prayer."

George Trowbridge looked steadily at Deborah now, without moving for a second. She threw her head a little further back, her eyes were not so widely open, they seemed to narrow on his face, but they did not disconcert him.

"It is as his daughter has said, most unseemly to have a contention before the dead." He spoke slowly, "I yield therefore to her wish; perhaps it is too small a matter to stand before,—" he stopped a moment and finished in a low voice still looking at Deborah's handsome uptossed face, "there may soon come a day between us when I must ask a favor from you." His gaze went to Ruth and rested on her for a moment; then he turned and went out of the room.

Deborah spoke with a pause between each word. "He—is—a—presumptuous—lad."

In a moment he was back. "The minister who was his friend refuses to assist with you Miss—"

"The Sister," interrupted Deborah.

"The Sister: He wished me to say that since his office is not required he will return to the town."

"Oh, I pray thee, thank him for coming," cried Ruth, she stepped toward the ing," cried Ruth. She stepped toward the the old gentleman taking his hat from the table in the hall. "I thank thee," she said in her sweet voice; he turned and smiled as if to come to her but Deborah's hand was on her arm.

"Come within, Ruth. Many of my disciples will attend the funeral. They will be here soon."

George Trowbridge lifted his eyebrows looking at Deborah and an amused smile crossed his face. She saw it, her face darkened.

"And he will be carried to the Beulah burying-ground and laid beside his wife," she commanded.

The young man bowed.

The Trowbridge house was soon taken possession of by the Sister's disciples, and a powerful sermon was preached over the helpless body of John Williams by her whom he would have counted as his enemy triumphing in his death. But

his daughter only half understanding, sat spell-bound beneath the magic of the words, though she felt a slight pang for the kind minister's feelings and a new burden of loneliness in the death of the father she had never known.

It was when Deborah was passing through the hall on the way to her coach, with Ruth following, that George Trowbridge touched Ruth on the arm.

"I thank thee," she said, turning quickly, "more than I can tell."

"May I come to Beulah soon?" he asked.

They were at the door now.

"Ruth," said the Sister turning suddenly, "where art thou? Do not delay!" Her sharp glance rested on them as she waited by her coach.

Ruth, before the Sister's glance, looked into George Trowbridge's eyes. "Yea, do," she said steadily; then she ran to the carriage and climbed in silently not seeming to notice George Trowbridge's assistance, extended to Deborah as well as to her.

"That young man hath a wilful spirit," said Deborah as they drove away. "Once did my heart yearn over him, but now I see his obstinacy clearly, atlhough he is so young, but a boy, but little older than thee."

Ruth looked at her silently for a moment; he had seemed so old and commanding to her; now a new impulse stirred toward him,—the impulse of pity and maternity.

"Thou hast had enough to do with him. Neither thou nor I can turn him into the Spirit's ways. If he comes again to Beulah 'twould be best for thee not to see him."

Ruth's eye-lashes quivered before the Sister's steady gaze, then her eyes settled on the far off horizon line. "Oh, yea," she said softly, but clearly, "if he comes I must see him. I have told him I would."

There came that quick catch to the Sister's handsome lip.

"Nay, Ruth, thou needst not, if I forbid thee."

The girl made no reply; but Deborah saw that her eyes widened and steadied themselves on the far-off view, and to the corner of the lips nearest hers cam a set strong line, that startled Debora with a quick memory of Ruth's dea father.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV.

Lover or Convert.

"Oh, Luddy," said Dolly Lawton sit ting on the edge of Ruth's bed and yawn ing. "'Tis the dullest summer I eve spent. How you live in this spot, I can not understand, Ruth."

Ruth looked over at her and smile "I have always been well content."

"'Tis mighty queer that you have. O all monstrous dull places this is the wors No young gentlemen—"

"But there are some who can be happ without young gentlemen," said Ruth.

"Oh, I love to hear you speak so swee and mildly as if you didn't have all th young men that are worth a glance run ning about after you. There's—"

"Dolly," cried Ruth, "how canst tho speak of such things to me—"

"Oh, I won't, Ruth, but it's hard t remember how good you are."

Suddenly Ruth rose from her cha and running across at Dolly seized he by the shoulders and gave her a littl shake. "Thou art a silly child. I am n better than thee—thou knowest I am n —not better—but I try to be," she l Dolly go with a little laugh, and droppe upon the bed beside her.

"And of course I know that you d not care for young men and will not loo at them and 'tis not your fault—'tis n your fault—" cried Dolly leaning as fa away from her as the bed would allo "that—that—"

"Dolly," cried Ruth again.

"James Foster," cried Dolly, the noting the relieved look on Ruth's fac she clapped her hands—"will but look you and not half listen to me though try my best to be charming—"

"Thou needst not try hard," said Rut thankful of the turn the conversation ha taken. "He surely talks much wi thee."

"That is because,—Ruth, I must t you about him—he is so strange—l wants to be of the great world, he tri

to put on airs with me and tells of the nights he sometimes spends in town when the Sister does not know—and of the novels he reads—yes, novels!" Dolly nodded close to Ruth, "he would like to be a maceroni he would, 'tis so silly to hear him."

But Ruth did not smile now. "I am afraid he is being corrupted by the world."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Dolly tossing her head. "You needn't fear for him. But there's George Trowbridge, now he's a man who knows the world too—but he—h, run and look in the glass Ruth, and ee how pretty you can blush."

"Oh, Dolly," cried Ruth, her lips uivered. "How canst thou talk so when is scarce a month since my father died."

Dolly sobered too. "I forgot, Ruth; ad things leak out of my head in no me. But why should you grieve so long or him—of course I am sorry—" she dded hastily, seeing Ruth's face; but nishing with her unflinching frankness, you never knew him, never even knew ou had a father, so mama said. How an you grieve so much for him? And hat's the harm of speaking of George rowbridge anyway?"

"To think of—young men so soon—" egan Ruth.

"Well perhaps 'tis not quite proper," id Dolly, "but I tell you this, Ruth, for y mama has told me. Your father could ver abide Aunt Debby, she took your other away from him—and I don't be- ve he'd care if a nice young man came ound. Nobody would, but Aunt ebby; she's awfully funny anyway— ama would never have been married —"

"Oh, peace, Dolly," said Ruth, "is ere naught else thou canst speak of but vers and marriage?"

" 'Tis the subject I am most interested ," said Dolly candidly. "Now what is interests you most, Ruth?"

"Why," began Ruth, "the work of the ster and—" then suddenly—she rose om the bed and went toward the win- w. "Nay, Dolly, I am afraid I too am ginning to dwell on things of the rld—of late—"

With a little gurgle Dolly sprang from the bed and ran to Ruth at the window to throw both arms about her. Then she drew Ruth's head back and kissed her.

"I never knew a girl like you, never—" she gurgled in Ruth's neck. "You are so amusing—"

"Thou art younger than I, Dolly," said Ruth with the gravity of four years' seniority," I should have taught thee of things of the spirit but alas—I fear me—"

"Oh, don't worry, you have taught me many things—" Her chin was resting on Ruth's shoulder, she was looking out of the window. "Oh, oh, Ruth, see who's coming up the road! Oh, how nice and warm your cheek is getting against mine and I'll warrent it's turned that lovely pink. Now Ruth don't be a goose, come down and speak to him. If you don't, mama 'll make me charm him if I can—you'd better look out for me."

Ruth made a rebellious little movement in Dolly's hold. "Charm him if you like, 'tis naught to me," she said trying to withdraw from the window where Dolly held her so fast that the young man walking below looked up, and seeing her, bowed.

"You are silly, Ruth," said Dolly suddenly releasing her. "Now come down and see your caller soon, and take my advice; don't wait for somebody to call you. Aunt Debby is at home and she won't let you see him."

After Dolly had gone, Ruth stood irresolute; then in popped Mary Bennett's long, lined face at the door.

"There is a young man below who is asking for thee," she said.

"I—I will come," said Ruth following Mary Bennett at once.

"Where art thou going Ruth?" It was the Sister's voice as Ruth passed the half-open door.

"I am going below to the council-room," answered Ruth skimming down the stairs.

There in the council-room sat George Trowbridge in one of the large chairs set in the circle about the room. Ruth tried to shake hands with him as Dolly Lawton would have done, and then seated herself a little away from the chair by which he was standing that there might be an

empty space between; but he moved promptly to the chair next hers.

"Ruth, perhaps you know why I have come to-day?"

"Nay," said Ruth with her wide innocent eyes on his face; the scar was still on his cheek, she longed to touch it with pitying fingers; then suddenly her eyes fell before his.

He half wished he had not held himself in leash but had spoken to her before, when it would have been so easy in a sudden heat of feeling; in this long solemn room, with the rows of chairs in suspicious expectancy opposite, and with the life-like face of Deborah smiling on them, it was difficult to be eloquent.

"I—I love you, Ruth," he put out one of his strong, firm hands and laid it on hers.

"Oh, don't," she whispered, shaking like a leaf.

But he did not withdraw his hand, he looked at her intently, his voice sounded hoarse and far-away, he too seemed trembling.

"Do you mean it, Ruth,—that you do not love me?"

"Oh, nay, nay!" she cried incoherently.

"Are you sure you could never love me? I would make you happy. I love you dearly, as I never loved any woman before—if you can only love me a little. Look at me and tell me!"

"Oh, how can I?" she whispered, with her brown eyes close to his.

"This way," he said, and suddenly he kissed her on the lips.

She was out of the seat now and standing facing him, her hands groping in front of her. "Oh, how couldst thou—how could I—" her brown eyes were full of tears and there was the sound of sobs in her voice.

"Because we love each other. Don't we dear?" He stood up too and took the little, cold trembling hands in his.

"Why—I suppose we must—now—" she choked a little over the words. Then suddenly lifting her face towards his, she laughed out with the sound of eternal gladness triumphing over tears.

Then came from behind: "Ruth, does this young man always hold thy hands?"

Ruth would have started away if he had let her; but since he still held he hands she tried to stand firm, and loo the Sister in the face through her tear

"I came to Beulah to-day to ask yo for permission to win Miss Williams fo my wife," he said, looking across int the stately woman's darkening eyes.

"But doubtless asked her permissio first." Deborah's voice was cutting.

He bowed. "I presume you are h guardian and so I have come to ask—"

"I had thought until now I was. Ar is it seemly so soon after her father death?" The bitterness in the eve tones!

"Because she is unhappy is r reason—" he began.

She who has a high consolation is n unhappy," came Deborah's ready answe "Ruth, what of this young man? Would thou leave thy work and the life of th spirit to become the wife of a man of th world who follows after carnal things

There was a slight curl to the you man's clean-shaven lips, Deborah saw angrily. She gave a short laugh.

"Thou canst see by her silence th Ruth Williams is loth to give up h high work of the spirit for an earth life."

He waited for Ruth to speak, but s said nothing. She was all in a tumult emotion; she could not think clear Then he began slowly, "I shall nev hinder her from living her life of t spirit," he repeated Deborah's words.

"'Tis so men ever speak," said t Sister still with that bitterness, "but wi their earthly life they ever drag wom to their level. Ruth, tell this young m thou wilt never leave thy high calling

Ruth looked up now and struggled brace herself. The glow of love wea ened in the flame of Deborah's eyes; s turned toward George, and again t strengthened.

"Nay, I cannot," she said haltingly.

"Behold," said Deborah triumphant her smile surrounded Ruth in a wa tenderness. "I know Ruth Willian heart well. She would never suffer t deep degardation of marriage. Carn love could never satisfy her."

"Ruth," cried the man, "have y no—"

But Ruth put out her hand against Deborah's encircling arm.

"I—I—did not mean—I meant that I uld not tell him that I did not want to."

e was more lovely than ever in her plessness. Then suddenly she began cry softly.

He took a step toward her, but Deah was between. There was no nd but Ruth's broken sobs in the at room.

Then Deborah said, "Ruth, dost thou ow what thy feeling is toward this ng man?"

"Nay," said Ruth again lifting her e and Deborah brightened; but Ruth shed suddenly—"'tis something I e never felt before."

"Do not you yourself know enough of e?" asked George Trowbridge, his dy look fixing Deborah, "to see that ay perhaps teach Miss Williams to e me?"

Deborah drew in her breath and spoke veen her teeth.

"Of course thou thinkest so; the heart woman seems a weak thing, turning er and thither. Thou wilt doubtless h her all things of the world and she be lost to the highest."

"Why will she not also teach me?" he d.

Deborah's cold smile would have ed a less ardent man. "None can h thee, I know thy kind, I know well spirit—thou sayest thou dost love "

"Most dearly," he cried eagerly.

"So men ever say, yet when the time es to prove their love, it is naught. it remains for thee to prove thy ning. Fulfill the conditions which all make and I will consider thy "

"To consider my suit may mean ing," he said cautiously.

"Nay, then I will permit thee to win if thou canst, if thou wilt become ollower; if thou wilt give up thy life e world and live for the spirit, as ther dwellers in Beulah."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that thou shalt always live in ear Beulah and shall forsake all dly things and give thy goods for the general cause and appear even as my followers."

"But that is unreasonable," he protested honestly.

Deborah looked at Ruth's sweet uplifted face, eager and puzzled turning from one to the other.

"And this is what thou dost call love?" Ruth winced at the ugliness of the word as it fell from Deborah's lips. The Sister laughed. "Thou wouldst have Ruth Williams give up the high calling God hath fitted her for, give up her home and her who has been both father and mother to her and leave all to follow thee; and thou wilt not turn to a higher life, thou wilt not make thy dwelling-place where she is, or change the color of a garment for her. Ruth, this is what this boy calls love."

"You are asking too much," said George Trowbridge slowly. "Ruth, do you wish me to do this. Look at me, Ruth." Ruth's soft eyes veered to him. "This woman asks me to leave the life of active men where I hoped some day to find a place, and stay in this silent spot; she asks me to give up what has before made up my life—for you. Women have asked many hard and foolish things for love before this, but none so hard or foolish. Tell me, Ruth, do you ask it?"

"Wait, Ruth," said Deborah, lifting her hand. "Remember that this man would take thee to a life of worldly gaiety where the spirit is naught, while thou wouldst bring him to a life of holiness."

"Wouldst thou not be happy here?" asked Ruth softly—"with me?"

Her lips were white now, her eyes wide and frightened. He caught her hand suddenly. "Yes, dear, I would," he cried. "And you will marry me if I do this, Ruth?"

"Oh, yea," Ruth cried. She looked up at Deborah pleadingly. "I—I think so, if I can—" Then suddenly she burst into tears and started toward the door, to plunge in to Dolly Lawton coming in.

"La, what ails you Ruth, don't you see where you are running? La, Mr. Trowbridge, is it you? Mama will be down in a moment. Now, Aunt Debby, 'tis not a meeting to-day and Mr. Trowbridge

and I can talk of something besides religion."

"Dolly," said Deborah in her full, deep voice, "thou art a worldly minded young woman, but well fitted to converse with a man of like feeling," and Deborah went out of the room to leave the two together.

"Oh, Luddy," said Dolly Lawton, coming into Ruth's room a little later and seating herself on the bed, while Ruth at the window, bent lower over her ledger. "I thought when I last met Mr. Trowbridge that he had a ready tongue, but la, he said nothing to-day but, 'yes' and 'no' and once,—'twas too funny,—he did blurt out 'yea'—and I asked him if he was to become a brother."

"What—did—he—say?" asked Ruth.

"That is what I came to tell you: He said, 'Perhaps, I may some day.' Now Ruth don't you let him. You'll be a fool if you do—"

"Dolly, he that calls his brother a fool is in—"

"You're not my brother, Ruth; and if its wicked to say its wicked for you to be it. He's a nice young man. Don't you let him get so fascinated by Aunt Debby as all that. I know she can draw all after her, mama says she always could; but George Trowbridge likes you a little" —with a wicked accent—"and you ought to stand in Aunt Debby's way and not let her fascinate him into this crowd of old maids—"

"Dolly," said Ruth; she threw back her head and clutching the ledger with both hands, stared with a fixed look at Dolly's mischievous face.

"They are,—there isn't a man among them and George Trowbridge is a man—a fine man too—if he's going to be a disciple for the sake of Aunt Debby—"

"Dolly," said Ruth softly, "he is not coming here because of the Sister, it is because of—"

"Who, you?" Dolly fired it at her.

Ruth nodded, looking down on the ledger and tracing its outline with a shaking finger.

There was a little sound of laughter in the room, then a clapping of hands. Ruth looked up.

"Oh, Lud, Lud!" cried Dolly. "'Tis a romance—how monstrous nice—think he should give up all for you. 'T better than a novel. If James Fost only knew." Dolly rocked back and for on the bed in glee.

"I thought thou didst not think it w well for him to come here."

"I didn't, but this is different, to l come a follower for love of you. Wh I go back to the city I shall get someo to do some great thing for me to sh his love. 'Tis such fun, like a roman You must be much set up! You pro thing, you!"

But instead of smiling, Ruth bent o the ledger, and blinked the tears from h eyes. Suddenly the door opened a Deborah entered.

"I would see Ruth, alone, Dolly," s said in her commanding way, and Do somewhat ruffled, flung out of the roo

"Ruth, thou art troubled. But th needst not be," she sat down very n Ruth, she put her hand beneath the gi chin and turned toward herself the an ous face. "Thou needst not grieve. T Lord has made thee an instrument to his holy will, and my heart is glad thee. Long has my heart yearned o that wayward boy, who when I did f present my gospel in the council roo turned it away with light words." T tears dried in the brown eyes, widen in the compelling glance of those stra black ones.

"But through thee, he has seen light and will come to know the call the Spirit. At first it did seem to that a carnal voice was calling thee, the Lord has spoken and taught me thou wert the instrument to bring young man into the fold." Ruth did speak, there seemed nothing to say. could not move her gaze from Debora she made a feeble little sound in throat.

"Art thou not glad Ruth?" asked borah in her sweetest tone, her m smiling, but her eyes fixed and stern.

"Glad?" whispered Ruth, so near borah that her sweet breath fell on Sister's smooth cheek. "For what?"

"That thou canst bring him Beulah. Marriage is not the ho estate, yet if his heart will become

ched to thine, and his ways become my ays, then thou and he can do great ings for Beulah. But he must become humble spirit, willing as thou art to ave highest matters to me; then I may rect thy lives toward the highest and y marriage may become a holy thing, rough thee I shall come more and ore to my own." She leaned forward d kissed Ruth on her puzzled, half-rted lips, then was gone.

Ruth sat very still after the Sister had ft her. Despite the unnaturalness of r life she had a large fund of common nse. She began to talk softly to her-lf:

"He will never be humble, or willing as am; he is too like the Sister; he will ways want too much of his own way d they will quarrel, nor should he come re for me, 'twould not be right. He es not really believe in the Sister—he ould not do for a woman what should done for God—though it lead to higher ings—Nay—I know myself it is not ght—I will not let him do this for me. t for his higher good—Oh, I wish my ther were here—" and Ruth's philo-phy and logic fell together, as her ought went to the mother whose judg-ent she had never asked or followed in e past.

She lay awake for a long time that ght, praying and thinking; but the next y, when Deborah was away, and while lly and her mother were taking a final ive in the coach, for they were to leave ulah soon, Ruth went through the od toward the Beekham house.

She had resolved to send Caleb to orge Trowbridge's house and tell him e wished to see him. He would surely me, and the Sister could not blame her, ough she had not been told.

"For there are some things—" said th to herself with a swift advance of ought—"that I must decide myself; d perhaps with a heart above earthly e I may lead him to spiritual things. rhaps already his heart is touched by e spirit—if he is so young as she says." puzzled and troubled, almost turning k several times on the way, she went .

But as she came to the door of the Beekham house, it was half opened, and from within came the sound of merriment.

"Enter," cried Sister Brown's voice, hoarse from laughter. "Enter, Caleb."

Ruth pushed the door further open and came into the k'tchen. She stood in the door-way without speaking, staring at the strange figure before her; for there stood George Trowbridge, dressed in a brown suit of Caleb's, short at the ankles and wrists, but hanging in loose perpendicular folds on his sparer frame.

"Am I not a seemly Brother?" he cried turning with a mocking bow. Then he saw it was Ruth, and his face sobered suddenly.

But Ruth's mouth twitched, it could not help it. How could she follow the Sister with her ever-ready trick of smiling and a mouth that would not obey her? He was ridiculous, this fine figure of a young man in this ill-fitting garb, that seemed to take from his strength and inches at once. She gave a little gurgle in her throat, and Dame Brown cried out joyously:

"A new follower of the Sister, Ruth. Is he not an excellent one? He says he likes the color and I tell him he may have Caleb's cast-off clothes, for he can wear what he pleases until we are again called to Beulah."

"But my clothing will scarce be a credit to the Sister," said George Trowbridge, trying to speak lightly and smiling at Ruth.

She drew down her mouth now and spoke sadly. "Thou art making a jest of what is most serious to me."

She had thought he was meditating and perhaps praying for light on this matter, and she found him jesting with a woman like Dame Brown.

"I think I would best return to Beulah, Farewell." She turned to the door-way.

"No, Ruth wait a moment," he cried; he followed her to the threshold, he forgot his absurd costume. "I would speak to you a moment. I am so glad to meet you here."

"Glad?" she asked, then she turned her head away quickly; he looked so absurd with his strong, long hands dangling from the short coat sleeves of Caleb.

He saw the smile, and laughed, too, stepping along by her side, "Yes, Ruth, I felt I must tell you that I—I cannot accept the conditions the Sister lays down and I am sure you love me too well to insist upon them."

"Thou dost not know much of my love," she said; his laughter hurt her.

"What do you mean?" he cried out at her; he stopped in the path as they were walking on toward the wood. He reached out his hand toward her, but she drew herself up and away. "Yesterday you said you loved me, is it all over to-day?"

Ruth tried to speak calmly, "And I—I came to tell thee that perhaps I could—I might not marry thee if thou didst fulfill the condition. Unless thy heart is led to Beulah by love of God, I think thou wouldst best not come." It was not exactly what she had meant to say.

He laughed again; but this time with no mirth in the sound. "We are a fine pair to make pledges. I too think I would best not come. Know you what that woman, Deborah Stebbins, has asked of me? To leave my uncle's childhood home and move to Beulah, to give up my property, into her hands, and enter into no contracts or business and make no investment without consulting her. Without her consent I could do naught in my family, or in the world. Ruth, what sort of a man would he be who would so lay down his manhood for a woman's love?"

"It would doubtless depend on how great was his love," said Ruth, looking far away.

"I think it would be a small and a mean love that would make a man throw away all that would make his life worth anything to the woman he loved, only to get his object. Ruth, I might have come to Beulah till I had won you and then left with you, but I could not do that."

"No upright man would do that," she said quickly.

"But the Sister evidently thought I might, for here is this other condition—that I am to spend one year in Beulah and never to speak of marriage to Ruth Williams; that is too much, you must know it Ruth;—but perhaps you know all these conditions and I am telling you no news—"

She could have cried out with the his words gave her, but she trie stiffen herself. Perhaps he saw her look, for he said suddenly. "No, R I did not mean that, you do not k this woman, you do not know what can do and will do to gain her ends. has no scruples. I should be no man had signed what she brought to m sign; I should have been her slave as has made many another man—"

"Stop!" cried Ruth, facing him denly in the path—"thou canst abuse as it pleases thee—but thou must speak against her. She is my mother father, she is all I have, she is a g noble woman. She can do no wrong.

"Do you think her treatment of me right? Did you come to-day to me to accept her conditions?"

"I know not why I came," cried R throwing up both hands and head, now I know I want to go back to Beul

"No, Ruth, not yet," he stood in way; she was fighting tears, but he not know it, so firm were her lips, so her eyes. She was bewitching in anger; but he was angry too.

"Tell me before you go, that you me, that you will love me, whether I cept this scheming woman's harsh co tions or not."

"Nay, I cannot," said Ruth betw her teeth. "Stand back I say and let go! How can I love one who speak of the Sister! I knew not thou d have so hard a heart."

"Ruth, listen, let me tell you of She is not a good woman; not fit to g a young girl like you. Jonas Ditm has told me of her—"

"Jonas Ditmarsh! And thou spoken of the Sister with idle and seemly words to that man and thou believed evil against her!" Her v was full and low. "Alas, George Tr bridge, my heart did once turn tow thine, but to-day thou hast turne away, by thy evil thoughts of one I l I would not believe her when she thy heart was froward—"

"Then she has spoken against me, I may not tell the truth of her; I tell I can never and will never believe in Ruth, would you have my life spoile

your father's was?"

Ruth put out her hand commandingly. "Stop!" she cried, "stop! thou hast said enough! nay, more than enough. May I never see thee again George Trowbridge. Go thy way and I will go mine. My heart was turned to worldly things but it has been well chastened. Farewell." She walked slowly away.

He took a step forward, then stopped; he was angered at her blind infatuation for the woman. He swung on his heel, so that it left a hole in the soft turf.

"Farewell, Ruth Williams, I go to the city to-morrow," and he strode away, forgetting the mock-heroic figure he made in his ill-fitting suit.

But though he looked after her, she did not seem to turn. Not until she was behind a tree and around the bend, did she peer after him with her tear-blinded eyes and she saw nothing but beauty in his grotesquely clad figure. "How could he say those things when I was just beginning to love him; and oh, I fear me, I cannot stop it now." And she went sobbing through the wood; but before leaving the shade of the trees, she paused and wiped away the tears, then went on to the Sister's house.

Dolly had jus returned from her ride and met Ruth at the door.

"Oh, la!" she exclaimed, "I am thankful mama is going so soon, the days of the doldrums are over. What think you? Mama and I met George Trowbridge on the road in the queerest looking clothes ever seen; he said he was going to the city to-morrow. He won't wait till even two days longer when we could go with him. Has he given up coming to Beulah? I asked him, but he scowled and said he was but dressing for a masquerade."

"Ask me nothing of George Trowbridge," said Ruth quickly, Dolly and she were going up the stairs together. "I know naught of him from this time henceforth."

"Oh," said Dolly pursing up her lips and looking at her steadily. "A lover's quarrel!"

"'Tis not," said Ruth with a strange hotness for her. She could not speak with her old dignity.

"Be careful, Ruth, or you will lose him. Half the gentlemen I know have married another when quarreling with one they love. Who knows but I may get George Trowbridge after all? Nothing would please mama better." Then Dolly laughed, and laughed even after Ruth had suddenly gone into her room and shut the door.

"Why should I care, why should I care, why should I care!" whispered Ruth clinching her hands and walking with short steps up and down the floor of her room, "who he marries. And doubtless, Dolly, would make him a better wife than I, she is not so easy angry; yet how could he speak so of the Sister!"

CHAPTER V.

A Winter of Discontent.

After Dolly and her mother had rolled away in the handsome coach with Dolly waving good-by, until the bend in the river-road shut her from sight, Ruth felt a loneliness close down upon her.

Dolly had wanted to take her back to the city with her, but Ruth, with a sudden high beat of her heart, cried out:

"Oh, nay, I could not, my life lies here in Beulah."

And Dolly had said frankly. "Oh, well, I don't know as I could take you anyway. Mama knows you're prettier than I and I believe she'd fear the young men would look at you before me. But, la, I shouldn't care and we ought to get you a husband—you're almost an old maid now."

Ruth had laughed, then caught her breath with something like a sob, and was angry that she thought of George Trowbridge.

"But la!" finished Dolly as if reading Ruth's thoughts. "I'll see him when I get to the city and I'll find out what's the matter between you."

"Dolly, if you dare!" cried Ruth.

Dolly giggled merrily. "You can't scare me, Ruth. You needn't fear, I'll make him forget you," and Dolly nodded so mysteriously that Ruth was filled with a puzzled dread.

But Martha's good-by to Deborah had interrupted them here. "You can't say I never had an interest in your work, Debby, now, after this visit. Of course

you didn't expect to convert me and get me to wear brown all my life; for there is nothing in it for me that I can see—you get all the perquisities, and brown was always fearful unbecoming."

"Martha," Deborah's soft, full voice was sad. "Thou art still far from understanding spiritual things. Until thy heart is softened, there is little I can teach thee."

"Well kiss me now, Debby, and don't bother about teaching me. Good-by, Ruth, come and see us sometime. Good-by, good-by."

But now it was all over; the company, gay for Beulah's staidness, was gone. Deborah came into Ruth's room as she sat by the window watching the coach disappear.

"Well, Ruth," she asked. "What does thou think of him who was to become a new disciple? Dost thou know how he has withdrawn from his promise?"

Ruth looked with a little quiver into those forceful eyes.

"I never wish to hear of him again," she said in a low, angry voice.

Deborah smiled and sighed. "Wherefore, Ruth? Is it indeed true that thy heart is so set on Beulah that thou wilt have naught to do with those who do not love it also? With such devotion in thy soul thou wilt make a grand leader, Ruth; the confines of Beulah shall spread, her stakes shall be set farther to the east and north and with thee by my side, my name and fame shall go out through all the land. I knew thy heart was steadfast."

Ruth could not look away from Deborah's face, so close to hers, the moving harmony of her perfect lips, the gracious light of her great eyes.

"But—it—it—was not that—" she said in a low, miserable voice. "But he did insult thee—and me—and—"

"Then thou hast seen him again Ruth?"

"I—I felt that I must tell him that it was not right for him to come for me, unless his heart was moved."

"And thou didst go to tell him that? When Ruth?"

"Soon after he was here—many days ago."

"I know not, Ruth," said Deborah's voice full of displeasure, "What manne of woman this young man will think the —most light I fear—going to him on th smallest errands."

Little hollows showed in the curve c Ruth's cheeks as she ground her teetl "I care not what he thinks. I did wha seemed to me right."

"Thou shouldst have done what thought right, Ruth. If thou wilt follo me unquestioning, thou wilt find th highest good, until the time comes whe others shall follow thee in the same way.

"I cannot follow thee without ques tion," Ruth cried out at her, "that—tha is not always. I myself must think. could not bear that he should come t Beulah for me—not believing in thee—

"Ruth," like a great bell Deborah voice boomed in the girl's ears. "I mus say again, that all thy duty is to follo me, to do as I tell thee until thou has found wisdom for thyself. By thy un timely deed thou hast sent this youn man away,—an infidel with no love fo the Lord. Who knows where he will go salvation. His soul was precious to m and might have become mine—"

"But," the puzzled brown eyes swep the face before them, "thou didst spea uncertainly—I did not know—"

"Peace, Ruth! Thou shouldst no leave all to me, then when thou dost b come a leader among men and wome go thy way, being never turned aside b word or deed of those less wise tha thee—"

"But I am not wise—" little lines wo themselves into Ruth's forehead.

"Learn of me, and I will give thee my wisdom. But now thou must abi in my judgment, until thou hast learn much."

"Ruth," she leaned forward and dre the girl into her arms, "the young ma who has so disturbed our peaceful liv is gone out of them. He will not retur believe me; there is now no hindrance thy spiritual life. Thy heart is soften and chastened, the Lord will not gi thee over, thou shalt become one wi me. Thy soul might have been lost me had this young man come hithe though I longed for him."

(To be continued.)

Beautiful New England

Lake Sebago is a beautiful sheet of very pure water in Southern Maine, eighteen miles from Portland. It is very deep and the shores exhibit granitic masses that are as picturesque as they are typical of New England. The views here published are selected with the purpose of showing as clearly as possible the rock formations. On account of its depth and the purity of its water Sebago abounds in salmon and is a favorite resort of sportsmen. The waters open as early as the first of April.

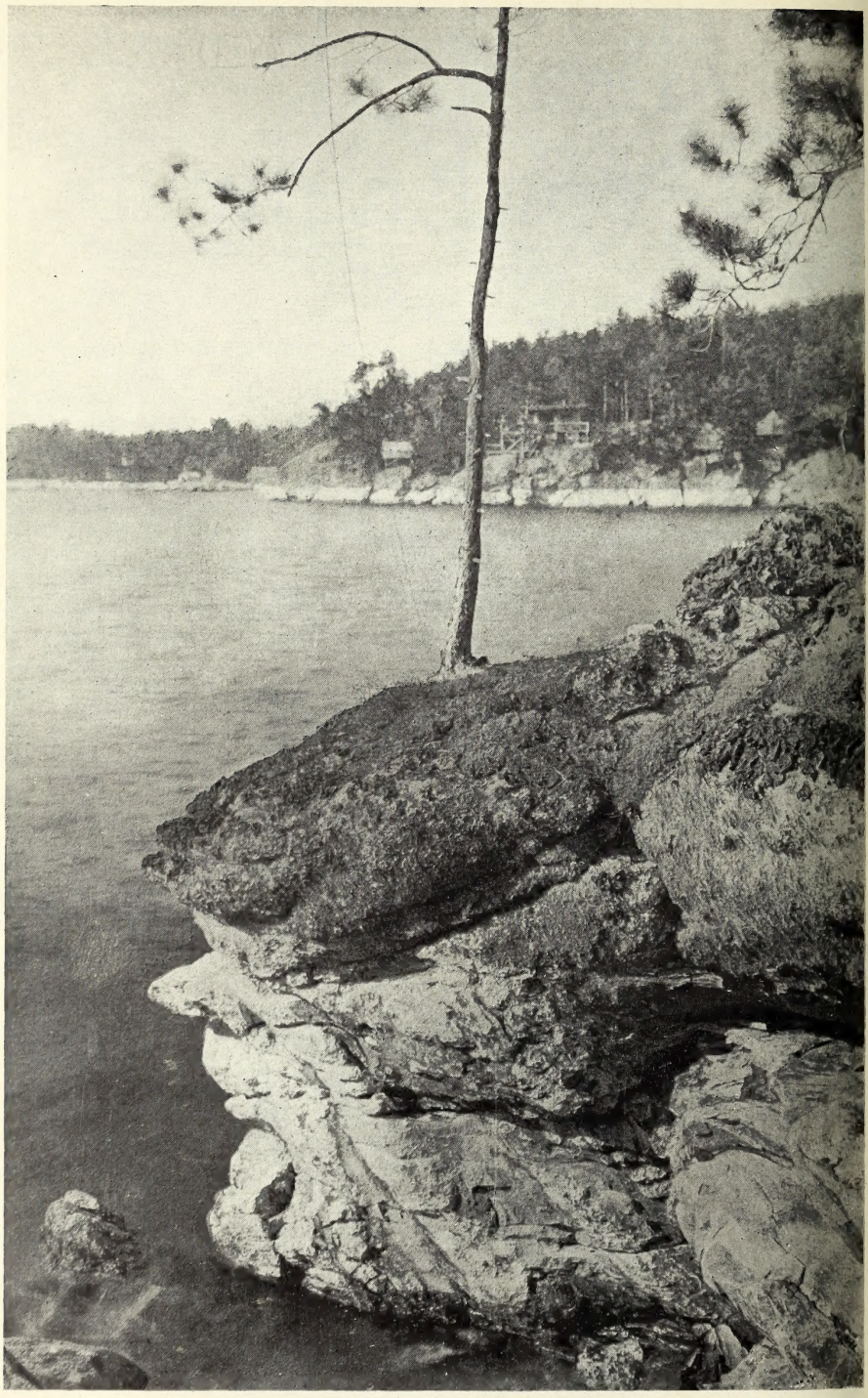
THE BOULDER

By LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS

O'er the gray boulder seamed and scarred by time
My searching thought its questioning thread would wind,
The secret of these crevices to find,
Lettered in creeping lichens' crusting rime,
And while I trace each deep mysterious line,
Of subtle force that shaped the cleavage grand
And fitted block to block with master-hand
I read the hieroglyphs of thought divine:
Record of æons by God's finger graved,
Of fire and glacier, crystallizing laws,
Atoms obedient to a central cause,
All patient power for endless purpose saved;—
I, but one grain of dust upon earth's sphere,
Make altar of the rock and worship here

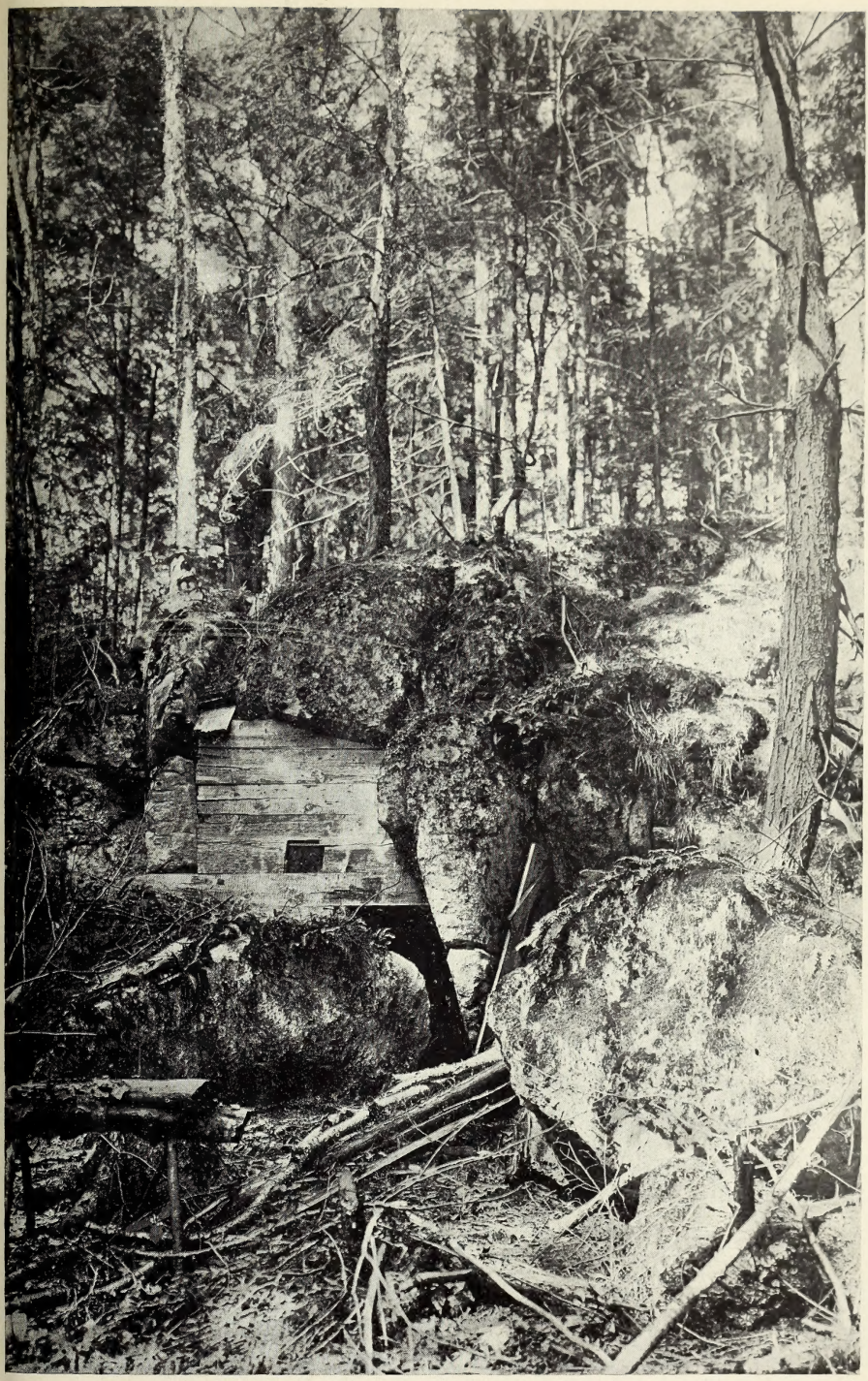
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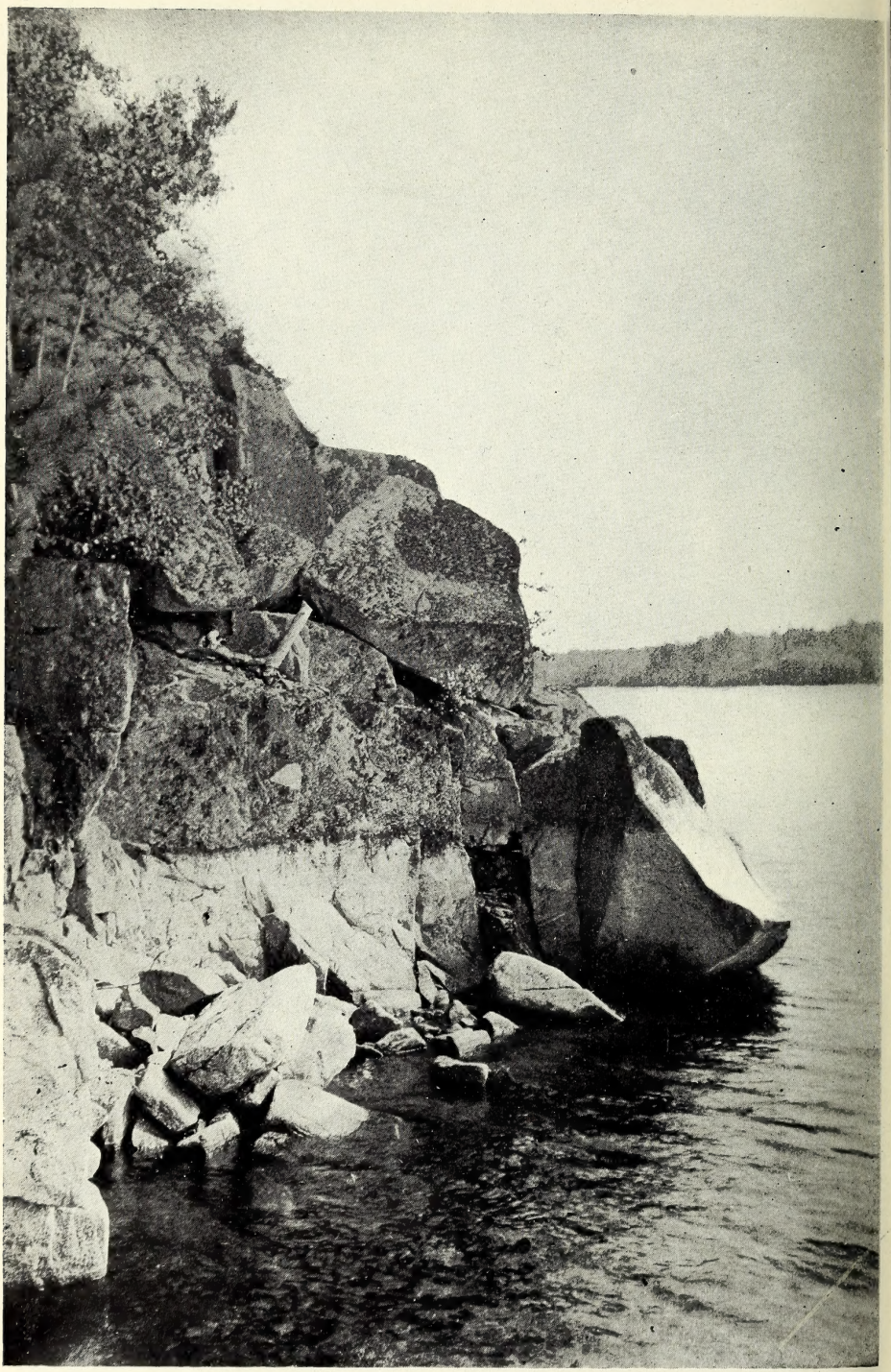
Photograph by G. B. Alleck, Springfield, Mass.

LAKE SEBAGO DISINTEGRATING ROCKS



Photograph by G. B. Alleck, Springfield, Mass.

SEBAGO LAKE. TREES FINDING A FOOTHOLD AMONG THE ROCKS



Photograph by G. B. Alleck, Springfield, Mass.

SEBAGO LAKE ROCKS SHOWING HIGH WATER MARK AND BEGINNING VEGETATION BELOW



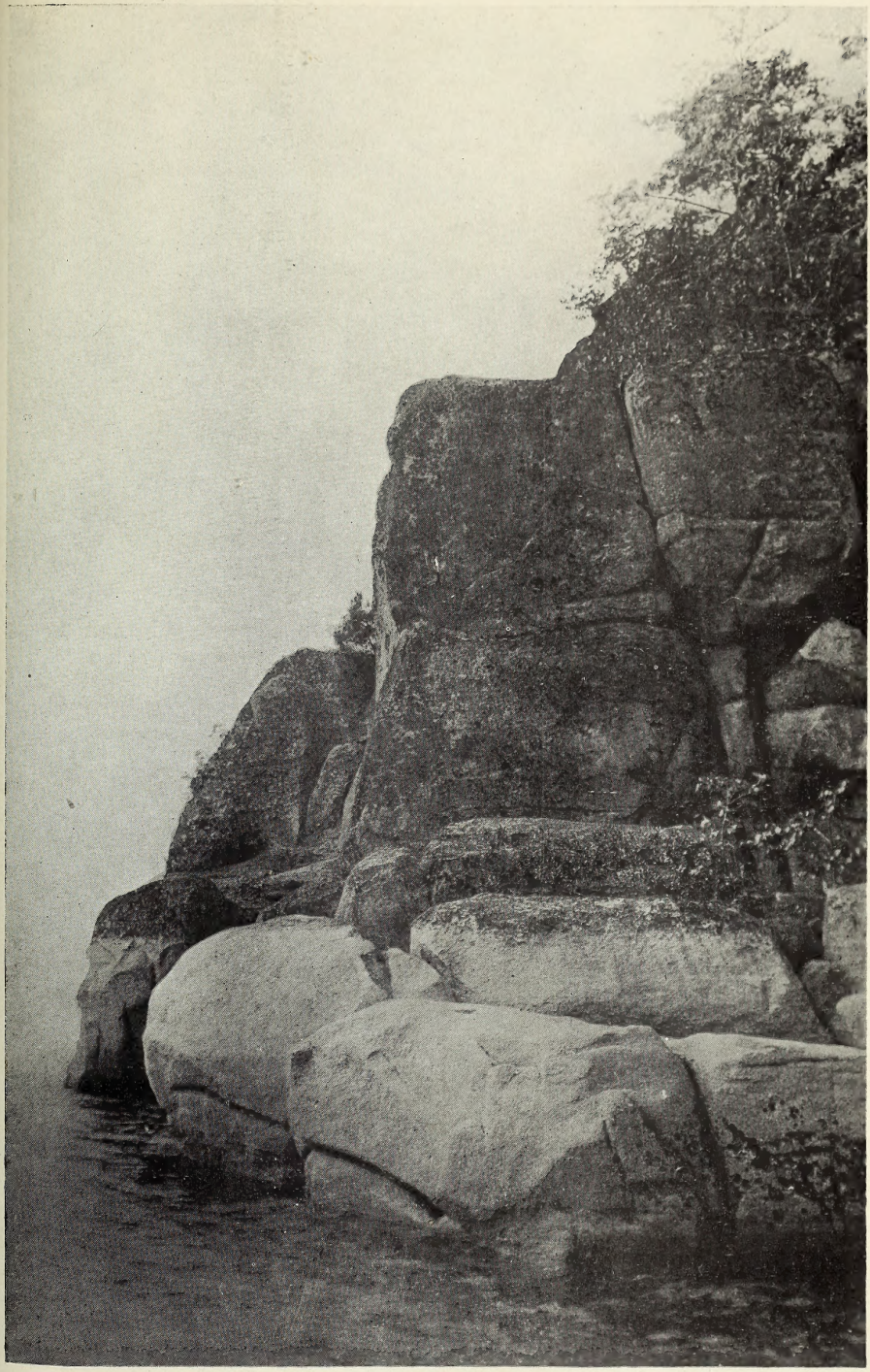
Photograph by G. B. Alleck, Springfield, Mass.

SEBAGO LAKE THE FACE OF THE CLIFF



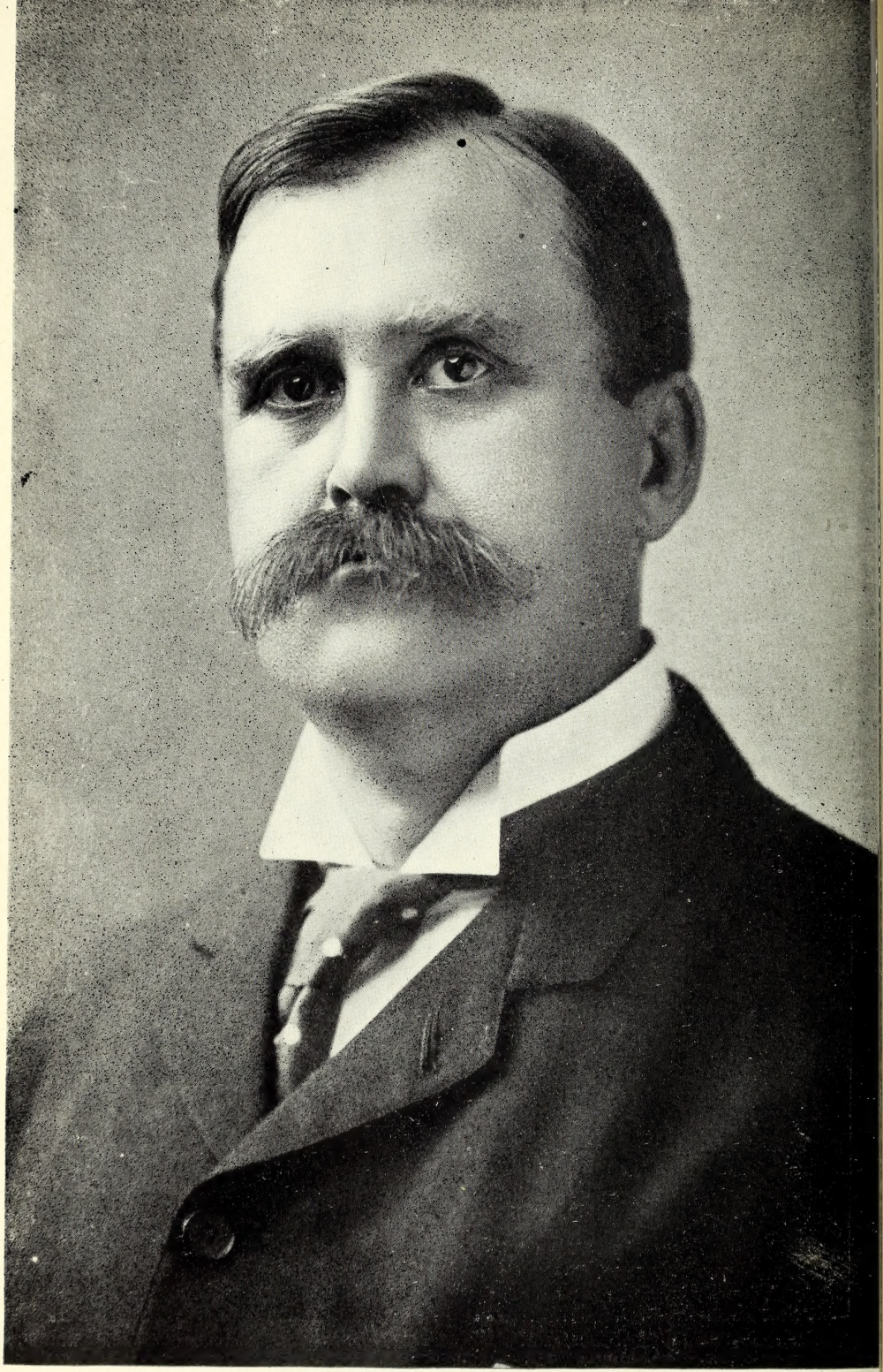
Photograph by G. B. Alleck, Springfield, Mass.

LAKE SEBAGO A CLEAVAGE SURFACE



Photograph by G. B. Alleck, Springfield, Mass.

LAKE SEBAGO BOULDERS IN EMBRYO



HON. EUGENE FOSS, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, AND POSSIBLE CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY. HIS OUTSPOKEN OPPOSITION TO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT HAS ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION

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ANCIENT AND MEDIÆVAL CITIES

By HARVEY N. SHEPARD

THE ancient world, unlike the mediæval world, and unlike the modern world also except in the immediate present, was a city orld. Cities are found in the beginning history. In the valleys of the Nile d of the Euphrates, where both a rtile soil and easy transportation were hand, the earliest civiliations developed e city form of life. In Europe also the dependent city was the accepted litical unit.

In Greece each either was independent thought itself wronged if not so. Notithstanding its people were of common od, language, and religion, Greece ver was united politically. It was only the more backward portions that towns the early days grouped themselves to leagues. Power resided not in a few dependent nations, but in many indendent cities, with districts of country tached to them, each city a distinct te, so much so that state and city are e same word. These cities dealt with eir neighbors as if they were foreign tes, so that the treaties between Tegea d Mantinea or between Sicyon and rinth were international treaties, hower small the area upon which they were plied. When we speak of our nation use words which are rural; we say s country, this land of ours; whereas e Greeks said this city of ours. When colony was sent out it did not occupy e country, but founded a city. The colony owed the metropolis honor and reverence, but was not subject to it. In modern times, when colonies have been sent out, it has been held that a subject, wherever he went, could not throw off his allegiance to his sovereign; and the colonies therefore have been held to be portions of the dominions of the mother-country. But Greek colonies were independent cities.

Citizenship was acquired only by descent or by special grant. Mere residence, even from generation to generation, gave no political rights. Thus a large body grew up who were not citizens. The old citizens, who had divided the lands of the city or held them as common property, inter-married and kept the offices to themselves. So these old citizens, once the whole people, became an oligarchy. Then the excluded body won equality with the old citizens, either by violence or by gradual changes, and democracy began again.

In the development of these cities there came into being at some period, and in not a few more than once, an official whom they called a tyrant. It was not simply a name of reproach for an oppressive ruler; rather he was a man who took the power of a king where by law there was no king. This he did as a popular leader against the oligarchy; as a magistrate or general, who turned his lawful powers against the state; and sometimes he held a commission, which

put public money into his hands, and he spent it in hiring mercenaries. When he got power in any of these ways, he commonly used it oppressively, but not always. The name tyrant does not of itself imply the oppressive use of power, but the unlawful way of gaining it.

Of the Greek cities Athens is the most important and the best known. Like all the others it was both a city and a state; and there was no distinction between those functions which we call municipal and those which we call state or national. An institution of Athens, which seems strange to us, is the ostracism. When Athens was thought to be in danger a vote was taken, in which every citizen wrote upon a tile the name of any man whose presence he thought dangerous. If six thousand named the same man he had to leave the city for ten years. He was in no way disgraced; he kept his property; and, at the end of the ten years, he came back to his full rights. Indeed his friends often were able to carry a vote to call him back before the end of the ten years. This law worked well while the democracy was weak; and, when democracy was established, the law became needless and went out of use.

A public water supply existed from an early date, subterranean aqueducts having been built by the Peisistratidae. The Athenians built roads, with artistic monuments for milestones, bearing inscriptions. They laid out their harbor, the Peiraeus, systematically with two main streets and a large central square for business, the most celebrated example of the kind in ancient times; a work done by Hippodamus of Miletus, who later laid out the cities of Thurii and of Rhodes. The paving of the streets is of ancient custom. In the old Assyrian city of Sargon there were paved streets forty feet wide, composed of small, irregular, and not durable stones, which were, however, better than any pavement now to be found in that region. So, too, in Thebes and in Jerusalem there were paved streets. Carthage was the first to enter upon an extensive system of road construction; and it was here the Romans learned the advantage of good roads, and also the art of constructing them.

The docks and the warehouses of Peiraeus were owned by the city, tolls were charged to the merchants their use. Although many enterpr were under public control they were operated by public officials, but were out to private capitalists, who wor them for their own advantage, early amples of the modern system of mu cipal franchises.

The Athenians learned that civic provements have a commercial va The stately monuments began to att travel; and, long after the city lost commercial supremacy and had hausted its mines, the people lived their income from travelling Romans.

The most important charitable w was the distribution of grain, a syst resorted to in other large cities in anci times, and above all in Rome. Educat was under public control, especially t of the young men in their duties as c zens; and closely connected with this their physical training for military s vice. The higher education in cult and in art was in connection with religious ceremonies in the theatres a the temples; and the results in the de opment of the drama and of sculpt mark a record of achievement which other people have attained. We le from Herodotus that a public school isted in Chios at the beginning of fifth century B. C. Compulsory pu instruction was recognized generally Southern Italy, or Magna Græcia.

After the conquest of Persia, ci were founded throughout the east Alexander, seventy of them, all called his name. Many were upon great tr lines, like the Alexandria which s exists. Many were garrison towns in centre of remote provinces, like C dahar, from Oskendar, the Oriental fo of Alexander. Others were mere o posts, where Macedonian soldiers sett to guard the frontiers against the b barians, like the Alexandria on Iaxartes. These cities were built w two great thoroughfares at right ang intersecting in the centre of the city, lesser streets being parallel to these th oughfares, as is the case in Philadelph All had shrines or memorials of

founder. Most of them had low quarters for the natives and a fashionable or strong quarter for the Macedonians, as they liked to call themselves, or the Greeks, as the natives generally called them.

Alexandria had five quarters, one at least devoted to the Jew, who settled here in great numbers. It was the market where the wealth of Europe and of Asia changed hands. Caravans from the head of the Persian Gulf, and ships on the Red Sea, brought to it the wonders of Ceylon, India, and of China, to be exchanged for the amber of the Baltic, the salt fish of the Black Sea, the silver of Spain, the copper of Cyprus, the timber of Macedonia, and the pottery and the oil of Greece. Here were found a great library, observatories, zoological gardens, collections of plants, and other new and strange things brought from the furthest regions of Arabia and of Africa. The museum was an university, where learned men took fellowships, and spent their time in research, close to observatories and to a great library of books. It is to these scholars we owe the Septuagint, a Greek version of the Old Testament, a solitary specimen of the Greek language as it then was spoken.

Rhodes, upon the island of the same name, was the rival of Alexandria. It perfected a system of marine law, which was accepted not only by the Greek states, but also by the Romans, and has continued to our day.

Another great city was Antioch; which, from its situation, its water supply from the overhanging mountains, its fine harbor, and its nearness to the rich plains of Syria, became one of the world's resorts. People of all nations came to learn the Greek tongue, and to enjoy Greek culture. It was built on the plan of Alexandria, but stretched along the Orontes, as the overhanging mountains forbade extension in breadth. Its private houses had their own water supply, and all the public places their fountains.

The water and drainage systems in many of these cities are a surprise to us. The houses were provided with deep cisterns for rain water; and with well-designed channels to carry the waste water. The water supply of many of the ancient cities was excellent and abundant. It usually was for the public buildings only; the temples, the fountains, and the baths; and few cities put water into a private house. This did not arise from ignorance of the laws of hydraulics, nor how to make pipes capable of withstanding pressure. Rather it was the outcome of the social conditions of the time. In a society based upon slavery there was no reason why labor-saving devices should be applied. The slaves were able to get all the water necessary for domestic consumption at wells or fountains, although the burden of carrying the water was an economic waste.

Syracuse, the most powerful of the Greek cities of the west had the Athenian institution of ostracism, called petaliam, because the name was written on a leaf. The time of absence was five years. We know nothing of the details, whether they were the same as those at Athens or not. It worked badly and was abolished by general consent. Though Syracuse began as a Greek city it did not continue such. The Sikels, the natives who tilled the land of the Greek settlers, became strong enough to win admission to equal privileges, and thus a new Syracusan people began.

Some of these old cities, established for military or political reasons, had no stable basis, except that in some instances they became also industrial centres. The commercial city has a more permanent position. It obtains sustenance, not by forced contributions, but from its own resources. It thus has a vitality of its own, and may maintain itself for centuries, as have Damascus, Marseilles, and Cadiz.

As Athens is the highest type of the Greek city, so is imperial Rome among the cities of the Roman world; and a study of its municipal aspects affords lessons of interest and value. These show many features which correspond to those of the large cities of our present day, since compact communities have special conditions, which demand special provisions for their health, safety, convenience, and good government.

The water supply formed a stupendous series of works, consisting of fourteen aqueducts, the aggregate length of which was 359 miles, of which 304 miles were underground, often through mountains and along valleys, and 55 miles were above ground, the channel being carried on arcades, sometimes rising to the height of more than a hundred feet. The water system did not reach the houses in Rome, as was the case in Antioch; and baths were built for general use, at first by private speculators. Agrippa left his baths to the people; and the number of public baths was increased by the emperors so that 63,000 people could bathe at the same moment. The city also constructed drains to carry off the sewage. The first of these is the Cloaca Maxim, an immense sewer, built twenty-five centuries ago, on unstable ground, under enormous difficulties, which still answers its purposes well, and which ranks among the triumphs of engineering skill.

From early days Rome had watchmen for fires; and Augustus organized a force of seventy-five hundred guards, divided into seven battalions, each with its own headquaters, both as a fire brigade and a police force. But the preservation of order and the protection of property continued to be poor, one great difficulty being the absence of any system of lighting the streets at night. All business closed with the daylight. No attempt at public lighting was made. The idea does not seem to have occurred to them. Persons who ventured abroad were lighted by lanterns and by torches.

The love of street life led to the congestion of the streets to such a degree that Cæsar issued a decree prohibiting the passage of wagons through the central districts during the ten hours after sunrise. The enforcement of this regulation was made imperative by the number of traders' booths which were erected along the sidewalks. Not until the time of Augustus was any systematic attempt made to regulate the building of dwelling houses. Their height then was limited to seven stories.

There were at first no public schools in Rome. The education of children was intrusted to slaves; and, during the last two centuries of the republic, only a fe of the wealthiest families had teacher to whom were intrusted their own chi dren, and also those of their friend Municipal schools were established b Cæsar. There were several publ libraries; and, by the time of Traja many private libraries. The number volumes has been estimated at 700,000.

The roads, the aqueducts, and th other public works, were constructed b contract. Augustus organized an imperi service, which did away with the co tractors, and the greater part of th public works and buildings were co structed during the empire under th system of direct public administration.

In Italy, outside of Rome, we fir nothing but cities, no country places ar no villages. The country was cultivate but not peopled. The proprietors dwe in the cities. Rome founded or co quered a host of cities. It was wi cities that it fought, it was with cities treated, and into cities it sent colonie In Gaul and Spain also we meet wi nothing but cities; the country around marsh and forest. Great highways e tend from city to city; but the thousan of little by-paths, now intersecting eve part of the country, were unknown.

The cities of Gaul and Spain ow their origin generally to the roving tribe who would choose a camping grou either on a rocky hill, where they cou entrench themselves, or on an island the midst of a river or a marsh, where t surrounding fens would be a safeguar and it speaks well for their choice, th when the Romans came, skilled in wa they did not destroy the settlements the conquered tribes, but rebuilt them a cording to the pattern of Rome, not effa ing but improving what was already hand. Instead of rude huts state palaces rose with marble baths; aqu ducts threw a succession of arches to t nearest water source; theatres sloped the hill-side; bridges crossed the rive and, where the grottoes of the Druid other primitive faiths had been, re splendid temples to Jupiter and Dia and Apollo.

The revenues of ancient cities we derived largely from municipal proper

such as lands, fisheries, mines, and quarries, and from rents for water and other public industries. Each was under Roman rule in political affairs, but was allowed to maintain its own constitution, and the local magistrates preserved a considerable measure of independence.

From early in the second century the centralizing tendencies of the imperial government began to curtail the independence of the cities, and step by step these tendencies developed until the central government gained complete control. Extravagance, incompetence, and corruption, in the municipal governments, opened the way for this development. The earliest signs of it are found in the appointment by the emperor in special circumstances of a curator, or financial overseer, of some city, to put its finances on a sound basis. At first these officers were Roman citizens who did not take up a permanent residence in the city in which they acted. By the third century the curator had become an ordinary official, selected from among those citizens who already had held office, sometimes directly by the emperor, but in other cases by the municipal senate, which was becoming more and more a mere instrument to execute the will of the central government. The executive was intrusted to a few members of the curia, usually two, who bore the name of duumvirs, and played the part of consuls. But the great duty of this administration was not so much to govern as to collect the taxes for the emperor; and the members of the curia had to answer with their private fortunes for the full amount of the tax. One can imagine the sigh of relief from these victims when the barbarians arrived and put the representatives of the emperor to flight.

Before the reign of Constantine the Christian priests had been private persons; they then became officials; and, in many cities, the civil magistrates, finding the responsibility of government too great, handed over to these priests their temples, and even the law courts and the basilicas; and these public buildings were adapted to Christian uses. As time went on, the office of curator, which was costly to the holder, came to be filled by the bishop of the city. Thus the bishop, with his clergy, took charge of all public affairs; the municipal senate lost their authority; and the priests took their places.

The German invasions and the fall of Rome mark retrogression in city life throughout Europe. When order was re-established the invaders for the most part settled on country estates, where they permanently resided, and tried to make themselves independent of central authority. They kept aloof from the cities. But they did not destroy them. Nevertheless the feudal system worked a change in their condition. They had been the centres of wealth and of population. The ruling class lived within them. The land was cultivated by persons who were not recognized as having political rights. After feudalism was established the proprietor lived upon his estate, instead of living within a city; and the city became part of his lands, enclosed within his fief. It became subject to his exactions, his oppressions, and his pillage. It lost all privileges of self government and became a mere dependency.

In the eleventh century we find a revival; and, though on a smaller scale than in the Roman empire, the cities again played a part in the history of the time. This was due to the contact of the east and of the west in the crusades and to the trade with the countries upon the Baltic Sea in grain, timber, and fish. Along with the development of commerce came a growth of population; and the cities gradually won a position outside the feudal system, and in many instances revived the city-state of earlier history, though the mediæval cities never attained the dimensions of the Roman cities, as Florence, for example, at the height of its power, did not have over 150,000 people.

The citizens formed associations or guilds, which chose delegates to form a city council. Seizing the opportunity afforded by some fortunate circumstances which caused the feudal lord to be engaged elsewhere, the members of the guilds armed themselves with their tools, such as hatchets and cutting instruments, and with bars of iron, as well as with old

arms and plain stocks, and overcame soldiers whom the lord had left as a guard for the city. They then shut the gates. When their lord arrived before the closed gates the citizens declared they were ready to open the gates and to prove themselves most faithful subjects, on condition that he would give them a charter. These charters gave to the city the right to elect a magistrate, called the mayor or burgomaster, and to organize a militia. In return the magistrates took an oath that they would not violate the rights of their lord, and that the city should pay to him a stipulated tax.

In achieving independence the cities were aided by the policy of the king to humble an arrogant nobility, to acquire the affection of the citizens, and to strengthen the royal authority. He replaced the nobles in all places where he could by men drawn from the cities, which course provided him with officials outside the organization of the feudal system. It also was to his interest that the militia of the cities should be strong as a reinforcement of his army.

The organs of government in the mediæval cities were the councils, a large council for deliberation, and a small council of from twelve to twenty-four members to direct the details of administration. Both councils were composed of delegates from the various trade and artisan associations and guilds, the merchants ordinarily filling the chief places. Also, there were mayors or burgomasters in each city, who presided over the council meetings, but had no special privileges or control in the government.

All this meant the deposition of the feudal lord from authority, except so far as he was recognized in the oath of allegiance and the stipulated tax. Three obstacles stood in the way of the cities outside their walls; attacks of the armed forces of the lords or of bands of adventurers; the tolls which the lords levied on everything passing through their estates; and the bad condition of the roads. To meet these obstacles the resources at the disposal of the cities were to use their militia for retaliating if attacks were made upon their merchants; to regulate the tolls by agreeing to a fixed rate to be paid annually to the lords; and with regard to the bad roads to conduct their transports by water. The rivers were the only roads much used, with the exception of a few remains of Roman roads. The interference with trade and the plunder of travellers became insupportable, and in 1241 Hamburg and Lubec agreed to keep order in their neighborhoods. Then Brunswick and Bremen joined, and at last a hundred cities were leagued together, and formed so strong a body that the disturbers of public peace were cowed into order. This league was called the Hansa. It maintained armies and fleets and even carried on wars with the kings of Norway and Denmark, in which the Hansa was victorious. Its fleets swept the sea of pirates and its troops taught the robber knights to cultivate peace.

There appears to have been a municipal code in the Scandinavian countries as early as the thirteenth century. The "By Love," i. e. the By-Laws, or the Municipal Code of Bergen in Norway, were established in the year 1275; and other similar codes, nearly as ancient, have come down to us.

Under the influence of growing prosperity, security, and freedom, city markets and fairs came into use. A mediæval market was wonderfully picturesque in its color and its movement; stately Italian merchants, like Antonio of Venice with argosies on every sea, in furred cap and gold chain; young nobles, exquisite in silk and in velvet; wandering minstrels, fantastically arrayed; dancing-girls, like bright-hued butterflies; the citizens of the city in their gayest holiday attire; and the inevitable jester in his motley, shaking his cap and bells in every face; and above their heads the many-colored banners of the guilds streaming in the breeze.

Although many ancient cities, especially in the dominion of Alexander and in the Roman empire, were laid out systematically, this art was lost after the downfall of Rome. During the Middle Ages cities developed without any plan, or any control over the direction, the breadth, the grading, or the pavement, of the streets; and, indeed, up to the nineteenth century most cities were so built.

he streets of Paris were paved in 1185; ut, though some attempts at paving were ade in Germany in the thirteenth and e fourteenth centuries, it was not till uch later that they were paved systematically. Passengers picked their way in e mud as best they might.

Public lighting is connected with odern developments in the means of tificial light. Only in the case of two the ancient cities, Antioch and Alexdria, is there any record of public ghting; and it is uncertain how far or what way this was undertaken even in ese two cities. Throughout the Middle ges there was a complete absence of unicipal lighting. In Le Mans is a aint structure with a quaint title, the nterne des morts, a perforated cone hich was lighted whenever a funeral ocession passed through the town; and must have added to the impressiveness the scene, especially when, as was ten the case in the old days, the burial ok place in the dead of night, and this d glowing beacon towered above the w roofs like a great funeral torch, as e chanting of the monks broke the illness, and the sombre figures with eir burden moved into the church.

Only the churches, the town halls, and e public store-houses, were of stone, til in the beginning of the fifteenth cenry wealthy merchants began to build ne houses. Even in such an important ace as Frankfort-on-the-Main nearly l the houses were of combustible mateals, and were without chimneys, the oke escaping through a hole in the of. But such fires ensued, consuming rge parts of the cities, that the inbitants were driven to build of better aterials and to use tile or slate for the ofs instead of thatch. Nevertheless, a od many old timber and plaster houses ll remain. Indeed, even the castles ere built of perishable materials. The d houses have steep roofs, and the bles are towards the street, with a large or in the attic, and a crane over it. By eans of a chain goods were raised for rage in the garret of the house, the sement of which served for a shop.

In mediæval times, before fire-engines ere invented, the only way in which fires were extinguished was with pails of water. The first fire brigade was established at Frankfort in 1439, and the first fire-engine was u ed at Augsburg in 1518. The destruction of the Roman empire brought with it the ruin of the water supplies, fountains, and baths; and it was not until 1430 that the first fountain was erected in Zurich, the date of most of the fountains which now decorate so many of the German towns. The mediæval city rarely rose to the conception of the ancient city. The people got along with a meagre water supply, drawn from rivers polluted by the waste of the inhabitants, or from wells sunk in the proximity of the houses. The mediæval man or woman was not a cleanly person, and the mediæval city was a cesspool of dirt and filth. There were a few exceptions, and in a few cities baths came again into use, which, although primitive and crude compared with the magnificent establishments in imperial Rome, were significant instances of municipal activities. A school ordinance in one of these cities decreed that the school children be taken to the baths in the middle of the week, because on Saturdays they were monopolized by the adults.

Public charity developed under church control. The monasteries and the convents were the distributors of relief, while endowed hospitals and homes for the aged also were under clerical management. There was some municipal action, but generally in the way of aid to existing institutions. During the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries many city hospitals were constructed, or the administration was assumed by the city authorities, and city physicians were appointed. From the middle of the sixteenth century there was a marked increase of city charities and a decline in those of the church, at first in the countries where the Protestant movement was successful, but extending later to Catholic countries.

Educational history begins with the earliest civilization; but city school systems, like most other municipal activities, are of recent development. During the Middle Ages, and in most countries until well into the nineteenth century, the educational system was under ecclesias-

tical or private control; and schools were supported by fees or by charitable endowments. There were, however, some instances of municipal action. In Germany, from the later Middle Ages, some of the cities furnished financial aid to the schools. In Scotland an act of 1696 required every parish to establish a school. Municipal Latin schools were founded as early as the thirteenth century, and the first common schools were established by some German cities in the fourteenth century. But, while the funds for these schools came from the city, the teaching and the management remained in the hands of the clergy.

The German cities had their mastersinger guilds, and on Sunday afternoons the performers sang in the town-hall or in the churches. Prizes were given for the best compositions. The highest prize was a representation of David playing on the harp, stamped on a gold plate. The other prizes were wreaths of filigree wire of gold or silver. The last performance at Nuremberg was in 1770, and in the last of all at Ulm in 1839.

The cities of Greece, of Rome, and of the Middle Ages, are important to us cause they are the only examples of d ing with public affairs upon a commu basis, and because our democratic ide of government are an outgrowth of th city organizations. Following the r diæval cities there is a long period wh cities and city life are of much less i portance. The development of stro national governments deprived them much of their political power. Even Germany the principalities, step by st gained in importance, and the cities w placed in a subordinate position. Dur the eighteenth century local electi generally were restored, but the gove ment was put into the hands of a sm oligarchy, uncontrolled by the people a under the direction of royal officia Every city was under its own spec charter, which since the end of eighteenth century has been replaced general municipal codes. France led t way at the time of the Revolutio Prussia followed in 1808; Great Brita in 1835; and other countries, o after another, have adopted the sa method.

The Sphinx

By CAROLINE STEVENS TWYMAN.

Half buried in a sea of sand she lies
Stern and relentless gazing into space;
No hope, no pity on her woman's face,
Time and decay she stubbornly defies,
Sorrow and joy she equally denies.
Cold as the pyramids, without a trace
Of feeling for the struggles of her race
She holds her riddle's secret from the wise.
While Pharoahs came and went she kept apart.
And through her silent power ruled the state,
Shaping its temples, tombs and rigid art,
Self-centered, knowing neither love nor hate,
Symbol of Egypt's pagan faith in fate
She waits alone, the awful endless dark.

New England Conservatory Plants as They Grow in Bermuda

By EDWARD A. WHITE

Mr. White is Professor of Floriculture at Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Massachusetts. His article is as authoritative as it is interesting.

FOR many years Americans have gone to Bermuda to escape the uncertainties of the northern climate. In recent years the num-er of American tourists has increased, nd each outward bound steamer now rries many to the sunny isles.

Bermuda has by no means a tropical imate and many who have gone there xpecting to find warm balmy winter eather have been disappointed. The lands lie in the latitude of Charleston, outh Carolina, far above the tropical elt, but the Gulf Stream so modifies the imate that sudden changes of tempera-re are unusual; the mercury seldom lls below 50 degrees in winter or goes 90 degrees in the shade in summer.

These are the most northern islands of oral formation in the world. By the ow process of disintergration of the nestone composition of the coral rocks e soil has been formed and as this has llected largely in the valleys or ockets," the hill tops and higher eleva-ns now have but sparse covering of il and the plants which cover these eas are mostly of a zerophytic nature. he red cedar (Juniperus bermudiana) distinctly the most common conifer and grows everywhere, even from the cre-ces of the coral rocks of the most bar-n islands.

Upon his arrival at Bermuda the aver-e tourist finds his itinerary already apped out for him. He must stop at me hotel in one or the other of the rge towns and from there "do" the ands. He must charter one of the merous Victorias with its colored driver, and drive over the magnificent roads to the wonderful caves, to the "Devil's Hole," to Gibbs' Hill Light-house or to Elba Beach. Here he must bathe in the huge breakers of the South Shore. He must view the marvellous coral formations and other aquatic life through glass-bottom boats and visit the Aquarium and see the wonderfully in-teresting fish of Bermudian waters.

Occasionally a nature lover tires of doing and seeing things because "every one goes to see them," and to such a one Bermuda has much that is interesting to offer. If he be an admirer of the sea; fond of sailing, rowing and fishing, he may spend his time flitting here and there among the islands in the Bermudian dinghy or on the more placid waters of Harrington Sound. If he desires seclu-sion with the woods and the birds for companions, he may find quiet homelike accommodations in the more remote parts of the island. Here he may study plant life and bird life undisturbed by the sight-seeing element.

The plant life of Bermuda is exceed-ingly interesting. The uniformity of the climatic conditions, the frequent rains distributed throughout the year, the abun-dance of sunlight and the varied soil con-ditions all favor plant growth. The num-ber of native species is not as large as in the United States, but the favorable con-ditions have so nurtured the growth of introduced species that many have es-caped from cultivation and spread rapidly over the island. Here their growth is as luxuriant and their vigor as strong as un-der the guidance of the skilled gardener



BERMUDA IS FAMED FOR HER EASTER LILIES

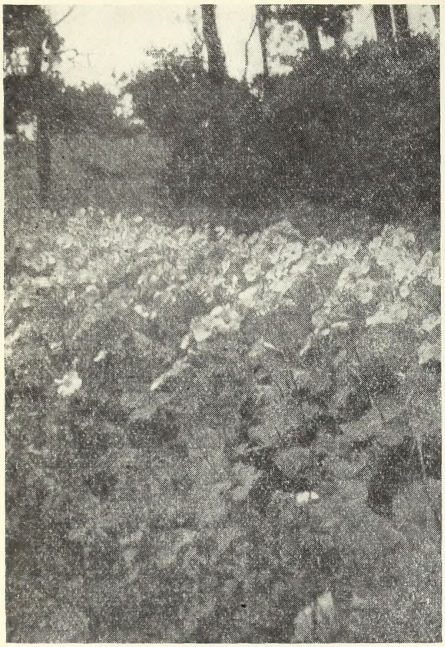
in American conservatories.

Oleanders (Nerium oleander) are distinctly Bermudian. They form dense hedges twenty or twenty-five feet in height even along the more barren windswept "north roads." When one wanders across the island even in the more isolated spots he still finds the oleander growing abundantly. From the last of April to the first of October the plants are heavily loaded with blossoms, the air is filled with their fragrance, and the sombre character of the foliage of the red cedars is brightened by the contrast of their dainty pink coloring. They are a common door-yard shrub and the homes of even the poorer element are enriched by their attractiveness. In fact the number of bare unsightly homes so frequently seen in America is comparatively small in Bermuda. Everyone loves flowers and few homes are without them. The oleanders also furnish the hedges which protect the market gardener's crops from the winds which almost constantly sweep over the island; they harbor the lily fields; they enrich the landscape in many ways.



CENTURY PLANTS, CEDARS AND CROTEUS

The Lantanas (Lantana Camara) grow abundantly over the islands. These are the old-fashioned flowers so frequently grown as pot-plants in the rural sections of New England. They are also planted out in summer gardens. To many the strong penetrating odor of the foliage and



OXALIS MAKES STRIKING LANDSCAPE EFFECTS

flowers is objectionable, but the brilliant scarlet and orange coloring of the flowers makes the plant especially noticeable. On lawns and in the older gardens, the Hibiscus (Hibiscus rosasinensis) adds touches of color to the landscape throughout the year. The shrub often grows fifteen feet in height and the large bell-shaped scarlet flowers are most attractive, especially so in summer. Occasionally it is used as a hedge plant and if kept pruned when young it makes a compact growth of green; a most attractive setting for the brilliant flowers. If left unpruned it is inclined to be open in growth with unsightly lower branches.

On the drive to St. George's, the writer was interested to find a hillside covered with sweet alyssum (Alyssum maritimum). The plant is a native of Europe and had evidently escaped from cultivation and had spread from self-seeding until this extended area was covered with a carpet of delicate white flowers. This is an indispensable plant to the American florist and its wonderful profusion of bloom keeps the borders of our flower beds attractive throughout the entire summer.

Bermuda is famed for her Easter lilie (Lilium Harrisii). The climate and so are well suited for their growth, but i recent years a bacterial disease has in fested the bulbs and they are by no mean grown in as large quantities as a fe years ago. While many are grown fo the shipment of blossoms to the States a Easter time, the larger number are grow for the production of the bulbs. Th florists of the States have in recent year been growing larger and larger number of *Lilium formosum*. This species i more disease resisting and forces mor quickly than *Lilium Harrisii*. Also th improved facilities for cold storage o these bulbs has enabled the America florist to bring them into flower at almos any season of the year; therefore there has been less and less demand for th Bermudian lily. Much of the area for merly devoted to lily culture is now use for growing parsley, onions and potatoe for the northern market.

As grown for market the lilies ar mostly planted in plots about five fee wide running across the field. They ar reproduced in two ways, by scales an offsets. The offsets are miniature bulb



ADIANTUMS GROWING ALONG THE ROADSIDE

which form about the base of the parent bulb and they quickly produce a bulb of marketable size. In scale reproduction, the individual scales are separated from the parent bulb and planted in beds. It takes three years for the formation of a bulb of merchantable size from these



OLEANDERS ARE DISTINCTLY BERMUDIAN.

scales. The bulbs so produced are, however, much more vigorous and disease resisting than those produced from offsets. One grower showed the writer a bed of three year old plants from scales beside a bed of one year old offsets and the former were much more vigorous and healthy. The bulbs are not allowed to flower, but the buds are kept picked during the growing season, which accounts for the fact that many tourists are disappointed because of the lack of heavily-flowered lily fields. In July the bulbs ripen and the tops die. They are then lifted and graded into three sections, those which measure five to seven centimeters in diameter, those measuring seven to nine centimeters and those nine to eleven centimeters. This latter size is unusual and commands a high price. The price received by the grower is from $15 per thousand, up, depending on the size and quality of the bulbs.

The comparatively short shipment to New York and the excellent keeping qualities of the buds would offer an output for a large number of cut flowers, were it not for the competition offered by Lilium longiflorum variety grandiflorum, Lilium formosum and other species grown in America. These bulbs the Bermudian does not grow because they produce very small bulbs in the soil of the island.

Other bulbous plants grown in considerable quantities for the northern market are Freesias and Oxalis.

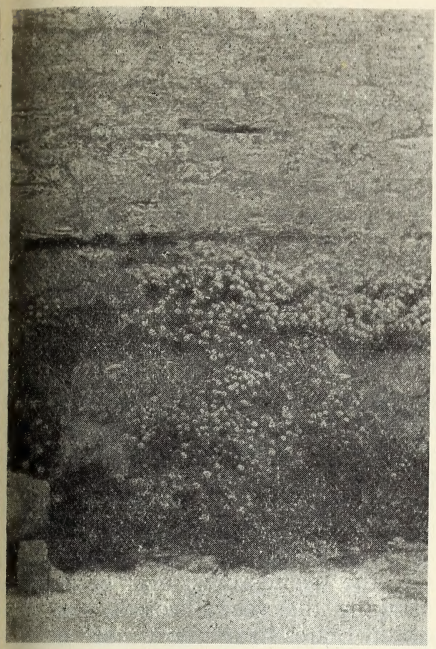
The Freesias (Freesia refracta var. alba) are grown much as the lilies are grown, but their season of growth is shorter. They reach maturity and are ready for shipment by the middle of April. The bulbs here produced are much larger and more vigorous than those grown in other sections of the globe.

The vivid yellow plots of "Bermu Buttercup" Oxalis (Oxalis cernea) a the deep red of the Giant varieties Oxalis rosea make striking landsca effects in the bulb gardens. The Berm dian gardener, however, dislikes to gro them for when the soil is once inoculate with the tiny bulbs, they are difficult eradicate and other plants will not gro where they have been. The natives ca them "sour sap," and one gardener con plained bitterly because they had gotte into his potato field and he found it im possible to get rid of them.

The Bryophyllum (Bryophyllum caly cinum) or "life-leaf" as it is called i Bermuda, grows everywhere even on th sterile rocks of the hilltops. They alsc are difficult to eradicate for if a singl leaf falls from the parent, it will quickly root and many small plantlets will spring into existence. The peculiar bell-shaped



DATE PALMS AND SAGO PALMS IN A BERMUDIAN GARDEN.



SWEET ALYSSUM SELF SEEDS AND HAS ESCAPED CULTIVATION

owers on long upright stalks are at-ractive especially when they are in full loom, the brilliant red petals contrasting n a pleasing way with the green sepals.

There are many species of ferns on ne islands, some of which are the same s those often found in northern United tates. Among these the "ebony spleen-ort," (Asplenium ebeneum) is the most ommon. The limestone character of the oil is especially suited for fern growth nd the crevices of the rocks on the hill-ides are filled with beautiful specimens f most delicate varieties of Adiantums r maiden hair ferns; luxuriant growths hich the northern gardener finds it ifficult to reproduce in conservatories nder the best moisture and heat condi-ons. These ferns are most pleasing long the sides of the drives where deep uts have been made in the coral rocks to educe the grades. They grow from very nook and crevice.

Among the ragged cliffs where the hite "long tail" finds a secluded retreat nd where the brilliant cardinal bird ives forth his melody of song, dwells ne parent of the well-known "Boston" fern, "Pierson's" fern, "Whitman's" fern and many other attractive varieties; the Nephrolepis exaltata, or Sword fern. The fronds are of course not as long nor as perfectly formed as are those grown in our conservatories, but the plants are most attractive in their picturesque habitat.

There is but one species of palms indigenous on the islands. That is the Palmetto palm (Sabal Palmetto). It grows in the valleys, on the hillsides and even on the coral ledges, near the water. Its growth adds just the touch necessary to give the islands their subtropical setting. In more protected places it grows to a considerable size, but on the exposed windswept elevations, the plants are dwarf in growth and the foliage is badly torn by the high winds. The islands boast of Royal Palms (Oreodoxa regia) but they are few in number and these few have been so frequently photographed for post cards and other souvenirs that they have evidently become discouraged in trying to maintain the reputation of their tropical species in a subtropical environment and they have



ALOES GROW EVERYWHERE

therefore succumbed; several have lost their tops and they are altogether rather unsightly.

In Bermudian gardens and about the older places there are beautiful specimens of date palms (Phœnix dactylifera), sago palms (Cycas revoluta) and a few isolated specimens of the cocoanut palm (Cocos nucifera). Neither the cocoanut palm or the date palm fruit in Bermuda.

Other plants grown extensively for their foliage effects are Crotons and Acalphas. The brilliant sunlight gives the Crotons an exceedingly attractive coloring and the wide variation in these colors and in the forms of the leaves makes the plant of great interest. They border the walks, they are massed in the corners of the buildings and form hedges along the principal avenues. The Acalphas, (various species), "match-me-if-you-can" as they are called by the Bermudians are less showy in color, but make brilliant hedges. Cordylines, Aspiditras, Callas and Geraniums a l s o extensively grown outdo throughout the year.

Century plants and Aloes are eve where, the dry character of the s being admirably suited for their grow They can hardly be called beautiful ev when in bloom, but they add a p turesque feature to the landscape whi is altogether unusual.

Bermuda is beautiful; its formati interesting; its flowers, birds and fish a wonderfully colored, but the Americ comes home feeling that even the chan ing seasons of the homeland are fully desirable. One may find nearly all of t flowers and fruits grown in Bermuda the larger northern conservatories or summer gardens, and the varied Ame can flora contrasts favorably with that Bermuda. As a winter and early spri resort, the Islands must ever be popula but taking the year through, the Ne England States have much more to off the nature lover.

Chan Hen Yen, Chinese Student

By SUI SIN FAR

HE was Han Yen of the family of Chan, from the town of Choo-Chow, in the Province of Kiangsoo. His father was a schoolmaster, so also had been his grandfather, and his great grandfather before him. He was chosen out of three sons to be the scholar of the family, and during his boyhood studied diligently and with ambition. From school to college he passed, and at the age of twenty, took successfully the examinations which entitled him to a western education at government expense.

One of a band of Chinese youths he came to America and entered an American University. The new life and the new environment interested and exhilarated him. His most earnest desire was to absorb every good element o western education, so that he might b able to return to the Motherland we equipped to render her good service. H fully believed that he and his compatrio students were the destined future leade of China, and his ambition to add lustr to the name of Chan, was almost holy.

The American widow with whom h boarded described him to her friends an neighbors as the best of all Chines students. "And you know," she adde with almost family pride, "the Chines have the reputation of being the bes students of all."

The widow, whose name was Mrs Caroline Bray, had a daughter name Carrie. Carrie was a pretty gir. of nine teen, with eyes and hair almost as dar

as the eyes and hair of the little girl who had been adopted by Han Yen's parents to become his future wife. For seven months Carrie paid little attention to Han Yen. Her time was well occupied with housework, and in the evenings and Sundays, there was the Chinese Mission. Besides there were other students in the house.

It was one evening in early spring. The other Chinese students were dining a member of the Legation at a Chinese restaurant in the city, and Han Yen, who was unacquainted with the official, was alone with Mrs. Bray and her daughter. Mrs. Bray had been talking cheerily during the meal and Carrie had occasionally joined in. When Han Yen finally arose and was about to ascend the stairs to his room, the girl looked up with a smile and bade him not study too hard.

"What should I do with myself if I did not study?" asked Han Yen.

"Well," suggested Carrie brightly, "you might, for instance, come with me to the Chinese Mission sociable."

Han Yen had never before taken a walk with a young woman, but he had heard a paper read by a senior student, in which it had been stated that chatting with members of the fair sex, even though folly was their theme, should be part of the Chinese student's American curriculum. So politely expressing his pleasure at being permitted to accompany Miss Carrie, the boy put on his hat and solemnly walked down the street beside her.

Suddenly she began to laugh.

"What is amusing you?" he enquired.

"You walk too far away," she replied, "one would think you were afraid of me."

Han Yen, blushing and embarrassed, but desirous above all things of conforming to what was right and proper according to western ideas, lessened the distance between him and his companion.

The evening passed pleasantly if somewhat bewilderingly. On the way home the student learned from the youthful and self constituted missionary that through her instrumentality over one hundred Chinese boys had become acquainted with the English language and converted to Christianity.

"In behalf of my countrymen in America, accept my heartfelt gratitude," replied Han Yen.

The next afternoon, he repeated to his cousin, Chan Han Fong, what Miss Carrie had told him, adding: "I feel ashamed that a young female should be able to do so much more than I for the cause of humanity."

Though to Han Yen, Confucianist, the Missions certainly did not appeal as Temples of Ethical Culture, he was well able to appreciate the fact that they were the only bright spots in the lives of his laboring compatriots, exiles from their own homes and families.

After that evening Han Yen was invited occasionally to sit in the parlor of the widow Bray, where he listened to Carrie talking, playing, singing and otherwise entertaining her Chinese company. She was neither a clever nor well educated girl; but she was bright and attractive, and such as she was, dazzled the young student, to whom everything western, including women, was wonderful and worshipful.

One evening Carrie and Han Yen were alone. The girl was playing some sentimental melodies. The boy felt very happy. He always did feel happy when he was alone with Carrie. It was different when the other students were present, and Carrie smiled, first at this one, and then at that. Han Yen had not analyzed the painful sensations which took possession of him whenever Carrie smiled or spoke in friendly or familiar fashion to another student. On one occasion, however, these feelings had so overpowered him that he had risen abruptly from his seat and left the room. "Where are you going, Mr. Chan?" Carrie had called after him, and with innocent rudeness, he had replied: "To where you are not."

Carrie had returned to the room, demure and smiling. She understood Chinese students much better than they understood her, learned though they were and simple though she was.

This evening, for instance, she was fairly conscious of Han Yen's state of mind, and as she was a good natured little thing, continued playing for him for

some time. Finally, she arose from the piano stool, and going over to the table on which stood a jar of hothouse flowers, took therefrom a piece of heliotrope.

"It was awfully sweet of you, Mr. Chan," said she, sniffing at the spray, "to bring me such beautiful flowers, and heliotrope is my favorite."

"It is very fragrant," murmured Han Yen.

"I had my fortune told yesterday," said Carrie, standing before the old fashioned mirror and fastening the flower in her hair.

"Was it a good one?" enquired the boy. Ordinarily he had no faith and little interest in mystical lore.

"I don't know," replied the girl, "it was rather funny, though. I don't think, Mr. Chan, that I shall tell you."

"I wish you would," urged Han Yen earnestly.

"Well, then, it was this: that my future husband would be a foreigner, and that he would bring me to-day a bouquet of flowers in which there would be one that was neither pink, yellow, green, blue nor red."

II.

When Chan Han Fong learned that his cousin loved a woman of the white race, and was resolved to do as the American men do when they fall in love, his face became pallid.

"What!" he cried, "you will relinquish your sacred ambition to work for China, dishonor your ancestors, disregard your parents' wishes, and set at naught your betrothal to the daughter of Tien Wang —all for sake of a woman of alien blood?"

"Yes," declared Han Yen, his face shining, "love is more than all."

"You have gone mad," cried Chan Han Fong, "think of the sorrow and disgrace which you will bring upon all to whom you are bound by the ties of relationship, gratitude and affection. Is a feeling which obliterates and destroys every virtuous thought and sentiment, worth cherishing?"

"The feeling which possesses me," replied Han Yen, "is divine."

Chan Han Fong stepped to his desk and took therefrom a paper: "Listen," said he, "six months ago you wrote:

Oh, China, misguided country!
What would I not sacrifice,
To see thee uphold thyself,
Among the nations,
For bitterer than death, 'tis to know,
That thou that wert more glorious than all,
Now lieth as low as the lowest,
Whilst the feet of those whom thou didst despise,
Rest insolently upon thy limbs,
The Middle Kingdom wert thou called,
The country that Heaven loves,
Thou wert the birthplace of the arts, the sciences,
And all mankind blessing inventions,
Thy princes rested in benevolence,
Thy wise men were revered,
Thy people happy.
But now, the empire which is the oldest under the heavens is falling,
And lesser nations stand ready to smite,
The nation that first smote itself,
Truly Mencius has said:
'The loss of the empire comes through losing the hearts of the people.'
The hearts of the people being lost,
Who shall restore the Empire?"

Silence followed this declamation. Chan Han Yen's face fell, bowed upon his hands.

"Alas for China!" exclaimed Chan Han Fong, his own young eyes glowing with fateful fire. "When those who know how she can and must be saved—the very ones who could and should be her saviours—turn traitor to her."

The bowed head was lifted.

"Oh, Fong," plead Han Yen, "I can no more be as I have been. The aim and purpose of my existence has changed. And what is one student to China?"

"Why are you here?" sternly demanded Chan Han Fong. Then, because his young cousin was dear to him, he went over to where the boy leaned, and laying his arm around his shoulder, pleaded with him thus:

"See, my cousin! The flowers of the fields and of the woods and dales! Those of a kind come up together. The sister violet companions her brother. Only

rough some mistake in the seeding is it herwise. And the hybrid flower, though autiful, is the saddest flower of all."

Han Yen trembled.

At that moment a girl's voice floated rough the window.

"Yen, Yen," it called, "I want you to into town with me."

Han Yen shook off his cousin's detain- hand.

"Pardon me," said he, "but I must go."

"Ah!" soliloquized Chan Han Fong, zing sadly after him. "A low caste nerican girl has disordered his mind."

The year before Han Yen had come to e University, Han Fong had been in- ed, with several other Chinese stu- nts, to spend an afternoon at the home a wealthy and cultured maiden lady o lived on the other side of the river. is lady, who was white haired, soft iced and comprehending, had enter- ned the Chinese youths in what to m, was a most delightful fashion. n Fong had never forgotten that ernoon, nor one who had been a part and in harmony with it—a young girl, most a child in years, tall and slender, h thoughtful eyes and quiet ways. at young girl had not belittled the reign students by flirting with and ing them with numerous personal estions; but Han Fong had taken note t she had listened with interest while ir hostess charmed them to talk of ir work and aspirations, and that the v remarks which she had made, were elligent, and proved, that young though s was, she understood the purpose of ir lives and sympathised with it.

Because of that young girl, seen and rd but once, Chan Han Fong, called rrie Bray, "low caste."

III.

Carrie had returned home tired out h a day's watching by the bedside of ick Chinese woman.

"Why are you so good to everybody yourself?" enquired Han Yen, meet- the girl as she entered the house in dusk of the evening and following her o the sitting room.

"I *am* good to myself," answered Car- cheerfully. "I'm accustomed to help- ing the poor Chinese. Indeed, I don't know what I shall do with myself after I give them up for you, Yen."

"I shall not require you to give them up altogether," replied the boy tenderly, "It is a work for humanity which you are doing and I hope to be able to help you with it."

"Why, dearie, what are you talking about?" exclaimed Carrie.

"About—when we shall be happy."

"You mean—when we go to China."

"No—here. I cannot go back to China for many years—perhaps never."

"Why?"

Carrie's voice sounded sharp.

"Because I must work for my living—and for yours," answered the boy, "and if I were to return to China I would have to work for the government until I had repaid what I owed for my education here."

"Oh! Then you are not rich!"

"Rich!" echoed Han Yen. "My father had to sell his land to enable me to complete my studies. Otherwise I would not have been able to compete at the Pekin examinations."

"You always used to say that you were going back to China."

"Yes," said Han Yen. "It was my great ambition to return to China and work for her—and alone I could have done so. But now, I shall not be alone—and I have a higher and loftier ambition than to work for China—it is to work for humanity—with you."

"I do not understand you," gasped Carrie.

"But you will," said Han Yen. "Listen. I have yet to tell you how much I love you, and how all my heart is weeping and laughing for you. I am giving up all for you, to be with you, to work for you. I am not returning to my native land, because all my thought is you—and everything else is as naught."

The girl shrank before the rising emotion in the boy's face and voice.

"Good night, Yen, dear," said she, her hand upon the door knob, "I am so tired that I can't sit up one moment longer. See you to-morrow."

And then she stole away to the kitchen and said to her mother:

"What do you think? Yen's people are poor and after we are married, he will have to stay in America and live and work here just like a common Chinaman."

"Lands sakes!" ejaculated Mrs. Bray. "Ain't that awful! And I've been telling all around that you was to marry a Chinese gentleman and was to go to China and live in great style!"

"And he isn't a Christian either," murmured Carrie.

IV.

"Dear Friend:

Mother and I have been talking over things, and we have both decided that it would not be right for me to marry a man who is not a Christian. I am very sorry. I am going into town for a few days.

Your affectionate friend,
Carrie Bray."

Chan Han Yen read the little note over many times. Finally he folded it, put it back into its envelope and slipped it under the rubber band which bound together a neat bundle of letters lying on his desk.

Then he went out into the night. He did not know where he was going. All he knew was that the girl who had altered his life and driven everything else out of it, had cast him aside, because, oh, *not* because of the reason she had given. Chan Han Yen, Chinese student, was wiser than Carrie Bray in that respect.

His rage and mortification, his distr was indescribable. As he walked alo he clenched his hands so that his n sunk into his soft palms and the bl trickled down. He was only twen one.

Thus till morning dawned. The bi had begun to twitter when a turn in road revealed a little hamlet lying in semi-darkness of a valley. It wa peaceful scene and brought before boy's mind his own home so far awa the home that he had been willing to himself away from forever. It seem to him that he could see his father his mother, his brothers, and the sw little adopted daughter of the fam Yes, all the dear people who had been proud of him, and who, one and all, l made so many sacrifices that he, scholar, the talented one, might travel and bring back to the east the wisdom the west. To him they had trusted a were trusting, to reflect honor and gl upon them and their country.

And he! Chan Han Yen threw hi self down upon the soft turf. All an and passion were spent; but in their pla what shame and abasement of spi The air was sweet with the scent of earth; the leaves hung silently on bushes near by. Chan Han Yen asleep.

When he awoke the sun was well He turned his face to its brightness.

"Good morning, benign friend," s he, "the Lesson of the Woman over."

The Uncommercial Club

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

ALREADY it becomes evident that there is serious work ahead for the club, if we are to maintain the rights of uncommercialism. Much of our natural territory has been usurped by our friends, the enemy, and even within the small patrimony that is still our own, the militant hosts of commerce show a disposition to elbow us to one side with their usual calm assurance of the natural precedence of the money-maker. For example, to begin very close at home, there is now a business known as "writing," and the professors of it are rapidly crowding mere literature out of the public prints. Just what use there should be for such a profession in a land where school attendance is compulsory and almost everyone can "write," is not at all clear.

May I tax your patience with a brief quotation from the wisdom of ancient Greece. (Plato, by the way, is still available for English readers in Professor Jowett's admirable translation.)

"And to their disciples they appear to be all wise?"

"Certainly."

"And they are not; for that was shown to be impossible?"

"Impossible, of course."

"Then the Sophist has been shown to have conjectural or apparent knowledge only of all things, and not the truth?"

"Certainly; that seems to be the exact fact about him."

I do not see in what way our present race of "writers" differs from these ancient Sophists, or how they can fail to be as great a curse to us as their forebears were to Greece. To be sure we should lose some things by their absence from the Saturday Evening Post; for example. This would curtail the manufacture of paper and reduce the freightage of unsold copies returned in bulk; but there would be compensations.

The other day a "writer" entered our office and informed us that she had a very large "following," and had come to Boston to "write up" the Richeson case. Of this case, of course, she possessed only that "apparent or conjectural knowledge, but not the truth," of which Plato so bitterly complains. I am to suppose, on her own declaration, that her worse than useless screed was read by many thousands of persons. To print it was a crime.

Very different from this professional writer is another who occasionally favors our office with a visit. To this one has been vouchsafed a most vivid and quick sense of the moral beauty of the world together with a very rare gift of expression.

The literary output of the first of these two women has an immediate acceptance at high prices in almost any popular periodical in the country. The far more slender product of the second has also a certain limited market, but it is very limited and in the "popular" magazine offices her name is unknown.

In this day of the high and mighty "business manager" who does "big" things, prints lurid covers and lies about the circulation of his magazine, there has arisen this false demand for "writers." For men of sincere convictions and real knowledge will not give these "business managers" the literary goods that they require.

Now a man may "write" because he has a moral conviction that refuses to be silent, or because he has first-hand knowledge of some subject worthy of record, including the transcription of the news of the day, or for the creation of pure beauty, or because he possesses the story-telling or entertaining instinct, which is the faculty of imitation.

Beyond these four quite sufficient motives, there is the modern one of writing for money, just as one saws wood or does any other odd job, and that I call sophism.

It is much complained that there is a

great present day dearth of literary genius. I do not believe it. I believe that the business-manager era of literature has robbed the true and the good of its market and multiplied to menacing proportions a class of literature that is as mendacious as it is shallow and ephemeral, and whose insidious influence corrupts morals and debauches public opinion.

On the other hand, the day when "writing" was a polite art has happily passed. No great work can be done with the affectation inspired by an audience of leizurely connoisseurs only. Our popular literature has in it this element of health, that it is addressed to the whole population. That eliminates learned allusions, over-latinized constructions and artificial graces of all kinds. But it is only wholesome when it is addressed to the best that is in the whole population and not to their lower passions and appetites.

A periodical should not refuse to print poetry because "the people do not care for it." They ought to care for it, and therefore it ought to be printed. Because "the people" prefer bad literature, bad pictures, bad music, bad plays, is a reason for supplying them with these only from the "business manager's" standpoint. That is one of our reasons for saying that the Uncommercial Club has work ahead.

At the same time we must be careful to recognize the progress of the broader, shall we call it the humanitarian spirit in corporation life to-day. Undoubtedly there is a vein of this kind and it grows richer as we dig deeper. I am convinced that there is sound business sense in the action of the railroad interests of New England setting apart a tract of 36,000 acres in Southern Maine as an agricultural experiment station. I am also convinced that there was a touch of altruism which the men responsible for the action would, perhaps, be the last to admit. It was by commercial arguments that they justify the movement to themselves and to others, but the mainspring of it was in motives most gratifying to the Uncommercial Club.

According to all indications t promoters of the New Theatre enterpri in New York have been shamelessly e ploited, and are meeting with rath scant sympathy in their present emba rassment. There is an impression th something was vitally wrong with t promoters themselves. Their faith the all-powerful magic of the dollar mu have received a grievous shock. Fo hundred thousand dollars and no result Does it dawn upon them that one-ten of that sum spent in planting a livi seed would have endured and prospere Not the dollar, but the dream; not t gold, but the gleam. Looking back at the absurdity of supposing that a American dramatic literature could l created forthwith by merely putting u the cash seems too monstrous ever have engaged the serious attention eve of money kings. The men and wome who could have made a beginning in th direction would not have needed a fo tune to expend; but they would hav made very little show. They would hav worked—ah! how they would hav worked!—quietly, obscurely, day aft day, month after month, learning an building, building and learning with in finite patience, until one day we would a have rubbed our eyes and said, "What this?" A new theatre indeed! New i its high seriousness and its artist mastery. There are men and wome enough who, properly supported, coul do that. But there is not the right kin of brains among dollar owners to suppo that kind of a proposition. The ne theatre was "new" in name only. It wa a typical dollar creation. It was big, bu there was nothing to put in it. Every thing was there, but the new drama That did not arrive. The incident wi probably have but little effect on the do lar creed. Men will continue to believ only in the big, the flamboyant, the thin with millions back of it. They will con tinue to despise small beginnings, t laugh at sincerity and sneer at slow an patient work. What if it should be tru that at the very moment of this splendi failure, on some obscure stage, the foun

dations of a real new theatre are even now being laid? What if, unencouraged by cash, the real problem is actually being solved by some one's patient courage and tireless devotion? If such a company exists and needed a paltry thousand dollars to save it from bankruptcy it is more than doubtful—it is almost certain that it could not be obtained from any of these men who have wasted this fortune on their fatuous enterprise. The way to help is not to usurp control, not to undertake "big" things, but to give to the real workers the trifling assistance which they so sorely need and for which they beg in vain. Oh, there is work enough to keep the Uncommercial Club busy for a long, long time!

There is much close thinking going on in labor circles just now, and well there may be. Ever since the labor union became a money power there has been much bad blood in the organization. I call an organization that can raise more than a quarter of a million dollars for the defence of two indicted criminals a money power, and "where the carcass is, there will the vultures be gathered together." There is altogether too much available cash for the use of "the leaders" for the health of the society. And from where, but from the general disease that afflicts our land, did they gain the idea that the objects of their incorporation are to be gained only by huge bank accounts?

The moment a man or body of men become possessed by that unhappy notion moral issues loose their edge.

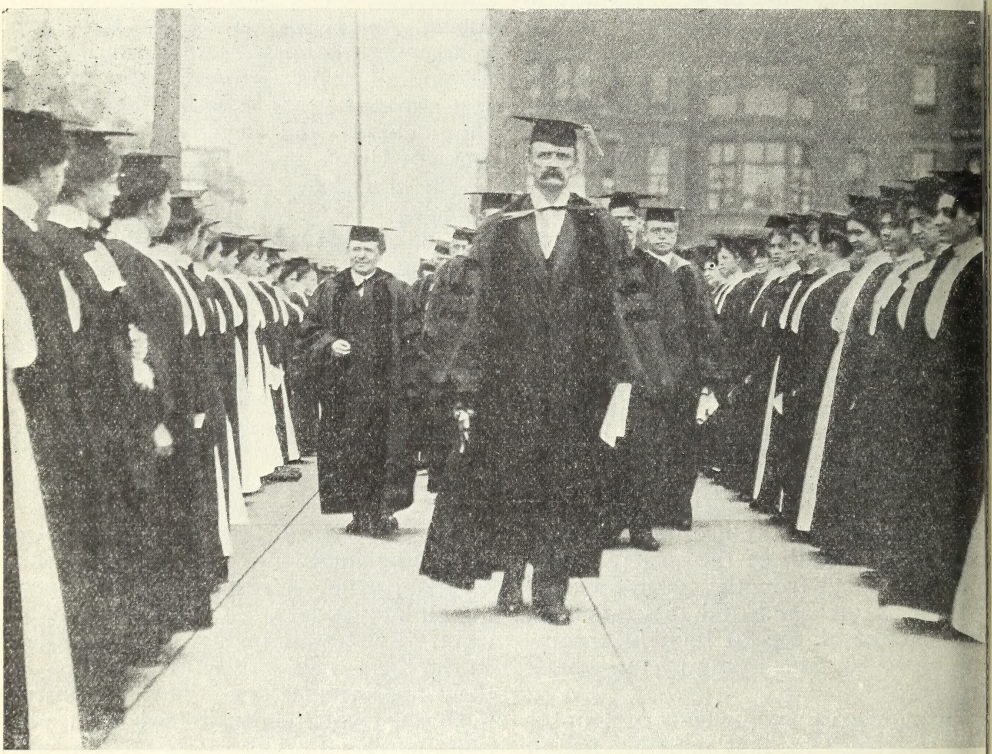
The cause of labor has ceased to be the great moral issue that it was, simply because it has ceased to depend on moral forces alone. It has preferred the money power. Supposing the McNamaras to have been innocent men, why should it have required $300,000.00 to defend them from a criminal accusation? Or why should it require one-tenth of that sum or one-hundredth of it? Are we to believe that a penniless man has no chance under a criminal accusation? I do not believe that the actual records of our criminal courts, wretched as they are in certain particulars, would bear out this too current belief. It is evident that a large percentage of the rank and file of the labor army did believe it to be necessary to raise this vast sum. They believed that the accused men would have no chance without it. Why did they think so? Because they were told so by the "leaders"? Partly, no doubt; but the seeds of the idea were in their minds or the words of the leaders would have been ineffective. The idea that money, and money only, can do things has been coarsening the fibre of American life for a hundred years or more. And for the last score of years it has visibly warped the methods and negatived the moral force of labor's upward struggle.

The great labor leader is the man who perceives the moral issue in the struggle and makes that issue clear, relying on the innate justice of mankind for his verdict. The man who simply raises money to carry on a fight, takes the issue out of that highest of all human courts and stakes his all on the playing of the game —cunning against cunning. Secret councils and vast accumulations of money are not hygienic conditions for the maintenance of a moral struggle.

After all, North men did not come to New England? So declares M. Henri Vignaud after careful researches covering all known data. M. Vignaud may be right. But traditions like those recorded in the Sagas have a way of persisting to their final vindication. Few thoughtful historians will lightly discard the tradition merely through a lack of monumental or literary evidence of the fact. Such evidences have a way of suddenly coming to light after the critics have elaborately proven that it cannot exist. If the Northmen did cross the ocean, they could not have landed south of Labrador, is M. Vignaud's conviction. Just why they should have named that icy promontory "Vinland," he does not make very clear. Who is the New England historian that will probe this vexed question to the bottom? A critical analysis of the Saga literature reducing the tradition to its most primitive form will, in our opinion, arrive at a truth which succeeding discoveries will verify.

Prophecy is still a flourishing trade. According to a recent investigator, more than two hundred persons in the city of Boston make their living in whole or in part by foretelling the future for a consideration, usually placed at one dollar a sitting. There has been no advance in methods since the remotest ages of historic civilization — conjunctions of stars, trances, familiar spirits, dreams

tide could ask what he would of any kin in Europe. Now we have a machine t do that foretelling automatically and wit unfailing accuracy. Human affairs ma be somewhat more complicated, but it too much to say that they are not r ducible to general laws and capable of a curate forecast. We may, for exampl assume without much question, that Co gress will be too busy determining who



Inaugural Procession of President Murlin, Boston University

and omens,—the same absurd sources of information that drew the ducats from the kinglets and dukelets of Mediæval Europe, now extract the dollars and half dollars from what must be a very considerable following of believers.

Why not recognize the insatiable human curiosity about the future and place this matter of prophesying on a scientific basis? It is by no means certain that it could not be done. A few centuries ago the man who could accurately foretell the time and height of a

who after 1912, to spend much time i politically dangerous legislation. It i quite safe to prophesy trouble for som "minor power" when England an Russia show signs of extreme mutua confidence. But in the presence o China, the ever-amazing, who shall dar foretell? What if this incomprehensibl land should, after all, calmly emerg after a few hundred thousand behead ings, as the most quiet and law-abiding well-governed and progressive of re publics? About all that we can say t

China at the open-door of 1912 is, Happy New Year, and let it go at that.

But it is not concerning such things that men seek the advice of the prophet. The most usual questions concern the rising and falling of the market and the loyalty or faithlessness of the fair sex. These are the eternal questions about which the stars are read and the spirits brought forth and questioned.



Inaugural Procession of President Murlin, Boston University

I confess to a feeling of gratification at every uncommercial spectacle that finds an opportunity to mingle with the clatter of drays and the whirr of motors in our busy streets. How many people stood and stared at the unwonted sight of the inaugural procession of President Emuel H. Murlin of Boston University? And what were their thoughts? I doubt if any one failed to catch something of its uplift. The University that is seated in the heart of a city has a peculiar mission and one whose potentials for good are enormous. To quote from "Bostonia," the official organ of the University:

"Dr. Murlin made it clear that by a municipal university he does not mean a city or State supported institution, or an institution subject to any political control; he simply means an institution which shall put all its resources at the service of the city, shall identify itself with the life of the city, and shall throw itself unreservedly into the work of bettering civic and moral conditions. For years Boston University has been endeavoring to do precisely this work, but the times are ripe for a closer alliance of the University with the moral and educational forces of the city. Dr. Murlin has been quick to see this great opportunity, and he has made his appeal to the public. That the appeal was effective and the response unanimous and cordial is strikingly attested by the many editorials in

the Boston press commending the University and predicting for it a vigorous life in the directions indicated by Dr. Murlin in his inaugural address."

The movement to raise a fund for the restoration and preservation of Christ Church should receive hearty support. The historic edifice is a Boston asset worth incalculably more than the $15,000 asked for. Nor is its value as a centre of religious activity entirely a matter of the past. The mere knowledg of the fact that the Episcopal church con tinues to conduct religious worship i the old building is an influence. Th spirit in which it is entered by visitor from all over the continent cannot fail t be more reverent from the knowledg of the fact that it is not simply a relic o things that have borne their part in th making of our country, but that it stil ministers to the spiritual life of livin men and women.

The Poor-Farm Burial Ground

By ALICE M. SHEPARD.

The pallid oval of the waning moon
Encircled with a ring of lustrous haze
The omen of a storm to gather soon—
A cameo gold-set which Night displays
In starlit Southern sky—looks coldly down
And casts chill ray upon those small white stones
That stand in ranks with scarce six feet of brown
And faded sod between. Here Earth's first loans
At last are paid, and dust returns to dust.
No monument nor effigy, no tree
Nor shrub, but each fares as his fellow must.
On tiny slab a name and date; no plea
For pity save that dumb appeal of rows
Of graves, monotonous, like tedious days
Lived out at yonder farm whence goes
This beaten path. Alone of many ways
That led within, this gave a passage out.
Another made the bed where paupers lie,
They made their own in life. Sneer not, nor flout
Their weak unthrift—Canst thou exemption buy?

No mourner grieves save that strange band of mutes
The bundled cornstalks in the nearest field
Who stand a throng of Poverty's recruits
In tattered cloaks and shawls which yield
Scant warmth. Back to the stinging blast they turn
Lest it should strip them of their flimsy garb
While thin hands point, and tottering bodies yearn
And Penury drives home her keenest barb.

The solemn crows low-flying claim the place
And hold their thoughtful council on the graves
Contrasting earthly honor with disgrace
And weighing wise men in the scale with knaves.

Her Big Assignment

By FANNIE MOULTON McLANE

[T had been easy—so absurdly easy! Elizabeth laughed to herself—the little low laugh of pure satisfaction that one gives at the end of a me well-played and well-won. The inty dressing-robe she drew about her, e great Turkish chair into whose soft pths she sank, were the substantial idences that she had carried it through ccessfully; and the thin sheaf of notes nich she had just tossed aside as the sk deepened, were the winnings she d played for.

Elizabeth drew a long breath. She uld hardly realize that she, the young- t and most inexperienced of all the porters on the *Daily Whirl,* had suc- eded in her first big assignment,—had ade her first "scoop," where Tommy wers, the crack man on the staff, had en able to accomplish nothing. That s not his fault, however, any more n it was wholly hers that she had suc- eded,—because she happened to be a man. Nor was the credit of the ual work great; for, the preliminary rmish, or test of her nerve, once over, rest had been easy—ridiculously y!

This day had seen the last detail com- ted. "Get pictures if you can—don't k anything for them," her chief had d; and behold, there on the table at side was a pile of photographs, more n she had ever dreamed of getting.

She glanced around at the luxurious m she must soon leave forever. Her rk was over, save only the writing to be done at the office, or in her own gy hall-bedroom. She ought to be rning, before any rival paper scented tory; that very night, or early the t morning, at the very latest. Again sighed. The world that she was to back to—her own world—seemed suddenly a very cheap and tawdry affair; her chief ambitions sordid, her daily work not worth while; and success—but here, the pleasant little thought of success, of the added consideration and respect of her fellow-reporters, and perhaps that elusive thing, a word of praise from her chief, thrilled her, as it came, down to her very finger-tips.

But the next moment she was fidgeting restlessly in her easy-chair: the chair, she grimly told herself, where she had no more right to be sitting than if she had stolen in as a thief at dead of night. Somehow, success, now she had attained it, seemed almost as bitter as failure would have been. She almost wished she had failed; but, though it was not now too late to absolutely cancel the results of her work, she clung to her first success, and could not bear to ruin it. Yes, she half-wished the outcome had been different; yet she could not bear to think of putting forth her own hand to make it so.

In the deep-down meanness of the game she had played lay its rankling sting. She would have enjoyed to the full the contest of brain against brain, wile against wile, with some astute politician or wary business-man; but this cheating a white-haired old lady, gentle and sweet and trusting as one's own mother—oh, bother! She wished both heart and conscience were at the bottom of the sea!

Now she sat bolt upright, determined to be severe with herself. Surely she was not getting sentimental! What would any other of the reporters do in her place? Wouldn't they laugh heartily if they could read her thoughts at that moment? Why, she was laughing herself; surely her first "scoop" must have gone to her head, like a first glass of wine.

Her first "scoop"; her first full-page article in the Sunday Supplement; her first signed article! But she had been far happier on that first delicious day of her assignment, than now, with it all done.

It was a day to remember, that first, best day, when she had been summoned to the chief's office. She remembered just where she was sitting, waiting her turn for an assignment; just how Tommy Powers, the "crack," came lounging in, a frown on his jaded face. He passed on, to report; and, not fifteen minutes later, Mr. Kennedy had sent for her. How well she remembered his first words.

"Well, Miss Ernshaw, I've got the prettiest little assignment for you."

"How, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked, pulling out tablet and pen.

Then,—for it seemed with Elizabeth as if something hateful jostled elbow to elbow with all her happier moments—he leaned over towards her, blinking his fishy eyes:

"Wisht you'd make it Gene, my dear, —won't you?"

This coarse man, with his clumsy attempts at love-making, had been the one cross in her otherwise wholly congenial work. To Eugene Kennedy she owed her appointment in the beginning; and he held it in his hands to make or break her career as a newspaper woman. Both obligation and dependence forbade her giving him the stinging repulse that his too persistent advances deserved. But it was bearable—so far; and when one has known what it is to be hungry—

But those days were over now. She had now passed the first milestone, which would make the rest easy. Soon, her reputation a little more assured, she would no longer have to say, repressing all her repugnance behind a mere cold.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Well, no matter now," he answered, as one would speak to a child. "This job calls for the nicest bit of work!"

"Some of the other reporters, perhaps—"

"Not on your life," retorted Gene Kennedy. "Not one of 'em. Its got to be a woman, you know. Them others—not one! Too old—too ugly—can't dress, can't act—no style, no manners, no ne That's all it needs!" and he flung out hands expressively.

"It sounds formidable," murmu Miss Ernshaw.

"Not for you, my dear." Kenn began jabbing the desk with his pe "Attend now, please."

"Powers stumbled on it while he following up the Dalton mail-bur game. Found a mysterious lady sta at the Hotel Dashwood; saw nobo registered as Miss B. Smith; got lots mail from all over the country. So sort of traced her up a little—thought might be connected with the ga Wasn't; but she was connected with ad." and he read:

" 'Aunt Martie has urgent need of ings of Albert Mount-Fisher, his wif children, if any. Write Miss B. Sm Hotel Dashwood, New York City. U. S. papers please copy.'

"Just lately, Powers ran across a r who knew Mister Albert Mount-Fishe or another one. Anyway, that doe matter; but we've guessed Mister All and Auntie are big-bugs among the n in England, see? Now, Miss Ernsh you're to find out the rest, and mak Sunday-page article of it. Work's d just now, and I want to give you experience."

"But if Mr. Powers couldn't—"

"Gammon! He isn't a woman. N I've got a plan—" he paused imp sively.

"Yes, Mr. Kennedy?"

"You're to go to her as Bertie M.- widow, stay a day or so, and find things."

"As Bertie's widow?—"

"I said so," snapped Kennedy. " personate Bertie's widow. It's the c way you can get in, probably. I thou up the whole yarn over my last beer terday night. You married him West, he never told you of his fine r tions. Oh, I faked a beautiful yarn. butt right in, though, if you think of a thing."

Together they planned the whole c paign; first in the rough, then in mi detail. They covered almost every of her—supposed—life, since she

supposed to have married "Bertie," as they dubbed him; and they listed the "properties," from the forged marriage-certificate and the wedding-ring, to the single three-year old Oshkosh Courier, telling of Bertie's death in a minor railroad accident, which the office was to print, and her pastor's letter of introduction which the sporting editor was to manufacture.

"Railroad accidents are handy," grinned Gene, "so are fires." For the unlucky widow of the unfortunate Bertie was to have lost all her momentos, pictures, and letters of her "husband" in a hotel fire.

"I guess we've covered everything," said Gene, pulling out a fat cigar with unconcealed anticipation.

"I think so," answered Elizabeth, "but, Mr. Kennedy, is 'Bertie' really dead, or married?"

"Dunno."

"Suppose he should turn up—or his wife?"

"Oh, there's not the least chance—not one in a hundred. I'd trust you to get out of it; and then you'd be the richer by so much experience."

"Suppose I like it well enough to stay on as Bertie's widow?"

"I hold the ribbons over that hoss," chuckled Gene. "Good-day." And he was scratching a match before she shut the door.

* * * *

She could smile now as she thought of her lively fears, at the beginning, of just such a contingency. For, after she had won her way in the ordeal of the first interview with Miss Smith, her own identity as Bertie's widow had been completely accepted. All other claimants who sent up their cards were dismissed without an interview. So firm was her position, she thought with an inward smile, that Bertie himself could not gain entrance.

* * * *

The door opened softly. "Are you here, dear?" called a sweet voice.

"Yes, Auntie."

"You're not through with the pictures yet?"

"No; I've been dreaming in the dark."

"Then you won't be lonely while I see someone—on business—he won't be put off. Please be very careful of those pictures. But there, I needn't tell you that. Some of them I wouldn't lose for a great deal—there's one of Bertie in among them."

The door closed as gently as it was opened; leaving Elizabeth on her feet, with clenched hands. These very pictures were the ones she was going to steal. *Steal,* she repeated. No, that was not quite the word. For she would personally see to their return—with a note, saying—but there could be no note. She must drop absolutely out of Lady Martha's world, and never see her again; never tell her how sorry she was. How could she? For she would die of shame! But nevertheless, Aunt Martie would know what she had done; would know her name—no, only her pen-name—her alias, she said grimly,—of "Hattie Hall."

What would Aunt Martie think of "Hattie Hall." What an honorable employment was "Hattie Hall" engaged in! What a contrast in her life, to the quiet luxury of her week's life here! "If I could only stay on forever!" she thought desperately. But Gene Kennedy would have something to say to that, even if the notion were not a wild one. "Stay on forever—" She had hardly realized before how much this week had meant to her; how fond she had grown of this gentle Lady Martha; how strange that the mere girl who had so tricked her, should only respect her the more for it. Yet—she confessed that she had tricked herself; in that she often forgot she was playing a part, so real did it all seem to her; and whenever she did remember, it was to wish it was all true.

There was another alternative to betraying Lady Fisher; and Elizabeth at last had to admit it to herself, and face the fact, however unwillingly. To go back to the office after a week in the field, to face the sneers of the other reporters, and, worst of all, to meet Gene Kennedy's eyes as she announced, "I've failed; couldn't get anything,"—this was not a pleasant nor an easy thing to do, in cold-blooded deliberation. Her livelihood might depend on it; and yet—per-

haps she could jolly Gene Kennedy. There would be some sport in that; and something of an achievement to fool him, though, to be sure, no one would ever know it. She, and she alone would know; but she would know, too, that she was fighting Aunt Martie's battle, like a knight of old with his lady's favor hidden under his armor next his heart.

Elizabeth began to weave a tale for an excuse, that would bear Gene Kennedy's cross-examination. Now she was back again, in her thoughts, to the world where the struggle for existence took the chief part of one's time and energy. And she sighed as the door opened, bringing her back to this dream-world of ease and luxury, which was to flee like a dream.

Aunt Martie crossed the room swiftly and stood by her side.

"Dear,—I have great news for you!"

A sudden chill presentiment of what might be coming leapt up in Elizabeth's heart. Lady Martha's voice had a strange tremble as she went on,—

"Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful!" she caught her breath in a sob. "Almost like the dead brought to life! Elizabeth, dear," as the girl neither stirred nor spoke, "don't you understand? What if someone that was reported dead in a train accident—if the papers made a mistake? Don't you understand who?"

"Bertie," she managed to whisper.

"Yes, Bertie! Just think of it—isn't it wonderful! That I've been talking for a whole half-hour to my little Bertie that I thought was dead! Was I selfish, dear? But I wanted him myself a little while. Now, dear, I'll send him in to you."

"Oh, I don't know what to say," cried Elizabeth. She hardly knew what she was saying then, except that she was playing for a second's time to think.

Aunt Martha bent over the girl and kissed her. "Won't your heart tell you, dear?"

Elizabeth felt something tugging at her heart; well she knew the parting was very near. Her arms slid round the elder woman's neck, and two wet lips brushed her cheek.

"Dear girl!" Aunt Martie was touched deeply, "Why, how can you wait to kiss an old woman like me, when—but I'll not keep you waiting."

Once alone, Elizabeth felt a first wi desire to flee before he came. This, wi all her old pluck, she promptly banishe and she felt a dogged determination face the music, and pay the piper. It w coming now; a footstep sounded in t corridor; there was a knock at t door.

"Come in," she answered steadily.

The door opened; a silhouetted figu appeared against the light of the hal way.

"It's rather dark here, isn't it?" sai a firm voice.

"The switch is close by the door, a your left hand." This exchange o commonplaces gave Elizabeth complet recovery; so that when the white ligh flooded the room, Bertie saw a tall gir with a boyish face, standing steadily t receive him, and meeting his eye squarely.

He shut the door carefully before h spoke. "As I have never been married I can scarcely greet my wife with th proper effusion, I am afraid," he said.

Elizabeth's eyes fell, and her cheek burned. It was an awkward pause tha followed. "I was afraid," she said a last, "you might, perhaps, expect to se someone different."

The young man pulled himself to gether with a conscious resolution not t spare severity. "You were very consi derate!" he rapped out, "That was on of your many good qualities I have bee hearing of the last half-hour. Now I'm going to find out a few of your bad one —I suppose an adventuress must have some bad ones? I never met an adven turess before; so tell me about this. You did it for the money, of course?"

"No," said Elizabeth, sharply.

"No? Then why, please?"

"I—I am a newspaper reporter."

"What paper?" demanded Bertie. "Must be a reputable one!"

"Of course, I shan't tell you that."

"So you were working, with purposes unknown, for a beggarly weekly salary, instead of a fortune?"

"My beggarly weekly salary, as you call it, means more to me than a fortune. The lack of it—" but Bertie interrupted:

"I beg your pardon," he said, in real apology, "I've been there myself. I know. Won't you sit down?" he added.

Elizabeth took a chair, where she could rest her elbow on the table and her head in her hand, shading her face from the light. Bertie seated himself just opposite.

"Won't you tell me all about it?" he asked, gently.

"I'll tell you everything," she said, after a pause; she hesitated an instant, and then plunged into it:

"I'm a new reporter; and to have refused my first important assignment would have been madness. It would mean I'd be fired; that I'd go back to my little room, and know that next week I wouldn't have the two dollars to pay for it; and when next week came, that—that Gene Ken—never mind—would come around."

"Who is this Gene? What's—his—name?"

"One of the editors. He got me the place, and I'm under him; but he—he bothers me. This was my first big assignment," she broke away from the hateful subject in relief, "and it was to be a Sunday article—perhaps a full page, illustrated, under my name—my pen-name, I mean."

Bertie nodded, his chin resting thoughtfully on his interlocked hands. Elizabeth saw his cynicism melting away into human kindness. It was a very comely face, she thought, strong and brown and rugged. His dark eyes, whenever she looked at him, were always fixed on her in quiet scrutiny; yet, strange to say, she somehow did not mind it in the least.

"I was to find out the details," she went on, "Mr. Kennedy planned it all; got me the fake certificate, and the newspaper and all. Then I came here—to find out all about *her*—" the red burned her cheeks again. "I came here as your—as her nephew's widow. I have lived with her a week, as her only relation in the world. You can't realize," Elizabeth's voice broke, but she mastered it, "what the trust and the tenderness of such a woman meant to a girl like me, alone in the world. And it seemed almost like betraying my own mother to write up her story—her loneliness, and sadness and trouble—for the Sunday readers' amusement; and expose her to a host of—of other sharpers worse than I. Oh, I'm bad enough," she said, almost defiantly. "I even thought of staying on, like this, forever,—and inheriting — and everything. You won't believe me, I suppose, when I tell you that I couldn't, because it would be cheating."

"Yes, I do believe you," said Bertie, softly.

"And so—" Elizabeth went on, wearily, "and so I—" she took a deep breath; glanced in his eyes and drew fresh impulse from them. "I thought of giving up my story. This very evening, I was debating—struggling," Elizabeth had to pause very often now to keep her voice steady, "I *hadn't* got to where I was willing to give it all up, for her sake—not before you came; but—I've got there now."

She rose to her feet, and faced him with burning eyes. With the renunciation came a final pang of regret, followed by a flood of real relief; and she was glad she had done it.

"You'll do this—for her sake?"

"I will."

"Wait—what'll you tell this Gene?"

"I'll try to jolly him.'

"Do you think you can?"

"I'll try. But—h can't make me write that article."

"Have you thought over what it means—all it will cost you?"

"Yes."

"Loss of position—lack of money—even Gene?"

"Yes, yes," her head drooped wearily. "The worst of it is, *she'll* always have to think of me as bad."

"No, not bad," he protested.

"Not good—but as I am—myself—not as I have been. What are you going to do with me?"

"Wouldn't you like to see her again?" very gently.

"No. . I kissed her—it was really good-by—when she left me. Oh, why did you keep up the story to her?"

"I—why, I don't exactly know," Bertie half-smiled. "I got my foot in it

by my heedlessness; then I thought I'd let it drift along, and I could cope with you better, and make it easier for her to bear. She thinks a lot of you."

She bowed her head before his last words; but an instant only. "Let me go —let me steal away," she cried.

Bertie rose to his feet:

"Wait—wait just a minute longer," he said. "I want to tell you what I think of you."

She mistook his meaning; and all her pride and pluck came back in a swift rush. "Very well," she cried, facing him defiantly, "I suppose I deserve all you can say."

"No, no, I don't mean that," and somehow he got around the table to her side. "I—I think you're just the pluckiest little woman in the whole world," he said slowly. "And—and—I don't know how to say it, nor what you'll think of me, but—but—" he blushed to the tips of his ears, "let's go out and get married and keep up the game forever."

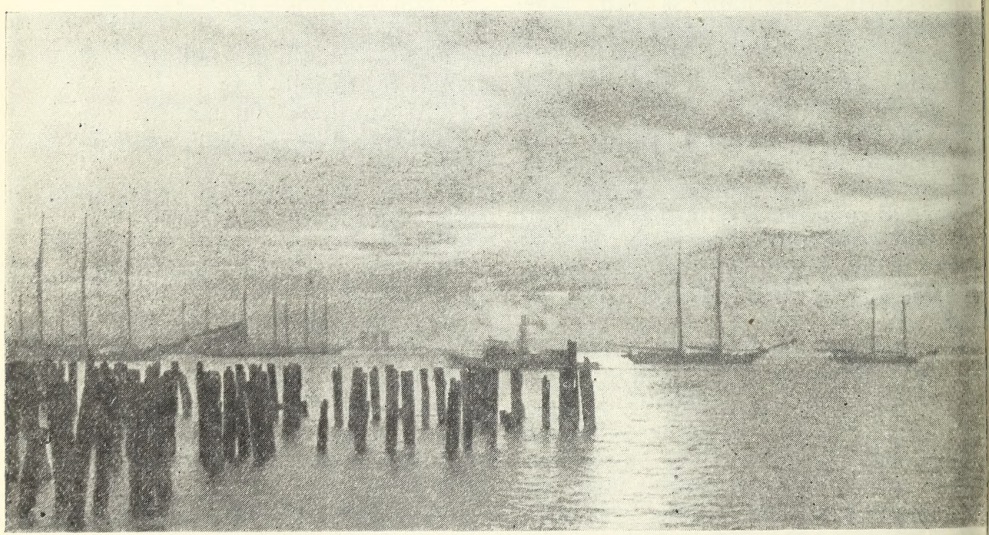
He paused anxiously, but no answer came. "I know it's dreadful of me—Do say something—"

"Do you think I'd—Why it's only be cause you pity me! Pity me!" sh blazed.

"No, no, it's not that at all. I admir your grit and your pluck—I admir you—"

"Admire!" she scorned.

"No, not admire," he corrected. "W —we Western men get to read men, an women, too, on a glance; and our heart aren't any slower. Honest, Miss Ern shaw, I—I think I love you already," hi earnest eyes told what his words halte in telling. "I couldn't love you more i a year's time, dear,' he pleaded. "Come we're not sentimental fools in a story, bu real men and women—I mean—yo know what I mean, if I don't talk gram mar—we've both seen the world, and w both—love each other?" he ventured; bu the girl made no reply. "After all, th best argument is, just that I love you and I'm asking you to marry me. Wil you, dear?" But the light leapt to hi eyes. "Play fair!" he cried. "Look m in the face and answer!" Then, as th girl raised her eyes—"Ah, I know now,— Elizabeth!"





PORTRAITS OF THE FIRST FIVE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES BY GILBERT STUART, BOSTON ART CLUB EXHIBITION

EARLY AMERICAN ARTISTS

By RALPH DAVOL

OF the fourteen provincial capitals Boston and Philadelphia preserve the richest store of early American portraits. Likewise, or possibly in consequence thereof, these two cities harbour the greatest number of genealogical societies, colonial dames, Sons of the Revolution and other ancestor-worshippers thus providing an appreciative audience for a gallery of portraits like the one recently shown at the Art Club in Boston. This loan exhibition, including many paintings hitherto unknown to the public, was of national interest.

While an attempt to classify American art as ancient and modern may provoke a smile from the venerable European standpoint if such a line must be snapped the centennial exposition of 1876 seems to be as good as any dividing-point into two periods. This exhibition of early American art contained selected examples from the brushes of Francis Alexander 1800-1881, Washington Allston R. A. 1779-1843, Joseph Ames 1816-1892, Jonathan Blackburn 1700-1765, John S. Copley 1737-1815, Ralph Earle 1751-1801, Chester Harding 1792-1866, G. P. A. Healy 1813-1894, John Nagle 1799-1865, Gilbert Stuart Newton 1795-1835, Wm. Page 1811-1885, Rembrandt Peale 1778-1860, John Sharples 1751-1811, John Smibert 1684-1751, Gilbert Stuart 1755-1828, Thomas Sully 1783-1872, John Trumbull 1756-1843; also an elaborate frame hand-carved by Paul Revere.

The pre-revolutionary artists have left a legacy of portraits in quality almost as ligneous, marmoreal and air-tight as a carriage-painter's decorations. Most of the early divines are preserved to us in a sort of *rigor mortis*. We may also call up some picture of the Past from divers portraits of

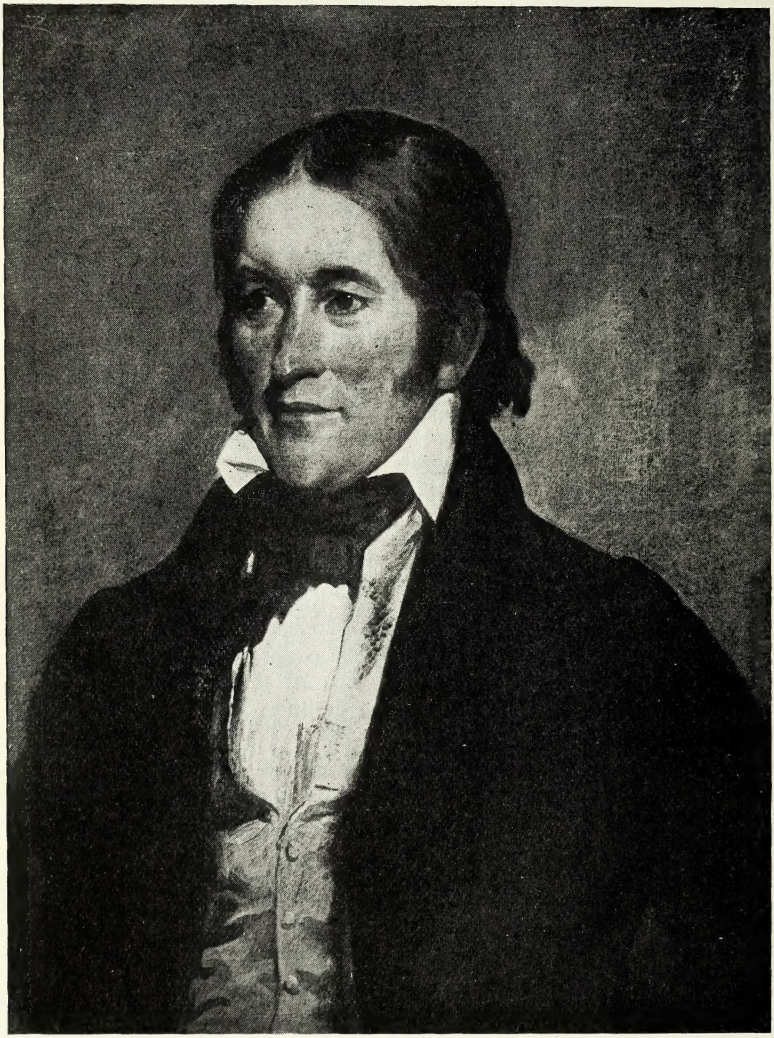
"Judges grave and colonels grand,
Fair dames and stately men,
The mightly people of the land,
The 'world' of there and then."

Conspicuous as any among the exponents of nascent American art is John Smibert who came to this country under the patronage of Bishop Berkley. His *chef-d'oeuvre* is the large group of Berkley's family. In making studies for this large canvas Smibert took advantage of the long voyage across the Atlantic. He is represented by a portrait of Mrs. John Channing of the famous Newport family.

Among the artists who found inspiration in the heroes of the revolution John Trumbull stands out pre-eminently. In the formative days of the national spirit Trumbull was a practical patriot, a serious, conscientious descendant of the

Puritan age he did not quite dare to give free rein to his partially-developed artistic temperament. Of painting he once wrote: "I am fully sensible that the profession as it is generally practiced is frivolous, little useful to society, and unworthy of a man who has talents for more serious pursuits. But to preserve and diffuse the memory of the noblest series of actions which have ever presented themselves in the history of man is sufficient warrant for it."

Thus Trumbull found justification fo devoting his time to a "frivolous" profes sion by preserving the epochal events at tending the birth of the nation in whic his family connections played no incon siderable part. Primarily a historian h is best known by the patriotic scenes no collected at Yale College and in th Capitol at Washington. The selectio from his work at the exhibition is Mr Governor Clinton of New York.



Portrait of David Crockett by John Neagle. Owned by Mrs. C. W. Amory

At the opening of the nineteenth cer

tury came the semi-invalid Washington Allston, far different type from Trumbull. Spirituality and the poetic-sense were far more highly developed in him than in the ardent patriot. With Allston the ideal was the real. His visionary, something of the delicate charm of Raeburn. The example of his work is a genial portrait of Peter Robeson.

John Nagle is exceptionally well-represented by an admirable portrait of Gilbert Stuart and one of David Crockett.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. GOVERNOR CLINTON BY JOHN TRUMBULL. OWNED BY EBEN D. JORDAN, ESQ

anscendental nature prompted him to int allegorical and biblical subjects. A licate portrait of one of the Channing mily into which he married well-presents his sensitive temperament.

Akin to Allston in gentle sweetness s Thomas Sully whose technique has The latter seems to be an instance of the transformation of the atist's character, for the renowned frontiersman, coon-hunter and military hero is portrayed with an ascetic, scholarly mien, bespeaking a sedentary, academic life.

Chester Harding, a graduate sign-

painter, was noted for his excellent likenesses as exemplified in his portrait of Henry Clay.

A large canvas by G. P. A. Healey, done as late as 1869, portrays the poet Longfellow and "Edith of gold hair" in the "Children's Hour." This picture, par excellence are Gilbert Stuart ar John Singleton Copley. To the co noiseurs of pictorial art they make strong appeal to-day; at this exhibitic over half the gallery is given over to the productions. Each of these masters h his devoted champions. Among the lait



PORTRAIT OF MRS. ABIGAIL ROGERS BY COPLEY. OWNED BY MISS A. P. ROGERS

reproduced on the cover of the last issue of the New England Magazine, was made in Rome at the same time that Healy was also painting Lizst. Out of the chance meeting sprang a close intimacy between the poet and composer.

But the two American "old masters" who judge from less exacting canc Copley seems to have the larger follo ing; with professional artists Stuart p pears to hold the stronger claim to mortality.

Reviewing their line of descent it p pears that both artists, curiously enou

emerged from a background flavored with tobacco. Copley's father was an Irish tobacconist in Boston; the father of Stuart cultivated the soothing weed in Southern Rhode Island, where he manufactured snuff. Copley was born in 1737, eighteen years before Stuart, and received his impetus toward art from his step-father, the Boston engraver Pelham. His earliest efforts indicate that his heart was inclined to ostentation and the



A Corner of the Exhibition of Early American Art at the Boston Art Club, November, 1911.

affectations of fashionable society. He painted "externals" even to his latter day. Copley knew all the artifices in vogue to heighten an effect and beguile the beholder, as strong contrasts of light and shade, gaudy accessories or dramatic poses. These gave Copley his proverbial "distinction." Where Copley was grandiloquent Stuart was simple, quiet, reposeful, suggesting a fine reserve. Copley painted hands, nankeen waistcoats, silk furbelows, brocades and the incidentals that go to make up a "ten-acre canvas" with the same fidelity that he painted a face. Stuart's interest visibly flagged when he had reached the neckerchief. The rest of a canvas often seemed amateurish—at least not painted *con amore*.

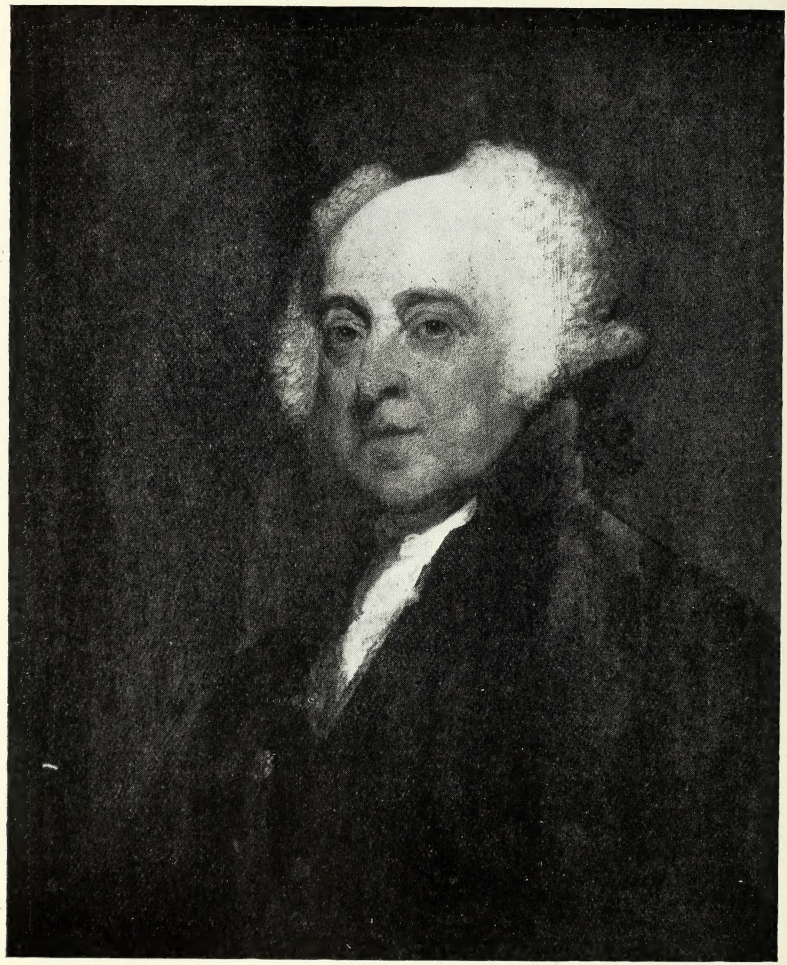
"Leave draperies to mantua-makers," he said, "I will paint God's masterpiece, the human face." He studied to depict the inner character—and nature writes little of a man's character below the collar-bone.

Stuart would sit down with the person he was to paint, tell fine racy stories, all the while absorbing the personality of his subject; then taking a generous pinch of snuff would dip his brush in the various characters of heart and mind he had discovered and so transcribe the inner man upon his canvas.

As to methods and habits Copley was the harder worker; his paintings indicate determined and conscientious drawing,

his genius was of the brand defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Copley seems studied where Stuart is spontaneous. Copley had imagination, sentiment, and a penchant for telling a story on the canvas. There is much grace and beauty of line in his work but his color-

his own eyes and acquired an individua style. He enveloped his canvasses in a mellow atmosphere. His paintings exhibit a higher symphony of color than Copley's. His orchestration of colors is more subtle. He paints in close harmony the range of values is narrow, not inten-



PORTRAIT OF JOHN ADAMS BY GILBERT STUART. FROM THE COLLECTION OF T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE, ESQ.

sense was not so exquisite as that of Stuart.

When Benjamin West found the boys imitating Stuart's palette he remarked to them: "You must steal his eyes, not his colors." The eye is the artist. Though a student of West, Romney, Reynolds and Gainsborough Stuart looked through

sified as in the Dutch school. (The artist Enneking claims that the drawing together of extremes creates the "ideal atmosphere of love" in art as in other phases of human existence.) There is a tenderness, succulency, mobility to Stuart's flesh tones which Copley was unable to attain. Yet underneath is the

strength of the skeleton. Blood can circulate in the skin of a Stuart. Color lightly mounts the cheek (and sometimes the nose).

Stuart was a man of convivial habits—a "three-bottle man"—after the pattern of Franz Hals. Man creates in his own image. That it was a day of Madeira and old Jamaica rum is clearly evident from his portraits; even his women sometimes intimate frequent visits to the buffet.

Stuart's greatness was as a colonist. Thackeray thought him the equal of Titian. His pearly grays, subdued reds and luminous yellows glow with animation and the loveliness of life. Each plane was closely related to the next. "There are no lines in nature," he said. When representative works of the two artists are placed cheek by jowl (if studio slang may be pardoned) Stuart blows the skin off Copley.

Stuart applied his colors pure, unmixed, separate; then knitting them together with a broad dry brush left an uncorrupted freshness which made for solidity and brilliancy. He worked rapidly au premier coup. He painted for posterity. When critics reminded him that was painting Washington's eyes a deeper blue than they really were he replied that in a hundred years they would fade to just the right color.

Copley painted the pride and vanity of life. Stuart went direct to the real man —the body that is more than raiment. He did not apotheosize but humanized his subject. He was the more successful in securing the actual humanity of his subject — the temperament, personality, pulse, nerves, foibles and intimate spirit of the man before him. Therefore we feel a closer tie of kinship with a person painted by Stuart than by Copley. And so we venture to assert that as an American artist Stuart will outlive Copley as Millet will outlive Watteau. He had a purer taste for eternal truths.

The spirit of democracy did not appeal to Copley. He left America to seek the sparkle of the court set of George III. Stuart after many years in England returned to America to paint the ungilded dignity and majesty of Washington and the other Revolutionary heroes he admired.

Boston is proud of Copley, who was born there and painted there fifteen years. His name is attached to the leading plaza, a hotel, a printing house, a street and a dramatic society. When the government patronizes art as in continental countries Boston will give due recognition to the other master-painter who worked there thirty years and mayhap carry out the suggestion of a Boston artist that a worthy statue be placed at the Park Square entrance of Boston Common in which, a few steps further on, the master lies buried in the tomb of a friend. He died impoverished. So thoroughly was he in thrall to the muses that he gave little heed to the worship of mammon.

Police Rays

By JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN

The Ambitious "Copper."

AFTER a policeman has been on the force for about five years, and during that time has mastered all the details and routine of police work, he yearns for promotion. When a "chump" copper he brings to the attention of the court many trifling cases which after being heard by the court a nominal fine is imposed or an appeal is taken by the parties from the court's finding. Upon appeal the case is "nolle prossed" by the district attorney as too trifling to take up the time of the court, or because the evidence is not

strong enough to convict. He thinks that "quantity instead of quality" counts towards advancement in the police business. He begins to study and learn the principles of his profession. He must master the fine points of the detective art, and gain the summit of every "chump" copper's ambition, to get to a place at police-headquarters, "down town." It is important that he should know and learn the methods and habits of criminals; know the operation of the criminal mind; take a Bertillon measurement, understand finger-prints; the laws governing extradition and arrest; what constitutes good evidence before a court. When he has mastered these essential details he is a fairly well trained man in police work, and he well knows that in detective work only the trained man succeeds. It is necessary that he should know the extradition laws of the various states of the United States, divorce laws of the United States, and the Extradition Treaties between the United States and foreign nations.

He must also learn how to write a "police circular" and describe in an intelligent manner the personal appearance, habits, peculiarities of any fugitive from justice, so that police in a neighboring city or state can act intelligently on the information contained in the "circular" and "make" the man wanted and turn him over to the parties asking for his apprehension.

A "harness-copper" will never put another "harness-copper" (an officer in uniform) wise to the many fine points of the police business; he has to find that knowledge for himself because each and every policeman is a candidate for promotion, and no one wants to give an adversary an advantage over himself. There is now a "correspondence" school for the training of the "chump" copper; it is conducted by trained lawyers and criminal law specialists and for a stipulated fee the ambitious copper can get this necessary education and training for his promotion and advancement.

The Criminal Clearing House.

There is published in Chicago a newspaper called the "Detective" which acts as the official organ of the police departments of the United States and Canada. In the columns of the "Detective" are displayed photographs of fugitives wanted and notices of rewards for the arrest of bail-jumpers, escaped convicts, and other individuals whose arrest is a matter of public interest and concern. This paper is published once a month, and its files are carefully preserved by the police; it contains a veritable mine of information concerning the records of crooks, and all classes of thieves. When the police do not know anything about a man under arrest they simply send his picture to the "Detective" for publication, and ask the other police officials of the country if they know anything about the culprit. Another chief of police sees the picture and happens to know all about the man concerning whom the information is asked, and he mails on at once the desired information to the police official asking it. In this way the western police help the eastern police, and vice versa. The files of the "Detective" contain photos, descriptions, and records of professional criminals such as shoplifters, pickpockets, confidence-men, burglars, bank-robbers, sneak thieves, penny-weighters, forgers, and check raisers, besides rewards offered for fugitives, missing people and bond jumpers. These files are of the greatest value to police, sheriffs, penal institutions, peace officers, special hotel and railway police officers, detective agencies and those interested in criminal investigations. A file of the "Detective" for the past ten years contain a permanent rogues gallery of 12,000 to 15,000 photos, descriptions, and records of the best working criminals in the United States and Canada.

The Pinkerton Detective Agency acts in harmony and co-operation with the local police authorities; they get the pictures of all thieves taken by the local police, and in return they allow the local police to view their picture gallery and they interchange pictures and information concerning criminals and by this system of mutual co-operation they produce the desired results in any criminal case.

Catching the "Lamaster" or Bail Jumper.

When a man has jumped his bail the work of catching him is quite a task. The first thing for the officer to do is to get the culprit's picture out of the rogues gallery, together with his Bertillon Measurements which are on the back of the photograph, a statement of the habits of the man wanted, whether sober or industrious, fond of women, height, weight, complexion, etc., and when all this information is obtained the next step for the officer to take is to send the picture for insertion in the columns of the "Detective." This paper is published in Chicago, and is the official organ of the police, sheriffs, railway police, and constables of the United States and Canada. If the man is a well-known crook, and is following crooked work for a livelihood his capture is a comparatively easy task. He may be picked up on a comparatively trifling offence in Columbus, Ohio, and the officer in charge at the desk will see the defendant's picture in the paper. He "makes" the prisoner, and then he immediately sends on a telegram to the police who have requested the arrest of the fugitive. A statement of the offence and the necessary particulars of the matter are then sent on by the police to the police holding the fugitive, and a fugitive warrant is asked for and obtained in the police court. The man wanted is then held in substantial bail as a "fugitive from justice," and he is at liberty to return with the officers without requisition papers or fight extradition. If the prisoner decides to fight extradition, he can institute "habeas corpus" proceedings and then the court upon a hearing decides whether or not he is the man "wanted." If there is no picture of the man in the gallery, and no Bertillon measurements of him to be had, then the capture of him is an exceedingly difficult affair. The only way such a man can be captured is for some one who knows him to "turn him up" to the police, and then the defendant can fight extradition and lead the police a merry chase.

The Prejudice Against Pickpockets.

The fact that there is a popular and deep-rooted prejudice against pickpockets no one can deny; much of it is deserved and more undeserved. This prejudice prevents the judge from giving a fair and impartial decision in cases of larceny from the person; the very accusation of larceny from the person carries with it a conviction coupon, and the actual evidence in the case carries with it an utter disregard for facts and evidence on the part of the judiciary and the man is tried for his past record and not for his present crime. This continual blundering and indifference of our judiciary is the bane of criminal jurisprudence to-day and is the cause for the deserved criticism of the glaring defects in the administration of our criminal laws. The pickpocket is a very harmless individual; he plies his trade with skill and without any violence, and in this respect he is to be distinguished from the strong arm man who holds you up on the highway and relieves you of your valuables. He is also to be put on a class far above the flat-worker; the "gun" would scorn to invade the privacy of your home and steal your valuables after the manner of the house-breaker. Thieves have their specialty just the same as the lawyer and doctor have their peculiar skill in certain branches of their profession wherein they excel the brother members of their calling. This prejudice follows the pickpocket after sentence; you will never see a pickpocket a "trusty" prisoner in any prison. Prison officers are afraid to trust them; the meanest rat thief will be given favors in preference to any "gun." The jail officer fears their intelligence; the average pickpocket is a good prison "drifter" and obeys the rules of the institution to the very letter. He knows that it does him no good to be troublesome in any prison; it only makes his lot harder and he behaves himself and it makes his lot in jail easier to bear. But in spite of the fact that the average gun makes a good prisoner the prison officials are still afraid to trust him; the fact is that when it comes to "beating a place" (breaking jail) any chump thief can give him "cards and spades" in the art of jail breaking. Knowledge is a dangerous thing; the good things in jail are reserved

for the pious sneaks and sanctimonious hypocrites who plunder widows and orphans, rob banks and steal from churches and benevolent institutions.

The Unconscious "Stall."

The fakir at cattle shows and country fairs is feared by the members of the light-fingered fraternity. When the crowd begins to gather around the cane-board or nigger dodger the poor hard-working fakir's troubles commences; the pickpockets get busy and begin working his crowds; the ill-informed country chief of police thinks that the fakir is standing in with the mob and getting a share of the proceeds of successful touches. This is not so because pick-pockets never divide with anybody outside of the mob; but the public does not carefully weigh the facts and circumstances and immediately jumps at the conclusion that the "fakir" is a silent partner with the mob. Fakirs frequently "tip" off pickpocket mobs to the police; they do this to get "even" and not from any motives of good citizenship or any desire to help the police authorities. The average "fakir" at the cattle shows has a few hundred dollars invested in his business which is a legitimate one; and his games are of a nature to instruct and amuse the rustic population. They are perpetually put in "wrong" with the authorities by the "guns"; and the moment a crowd gathers around a booth and a prospective customer discovers the loss of his money nothing in the world can convince him that the talk of the fakir was anything more than a subterfuge in order that the pickpockets could select their victims and successfully rob them. The poor fakir is oftentimes driven off the fair grounds on account of the depredations of thieves, and this after he has paid a good price for the privilege of plying his trade. The police do not hesitate to roast the fakir and call him a stall for the "dip," and they frequently arrest him and put him through a "third degree" to test his knowledge of recent touches. The poor "fakir" becomes an unconscious "stall" for pickpockets and he has no share in the "end." (The proceeds of successful touches.) For trying to earn a living he earns the everlasting ill-will of thieves and this is due to police stupidity and the ignorance of the public.

The Civilian Chief of Police.

There is great rivalry and jealousy existing between private detectives and the regulation uniformed police in all the large cities. Railways, hotels, banks, mercantile houses, attorneys and private individuals employ their own detectives and do not depend upon the local police authorities. The evidence of the private detective (especially in divorce cases) is looked upon as "tainted" by the courts and must be corroborated in every essential detail to be of any value. That is the reason why no respectable detective agency will operate for rewards or engage in divorce cases. The chief of police who works up from the ranks considers himself a better equipped official than the "civilian" appointed from civil life, and with few exceptions I consider this to be true. The private detective agency is to-day a large business institution; it undertakes to do all proper detective business entrusted to it by railroads, hotels, banks, mercantile houses, attorneys and private individuals. Stores have their own police to protect themselves and their customers from the depredations of shoplifters and pickpockets. They have as a staff of operatives, uniformed and plain-clothes men, who can be dispatched to weddings, entertainments, private residences at a moment's notice. The private detective as an institution has come to stay; the regular police could not begin to handle the volume of business which is made possible to-day on account of the large combinations of capital operating to-day in the business and commercial world. The "rube" copper in the country towns is still successful; this is because he looks like a "chump" and on this account he catches thieves "off their guard" and makes many an arrest which is a surprise to the intelligent and well-trained policeman. In country towns almost every one thinks he would make a successful chief of police; jealousy is rampant and we see a new chief of police every year if the present incumbent does not succeed in

having his friends elected as selectmen at the annual town meeting. If an efficient official does his duty he makes enemies, if lax in his duty through good nature he incurs the ill-will of the "high-brow" good citizens, and on account of this uncertainty of tenure of office the efficiency of the police service in rural communities is greatly impaired.

Habitual Criminals Under Police Supervision.

Habitual criminals are required in Great Britain under "The Prevention of Crimes Act" to report themselves and give all necessary information concerning their mode of life and habits, and in default thereof are liable, upon conviction, to twelve months' imprisonment. District inspectors are to report without delay to "The Chairman, General Prisons Board, Dublin Castle," the names and descriptions of all persons under supervision reporting themselves in their respective districts. They also report without delay to the Inspector General, and to the "Chairman, General Prisons Board, Dublin Castle," the conviction of any "habitual criminal" whose name appears in the "Hue and Cry" (the police paper) as a defaulter.

It is also the duty of the police to report to "Chairman, General Prisons Board, Dublin Castle," in all cases in which it may come to the knowledge of the constabulary that convicts are in any way infringing the conditions of their licenses.

In America habitual criminals are under the supervision of the parole officers or Prison Commissioners as the case may be; but the supervision is not nearly as strict or severe as it is in Great Britain and Ireland. Under the English law a released convict cannot go out of town to visit a friend until he first goes to the nearest police barracks and gives the name and address of the person he intends to see and get from the officer in charge the necessary permission.

The police both in the United States and Great Britain publish in the "Detective" and the "Hue and Cry" notices respecting all felonies and misdemeanors of an aggravated character. All descriptions of persons whose apprehension is sought on a charge of misdemeanor should be accompanied by a statement that a warrant has been issued, and by the name of the person in whose hands it is. But the police should remember that they cannot arrest a person charged with an offence of this nature unless they have the warrant in their possession when making the arrest. Prison and police authorities are supposed to send notice to the publishers of the "Hue and Cry" and the "Detective" of any abolition of jails, stations, or of any arrests of persons published, and of any circumstances rendering further publication in the police papers unnecessary.

The Stool Pigeon.

A "stool pigeon" is a thief in the pay of the police; that is, he is a thief at liberty, a stool pigeon in prison is called a "pig." This is because of his propensity for carrying tales to prison officials. To inform on a companion in crime for the reward of a lighter sentence or other favor is "to snitch" in the language of the criminal world. The average "stool pigeon" must convey authentic information to the police; he will incur their wrath if he sends them on any "wild goose chase" in consequence of any "false steers" (false information). In a prison a "stool pigeon" is rewarded by being made the recipient of many small favors, gratuities, and liberties at the hands of prison officials, and his lot in prison is made more comfortable and easy to bear. Of course he is heartily disliked by his fellow-convicts, and when his prison term is completed, there is a perfect hell for him outside; he is the victim of the thieves "boycott." The best thing for him to do is to quit "grafting," reform, go to work and lead an honest life. The police reward a "stool pigeon" at liberty by letting him do a little petty "grafting" on the quiet, and let him go his way unmolested. The moment a "stool pigeon" becomes of little or no value to the police, they simply prosecute him just as they would any ordinary thief or malefactor; all past favors are forgotten and he is treated as an utter stranger.

Outside "stool pigeons" consists of

bartenders, cab-drivers, hotel porters, firemen, and the post-office department is used to trace people by means of their mail. Then, again the saloon-keeper must aid the police whenever asked to do so by the ruling authorities. In England the police are allowed "tip" money with which they can buy whatever information they deem necessary.

The District Court.

It is almost impossible to obtain a "square deal" in a district court especially if the prisoner happens to have "a past record." The judge, chief of police, clerk of court, probation officer are all on terms of the greatest intimacy, and a stranger has a hard row to hoe to get by this drag-net. His only hope in such a case is to hire a local lawyer with a "pull." Take for example, suppose a woman is arrested for shop-lifting in one of the outlying towns. The arrest is highly colored; the facts are grossly exaggerated in order to "boost" the police in the estimation of the citizens; flaring headlines are used in the local newspapers to describe the arrest, and the result is a miscarriage of justice. When the case comes up in court the judge is afraid to do his du y; he dare not incur the wrath of the newspapers because he fears their criticism. Of course the newspapers depend upon the department stores for heavy advertising of (?) bargain sales, the judge will be mercilessly criticised for being even fair; the president of the local board of trade will complain of the inadequacy of the police protection and that they are getting nothing in return for their taxes, and the result of these conditions appear when the case is disposed of in the local court; the prisoner is immolated upon a legal Mount Calvary.

The criminal court room is the school of misery; the judge is the schoolmaster; its lessons are suspense, grief, terror, and despair. Life's tragedies are here tragically enacted; the sobs and wails of the unfortunate are mingled with the bravade of the young culprit who begins to serve his first sentence. On every face in the court room you can see care and sorrow; there is no one so depraved but what some heart beats warmly for him in all his wretchedness. Any experienced thief will tell you this wholesome truth; the prisons are full of the mistakes of courts, police and lawyers just as the cemetery holds the blunders of the medical fraternity. Public sympathy invariably goes out to the murderer on trial while the name of his victim is not even mentioned; the average well-meaning man has sympathy for the human heart in all phases of its misfortunes, and an everlasting pity for all its frailities.

Bargain Rates with Justice.

It is really surprising how credulous human nature is and how easily it can be imp sed upon. Take for example, an ordinary, everyday thief is arrested and he sends at once for a lawyer to defend him upon the charge upon which he is held. The "limb of the law," needing a little ready money, says to the culprit, "give me a hundred dollars and I'll turn you on the street." A moment's reflection would show the absurdity of this procedure; cases are supposed to be tried upon the evidence, and counsel for the defence are not yet district attorneys, and sheriffs, and protectors of the public safety. The crook thinks that one-half of the lawyers fee goes to the police, and other channels which need a little "fixing." This is legal "four-flushing" with a vengeance; the thief wakes up and finds that the "underground wires" have been crossed and he says that his lawyer has "double-crossed" him. This he has done with a vengeance; it is plain that the shyster promised everything to get the case and get his hands on the money, and the truth of the matter is that the crook has paid one hundred dollars for about ten dollars worth of legal services. He finds that he gets no more concessions in the trial of his case than any one else; and he can chalk it down to experience, and consider that it is the old case of the "biter bit," the shyster has simply outgeneralled him at his own game, and the law protects the privileged "grafting" of the shyster. Of course the bar association could take legal cognizance of this conduct of the police court shyster, but a professional thief would be the last per-

son in the world to make trouble for any one and press his case for action before the grievance committee of any bar association.

The Police Court.

The police court always possesses a peculiar fascination for loafers. Here the college rowdy, thief, loafer and drunkard are supposed to meet on an equal footing. A burly court officer is stationed at the door to keep out idle busy-bodies and loafers; the fellow who is supported by the labor of his hard working mother invariably has the most important business before the court. The woman who is in such a hurry that she can hardly speak finds time to waste two hours in the five and ten cent store. The police court runner is in evidence to carry the grist of business to the police court lawyer and incidentally to promise in return for his fee "freedom while you wait." The dock is filled with the off-scourings of last night's revels from the saloons; the respectable housewife who, in a moment of weakness, stole some trifling articles from some department store will soon feel the wrath of the law. The department store lawyer is there to exert a malicious influence on the court in the matter of sentence; if the wheels of justice properly revolved his clients would be at the bar of justice for advertising for sale articles which they never had in their store and for conducting phony bargain (?) sales. The boat for the island sails at two o'clock; cases must be rushed in order that the penal institutions boat can sail at the appointed hour. The tout is there listening with wide open ears in hopes that he may obtain some information and sell it; the stool-thief is there to assist the police and therefore distract attention from his own villainy; the fellow with his "near dope" is sleeping on the benches; the "chump" copper is there dreaming of promotion; the fallen woman still promises to reform if wicked men will let her; the second-hand dealer is there to identify thieves and to feather his own nest.

Each and every type of humanity, crooked and straight, is there to keep informed on the business of his neighbor and incidentally neglect his own. The drunk who has forgotten the name he gave when arrested adds to the humor of the situation and his lapse of memory delays the court's business and increases the troubles of the clerk. Volumes could be written about the police court; the legal slaughter house; the place where too often justice miscarries, and where mistakes are made which can never be rectified.

The Last Days.

It was Josh Billings who said, "society consists of two classes, "the workers and those that are being worked." Upon the under world dregs judges, probation officers, clerks of court, police, and lawyers live and thrive; without the vices of unfortunate humanity the saloon would give way to the church and the prison to the school house. Society's froth and underworld dregs contrive to keep the police courts busy and running according to scheduled time. It is for the pecuniary advantage to the judge to see that his court produces a revenue irrespective of the equity and justice of the cases brought before him for determination; he can then go to the legislature and ask for an increase of salary on the ground that his court is "paying."

There is a sad ending to these "wasted lives." Scorning to act the spy or informer on their former associates they are arrested at every street parade, and public festival and kept in custody until the public festivities are at an end. When old age comes upon them and they lose their old-time skill, the sad lot of the vagrant is in store for them. The cup of woe of this class is filled to the brim, and here and there it is illumined by a slight ray of sunshine, but on the last day when the angel Gabriel shall summon us all to that court of infinite justice and mercy, there we shall meet a just judge, and the unfortunates hitherto described will "get to the jury" provided their conversion is sincere and repentant.

For Playgoers and Music Lovers

On Monday, January 22, Miss Viola Allen, will open a limited engagement at the Plymouth theatre, in a new comedy-drama entitled "Stubborn Facts." The play was written especially for Miss Allen, by Miss Rachel Crothers, author of several well known successes including "The Three of Us." This will be Miss Allen's first appearance in Boston for several seasons. She was last seen here in "The White Sister," a play that served as her vehicle for the past three seasons, and one in which she scored one of the highest dramatic achiev ments of her career. However, the announcement of her coming to Boston in a comedy-drama and a character suitably fitted to her remarkable versatility, will serve as a double rejoicing to the theatre-goers of this city, with whom Miss Allen has always been a prime favorite. The mention of her name always recalls the beginning of her successful career as a member of the old Boston Museum Stock Company when she played many important part roles when she was still in her teens. Miss Allen's engagements in Boston have always been greeted with large and enthusiastic audiences. Perhaps it is safe to say that Miss Allen numbers among her friends more Bostonians than any other actress on the American stage.



Scene from The Country Boy, Park Theatre

In her latest play, her managers, Liebler and Company, have provided her with an exceptionally strong cast. Charles Waldron, who is well remembered for his brilliant work in "The Fourth Estate"

will be her chief support, while George Fawcett and John Westley will also be seen in important roles. The others in the cast will include Miss Grace Elliston, Jessie Izett and Maude Burns.

One of the mystifying features about the presentation of "Ziegfeld's Follies" at the Tremont Theatre is the identity of the Dolly Twins. They are so much alike that no one can tell them apart, but that has been their misfortune all through life. When Yanesi and Rossi Dolly were born in Hungary in 1894, they could only be told from each other by the pink and blue ribbons which their mother fastened to their wrists. Later when they were educated in Budapesth, Paris and Berlin their schoolmates had as much trouble as their relatives, for there were no ribbons then. After they went on the stage they were with Lew Fields' production of "The Midnight Sone," and when Lotta Faust died the two were given her char-



Miss Viola Allen at the Plymouth Theatre

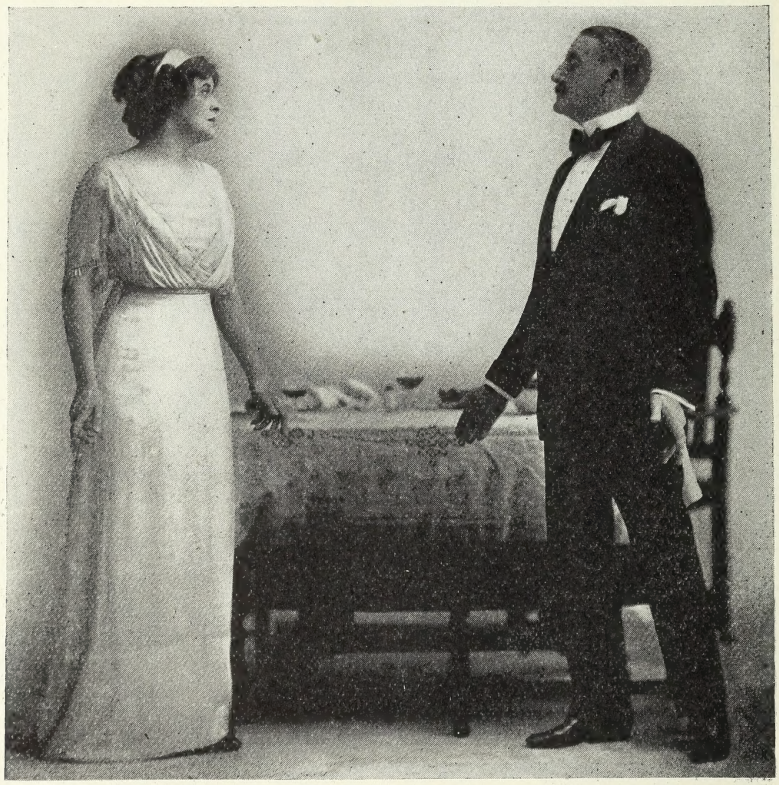
acter, one appearing in the first act and the other in the second and not a soul suspected that it was not a single comedienne playing all the time. They speak Hungarian, German, Spanish, French and Italian fluently, but the universal language of dancing is the one that they speak the best. They came to this coun-

try to dance with Miss Hoffman, and after vaudeville experiences they were with "The Echo," the star of which is Bessie McCoy, who is also with Ziegfeld's Follies.

One of the plays with heart interest which has been conspicuous the present season is "The Country Boy," which is now at the Park Theatre. It concerns a young man who goes to New York to make his success in life. He experiences several disillusionments, goes through some pretty tough times and although he jumps with both feet into the gayest of gay lives along the "Great White Way," he finally comes to believe that the only way out of it is by means of the gas route. He does not succeed in committing suicide, and it all turns out right in the end making as sweet and wholesome, and withal, as realistic a story of every day city life as was ever staged. The piece was written by Edgar Selwyn, and the production was made by Henry B. Harris.

It is decidedly a rare thing to see a Mormon prima donna upon the musical comedy stage, but that is what "The Pink Lady" at the Colonial Theatre possesses. The young lady came from Utah to the East a year or two ago and like all ambitious musicians she had the operatic bee in her bonnet, and she felt that she was going to be another Patti, but when "The Pink Lady" came her way she decided with rapidity, and has never regretted it.

One of the novel situations in this comedy is the one which causes her to play the violin for the "Beautiful Lady" waltz song. It was an after thought, but she took up the violin, learned to play with such facility that she surprised all by taking upon herself what everybody connected with the theatre thought would be given over to another who could serve



JOHN DREW AND MARY BOLAND IN "A SINGLE MAN"

as a substitute. Miss Dawn has liked the violin playing so much that she now takes it up as a fad for her leisure times, and it would not be strange to find her venturing as a soloist along more ambitious

Ada Rehan were the two magnets. It is a queer coincidence that he has had a smaller number of leading ladies in that time than any other star. First came Maude Adams, and when she became a



HAZEL DAWN IN THE PINK LADY

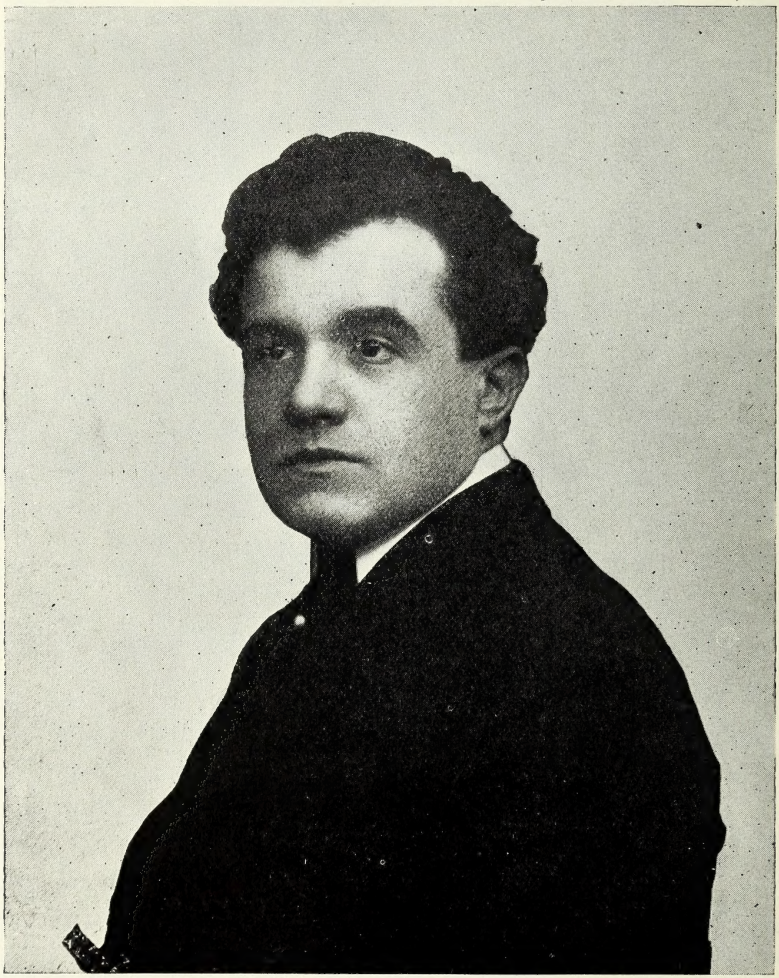
nes than in the course of this melody fter dinner.

John Drew has been a star at the head f his own company under the direction f Charles Frohman for some twenty ears now, ever since he left the stock ompany of Augustin Daly where he and

star on her own account in "The Little Minister," she had Isabel Irving to follow her. Then came Ida Conquest, the Boston girl who has just married a member of the Italian nobility and retired from the stage. Margaret Dale was the next and last of all came Mary Boland, the

pretty blonde, who was first with Robert Edson in "Strongheart," and now with Mr. Drew in "Smith" and "A Single Man," the latter being the London comedy by Hubert Henry Davies which Mr. Drew is now presenting at the Hollis Street Theatre after its long run at the Empire Theatre starting early in the

are Madame Emma Eames, Miss Al Neilsen, Mr. George Hamlin, Mr. Emi de Gogorza, Mr. L. B. Merrill and M Herbert Witherspoon, also an orches of Symphony players. On the evening January 25th, the dramatic legend, "T Damnation of Faust," by Hector Berli will be given. The chorus of the Ceci



EDMOND CLEMENT, WITH BOSTON OPERA COMPANY

autumn and lasting until the New Year.

MUSIC.

Two concerts will be given by the Cecilia Society in Symphony Hall on Thursday evening, January 25th, and on Thursday evening, March 21st. Arthur Mees will conduct. The assisting artists

Society has been reorganized and e larged and for the performance of "T Damnation of Faust" twenty select male voices will be added. The soloi will be Miss Nielsen, Mr. Hamlin, M Witherspoon and Mr. Merrill.

For the evening of March 21st, t programme will include the Bach "Mo

or Chorus and Organ," Eight Part Chorus by Cornelius, Verdi's "Hymn to he Virgin Mary," Loeffler's Chorus in Eight Parts, "For One Who Fell in Battle"; also part songs, solo numbers nd duets. The assisting artists will be



MADAME EMMA EAMES

Mme. Emma Eames and Mr. Emilio de Gogorza. The public sale of subscription tickets opens at the box office January th. Mail orders should be addressed to . H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall.

Edmond Clément, who is, fortunately for Boston, a member of Boston Opera Company, is one of the few opera singers whose work on the concert stage is of the highest order. Mr. Clément in recital is an example of the art of song in its most finished and most telling expression. Mr. Clément is one of the most valuable attractions at Boston Opera this season. It is a piece of good fortune that we are to hear Mr. Clément in a song recital of French songs in Jordan Hall on Febuary 5th, at three o'clock.

The second Handel and Haydn concert will be given on Sunday evening, February 11th, in Symphony Hall, when Max Bruch's "Arminius" will be given. Emil Mollenhauer will conduct.

On Monday afternoon, February in Jordan Hall, Miss Lilla Ormond, young mezzo-soprano, who is about leave the concert-room. Miss Ormo has many friends in Boston as this h



Miss Lilla Ormond

en her home. She has frequently ap-ared as soloist at Apollo Club and andel and Haydn and Cecilia concerts here her charm and ability have never iled to please.

The last concert to be given by the lonzaley quartet will be given on the ening of February 29th, in Jordan all. This is the finest string quartet in istence. As is well known, these four tists were chosen for their super-tistic ability; also, they are enjoined d beholden by contract to devote their e, one might say, to quartet work with ch other. This is a rare instance in the nals of all art and it has developed rare sults. Their music is of such elegance, ch sensitive refinement of detail and ch vanity of ensemble that it is not an aggeration to say that to hear them ay a program is to hear music than hich there is none better in the world -day.

On Saturday evening, January 27th, Jordan Hall, the first of a series of "omposers Recitals" to make known w or unfamiliar music by resident and ner musicians, will be given. The pro-amme comprises pianoforte pieces, olin pieces and songs by Messrs. Con-rse, Shepherd, Gebhard, Strube, Eich-im, and Adamowski. The singers and ayers are Mrs. Low, Mr. Converse, Mr. ebhard, Mr. Shepherd and Miss Collier.

Oscar Hammerstein arrived recently in ew York. He evidently feels secure ough concerning his London Opera use to leave it for a while. The fol-ving is taken from a recent interview th him:

"My London opera venture," he said, paying expenses, which is very good nsidering the short time the house has en open. The London public has risen gnificently to my fine artists and eras, and, while I have next to no scription, the box-office sale is very ge. The theatre is now paying ex-nses. It is perfect. It has the results all my experience in building theatres orporated in it, and I could ask for no ter house.

"I shall produce an opera by the king's cle, the Duke of Argyll. This opera is three acts on an Irish subject. It has a very poetic libretto, and will be sung in English. I have many English-speaking singers in my company. Felice Lyne and Orville Harrold will sing the principal parts. During my current season I shall also produce 'Thais,' 'Le Jongleur de Notre Dame,' 'La Favorita' and 'Louise.' I have decided to reserve 'Don Quichotte,' a novelty for London, until my summer season. My present intention is to keep my house open until some time in April, then to close it for a week before the opening of the summer season. Then I shall keep my house open in opposition to Covent Garden until the first of August.

"My artists have made a splendid showing in London. I knew that Felice Lyne was bound to get the public. She is much greater than she was when I first engaged her. Seven months of hard study in Paris have rounded her out. I consider her now the greatest of the coloratura sopranos.



MARIA GAY AS CARMEN

"I am in a position now to command the services of many fine singers, and I am willing to supply some of them, and also some of my scenery, to certain American cities if they do not require my services, too, but I have no intention of going to New Orleans or San Francisco personally to give opera."

Maeterlinck has always insisted that the stage settings at the Opera Comique were wholly wrong,—that the scenes should not be Scandinavian but Old Norman. His advice has been carried out in Boston and the following letter is an interesting one:

Claridge's Hotel, Sept. 3, 1911.

Mr. Henry Russell—Dear Sir: Once again let me assure you how deeply touched I am by the marvellous care with which you so fraternally surround "Pelleas and Melisande." For instance, the designs you showed me this afternoon are pure and delicious *chefs-d'oeuvre.* How different from the scenery—ingenious perhaps, but totally erroneous—of the Opera Comique! But now, thanks to you and your collaborators, we have attained my most ardent dreams. For the first time since the performanc "St. Wandrille," a living and tangibl mosphere has been created in w every word is bathed in the meanin the drama. Certain conceptions are t admirable—the back-ground, for ample, with the silhouettes of the sonages appearing vaguely in infi space; the gloomy, massive tower wl seems to unite in its shade and in strength all the force of destiny; many other things. * * * Bu must stop; I would have to cite ev thing. * * *

As to the interpretation, it will unique. One might say that until E ton's performance "Pelleas" had ne existed. You are revealing it. Never have my desires been carried out to s an extent. The scrupulousness v which Mr. Caplet catches the most su and the most fugitive shades of thought in the music has moved me m than I can express. If only you w both here so that my boundless gratit could embrace you both simultaneou

With my deepest thanks and most c dial gratitude. Yours sincerely,

MAETERLINCK

THE PERILS OF CHILDHOOD

By CHARLES E. BUCK, M. D.

HOW truly Tupper wrote when from his pen flowed these words relative to child life:

"A tender nest of soft young hearts
Each to be separately studied;
A curiously eager flock of minds
To be separately tamed and tutored."

The subject of *child culture* is perennial, always timely, and should be interesting to us all. It has been approached from many angles, and it would seem so thoroughly treated that there remains hardly an original idea to be advanced in its behalf. Yet for a subject broad in its scope of interest, the br effervescence caused by the union of various *practical* and *theoretical* reage as it were, must of necessity give rise some ideas that may be *interesting* a possibly *novel.*

The subject of *life* as it affects *human being,* from his entrance upon dramatic stage, to the time when he finished his act, and made his exit, is, should be, extremely interesting. should be *intensely so* to one whose p fessional calling demands his presence a personal observer at both events. W

hat intense anxiety does the accoucheur vait the signal—*from whence no man nows*—that marks the starting of life the little inanimate body before him. ne cry comes. The little aggregation of mplex functions has been set in motion, d one more being, *oh so wonderfully rmed,* has started on life's journey.

To those of us whose privilege it has en to watch intimately, this little mite humanity, in its development, a few of hidden secrets of Divine creation have en revealed. It hardly seems possible r anyone to have a comprehensive idea child-life in its various aspects, unless has been placed in the position of per- nal observer of his own children.

Many may advance *theories,* but few n give a definite idea as to how these as will *work out.*

In the treatment of this subject most riters confound the words "Teach" and rain," and use them synonymously. is would seem to be an error, for there a wide difference in the meaning and rposes of application of the words. The m "Train," as it comes to us from the brew, means "To rub the gullet," and original seems to have been in the it still prevalent, among primitive ple, of the opening of the throat of a vborn babe by annointing it with od, or saliva, or some sacred liquid, as eans of giving the child a start in life. is idea of the Hebrew word thus used ms to be that as this opening of the let of the child to breathe and to swal- correctly, so the training of the child ll the proper habits of life is to begin the child's birth, and the use of the d in the places we find it, would go to w that Abraham with all his faith, and omon with all his wisdom, did not feel t it would be safe to put off the start the child's training any later than . Erudition, in the sense in which it sed in training children at the present e, counted for but very little with the patriarchs. They devoted their efforts *nly* to the production of *physical lth* rather than *mental brilliancy.* It shame that this idea is not more erally adopted among our people at present time.

he word "train" is used advisedly in this article, and may be understood as applying to the development of all that makes for the production of a *physically* and *mentally healthy being* who will be called upon, later in life, to take his place in this great cosmic mosaic of commercial existence. The word "teach" will not be used at all.

Contrary to general belief, child-training *should begin at the birth of the child.* Just as soon as a child is called upon to partake of sustenance, and the functions are started, he becomes a *definite entity* and will surely make himself understood in his likes and dislikes in no uncertain way. He will very soon understand that the way to obtain anything that he wishes, is to cry for it, and suits the action to the idea with the result that if this foolish notion is not corrected he will make a slave of everyone who has anything to do with him, for his sense of proprieties has not yet been developed. Start him on a *comfortable flat* mattress, slightly elevated at the head, by elevating the bed, not the mattress, with no pillow, feed him at regular intervals, *by the clock,*—every two hours—see that he is *clean, comfortable, dry* and *contented,* and *let him alone.* The mother kitty is about ideal in her treatment of her children; and it would be well for any mother to pattern from her, if she is at any time in doubt, as to the procedure in the bringing up of her human mite. *One very important fact* should be considered in this observation. The mother kitty *never attempts to make her babies go to sleep* by *scolding* them. She always *sings to them.* Another is, it may be noticed very often, that mother kitty does not *hamper her babies in their play but plays with them.*

A word here regarding the physical development of a normal child may not be out of place, and may be useful to some mother who is in doubt as to whether her baby is normal or not.

A perfectly normal child may *weigh* at birth, anywhere from five to fifteen pounds. It will generally lose weight during the first few days of life, but when it begins to assimilate its food it will soon regain the birth weight. At six months in average cases, the birth-weight should

be doubled, and at the end of the year it may be three times the original figure. *Always weigh the child at the end of the week,* and if it is in good health, a steady gain should be noted in weight.

The gain in *height* for the first year should be eight inches and four inches for the second, and about two inches per year for the next ten years is a fair average.

The growth in infancy takes place more rapidly in the extremeties than in the trunk, although at birth the trunk is relatively longer than the limbs.

During the first year the "hat-band circumference" of the *head* of a child should generally increase about *four inches* during the first year. *One inch* is a good gain for the second year, and a gain of *one and a half inches* may be noted in the average child, during the next four or five years.

The *little pulsating space* in the top of the head of every child is perfectly normal. It should be closed when the child is a year and a half old. Too early closing, or remaining open too long, are signs that should call for advice from the family physician.

The *chest*—or thorax—grows more rapidly *transversely* than *before backwards*. It generally keeps pace with the head. In the average normal child it should not be larger than the head—in circumference—until about the third year. At this time, if the child is in good health, it will increase in size so that it is quite a bit larger than the head.

At birth the *abdomen* of a child should be larger than either the head or chest. At two years about the same size, and afterwards smaller than either.

Voluntary, but inco-ordinate, muscular acts may be expected about the fourth month. At this time the child may be trusted to hold its head up without assistance. *This should not be allowed at an earlier date. The child may sit erect* about the *sixth month* and may be allowed to make its *first attempts at walking about* the twelfth month.

It is a good idea, any time after the fourth month, to place the child on the floor during its waking hours, and allow it to kick around as it likes, for this is the only way it can get the exercise that it needs to strengthen its muscles. *Do hamper it too much with clothing.* H everything loose, and *do not be afrai let it cry* all that it may reasonably This opens the lungs.

Expect the first lower central cutt teeth about the *sixth month* and the up ones should follow very shortly. *Th should be no serious constitutional turbances* at this period. The child r be peevish and somewhat restless, bu he is very seriously ill it is generally fr *some coincident trouble* that the act teething has excited. It is well to h the child under observation occasiona at this time for there are many *re conditions* that may show up, that sho be attended to by the family physici Two portions of the body may be seat of trouble that can *very materi affect the future health* of the individ The *throat* and the *genital organs.* Do neglect to have both, *in either sex,* ca fully examined. *Many parents mak grave mistake* in this respect, and cover it when more serious operati are necessary to correct the troubles t would be the case if the cause had b discovered earlier. In the development the "Special senses" *sight* should present at birth. Hearing is not well tablished for two or three days, and child cannot usually locate sounds v much before the fourth month. To is present at birth but not very ac except in the tongue and lips for the f three months. The *temperature sens* also very acute in the tongue, wh should be remembered. *Taste* is hig developed at birth. Very little is kno regarding the sense of smell in the ea months of childhood.

Speech is very variable in developme The child that walks early will usua talk late, and conversely, the same is tr If a child is saying some words at the of the first year, and putting senten together at the end of the second, he within normal limits. If there has b no voluntary effort to form words or s tences by the end of the second ye some defect in the mental or physi development of the child may be ticipated.

These figures are *approximate,* a

ply to average conditions. An average
ld will conform to them within *reason-*
e limitations.

Given a fairly normal organism to start
h, the task of training this *aggregation*
special characteristics is one that ne-
sarily falls to the lot of the *parent.*
is little mite of humanity comes to us
logically perfect. It presents much
same characteristics as does the form
t comes from the moulding sand to
artisan. It is in the rough, and has to
finished before it can be considered of
ch account to the world of commerce.
fe is real, and this world is the one that
l be the scene of action for this em-
o man or woman a little later in life.
The little acorn that drops from the
at oak has in it the making of another
k. This other oak will *not be just like*
progenitor. It *cannot be,* in the
ural order of things. Just what sort
an oak tree will develop from this little
m in the acorn, depends entirely on
environments surrounding it. Just so
ely does the environment affect every
especially so, in early life. A parent,
he is of the right temperament, may
ke anything of his child that he
oses. It is not so much the child as it
he training that he receives, for there
comparatively few children who with
per training cannot be placed in al-
st any class from the brilliant mathe-
tician and Greek scholar at thirteen, to
little happy-go-lucky urchin, that
stes his time playing ball on the dump.
s largely a matter of choice and effort,
the part of the parent, which extreme
child takes.

By common consent the mother should
e the training of the girls. The father
uld assume the direction of the boys.
ere should never be any conflict of
hority as to discipline in the home, for
h will always ruin the domestic plan.
The father should *never mix,* in the
rts of the mother to correct the chil-
n. He should hold himself as a *source*
appeal in case of need, and always
t the matter with dignity if he wishes
tain his authoritative position. Chil-
n very soon learn "who's boss" and
family discipline suffers accordingly.
ents *should never quarrel* before their children. The influence is extremely bad. They will invariably take sides with either one or the other, and such judgments as they form will last much longer than one realizes and have a very potent effect on the temperament of the child.

In the training of a child there should be but two ideals that one may follow. In the case of a boy, the whole effort should be in the direction of producing a *healthy, honorable, God-fearing, American citizen,* capable of meeting, and successfully negotiating any of the many perplexing exigencies that may come to him in his commercial and domestic life.

In the event of a girl, the efforts of the mother should be directed to contributing to the world a daughter who should be *efficient in all the duties that belong to a true loyal wife* and homekeeper, who will be an honor to any man whom she selects to love, and who will have sufficient *tact* and *good judgment* to act as the valued companion and adviser of her husband in his trials, that he will invariably meet in life.

There are certain characteristics, however, common to both, that must be considered in the training of the child.

Train the child to obedience from the start. Help him to gain fortitude, in bearing pain. It will help later in life. If the child bears his *bumps* well now, he will take the *jolts* that are coming to him later in life, with more composure.

Train, never break, the will of the child. Breaking the will is like drawing the temper from a well tempered piece of steel. It makes it soft and pliable, and results the same in the case of a child.

Train the child to be *truthful* and to realize that *there are others* besides him in the world and that they have possessions all their very own. And there is a *sacred right* attached to everything that belongs to another. His place is to let such things alone.

Train the child to be courteous. Nothing will count more to his success in life than a due regard for the *comforts* and *pleasure* not to mention the *feelings in general,* of another person. He must not be *selfish* or *egotistical* if he would be useful in life.

Very early in life one may begin to

train the appetite of a child so that he may control it well. He should not be given everything he wishes to eat. It is not good for him. He will soon learn what is good for him and what is not. Offer your pet terrier anything that will not agree with him and see what he will do. He just smells of it, and if it will agree with him he will eat it; if not, he will refuse it. Not so with the average child. He judges by the looks of it, and generally will eat anything without considering its consequences.

Scolding or *corporal punishment* is never indicated in the treatment of children.

Firm, consistent, depriving the child of coveted privileges and pleasures, with such *reasonable admonishing* as the case requires, will be all that is necessary, and will accomplish much more than any unwise display of temper before the child, who will only lose respect for the parent in such event.

Many parents think that most of these matters should be left for after years in the child's life. They do not realize l early, or how easily, a child acqu fixed habits.

A child can be trained to do one th just as well as another, and will be as happy in his pursuits, *if the matte hand is only made interesting to h Excite his curiosity* and he will very v ingly do the rest.

A healthy mind well set in a *so body* will always have sufficiently se tive activity to cause it to acquire all t is desired by the most ambitious par if but the opportunity is afforded. . . Just give to the teacher, and later the world, a child *well grounded* in precepts as set forth in the "Beatitude and one having a wholesome regard the "Golden rule," and a parent n never fear for the future of his child.

If every child could be started w such a blessing, there would be no n of any of the many corrective institutio for taking care of the criminal clas and the world would be far better for change.

Books Of The Hour

Charles Scribner's Sons have issued a series of 16 mo. volumes bound attractively in boards or leather. The list contains: "The Perfect Tribute" and "The Lifted Bandage," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews; "The Success of Defeat," by M. D. Babcock; "The Messenger," by Katharine Holland Brown; "The Consul," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Master of the Inn," by Robert Herrick; "The Angel of Lonesome Hill," by Frederick Landis; "A Christmas Sermon," "Prayers Written at Vailima" and "Aes Triplex," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "The School of Life," "The Spirit of Christmas," "The Sad Shepherd," by Henry Van Dyke; and a monograph upon Robert Louis Stevenson by his step-daughter, Isobel Strong. The chapters are summary-impressions of phases and impressions of Stevenson's life,—the chapter heads are: "T Child," "The Youth," "The Man," "T Traveller," "The Writer," "T Teacher," "The Friend," "The Poe "The Chief."

The earnestness, the intensity Stevenson's imagination, in fact the *spi* in which he worked is told in this in dent: "Once while waiting in a drawi room he saw a small boy playing boat a sofa. The little man rowed and put sail and hauled in imaginary ropes a finally, tiring of the game, jumped the make-believe craft and walked to t door. "Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens reproachfully, "for God's sake swim."

The entire little book is the story Stevenson's fight to be himself, so speak. It does not tell this story detail but rather, impressionistically we become sympathizers with the fra

nsitive youth whose differences with is father as to his profession were bliged to come to an explosion tem- orarily, in order to convince this father at light-house engineering was an im- ssibility for this youth's profession.

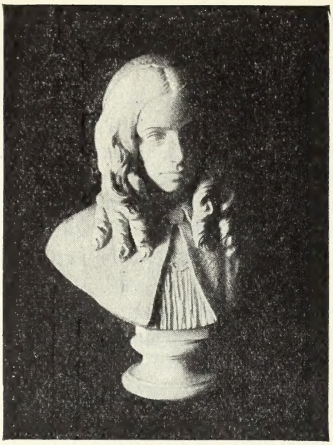
The chapter on Stevenson as "friend" lls instances of the love and worship hich the people of the Southern Sea lands had for him, and more touching ill was his deep appreciation of their mage and his appreciation of a friend. f we find but one to whom we can eak out of our heart freely, with whom e can walk in love and simplicity with- t dissimulation, we have no ground of arrel with the world or God." The ok ends with Stevenson, the chief, and l of his courage to the end. It is an teresting monograph and full of in- esting pictures from his life.

Dodd, Mead and Company (New rk) have recently issued a new edition Aglavaine and Selysette by Maurice aeterlinck,—a drama in five acts.

This is of the same delicate poetic esse and appeal as the art with which wrought " Pelleas and Melisande" d "La Princesse Maline" (though the ter is of the fatalistic Maeterlinckian riod). Aglavaine and Selysette is ought in miniature, especially as far as e character of Selysette be concerned. is "Pelleas and Melisande." This is t true of his manner in "L'Oiseau eue" nor in his "Mary Magdalene." If were to say, off hand, why "The Blue rd" has reached so far I would say t it is because it is so thoroughly man, so consummately human. If I re to say, offhand, that "Mary Magda- e" should be more popular and were try to find a reason for its hesitancy become popular, I would say that it is cause it is too human. One can strain e's althuism to its utmost, and reach th with all of one's will-power and od intent and the truth has to remain t for practical social purposes, there not much place for even as seeing a man-soul as Mary Magdalene, after e has sold her birthright for a mess of ttage,—in other words, after she has ce been a bad woman. A cruel world? Well, perhaps. Yet after all, if this rating of values be not thus proportioned, we should seem to under-rate, to not give the deserved laurel to the beautiful woman-soul who saw her way clearly from the first and stumbled not. The most that the world can say to the Mary Magdalene's who are as *big* in nature as was Mary Magdalene in Maeterlinck's drama and who eventually see their way clearly, is that they need fear not; for they shall find their own. There will be some one or two or three who will give unto them and thus is the bounty of forgiveness measured out and thus is the doctrine of forgiveness and atonement worked out and in no other wise than by to some extent making us "pay the price," is the ideal for righteous living and striving, undishonored, upheld and perpetuated. It is not a cruel doctrine after all, for a few friends, a few dear friends is about all that most of us can be properly and thoroughly loyal to; energy and generosity as well, should not be wasted but sanely and discriminately consecrated and concentrated.

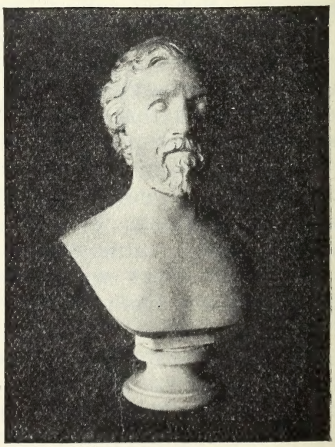
If I were going to say, offhand and in the same spirit as the above, why "Aglavaine and Selysette" will not be popular, I would say because it is too human an instance treated and evolved in its very, very exceptional and almost impossible occurrence. Alfred Sutro says in his admirable and sympathetic preface to the work, that it is a "study, exquisite and delicate, of the eternal triangle, the one man and the two women. But here it is not as in the ordinary French play that deals with this thorny subject; there is no delirious atmosphere of desire and passion; no, here all is subdued and tranquil, human emotions vibrate with subtler harmonies, nothing is gross, nothing is violent."

Selysette is a miniature,—like Melisande—a little soul breathed out of vague and misty shadow. Aglavaine is a woman who would be more divine than she is capable of being,—an exaggeration as it were and (I dare to say it) a fac-simile of what I *imagine* Georgette LeBlanc Maeterlinck wants and attempts to effect out of herself. However artistic a soul she may be, from that which Arthur



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Symons has said of her and from what she has said and done herself she is the only woman whom I know of who would in veritable sincerity imagine that she could lean as far over the brink of the human precipice, could stretch herself out into the unknown instance as far and be as sure of doing it *in safety* as does Aglavaine and also Monna Vanna. Both Aglavaine and Monna Vanna are the super-instance. And I truly believe Mme. Maeterlinck feels as safe in such an instance if it were carried out literally as Maeterlinck has portrayed it to be felt. Of course we do not *know* Mme. Maeterlinck but she is the only person, even of the artistic folk, whom Maeterlinck could have had in mind when he made Aglavaine say to Selysette (who is Meleander's wife), "Is it not strange, I love you, I love Meleander, he loves you, too, you love us both, and yet we cannot live happily together, because the hour has not yet come when human beings can thus love each other." Perhaps I should say that the exaggeration of the woman is better shown in her thinking in the first place that it was possible. Of course it was the very exaggeration of the woman which allowed her to believe so sincerely in things which are not true. The very daring of the woman is innocent; her very innocence is daring. Thus, when Selysette asks meekly whether Aglavaine has kissed Meleander, Aglavaine replies "Yes"...."Because there are things that can only be said in a kiss....Because t things in us that are deepest and pur perhaps will not arise from our soul u less a kiss have summoned them...." is only the exaggerated soul that rea believes this so sincerely that she *e pects* the one who is hurt by it not to hurt. In the end it is Meleander w utters the truth,—"the beauty that brin unhappiness in its train, the wisdom th tries to be beautiful—and above a destiny that remains so deaf to all." believe that Alfred Sutro conceiv Aglavaine as a lofty soul, an idealist, dreamer. I believe Mme. Maeterlin herself has spoken of her so. For r part I only see her as a woman who spo the bigness of her by having so mu faith in herself, who is so enrapt by he self, is so completely possessed by wha ever she sees as beauty and by whatev she wants as the consummation of who, in a word, is so thoroughly a devo worshipper at the shrine of the call her soul that she follows wherever th call leads,—in a word, she believes thoroughly in whatever she feels, believ so sincerely in it, that she has no ide utterly, that she *can* do or be wrong. is not, in any sense, a conceited or ev an egoistic soul,—not intentionally,—b rather a soul carried so far by promptings that it is unconscious whither it goes. No woman but Georget LeBlanc Maeterlinck could have d scribed herself in the Melisande of Sai Abbey-Wandrille in the ecstacy, in t



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preme faith of herself as did she. A man of that sort is an exaggeration,— admirable, a superb exaggeration. I not believe that these people are nply too big for life as it is lived. I ieve rather that they want to be bigger an they are and they innocently and cerely enough, exaggerate.

Alfred Sutro ends his preface thus, glavaine herself has to realize that her ecious arguments have failed helplessly fore life, with its ruthless logic; lysette tries, too, like the others; d her only way is death. The uised little body in the courtyard the achievement of these three ople who have striven for some- ing that was beyond their power; we e shown that what is beautiful cannot ke the place of what is merely human. reated as only Maeterlinck could treat this little play, with its half-tones, its range recurrences of phrase and idea, snatches of song, its pale sunlight ercing the gloom, its image of little lysette smiling through her tears, and eeping through her smiles, grips the art most painfully, and stirs something at lies very deep,—" and again:

"Never has a more heartrending scene en written than the one in the tower here Selysette gives her parting in- ructions to little Yssaline, her sister, ho unconsciously is urging her on to r death."

Like all dramas of Maeterlinck it is ne subtly, simply and pathetically,— r there is a pathos in them, everyone.

Dodd, Mead and Company have also sued "The Life of Tolstoy," a new lition by Aylmer Maude. The addition this standard work contains an ac- unt of Tolstoy's dramatic flight from is home, his death, and some subsequent vents of great interest which will make ne new edition have an especial value. his life of one of the greatest reformers ne world has ever known is complete nd authoritative. It is a powerful, sym- athetic portrait of Tolstoy the man. wo vols. 8 vo.

Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, ave a new volume of handy attractive-



Mary Caroline Crawford

ness for the devotees of G. K. Chesterton (and their name is legion). The name of it is "Wit and Wisdom of G. K. Chesterton, selected and arranged by his wife. The extracts are long and short, grave and gay and are cullings from all his writings,—a revelation of Mr. Chesterton's exhilarating personality.

Mary Caroline Crawford is too well-known as a Boston author and as an interesting historian of the city of her birth from its earliest days, "St. Botolph's Town," "Old Boston Days and Ways" and "Romantic Days in Old Boston" were rich in information involving her own sex. Miss Crawford is just as painstaking and searching a seer in the study of personalities and the result of such study is now published with the title, "Goethe and his Woman Friends." Miss Crawford made a trip to Germany to secure necessary material, where she collected the majority of the hundred pictures with which the book is illustrated. Miss Crawford is a woman of many and varied interests. She is a graduate of Radcliffe College and actively associated with the literary life of Boston. She is also active along the lines of civic and humanitarian progress. She has been for some time secretary of the "Ford Hall" lectures.

Her volume upon Goethe is written with a desire to defend Goethe from his critics. She begins with an appreciation of his mother. It next considers

Gretchen, the prototype of Marguerite and proceeds to Charlotte, the Countess von Stein, Angelica Kauffmann, the child Bettina, Christiane Vulpius and Ulrike von Luetzow.

Miss Crawford is an avowed partisan and believes she is justified in her attitude, her interpretation of this man of "overflowing lovingness." The book is full of events, important and unimportant and is richly illustrated. It is an appreciation of Goethe's personality, really, especially in regard to his relations with women and of course this is really a consummate phase of his life and achievements. The book is very attractively bound. It is published by Little, Brown and Company.

One of the most interesting little books that has been issued during the season is "The Eleventh Hour in the Life of Julia Ward Howe," by her daughter, Maud Howe (Elliott). Mrs. Elliott is well known as the wife of John Elliott, the artist and as the author of "Roma Beata," "Sun and Shadow in Spain," "Sicily in Shadow and Sun."

She gives in this little book a most faithful and intimate picture of her mother's closing years. It is valuable on account of its coming from one who really knew her and lived with her and felt the power and fruitfulness of her rich long life. It tells of her habits of work and play described with simplicity and sympathetic understanding. Mrs. Howe's was a life consecrated to the joy of toil and she works regularly and industriously and much of the secret of her fruitful and happy longevity were due to her attitude toward labor. It is an earnest account, a labor of love,—this little book. Mrs. Elliott aims to share her lesson from the Eleventh Hour of this ancient morn's rich life, with her reader. There are other biographies of Mrs. Howe and other accounts of her life but none more sympathetic nor more true in presenting a loving picture.

She tells many an instance of her wisdom and other qualities,—of her earnest joy in the study of Greek literature at a comparatively late hour in life. She tells of a young fellow who was continuously doing the wrong thing and whose r was agitated over something whicl wished to do and which could not sibly end in aught save disaster and happy circumstance for himself. was trying to justify the doing of himself by making himself believe th was a noble sacrifice and that one ougl make such a sacrifice, etc., and he pu Mrs. Howe the question—Ought we be willing to do such a duty of sacri etc. Mrs. Howe saw through his mo in an instant. She saw that he me *wanted* to do the thing and that wanted to be pillared up and approve by Mrs. Howe's sanction after having this cloaked appeal to her. Mrs. H looked at him and then said: "We c into the world *alone,* we go out of world *alone,* and there is nothing of but ourselves." By Little, Brown Company.

In "The Brownings, Their Life Art," Miss Whiting has produced one her most important works and what r fairly be considered a valuable contri tion to biographical literature. She aimed to present the separate life of b Robert Browning and Elizabeth Bar up to the time of their marriage; portray something of that idyl of marr life that lasted only fifteen years, most beautiful romance the world l ever known; and to picture, as best might, the wonderful richness of Brow ing's poetic development, achieveme and brilliant experiences during twenty-eight years remaining to hi after he had felt that all achievement w ended because of the loss of his "Ly Love."

Miss Whiting's frequent sojourns Florence and Rome have perhaps serv to familiarize her with the scenic setti of Italian life that encompassed a enthralled the wedded poets, and h friendship with Mrs. Browning's nam sake niece, Miss Elizabeth Barrett Rome, has been another felicitous aid drawing upon some hitherto untrodd fields of interest connected with the liv of the two poets. Literature is alrea rich in notable criticism of the immort work of Robert Browning; and Mi

Whiting's effort is to interpret more especially the characteristics, and friendships, and manifold interests of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, in their enthusiasm for Italy, their views of life, their devotion to poetic art, and the wide range of their friendships. The period in which they lived was one of the most brilliant in contemporary genius; and their circle included Wordsworth, Landor, Tennyson, Rossetti, Milsand, Trollope, Leighton, Millais, Jowett, Harriet Hosmer, the Storys, the Hawthornes, Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Stowe, Ruskin, and many others of the immortals in literature and life. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston.)

The Last View of the Martyred President

By L. C. BREED

INTEREST in everything pertaining to President Lincoln increases with the lapse of time, and it is, in a sense, a duty, as well as a privilege to add ever so little to the facts and particulars concerning him which are already in possession of the historian and through him, of the American nation that loved him so well in life and who so sacredly revere and preserve his memory in death.

On the occasion of a visit to Springfield, the martyred president's old home, the writer learned that a leading contractor superintended not only the building of the monument in Oak Ridge cemetery, but had the personal responsibility of the custody of the remains of President Lincoln from the time that he entered upon the work until the casket was removed from its temporary resting place and placed in the crypt beneath the monument which towers above it—having been during this interval, under bonds in the sum of fifty thousand dollars to the State of Illinois. To protect the body and to safe-guard himself, the contractor had private watchmen in charge of the premises night and day. As the contractor, during the war with Spain, had charge of a brigade, he enjoyed the confidence of his fellow citizens and the State authorities as to the character and efficiency of his provisions made in this important respect.

Wishing to learn some particulars concerning the circumstances incident to the placing of the casket in its final resting place, I sought and obtained interesting information concerning the matter during my sojourn in the capital city.

When the metallic coffin was placed in the receptacle provided for it, the casket in which had been brought from Washington in the spring of 1865, was buried nearby, but only the custodian of the cemetery at that time knew the exact spot. It troubled the parties in charge of the work, because it would not be possible to avoid the risk of destroying the casket in the excavating necessary for the foundation of the monument.

One day one of the men came rushing to the superintendent as he came upon the ground, and told him that the steam shovel which bore prongs on its basket, had struck an object, which upon examining was found to be a casket, and the man was in great distress and horror at the accidental act of sacrilege of which he supposed he had been guilty. The superintendent at once reassured him by telling him this was undoubtedly the empty Washington casket, and on making a careful examination found this to be the case.

"What disposition," I inquired, "was made of this casket?" "The superintendent took charge of it," said my informant, "and removed three of the beautiful and costly handles. In spite of the care bestowed upon the custody of the casket, one other was removed and stolen. Of the three one was given to the

State, one to the custodian of the cemetery, and the superintendent reserved the other. Later on the casket was buried in a niche provided for it under one of the corners of the crypt, twenty-two feet below the surface, and no one but the superintendent and the men who did the work, knew the exact location."

"I have heard that Robert Lincoln feared the remains might be disturbed and saw the contractor with regard to the matter."

"Yes, that is so. One day he and Governor Yates called on the company and Mr. Lincoln, in explaining the object of his visit, stated that he wished to learn the expense of enclosing the casket in a steel case, similar to the method employed in case of Mr. Pullman's remains, the engineer's plans for which he would furnish and the expense of providing he would bear personally."

He was informed that it would probably cost one thousand dollars.

"Very well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I would like this to be done."

"At this juncture, the governor, who stood a little in the rear of Mr. Lincoln, made a sign signifying his assumption of the matter in behalf of the State, at least that was the way it was understood, and it so turned out."

"Did Mr. Lincoln make any criticism concerning the original provision for the protection of his father's remains?"

"Why, he was asked, in effect, something bearing on the matter, and he replied it was not to protect the body from ghouls, but to safe-guard it from his friends. He went on to state that his father's body had already been moved fourteen times and he wished to know beyond peradventure, that the difficulty and expense of so doing would be so great, it would act as a deterrant, at least during his own life-time."

"I have heard this contractor was the last man who gazed on the features of the dead president."

"Well—not exactly, for though he was present and in charge, one of the two plumbers he engaged to open the lea coffin, in sealing the opening, was actu the last person who saw or will ever his face. There was, in fact, an atte made to contest this privilege on the of these two men, and the contractor terfered. He ordered an opening about a foot and a half long at the h of the coffin. The aperture was mad drilling at the top and sides and turn up the cutting like a hinge."

"Was the body in a good state preservation?"

"Remarkably, since the features w easily recognizable, showing that process of embalming in April, 1865, been skilfully performed."

"A transparent white film covered features and rendered them reasona natural, in spite of the fact that a car examination showed the skin to be q yellow. The beard, at the ends, slightly curly, and had the appearanc having grown since death, as it did in this respect exactly resemble known likenesses taken just before de His cravat and vest were also in a markable state of preservation, intact glossy, but the silken pillow on which head rested was badly decayed. The was slightly elevated as if, in some w the coffin had been subjected to a jar."

"Besides President Lincoln, his w and children are buried beneath monument, are they not?"

"Yes, and provision is made Robert Lincoln and family. In orde furnish Mr. Lincoln with document evidence of this fact, the contractor wi him, formally, advising him of it, tho it is hardly probable any use will nee be made of his letter."

"How long a time had elapsed since body was embalmed and the time w it was viewed?"

"A little more than thirty-seven ye A few years longer than in case Napoleon,* when his body was vie at St. Helena."

The writer's earliest visit to Spri field was in the fall of 1865, when, a

*When Napoleon's remains were viewed at St. Helena on the occasion of the removal his body to France, it was found to be in a remarkable state of preservation and his featur readily recognized.

It was noted that a slight growth of the beard had taken place, for Napoleon w always closely shaven.

ad, I was making a tour of the West. I rst proceeded to the Lincoln home, and rom thence to Oak Ridge cemetery. here I found a company of soldiers enamped for the purpose of guarding the eceiving tomb of the cemetery, in which he remains of the president had temorarily been placed. The outer doors ere thrown open and I stood and gazed hrough the iron bars of the inner gate nto the tomb. Within almost arm's each, the casket rested upon a bier, and wreath of flowers lay upon it. Close y, alongside of his father, was a smaller asket containing the body of little Tad, —the pet name by which he was called y the great man in whose heart there as always an affectionate interest for ll children.

Boy though I was at the time, I was ld enough to measurably grasp the ext of the calamity of Mr. Lincoln's eath to the nation and to experience and hare with my elders, the sorrow so uniersally and deeply felt. As I reverently ood at the tomb and peered within, I elt a keener realization of the events of x months earlier than otherwise could ave been my lot.

And now, after the lapse of forty-two ears, the grown man wended his way gain to the cemetery. On the occasion f my second visit, several soldiers were lso at Oak Ridge to pay their respects nd to gratify their desire to see the place here they had laid him whom the ation, and indeed the civilized world delights to honor. From their appearance I readily was aware that no one of these men was born while the martyred president was living.

Later in the day, I met a gentleman who was at Springfield on a matter of business, and in speaking of my first visit, he told me he used to live at Springfield, and his home was near Mr. Lincoln's. The family of his father were intimate with their neighbors, and as a young lad he had often dined at Mr. Lincoln's home, prior to his election to the presidency.

Before leaving the city, I walked around to the Lincoln residence, which I found was being repaired. The State owns it, and having charge of the property, it will be carefully cared for and preserved as far as practicable, from the ravages of time.

Musing over the events of the day, the well known lines of President Lincoln's favorite poem came to mind:—

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave."

The Lincoln monument is ninety-eight feet high, from the ground line to apex. It has five crypts and a memorial hall. The cost was about half a million dollars.

HISTORIC FIREPLACES

By KATE ANDERSON WADSWORTH

PERHAPS it is because the fire on the hearth has almost gone out in New England that some of us cling so tenaciously to the homeeads, and visit them from time to time ith renewed interest. Here we find the enerous fireplaces about which the men and women famed in history once gathered, as happy boys and girls.

They received their inspiration for strong, useful lives not alone from the glow of the burning logs, but also from the quiet presence of the "Serene Mother" knitting in the chimney corner.

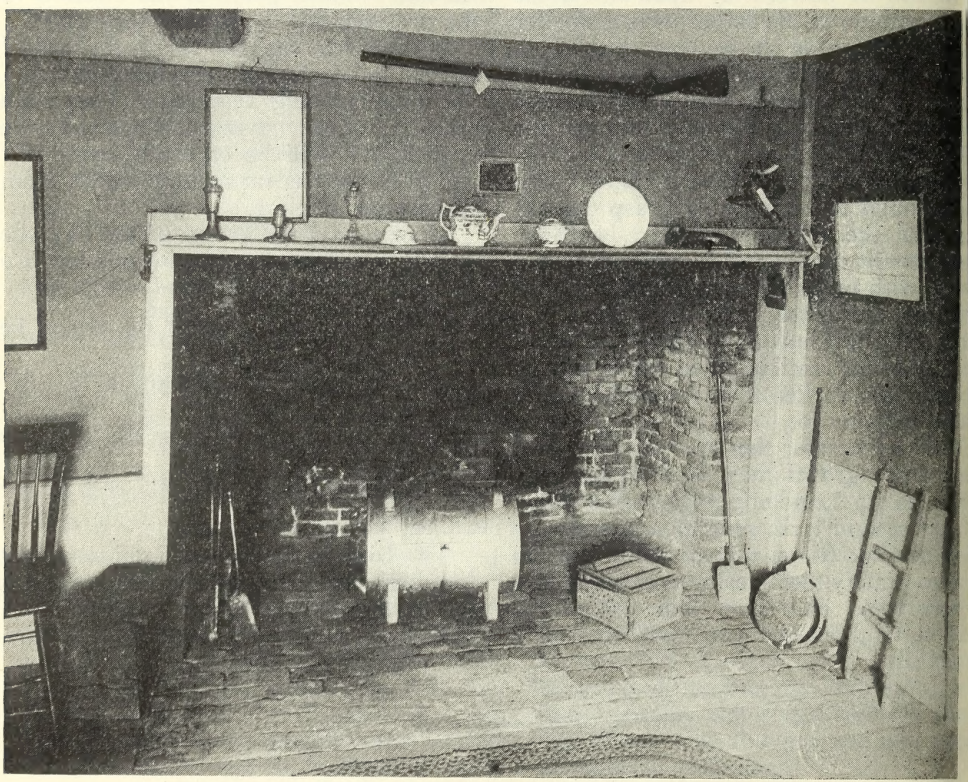
Saturated with the peace and repose which came from such a combination of influences, the youth of the fireside days met, with calm strength, the problems which have always and must always assail youth.

It was here that the healthy desire was created in the boy to become a man that he might provide sufficient flax for the spinning, and chop his stint of wood; and in the heart of the young girl a glad acquiescence to these simple preparations for home building. What potent charms those homely fireside ideals contained!

It was the "Serene Mother" herself who taught her daughters to bake and brew, to spin and sew in the days when cooking school and sewing class were as superfluous in those fireside households as are reels and spinning wheels in these of the firesideless ones.

A dim whisper of memories always hovers about the hearths where families have gathered for generations and t imagination is liberate.; it is the ke pleasure of such an experience that dra one again and again to the historic fi places, though it be sometimes mistak for a traveler's curiosity.

One can almost scent the roasti apples and get the fragrance from gran father's mug of flip as the red poker thrust into it to give the final mello taste. The warmest corner was alwa kept for the white-haired members of t



Fireplace in the kitchen of the John Adams House at Quincy, Massachusetts

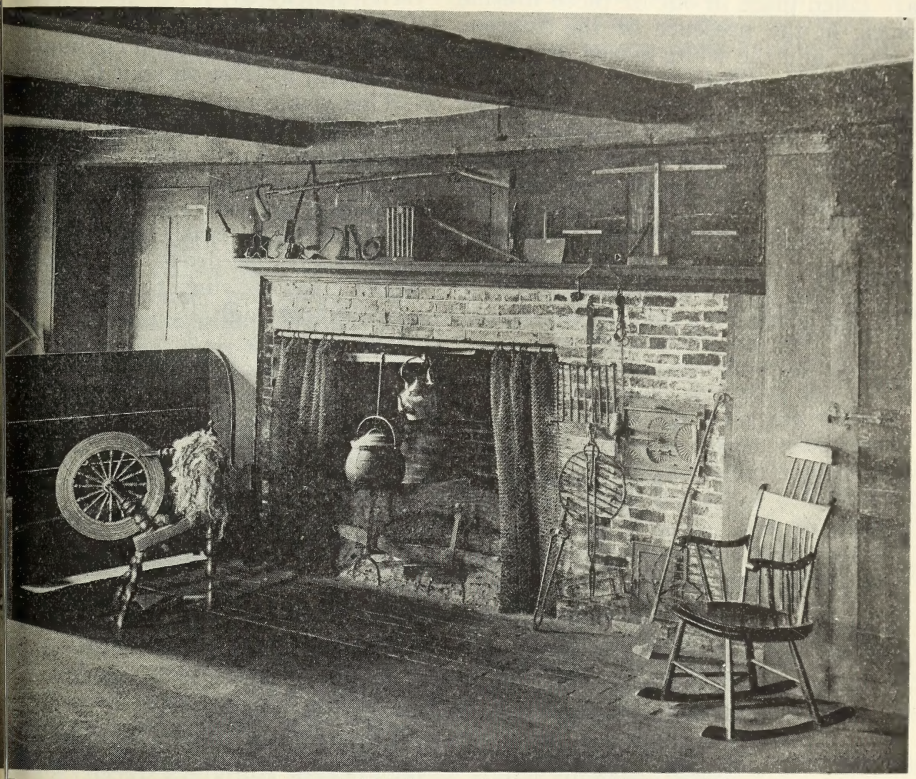
family, and they were made welcome i the midst of the circle of cheerful youn people; their presence considered a ben diction, rather than a menace to goo times!

Everything about those fireplaces wa generous, inviting, expansive. Th chimney in the living room of the hous where John Adams was born, is ove eight feet wide and the opening is qui large enough to permit one's standin

le. As I did this once to see if it d be done, I looked up at the bit of sky above, and was convinced that ancestors did not die of vitiated air! his particular fireplace is also large gh to admit of a settle placed on the k flagging inside the chimney. One easily imagine little John Adams sit- on such a settle and gazing upward atch the gentle snowflakes approach ntrance only to be converted, by the g heat, to tiny drops of water; unless

She was capable of doing, not only the spinning, but also of watching the chickens which must be slowly turned on the roasting spits, in order to get the desired brown. The various pots which hung on the iron crane also insisted upon her attention, the busy bubbling things!

Beautiful "Dorothy Q"! With all her charm and her homely, practical fireside accomplishments how she held the warm affection of John Hancock throughout their long, happy married life.



FIREPLACE IN THE KITCHEN OF THE "DOROTHY Q" HOUSE, AT QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

referred to lie prone on the brick ing before the fire, using it as a light ich to read.

w altogether desirable Dorothy y must have looked to John Han- as he saw her, busy with her spin- wheel drawn close to the great fire- in the kitchen of her father's house; uddy glow of the fire giving an l charm to the sweet radiance of her

The modern Dorothy, with the toe of her mannish boot resting against the base of the radiator, her chair tipped back to a perilous degree, and her muscular arms stretched above her head, converses intelligently with the modern John on any subject he pleases to introduce. She is frankly interested in his work and his sports—in fact she is a fine fellow and a congenial, jolly companion!

It is Charles Dudley Warner who

says: "The family has gone, as an institution, with the hearth, though there still are attempts to bring up a family round a register."

Possibly it is the paralyzing effect of a square of iron in the floor, or a columnar monstrosity against the wall which has imperilled the family as an institution, but certainly it is passing with the passing of the fireside life.

I am convinced that the following conversation which I overheard could not have taken place in one of those fireside homes, in the presence of the "Serene Mother" and the white-haired grandsire.

They were both well born, well educated and presumably well bred. They were planning to be married.

Dorothy: "Mother wants me to take a course of cooking lessons, but I think it is all rot!"

John (anxiously): "Why rot?"

Dorothy: "Because if it is necessary to do so, any girl of intelligence can cook if she has at hand a good cook book; why waste three mornings a week kitchen smelling of hot fat, when on be on the golf links instead, brea the fresh, clear air?"

John: "But your mother is st peach, how can you deny her any w

Dorothy: "Sure! Mother is sweetest thing that ever happened she is of another generation and doe understand the needs of the modern She would have me do all the thing did when *she* was a girl and it is *fectly* ridiculous!"

John (dejectedly): "So you ar going to take a course in cooking?"

Dorothy: "Not on your life!"

This was a radiator conversation

There is something about the glo an open fire that brings a gentle ton inspires sympathetic confidences. T memories are revived. Pure tho reign; it is as if the sight of the fl burned out the dross of thought desire. Let us cling to the Hearth pile the logs high.

The Bereft Mother

By ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON.

Again the maple trees are gayly drest
In russet, crimson, gold and paling green,
And joyous children, eager, seek to glean
The tinted showers falling on earth's breast;
O childish hearts with wealth of childish zest
What could my hands withhold from Autumn's queen
To share the joy you garner from the scene
And live the present in such idle quest.

But no, the years have higher trained my eyes,
I scan the top-most branches of the trees
Each time, as Autumn gravely can attest;
I sense the meaning of the South Wind's sighs
When she steals back, far over summer seas,
To rock once a little empty nest.

The Sister

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

This instalment concludes Miss Dillingham's admirably written novel. We are so much gratified by the interest which our readers have taken in this serial of the past year, that we hope to find that the one which will begin soon will be as cordially received.

Chapter V. (Continued.)

'Ruth," she leaned forward and drew girl into her arms, "the young man o has so disturbed our peaceful lives gone out of them. He will not return, ieve me; there is now no hindrance to spiritual life. Thy heart is softened l chastened, the Lord will not give e over, thou shalt become one with . Thy soul might have been lost to had this young man come hither, ugh I longed for him, Ruth, despite perverseness. Now from the note he written me, a note of base insult, I that he can never more become my lower nor can I help him in his need. t now," she rose almost briskly put- g Ruth gently away, "thy work lies ore thee and thy hours shall be glad l useful. Dost thou think thou couldst ach again soon?"

'Oh, nay," cried Ruth, "nay, ask me , let me rest this winter, while my rt is full of grief—and my mother l father—" she did not finish; De- ah bowed over her and touched the t, golden hair with her hand, then left room.

'I did him harm—I was wrong—but— —I am not a child," whispered Ruth herself—" I must think—sometimes— myself—though not so wise as she—" And then from that time began a life thought for Ruth. She worked in ulah, busy most of the time, grave and iet, and marking the changes of Na- e and the work she did in Beulah, by anges in her thought, by new ideas, t flashed upon her from strange ses.

When the woods along the river showed dashes of refulgent yellow, with strips of brown russet splashed with unmixed red, and here and there a line of quieter green pine satisfied to serve now as a back ground for dying, since soon it would be unrivaled among beauty bare branches and tattered leaves;—then Caleb Brown and his wife came to Beulah and made the confession of their mistake in marriage.

They stood side by side in the meeting house before the quiet men and women who had been their fellows, and Caleb read aloud the confession the Sister had written for them, in which they set forth their sinfulness in marrying without her consent and their bitter repentance for the same. Their common-place figures broadly filling the space before the pulpit took on a heroic look to Ruth, who felt a stir of pity for them, and a faint indignation against the Sister, at their humiliation.

" 'Tis a pity thou dost so regret thy marriage," she said to Sister Brown after meeting her in the Sister's house where Caleb and she had come to live. Sister Brown moved her shoulders.

"We had a tenant for the farm and I like it here better for the winter, 'tis pleasanter, and Caleb is afraid of dying, though between you and me 'tis overeating and I could bring him through myself, and if we would come we must confess; 'twas a little enough to do, though I was much ashamed to do it. But la! it don't change my feelings any. I'd marry him again if I did have to make the confession; 'tisn't much."

Ruth was speechless; the next day she

said to the Sister as she was working over the ledger in Deborah's room:

"I fear Sister Brown and Caleb do not fully understand what the confession means. She did not seem to comprehend its deep import."

Deborah looked at Ruth and smiled. "I think they feel it enough. 'Twas not simply because of their sin of marriage but in order that my followers should ever feel my power in all they do. Thou must understand how to make thy strength plain, Ruth, if thou wilt follow me."

Then Deborah rose and went to the little table with the two drawers, in the upper of which was kept the ledger; she opened the lower drawer and took out a letter.

"Perhaps thou wouldst be interested to hear from Dolly,—here is a letter writ by Martha Lawton, I will read it to thee."

"Oh, thank thee!" Ruth's face lighted up.

"Here is a bit about the misguided young man, George Trowbridge." Deborah's eyes were on Ruth's face, she saw how the flush mounted high.

"Dolly is monstrous gay this winter," read Deborah. "I think she will make a grand match without doubt. Many young men are running after her, among them the young man, George Trowbridge, that you remember having a house near to yours. He will be an excellent match. He seems to be much taken with Dolly who grows prettier every day. The air of Beulah did her good, I know it must be excellent for the complexion for there was Ruth—I—think that this is all that would interest thee—" said Deborah, sweetly, looking up over the letter.

"Thank thee," said Ruth again with a changed accent. Then she turned and went back to her room.

"Oh, I wish my mother were here," she said, with her cheek against the window-pane and looking down the road at the splendor of color with unseeing eyes. "I—wish she were—here—" Then her thought went to her mother, and in the sudden wave of loneliness that swept over her, she realized for the first time a lack in her love for her moth reserve in her grief. It had not been awful sorrow of one who loses her there had seemed another and stro mother at Ruth's side; but now—T she remembered how her mother said she had been weak in love,—so Ruth been. She had sent him awa George Trowbridge away—because spoke against the Sister. Of course must love the Sister, her mother sai love one above all else and let no separate her from that love. She n love the Sister above all else. She wo The young man had gone out of her The Sister was all in all to her n But now that she was all in all, now Ruth thought she had put all life that of Beulah irrevocably behind she felt it not so disloyal to think what the young man had said of the ter. It was not true,—what he and Jo Ditmarsh had said,—but there were mother and her father separated,— Sister's strange way of believing w she pleased,—and try as Ruth would could not forget Dolly's light words Aunt Debby,—and Caleb and his w with their confession—and the dema upon the young man,—perhaps he w not so wicked. After all he was bet away from Beulah; he belonged another world where there were ma fine ladies and great men. What ma him want to marry her?

Then Ruth left the window and w to her small unflattering mirror a stared at her reflection as she had ne before looked at it. She commenc with the golden hair with its lovely rip beneath the white cap, her look w down the broad white forehead, pass by the perfect little nose, to the charmi mouth. She suddenly pursed her l tightly together. "Dolly's mouth smaller than mine,—and her cheeks r der—" Then suddenly she threw b hands before her face and sitting do in a near chair began to cry like a other lonely girl.

"Why do all things come at once me?" she said as she lifted her face fr her hands. "Have these small thi been ever happening and I have not se Was he a little—a little right? Yet

s so beautiful, so kind, and—oh, my nother—"

"Beautiful and kind?" asked Deborah oming in at that moment. "Who is it hou wert speaking of, Ruth."

"Of thee," said Ruth.

Deborah smiled in gratification. "Sit lown beside me for a moment, Ruth; I vould speak with thee. Sit here at my eet."

Ruth seated herself at Deborah's feet nd turned her face toward her with a orgetful smile awaking in that magnetic resence.

"What wouldst thou say?" she asked, fter a moment when they had sat with either of them moving or speaking for ometime.

"Just a moment," said Deborah still miling. "Look at me Ruth."

Ruth looked up at the perfect face till unmarked by age or care, then into he great black eyes, they held her; how trange they were! How large, growing arger and larger, enwrapping her,—omething was passing slowly before her wn dazed eyes, a drowsy numbness was tealing upon her, she did not want to nove, she was wrapped in a dark velvety oftness that was smothering her slowly ut pleasantly; then suddenly her will ame back, a quick thought darted into er dulled brain; by a great effort she noved her hands in her lap, then she linched them lightly. No, she would ot, much as she loved her, she would ot! The velvet was off her she could reathe again; Deborah's eyes were rowing smaller, Ruth gave a little ervous laugh as she looked into them.

"What wouldst thou speak of?" she sked again.

"Only of the little sick boy who seems uite restored. Thank thee for thy help, Ruth."

Deborah spoke evenly, but the shadow f a frown held her face.

Ruth braced suddenly. "Sister, if I ollow thee, I cannot do as thou doest. I annot heal as thou dost—and look into he future," did Ruth expect a change in he Sister's smiling face? "I cannot do ny of these things—" then suddenly she id her face in Deborah's lap. Had she poken wickedly to this great and splendid being, looking like some benignant goddess?

"Nay, Ruth, remember I do not expect thee to do all that I have done. The Spirit that is within me may not come to thee. But thou canst do a high and holy work after me. Thou hast much power of thine own."

"Oh, nay, nay, I am a poor, weak thing," cried Ruth.

She loved to feel Deborah's touch go over her hair, it thrilled her; but she felt for the first time on her guard. She lifted her face and looked into Deborah's eyes. "I will do what I can in the service of the Lord," she said solemnly.

"And in my service," said Deborah, with her lovely, disarming smile. "Once was my heart fearful for thee, lest thou shouldst be lost by thinking of one who regarded not sacred things,—but now I am satisfied."

"Yea," said Ruth to herself, after Deborah had left. "I will strive to lead all who look to me, into righteousness and truth, but I must do it as the Lord doth teach me,—I must not depend wholly on man or woman."

Though Deborah was pleased, yet she sometimes remonstrated at the long hours Ruth spent over her Bible, and her long spells of meditation in her chill little room, while the snow was piled thicker on the meadows and between the patient forest trees; the Sister did not dream that day by day, the girl was for the first time thinking her own long, long thoughts.

On Christmas day, when the service in the church was solemn and unadorned, and no merriment was permitted in all Beulah, Deborah brought to Ruth, a small round brooch, set with a white stone, and bordered with a rim of gold.

"Dolly has sent thee this," she said giving it into Ruth's hands. It was without wrapper or card. Ruth looked at it, then at Deborah.

"Why, how did it come?" she asked.

"In a wrapper."

"Didst thou open it?"

"And wherefore not?" asked Deborah. "Is not mine thine, and thine mine."

Ruth stared at her without speaking. She had no rule to go by; Deborah was

her only criterion and yet—

"She is very kind," said Ruth laying it on the table.

"I think myself 'tis too gaudy a bauble to give to one whose thoughts are not set on earthly things. Her mother sent a note saying George Trowbridge did give her a most lovely locket."

Ruth did not pin the gift in her kerchief as she knew Dolly intended; she sat long holding it in her hand. " 'Tis a sweet custom," she said once softly, and then she found a tear-drop was on the stone,—itself like a tear.

"Sister," she said to Deborah later that day. "I wish thou wouldst give me some money to send in a letter to Dolly's mother and ask her to get a gift for Dolly. There is naught to buy here."

" 'Tis a foolish way to spend money, Ruth," said Deborah gently.

"But 'tis my money," declared Ruth. With the same post,—the mail arrived at long intervals in the winter,—Ruth knew that a remittance had come from her mother's property; she herself had entered it in the ledger.

Deborah looked at her as if amused. "Of course thou canst send it if thou dost wish, but 'twill look to Dolly like payment, since it comes so long after Christmas and 'twill be some time before the mails can get through."

Ruth swung about with a word and went back to her room.

The last winter had been one of acute sorrow to Ruth; this was one of dull dreariness, doubts and despair. The tiny hope that had been in her heart, then unnamed but alive, had died; a great veneration and loving admiration that had held her whole being was knowing alteration. That high inspiration of a human ideal now seemed like the hills, so far away on the horizon that only their pale lavender tops could be seen on clearest days; before her stretched the monotonous, cold level of every-day duty, lighted as the sun would now and then light the snow, by a love that was half fascination, half pity for her who had once seemed unapproachable in her splendor.

"I will work for her always, it is all I have to live for," she told herself one day toward spring when the snow had almc gone and streaks of gray and bla showed between the white. "My life to be good and useful in the service the Lord, and that should be enoug Dolly's life is of the world." Ruth p on her long cloak and her simple litt brown bonnet.

"Sister Brown," she said to the woma whom she met on the stairs. "If tl Sister asks for me tell her I am gone see Sister Allen."

"But that is almost on the edge Beulah," said Sister Brown, blocking th way and looking up into Ruth's face.

"Yea, I know, but I am glad of a wall I have kept too much within of late."

"Well, Ruth, all I have to say is, must agree with you well. I do believ you grow more handsome every da 'Tis marvelous—

"Oh, nay," said Ruth, "nay," sh shrank back and the quick color made he still lovelier; but she did not smile, he lips seemed to have lost that trick of lat "I am growing old, I feel most old, Siste Brown, and indeed I am—and—ti strange I do not show it."

"Show it? Show what? I tell the thou art a beauty, I thought thou could be no prettier, but bless me! Thou dos seem to grow so."

"Who is it talking of such vanity? asked Deborah's voice, she appeared a the door of the council-room below.

" 'Tis Sister Brown and I," said Ruth "thou needest not fear, Sister, my hear is too heavy to make me vain,—though prove to Sister Brown's liking."

Deborah looked at her as she squeeze past Sister Brown's bulk and cam slowly down the stairs. "What ails thee Ruth! Art thou happy?"

"Oh, yea, but a little weary. I wil soon be rested in the open air."

"Thou are right, perchance thou ar weary; but a walk will do thee good."

"I—I hope so," said Ruth softly as sh went out at the door.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VI.

Ruth went heavily along the bare, soft ground to Sister Allen's; then after her

visit she came out of the house, hesitating between two courses, whether to turn back along the road to Beulah and go to her own room to think her weary thoughts, or whether to go on down the river road and past the woods. Something turned her feet toward the river and the woods. She went her way slowly, with her head bent a little, noting each wet brown pebble beneath her feet, each footprint before her in the yielding soil. She did not look at the river that was rushing by more madly than ever since its new freedom from the weight of ice; nor at the woods where every twig seemed straightening and stretching in the soothing air. She did not lift her heavy eyelids from over her heavy eyes.

Then suddenly she heard her name called, "Ruth." She looked up and the stretches of dark soil swept all else before her eyes; the earth seemed to turn over upon her. A moment after she opened her eyes and found herself standing encircled by George Trowbridge's arms.

"Are you all right now, dear. Did I frighten you?"

"Oh, nay, nay,—yea—" She pushed herself a little away from him with one hand on his shoulder, the other pressed close against her heart beneath her cloak. Then suddenly her face worked as she looked up at him, and the next moment, with a sob like a tired child's, she laid her head upon his shoulder and was glad to feel his arms tighten about her.

"Do you forgive me, dear?" he whispered.

"Oh, nay nay," she cried; she pushed herself a little away; then with her little smile, ready now, breaking through her tears, she added quickly, "'Tis thou must forgive me."

"Where—where is Dolly?" He was forced to let his arm drop, she had drawn so far away from him now.

"Dolly? I do not know. With her mother in the city. What have I to do with Dolly, now I have found you? There is no woman in the world to compare with you."

"With me?" she said, and childish pleasure shone in her eyes. "Dost thou think so?"

"Think so, I know so. Have I not been in the city all this winter trying to forget your eyes?" she dropped them suddenly—"and it was all emptiness and hollowness without you. I do not care where I live if I can only have you with me, Ruth, I have come back; I want you."

"Me?" she repeated, still drawing a little back, but looking at him now with her eyes that had drawn him so far.

"Wherever you ask me to live, Ruth, I will live," he cried, carried beyond himself by the sight of her. "I—I must give everything up for you, dear. It is no use."

"Then thou wouldst come to live in Beulah?"

"I—if—if you ask me, I will come."

"Thou wouldst give it all up for me—everything for me?"

He was counting no cost now. "Yes everything," he cried.

"But what do I give up for thee?" she asked. Then she answered herself, nodding, smiling at him; "everything."

"Ruth, what do you mean?" He took a step forward.

"Thy people shall be my people and thy God—nay—tell me first—" as his arm went out—"Thou are not an infidel? Thou dost love the Lord?"

"Yes, yes." It was an unexpected confession of faith, "now that He has given you to me." And his arms closed about her again.

"Thou didst speak too fast in promising, thou didst give me no chance for what I would say." She began a little later, smiling again, "I think I would not have thee come to Beulah,"—she whispered it—"but oh, thou wilt not speak unkindly of the Sister—ever—again—"

"No, dear, never," he promised. "And when will you marry me?"

"Oh, I know not. I must ask the Sister—"

"But perhaps she will forbid you, if I do not come to Beulah."

She nodded at him thoughtfully. "Perhaps she will."

"And what will you do then? Do you love me enough to marry me against her wish?"

She looked at him very gravely. "She is the only one I have to love in all the world, she is my father and mother—and I love her—much—but I love thee more, much more, I know not why—but I do, yea—" as if arguing to herself, "I am sure I do. Oh, nay I pray thee do not touch me, I must think, and I can not when I feel thee near."

"Are you old enough to marry without her consent?" he asked, withdrawing a little, but smiling.

"Oh, I did not tell thee, I am old, quite old. Dolly said I would be an old maid. I am past twenty-one."

"Since I am older, it is no matter," he said. "Then you will not need her consent to marry, and you will be strong, Ruth, quite strong. You love me well enough to marry me whatever she will say?"

"It is going to be hard," said Ruth, clasping her hands tightly in front of her, "Oh, very hard—if she does not wish me to marry thee. Wilt thou not try to please her and gain her consent?"

"I will do my best."

"Oh, I pray thee, try. It would make me so happy were she willing and pleased. But thou needst not come to Beulah, remember; we can serve the Lord together outside of Beulah, can we not?"

"Yes, yes," he cried.

Then she looked at him with a little quiver of her lips. "The winter has been so long and lonely for me."

"Forgive me, dear, forgive me, for leaving you. I was foolish and angry, but you cannot have had a worse winter than I. And you did not answer my note. I waited to hear before I left."

"Thy note?"

"Yes, I sent it by Caleb."

"I did not get it."

"Then perhaps you did not get my letters?"

"Thy letters? Didst thou write me letters?" A lovely smile broke over her face. "Nay, but I did not get them—the roads thou knowest are bad," her face grew grave.

"And did you get the pin Dolly sent you? I bought a locket and pin for you, but Dolly said the pin was what you could wear in your neckerchief. Have you i on?"

She shook her head, looking at hir steadily. "Didst thou send me that pin— there was no wrapper—" then she stop ped suddenly. "And I would not wea it because—shall I tell you—becaus Martha Lawton wrote that thou hads given Dolly a lovely locket and—I am no so good as thou dost think."

"Thank the Lord!" he said suddenly laughing.

"George Trowbridge!" she cried out a him, "I will not marry thee if thou be havest so. Thou must help me to b good. The Sister has always helped m —what shall I do if thou dost not hel me—"

"I cannot help you, Ruth, you are sc much better—"

"I am not!" she cried. There was a flash in her eyes that he liked to see; then she softened. "Oh, prithee let us help each other. But now I will wear the pin each day—but thou must not buy me gewgaws or things that make for vanity. I—I—dost thou think I must dress as Dolly Lawton?"

"Wear what you like, you are always lovely, Ruth. There was never so lovely a dress as the one you wear."

She looked down at her plain brown gown, then up at him, and laughed out- right. "Thou wilt not be hard to please." Then suddenly she sobered.

"Why dost thou make me laugh? Thou hast turned my sorrow into joy, yet I am most anxious—for the Sister."

"We will go to her now, Ruth, and I will ask her for you. But before we go—" he drew her to him—when there was a little sound among the trees behind them.

They turned hand in hand and looked. James Foster came forward with a smirking smile upon his face. "There is small need for me to welcome thee, George Trowbridge, thou hast come back from the city in due season. And how is Miss Dolly and the fair dames thou hast left behind with broken hearts? Take care, Ruth, this man is one who knows ladies' hearts too well."

George Trowbridge took a menacing step forward, but Ruth was before hir

ith her hand upo.i his arm.

"Come, let us go to the Sister's," she aid, as if she had neither seen nor heard he intruder, and with her hand on eorge Trowbridge's arm, she turned im about, reluctantly obedient, and they alked toward Beulah.

As the two came through Beulah there ere some who looked with a little surrise, to see Ruth Williams side by side ith a strange young man. But when ey came to the Sister's house, there ood Deborah in the doorway waiting r their approach. She smiled on them; ne would have thought she was about to xclaim, "Bless you my children!" But uth knew how much of a mask her mile could be, and trembled. She could ot see the tell-tale glory in her own face.

"So thou hast returned, George Trowridge, and I hope in a penitent spirit," aid Deborah.

He bowed. "May I see you for a few oments?"

Deborah bowed in her turn. "Step ithin the council-room and I will soon e with thee." Her voice was steady as ver, but they could not see her face; she ad turned about. They were not alone moment in the great empty room, when he was with them.

"I think perhaps it would be best for uth Williams to retire to her room," he said.

"What I have to say concerns Ruth Villiams most closely," said George rowbridge. He wished that Deborah had ot placed herself almost between him nd Ruth. "I have asked her to be my ife; I wish again to ask your consent to arry Ruth Williams."

"Has not this been gone through with efore?" asked Deborah coldly. Her yes were on Ruth's but the girl's brown nes did not waver now.

"Thou didst not fulfil my conditions nd the matter was at an end."

"No, not at an end for me," said the oung man steadily. "I love Ruth Wiliams, and she has been good enough to ay that she will marry me."

Ruth broke in suddenly. "I pray thee, ister, give thy consent. I love thee, tho nowest, but I love this man more."

"And thou wilt marry him?" Deborah's voice held the essence of hate in its low accents, "whether or not he repents of his deed and his words against me?"

Ruth turned her eyes upon George Trowbridge, and before she could speak he had spoken.

"I have already repented most heartily of all that I said against you."

Deborah bowed stiffly, "and—" she began.

"And—" he finished—"I still say nothing but good of you, because you are Ruth Williams' friend, and hereafter, I hope, my wife's."

Deborah lifted her eyebrows and her head went higher. "I thank thee for thy kindness, George Trowbridge. Ruth," she asked, "wilt thou marry this man of the world and live a common earthly life, such as thou knowest of full well?"

Ruth looked at Deborah. "I will marry him."

"Whether or no he comes to Beulah?"

"Yea," replied Ruth, almost as if answering questions at the altar.

"Ruth Williams," said Deborah, in a suppressed tone of many emotions, "go to thy room, I have much to say to this man."

"Ruth," said George Trowbridge.

"Go, I say!"

"I think," said Ruth, turning to the man and speaking quietly, "I had better go." And she gave him one long look, that in returning to herself as she passed out at the door, caught Deborah's set face.

After Ruth had left, the man and woman stood looking at one another for some moments in silence. Two tall, handsome creatures, each with an imperious will looking out of the blackest of eyes at one another. After some moments Deborah spoke slowly:

"George Trowbridge, my heart has long yearned over thee. I would give thee much, even Ruth Williams, if thou wouldst incline thine ear to my teachings and believe in me."

"It is most kind of you Miss—"

"Sister."

"Sister—but I cannot accept your offer, glad as I should be to do so. My heart could never believe in you or your doctrines; but I am willing that Ruth Wil-

liams as my wife, should hold what religious belief is most pleasing to her. She can attend services in Beulah while we reside here during the summer."

"A most kind young man," said Deborah bitingly. "And what do I get in return for this favor?"

"There is no question of return or favor between us, though if you will give your consent to my marriage with Ruth Williams, I will gladly do what I can for you in any way but subscribing to you or your doctrines."

"And if I refuse my consent, what then?" Her inscrutable smile had come back to her lips.

"Then I shall marry Ruth Williams without it." He looked unflinchingly into her eyes and smiled pleasantly. There was no sign of discomfiture or nervousness about him.

"George Trowbridge, there are some things that I might tell to thee that would cause thee to change thy hard and froward heart and believe in me; it would soften thee—but I know not whether to tell thee or not—"

She leaned forward and looked fixedly at him, but he still smiled at her in his easy way. "Probably you would better not tell me, it can make no difference to my feelings toward you, and no difference about my desire for Ruth Williams."

Deborah suddenly straightened. "Listen to me! Ruth Williams is to be my successor, her life is mapped out in high and holy ways, how can she marry a man of the world who will drag her into the ways of sin—"

"Pardon, Miss—"

"The Sister."

"Sister, but I shall not lead her into the ways of sin. You can inquire about me of the minister in the town or of any of my friends, and even my enemies there, and they will tell you that I am no monster. I have led a life that is not afraid of any of your inquiries; although of course I am far from worthy of Ruth Williams, yet I know I could make her happy."

Deborah rose suddenly. "Thou canst not marry her."

"I am sorry you will not consent," he rose too, "but I shall marry her."

"Thou shall not."

"Miss—Sister—," his eyes gleam brighter now, "I know your ways of ol I have been told—and I want you know that now you have a man to de with who is as determined as you. I sha marry Ruth Williams, and when she my wife she will be mine—bless her- and not like her weak mother. You hav separated many I know, but us you sha not separate."

Wilt thou leave this house?" aske Deborah breathing deeply; his black ey held hers now.

"No, I will not," said the young ma seating himself again, "until I have see Ruth Williams."

"Thou shalt not see Ruth Williams, said Deborah. She turned in her plac and swept away, shutting the door loudl behind her. She came up the stair heavily, breathing hard between he steps. Her first glance was toward Ruth's room, the door was open an nobody was there; then she saw throug the crack of her own door that Ruth wa just within that door. She paused a mo ment outside, gathering her breath, lean ing heavily against the door-jamb; the something she saw made her make a sud den forgetful sweep into the room, clos ing the door behind her.

"Ruth Williams, hast thou been exam ining into my drawers?"

Ruth rose from the chair in which sh had been sitting; she held a small pack age of papers in her hands, the seal o them showed redly between her fingers She turned toward the Sister a sad face

"As I passed thy door on my way t my room, I saw the ledger that I had for got to put away. I came within to place it in the upper drawer of the table, wher I saw the lower one was open, and a I bent over it, above the corner of the black box which thou canst see now—' Deborah suddenly snapped the drawer together, "I saw my name on a piece of paper. George Trowbridge had told me but now of the letters he had writ me. They were my letters in thy drawer, and I took my own."

"Give me back those letters," said Deborah, making an angry step toward the girl. Her face was set so firmly that she

scarcely seemed to move her lips.

"Nay, I will not," said Ruth, giving a little before her. "They are mine," she held them close to her breast beneath her crossed hands.

"Thy wickedness will break my heart, Ruth," said Deborah in a low moving voice; but Ruth's smile, though it was filled with pity, had no yielding in it.

"My heart would long since have broken," she said quietly, "if it had not been for these and the man who wrote them. It—it seemed to me the Lord himself was afar off. My life has been lived all for thee, I have loved thee and worshipped thee and adored thee and looked upon thee as the holiest of the holy. And now what do I find thou hast done?"

"Ruth, thou hast no right to judge me. Whatever I have done has been for the highest good of all. What of the means since the end was high?" the voice was strong now.

But Ruth looking at her sadly, shook her head above her clasped hands. "I do not judge thee, who are always so sure of thy rightness; but I must judge for myself. I could not follow thee. What seems right to thee would be altogether wicked for me. Thou—thou hast kept my letters from me—and to me that seems most like stealing—there was that night of the Indians—thou hast not told the truth about me there—and thy healing—of Caleb—who would be healed anyway, and there were thy words to the Indians, thou didst forswear them—and my mother—she had the gift of prophecy—and thou didst try to make me so—I knew, and thou shouldst have left her with my father—it is not right for a woman to leave her husband—and to ask George Trowbridge to give up all to thee—what manner of a man would he be?"

The white kerchief rose and fell beneath her hands folded on her breast; she stopped brokenly and Deborah's voice in the room cut like a knife.

"A most self-righteous young woman who would tell me right and wrong. A Pharisee—who sees only the little things, her way the only way—"

"I did not mean that—" Ruth was losing her self-command, her voice came more pantingly. "That is what I did not mean, but it is God who must teach each one—not any other—thou art great in thy way—but I could not be so—I could not follow thee—so—I am no better—I am very, very wrong—often—but I must know what is right for me—and I cannot follow thy judgment any more—I cannot believe all thy words—I cannot—" she cried as if with pain. Then she flung out her hands with the letters still in them. "But oh, believe me I love thee still—I do love thee."

Deborah's face was like ashes, her eyes like two unlighted coals. The same knife-like voice said, "Go to thy room, Ruth, doubtless this is a madness that will soon pass over. I will endeavor to believe that thou dost love me, though 'tis somewhat difficult."

She smiled with that half-sneer as she walked along the hall to Ruth's room, Ruth did not speak but went quietly in at the door. Deborah closed the door and taking a key from her pocket locked it.

Then Deborah went along the hall to Mary Bennett's room and finding her in, gave directions that neither Ruth nor she were to be disturbed again that night. Mary looked up in surprise at the sound of the Sister's voice.

Deborah went back to her room and closed and locked the door.

Deborah went back to her room and closed and locked the door. This time her fingers fumbled at the lock. She walked stumblingly across the room and flung herself into the first chair by the window.

Under the roof of the Sister's house three people spent the night each thinking of the others.

George Trowbridge waited impatiently in the room below stairs, and wondered if somebody would not come to him. There was something ludicrous in his position. He opened the door and looked up the stairs, half tempted to mount them, but it seemed hardly decent to take a woman's house by storm. Then he walked back and forth in the room while the sunset reddened the walls of the long room and filled the chairs with rose shadows and at last died down to the

purple of dusk. Then the blackness of night came on him. He grew very hungry, with a healthy man's appetite; he tried chair after chair, but at last settled in the Sister's chair for the night, it being the most comfortable in the room. But he had pleasant thoughts to keep him company.

His thoughts dwelt on Ruth, on her beauty, on her honesty and innocence and goodness, her brightness, her tender heart; he even thought of the sermon he had heard her preach, with pleasure at the clearness of her thoughts and the depth of her mind. She would grace any position in life into which he might bring her. How he would enjoy showing her the wonders of the outside world.

Of course he would have her—his thought passed over Deborah as a wilful, determined woman, but as one of small moment before his will, and he went at last contentedly to sleep in Deborah's throne, with a smile on his lips.

Ruth, in her room, went no less happily to rest. She read, and re-read the letter by the sunset light.

All the great glow of gold and red in the West, the one bright wing hanging almost over the window, were nothing to the beauty of the words she read. The letters had been opened by a knife slipped cleverly under the seal. There were two from George Trowbridge; one a note sent before he went to the city, and the other soon after. One was from Dolly, dated a little after Christmas, which said with much point:

"You ort to write me of George Trowbridge, he is crasy to here from you. Why don't you rite him? Never mind Aunt Debby. He is a good young man and mama thinks 'tis me he loves, but he comes to talk about you. Rite me about the present I sent you and I will tell you something you will like to hear. But if you don't rite me soon, I'll take him myself if I can get him."

Ruth laid Dolly's letter away in her drawer; but the two love-letters, the only ones she had ever received, when it was too dark to read them again, she thrust within her waist. Then she went toward the door to try in some way to comfort the Sister.

"For I did say most dreadful things her; but they were the truth, I cann say they were not the truth. But G has made me so happy, I should not ha made her sad. And perhaps she did t George Trowbridge she was willing should marry him—and I was so qui and angry about the letters." Ruth w at the door and tried it now. For t first time in her life she found it locke and on the outside. She turned about her little room with a long breath surprise. "Locked in like a child," s said aloud. Then, "Oh, how I wish n mother—my mother were here—"

She looked about the little room; the dimness she could see with memory eyes the small plain space with u adorned, whitewashed walls, the chest drawers with a white cover and a Bib on it, the small white bed. She had nev fretted at the narrow room, but no doomed to it by another, it became prison. Then she felt her letters in h dress and at last sat happily down by t window to dream of George Trowbridg When it was quite dark she made read for bed; she had no candle, and she we to sleep like a happy child with her han clasped upon the letters still lying in h bosom.

But Deborah sat in her chair by th window, perfectly motionless, while th sunset flamed and flared into her wid staring eyes. It spread golden wings an flung crimson pennants across a deeper ing sky, it smouldered down to clea drossless gold at the horizon's edge, wit the trees standing blackly traced again it as if burnt into outline by the sam consuming fire. Then the color dulle and softened, until the delicate pink com bined with the soft blue to a faint laven der that deepened and darkened into th purple of night; but Deborah's eyes sti stared, undimmed, unrelaxed. The star came out one by one, but there was n movement in her chair.

She sat there all through the creepin blackness of night, until it turned an went its way, until the gray dawn pale and shivered, and at last with ne courage brightened and made a stan Though the sun in front climbed slowl yet soon it brightened her western win

dow, and revealed her sitting in the same chair as before the sunset, with her head thrown back, her lips parted and parched, her eyes wide and dry, her face set and gray and her hands lying loosely in her lap, palms up, with the fingers curled weakly as if a vital something had slipped from her futile hold.

Chapter VII.

George Trowbridge awoke stiffly in his chair as the sun came through the windows behind him. He had no sooner opened his eyes than seeing a figure in the room, he called out "Ruth," whereupon Mary Bennett turned and clattered out of the room with broom and dustpan, and with a shriek of terror.

"'Tis a man, a man in the Sister's chair! Go in, Caleb and face him!"

There was a scuffle outside the door and the next moment Caleb, quaking and timerous, was propelled in at the door; behind him peered the face of his wife, who rushed forward with a cry of pleasure at seeing George.

Poor Caleb was upset by this new impetus and stumbled into the room landing on the floor.

"Well, George Trowbridge! We have missed thee this winter. If thou hadst been here doubtless Caleb and I would not have had to confess the sinfulness of our marriage in order to live here in Beulah. Hast seen my tenants? I've heard they're not honest folk."

"Perhaps I can look after them a little now," said George Trowbridge. "But Caleb," turning to Caleb, scrambling shamefacedly to his feet, "where is the note I gave you to carry to Miss Williams?"

"I—I did give it to James Foster—I was feared to come to Beulah and he said he was on his way and would deliver it—"

"A note! What note was it?" demanded Sister Brown.

"A note I gave Caleb for Miss Williams and she never received it."

"Doubtless, and why should she? When thou dost give it to a ninny to deliver. Didst thou not know, Caleb, that James Foster is in love with Ruth himself, and doubtless gave the note to the Sister? George Trowbridge, 'tis thine own fault. Why didst thou not give it to me? I would have seen it safe into her hands."

"Why—Caleb was at hand," George Trowbridge stammered on being thus taken to account.

Sister Brown moved her shoulders. "Next time ask a woman to do thy love errands."

"I will," he cried, "I will ask you now. I have waited here all night because the Sister would not let me see Ruth yesterday. Now will you go and find her and tell her I want to see her?"

"'Twill offend the Sister," quavered Caleb, but George Trowbridge turned upon him sternly.

"If it had not been for you I should have been—" then he stopped— "The least you can do now is to help me."

"I will," said Sister Brown, she nodded and blinked at him, her broad face a mass of pleasant wrinkles. "I will go and bring Ruth Williams to thee at once. Doesn't the Sister want thee to marry her? She's dreadful set, but there's no sweeter girl than—"

"I know, Sister Brown," said George, trying not to be too impatient, "that is why I want to see her," whereupon Sister Brown went chuckling away.

In a few moments she was back with her broad face down drawn.

She nodded, this time with infinite mystery, the delight of which shone in her eyes. "She's locked in. She is! The Sister locked her. She spoke through the key-hole."

"I'll break down the door!" George made for his door hotly.

"Nay, nay, not so fast," said the woman with her broad figure in the doorway. "She told me through the key-hole to ask thee to go without and stand on the step; her window is just above the front door. Then thou canst speak easily with one another."

He was out of the room and out of the house in a moment, leaving Sister Brown still chuckling, with her great shoulders moving up and down.

He stood on the door-step in the new sunlight, with his head thrown back toward Ruth's window. In a moment it

was softly lifted, then Ruth's sweet face was looking down on him, as she knelt by the sill. She was smiling happily.

"Hast thou waited so long to see me?" she spoke it low, but he heard her, despite the space between them.

"Yes, I have waited all night in the council-room," he answered in an equally low tone.

"Oh, thou art tired," with sweet pity.

"No, not tired—now—nor hungry," he laughed.

"Oh, and thou hast had naught to eat. Oh, poor man! It is too bad! I wish I had something to give thee. Did they bring thee no food?"

"Did they bring you any?" he asked quickly.

She colored, then laughed. "Nay, but I need it not. I have had something better than food." Then she lifted her hands over the sill and showed him his letters. She kissed them and it stopped her laughing for a moment. "Sweet words are my best food thou wilt find."

"You shall have them," he promised.

"And they were so beautiful, so many love-words I never knew before. Thou must teach me all of them."

"I will, I will," he cried, "come down to me dear," he reached his arms up toward her.

"I can not come, the door is locked," she said, shaking her head with a finger on her smiling lips. "Oh, and I did quarrel with the Sister, I was angry that she did not give me my letters, and she was angry. Oh, tell me what did she say to thee?"

"That she would not consent to your marrying me. Come with me now, dear, I will break down your door or get a ladder. We will go to my home and I will have the carriage ready and we will drive to my kind friend, the clergyman in town. Come now, dear," he pleaded, but she spoke quickly in her soft, vibrating voice:

"Nay, nay, not that way. I could not do so."

"How, without her consent?—but you promised—"

"Oh, yea, I promised—I am so glad I promised—" her lips trembled—"but I can not come so, nor run from Beulah in that way."

"Then how will you come? She will not consent."

"Perhaps she will—perhaps you angered her, and so did I—we were no wise. Let me talk with her—wait a little—be patient—"

"But you may suffer from her—she is—" he broke off—"I have been patient a long time—" he said almost wistfully, feasting his eyes on the moving face.

"I know it—but a little longer—I pray thee—and perhaps for me she will grant her consent—"

"And if not?"

"Then I will come to thee—stay away a little from Beulah now and trust me—and I will come to thee."

"I shall be waiting for you all to-day and to-morrow," he answered, "and the horses shall stand harnessed for the trip to town. But if you do not come then—"

"Oh, that is soon, very soon. But I will try—trust me—and I—will trust thee—" There was a quick quiver that passed over her face.

"It shall be all my life to make you happy—" he stretched his arms toward her, and cried out louder than he knew. "Oh, my beloved—we will trust—" She raised her hand and he paused, looking away from her to the next window that had just been lifted. Deborah had now left her night-long seat at the side window and had come to the one overlooking the front door.

He did not need to explain to Ruth. "It is the Sister," she whispered gently. "Go now." He looked upon the two faces turned toward him from above. At one, handsome, majestic and set with the grayness of disappointment; at the other, as beautiful and now the more glorified by the hope of love.

Ruth drew back a little from the window. "Go now!" her lips said again, "Good-by," and suddenly she kissed both hands to him and he turned and went, forgetting the cold, fixed vision in the one window, in the joy of the other picture.

Ruth turned about in her little room and once more walking to the door, tried it. Then she sat down opposite and looked at it like a child thinking some problem to its end. At last she went back to the window to read, not her let-

ers, but her Bible once again. "Though
am hungry and fear me spiritual food
vill not longer suffice."

But the long morning passed and it
vas not until noon that the door was un-
ocked and Deborah entered with a plate
f plain food.

She shut and locked the door behind
er, placed the food on a chest of
lrawers, then seated herself opposite
Ruth. Ruth shrank a very little, she
oted the dark circles about those un-
athomable eyes, the dry pinkness of the
erfect lips, otherwise the Sister was her-
elf again, majestic, powerful and self-
ossessed.

"I have come to talk to thee, Ruth,"
he began in her mellifluous voice with
n undercurrent of sadness. "I have
ome to ask thee what would be thy feel-
ng if one thou hadst loved and nurtured,
ed and taught, watched over and
uarded day by day, in whose life thou
adst centered all thy earthly hopes, that
hou hadst believed to be of thy soul; if
ne for whom thou wouldst have laid
own thy life if need be, should turn
gainst thee and revile thee for the deeds
hou hadst done for her sake? What
hould have been my own and what was
ny own have turned against me. Though
ny spirit can rise above such things, yet
o-night my human life has seemed as
ust and ashes, my human desires have
eemed dragged down to the lowest earth,
ny human heart has been killed. From
hose I despised I have borne insults
vithout a murmur, but never before has
ne I loved spoken so wantonly." The
nelody of the words from her perfect
ips was like minor music, the great soft
lack eyes moved Ruth to the depths, her
eart melted within her at the sadness
ersonified before her, and she held out
er hands and cried:

"I pray thee forgive me—I—do love
hee—I was angered—I—I did not—"
hen she stopped, she could not speak
alsely; but already Deborah's arms were
bout her, and her head was on De-
orah's shoulder and the magnetic touch
ent over her hair.

"Soul of my soul, and spirit of my
pirit! Even in the blackness of my
uman night, my spirit did rise trium-
phant and assure me that thou wouldst
come back repentant to thine old shelter.
Thou art mine, Ruth; what should belong
to me by the rights of nature has turned
away, but thou art mine by every divine
right. I cannot lose thee."

Ruth felt the beating of that indomit-
able heart against which she lay limply,
striving to think clearly to the end.

"The struggle is over Ruth," went on
Deborah's caressing voice, she laid her
lips to Ruth's forehead, "and thou and I
are conquerors."

"Yea," said Ruth with a little doubt-
ful note. She tried to free herself from
this close embrace, but could not.

"The things of the earth can pass us
by, since we are eternally safe."

Ruth felt herself stifling in Deborah's
close hold. She struggled again against
her, and with all her young force she
pushed herself away.

"I—I thank thee for thy forgive-
ness—" she said, holding herself off with
her hand against Deborah's breast, "I—I
love thee—as I have said—but—but—"

"But what, Ruth?" Deborah smiled
with her steady inscrutable smile.

"I do not mean that I do not love
George Trowbridge."

"Thou canst not love us both. 'No
man can serve two masters for either he
will hate the one and love the other'—"

"Yea, that is the truth," said Ruth
sweetly, "I cannot serve two masters, nor
will I try,—like my mother. That is why
I would not have him come to Beulah. I
will serve him and him only, but I will
love thee always."

"I want no such love—" the fire in the
Sister's eyes was scorching. "I will take
no second place in thy heart, Ruth Wil-
liams, to whom I have given all—all—
that thou hast—" Ruth did not speak, she
still stood facing Deborah, stood facing
her proudly; her whole being throbbed in
one great pulse.

"I offer thee the highest place in my
power, and thou shalt not cast it away
from thee. I will give thee the best,
rather than the worst."

"Thou canst not give me what I will
not take," said Ruth quietly.

Deborah bent toward her with her sud-
denness; she seized Ruth's wrists in her

firm, long hands. Her eyes glowed and gleamed into Ruth's steady brown ones. "Ruth Williams, thinkest thou that I have come to this high place by conquering all that hindered; by overcoming all who would oppose me; by turning men and women aside from evil purposes against me; by sweeping from my upward path every stumbling block put there by strong hands; thinkest thou I have conquered mature souls and hearts old in evil to be overcome by a child, a young and simple girl? Thinkest thou thy paltry love for a man, an animal passion of the lowest, shall stand in the way of thy higher good while I am at thy hand? Thinkest thou I will have my great love for thee set aside by the feeling of a day? Ruth Williams, listen to me!" she brought her face close to Ruth's, who felt her blood turn to water in her veins, the hold on her wrists made her sick at heart.

"Thou shalt not marry George Trowbridge," then suddenly Deborah flung Ruth's hands back and up, and Ruth staggering from the forceful freedom, caught at the post of the bed and dropped weakly upon the coverlet, while Deborah with the swiftness of motion itself, unlocked and opened the door, then closed and locked it again.

Ruth sat very still with closed eyes for a long time; then at last she rose unsteadily and went toward the chest of drawers. She brought up her chair, took the plate of food into her lap and began to eat slowly.

"I must be strong; I will be strong," she whispered. "How strong she is, and she hurt me." She looked down at her slender wrists, purple from Deborah's hold. "She hurt me, but she did not mean it. Oh, I wish my mother were here." And with this new pain she wondered again, half angry at herself, why she had not grieved more at the awful loss of her mother; why she had let her mother die, when she must so soon need a counsellor, —more than at any time in her life before? The sacred ties of blood had assumed new significance to Ruth. Now she leaned her head against the chair-back and could not eat for a moment.

"Oh, Lord!" she whispered between her choking mouthfuls—"Thou art n strength—and my help—I will ask Th what I must do. For I must be wise she is so strong—" she looked at h wrists again—"and wise,—wise as a se pent."

She ate all she could; then went to tl window. There on the step below w Sister Brown sweeping. Ruth pushed u her window and looked down at her, th whispered her name softly. The wom almost dropped her broom as she look up.

"Nay, do not look up," whispere Ruth, "tell me, is the Sister about?"

"Yea, now she is," said Sister Brow beginning to sweep vigorously.

"Come when she is away. I wou speak with thee," said Ruth.

Then Ruth took her ink and quill an on the only scrap of paper she could fin in her room—it was remarkable she ha ink and quill at hand—she wrote a litt note to George Trowbridge. She looke long at the letter she had written, wo dering if she should commence it wit his tender words. But at last she bega it without inscription and ended it wit nothing but "Ruth." As she had sai she knew no love names. But at the en she wrote one last line. "I shall alway love thee." She had asked him in as fe words as possible, if he wished to make easy for her, not to come to Beulah fo five days, nor to try to send her wor She would try to come to him before th time, or write him, and if she did no then he might come to her.

"For I can endure it for five days, unt after the Sabbath," she said to hersel "but no longer, I know, no longer. Bu oh, how horrible it will be if they mus wrangle over me."

All that afternoon she sat by the win dow, looking out on the lovely river an woods and far distant hills. There wer neither the colors nor odors of spring only a feeling of promise stirring in th warm wind above the sodden earth tha Ruth felt with her own little beat of hop

Then she heard a cough below her she looked from the window and ther stood Sister Brown on the door-ste Ruth bent a little forward.

"Wilt thou take this to George Trow

bridge, Sister Brown?" she whispered.

The woman nodded almost carelessly, with a quick glance around.

Then a little white note fluttered to the ground. Sister Brown stepped forward to pick it up, when there was a voice at the door.

"Did I not see something drop from one of the windows?" asked the Sister, her voice coming nearer.

Ruth withdrew from the window, breathing quickly, and listening intently; then she peered a little above the sill.

"It must be that Sister Ruth dropped her kerchief from the window. Shall I take it up to her?"

"Nay, give it to me and I will," said the Sister, and Ruth saw Sister Brown stoop, and picking up her own handkerchief she had but now dropped over Ruth's note, hand the linen to the Sister while she crushed the paper in her great palm. Ruth gave a little gurgle of pleasure, then suddenly sobered.

"Alas, I am so wicked, leading them to lie for me. But what should I have done had she seen it?" She gave a little shiver.

But the Sister did not bring the kerchief to her that day, and since Sister Brown had afterward retired into the house, and Ruth's window did not look toward the meadows that lead toward George Trowbridge by the shortest way, she had an anxious time over the destination of her note. But at last she left it, so she told herself, "with the Lord, a better keeper than Sister Brown."

The next morning Deborah came in again. Ruth was faint with her one meal of the day before. She had even smiled at her pretence that she could feed on kind words. Something more material was now needed. She looked so tired and broken and anxious that the Sister noted it as she put the plate on the chest.

"I hope that fasting and prayer have done thee good," she said with sweet sadness.

"I hope so," said Ruth meekly.

"Here is thy kerchief that thou didst drop from the window yesterday. Sister Brown picked it up, though it was doubtless meant for another."

"It was meant for no other," said Ruth, accepting Sister Brown's rather capacious kerchief without further words. Deborah studied her narrowly. Ruth did not struggle to lift her head and look proud, she seemed broken in spirit.

"Ruth, if I will give thee the freedom of the house, wilt thou make me a promise?"

"What is the promise?" asked Ruth, thinking it was something against George Trowbridge to which she could not pledge herself.

"That thou wilt not go outside the house without my permission and that thou wilt speak with no one concerning, or about anything that has to do with George Trowbridge."

Ruth still hung her head listlessly and hoped her relief did not show in her voice as she answered, "I promise."

"Remember, I trust thee," said Deborah.

For the next days in the Sister's house Ruth devoted herself to the Sister's service. She went about her duties in a new way for her, with downcast eyes and hanging head. She spoke very little, she seemed sad and subdued. Deborah watched her closely with inscrutable eyes, and Ruth returned the gaze, wearily from beneath heavy eyelids, but, for the first time in her life, with as impenetrable a look as Deborah's own. George Trowbridge, during these days, was neither spoken nor heard of.

The Sister's suspicions began to change into a fear lest she had broken the girl's spirit. Ruth seemed so resigned, so heavily listless, and indifferent as to what was going on about her.

"Art thou well, Ruth?" Deborah asked one day with unusual tenderness.

Ruth lifted her head, but she spoke carelessly: "Oh, yea."

At last the Sabbath came. Ruth sat in her little room, dressed in her regulation brown dress, with the letters in her bosom, when the Sister came in. Ruth swung about suddenly toward the window.

"Ruth, what is it?" asked Deborah.

"I—I was arranging my kerchief," said Ruth. She was taking out the pin Dolly had sent her in order to hide it in the bosom of her gown.

"Thou wouldst better be putting on thy

cloak for service."

Deborah watched her keenly, but there was no lighting of Ruth's face.

"Dost thou wish me to go?" she asked indifferently, going to the closet and reappearing with her cloak and bonnet.

Deborah went ahead of her out of the door, but Ruth suddenly turned and gave one long, lingering look around the little room.

They went across the grass at the side to the meeting-house. Ruth walked by Deborah's side farthest away from the woods.

"I could not come to meeting without thee, Ruth; and what would all Beulah say? Dost thou know that since I have walked this distance, I have never walked without thee? Thou was always so healthy a child from the time thou couldst toddle; clasping my finger, till now. I could not cross this space without thee by my side or just behind, I verily believe."

Ruth did not answer; she only hung her head the lower, and the crimson coursed back and forth in her cheeks, while Deborah studied her with concern.

Ruth was seated to-day at the side of the meeting-house as usual; but this time between Caleb and his wife, two solid, substantial pillars in the house of the Lord. There was the beautiful intoning of the psalm by Deborah's perfect voice, unbroken and unchanged by the turmoil of the week. Then came her prayer. It was one of the tenets of the sect, most rigorously enforced by the Sister, that all eyes must be closed in prayer time. Ruth bowed her head with the rest. The splendid voice began in its high-sounding phrases and rolling periods, and Ruth listened with bent head, at first aimlessly. Then she knew she was being prayed for. The sinner who would turn with a broken and a contrite heart,—the evil-doer who would hurt the righteous—the words went on piling sin on the sinner and pleading for mercy.

Ruth opened her eyes with a sudden snap; she looked for a moment at Deborah's handsome face and the black lashes clustered on her cheek. Then something stirred within her like the beat of a new glad pulse. A breath of the vital spring air reached her; she turned her head; the side door had swung open. Through it floated a summoning whiff of air. All the dreariness of the past week rose up in Ruth like a sob in the throat, all the gladness and love in waiting for her touched her like a kiss. She rose with a sudden, quick, noiseless movement. Sister Brown was on the side nearest the door. Ruth must step over her. The woman opened her small eyes, then suddenly screwed them together, squeezing far back in the pew to make more room for Ruth to pass. Ruth glanced at Caleb as she was about to slip out. His eyes opened, then his mouth; Ruth was about to sink down again in despair, when Sister Brown reached quickly a thick, pudgy palm across the space where Ruth had been, and stuffed her hand chokingly into her husband's mouth.

Ruth was past them now, without a sound, and through the half-open door as silently. Then a brown cloaked figure was speeding across the meadows. And as she ran, Ruth prayed. "Oh God, forgive me for what I am doing."

Deborah's prayers were not light things. This one was long. She ended her last balanced period and opened her great eyes. They went first to Ruth's corner, but her sweet face was not there. Deborah swayed suddenly in the pulpit; her long white hand clutched the cushion, her face turned its ashy hue; she wet her lips once or twice before she spoke, then came the intoning of the second psalm, led by her voice, steady, but with a sharp metallic ring.

Then she preached such a sermon as had never before been heard in Beulah. It was on marriage and giving in marriage, a scathing denunciation of the marriage state, a piling on of all shameful epithets, of which the Sister had a countless number, a heaping together of ugly imagery, at which she showed herself an adept, a playing with the fire and lightning of invective and insult around the wedded life. Women trembled at her words; young girls hid their faces; young men and older ones were troubled at her fierceness. Then, when this terrible sermon, like a denunciation of one of the prophets, was finished, she came down from the pulpit and with a face of tragic

sternness went out of that treacherous side door and alone, for the first time n Beulah, with no Ruth Williams near ner, walked across the green to her nome.

As the brothers and sisters poured out of the meeting-house they turned, as they did so often, to watch the Sister enter her nome. They saw her stately tread stop at her door; they saw it swing inward at her touch; then from many throats went up a cry of horror, for the tall, dark figure fell suddenly forward on her threshold and lay there motionless.

Chapter VIII.

Ruth ran rapidly over the soft grass, rushing down beneath her eager feet, the small green spots showing in the dried yellow patches. When she reached the path in the woods she slackened her pace a very little, as she hurried between the dim shadows cast by the unleaved trees. And then she began to note the little green things unfolding against the warming cheek of the earth. She smiled and looked skyward to the topmost twigs growing big with promise against the crown of sky. She laughed suddenly at the blueness and newness; then drew in her breath and sobered. She turned a little aside from the path to where the deathless pines had kept guard all winter as if in a magic circle of life. Straightway she knelt down on the fragrant pine needled earth, and in the Lord's own temple, between the psalms of the birds, she prayed even as Deborah had prayed a moment before in her temple made with hands. If the prayers did not match, what matter, since the Lord omnipotent weigneth to disentangle the contradictory hopes of mortals?

"I seem to have belittled my love," she whispered, half doubtfully as she rose; then suddenly she saw a man's figure moving along the path toward Beulah. Her eyes were blind with pleasure, she slipped behind a stout-trunked pine and called softly with a little carol in her throat like the wood-note of a bird to its mate.

The man paused and turned toward her. She drew her brown dress a little closer against the brown of the pine, then she closed her eyes with fun and gladness, and opened them only when she felt the step stop at her side. Then she gave a little cry, but not of pleasure, for the man was James Foster.

"Well met, Sister Ruth," he said, grimly smiling as he stood before her. "If thou hadst not called me doubtless I should have passed thee by. What can I do for thee?"

Ruth struggled to think quickly, to use the Sister's unfailing diplomacy. Had James been at meeting? She had not turned her head in the meeting-house. He was coming from the other direction.

"I was about to ask thee"—then she changed—that was not quite truthful. "Wilt thou take a message to the Sister for me? Tell her—tell her—that—" she groped a little for words. How powerful the insignificant James Foster seemed of a sudden. "That I was sorry to have this errand call me away on the Sabbath—"

"I was at the meeting this morning," he began now with ill-concealed triumph, "though I may be a man of the world," he swelled a little with consequence, "Ruth Williams, yet I would not lift my head in prayer-time—" Ruth grew scarlet—"but I was there when the Sister saw that thou hadst gone. And then I myself slipped out. I am fond of the Sister. I shall do all I can for her; and she told me to go and bring thee back."

"She told thee nothing of the sort, James Foster, and thou knowe t it well. She would not speak to thee in meeting if—" she hesitated,—*how* stupid she was! "if all her followers had gone."

"But she did, she spoke to me with her eyes, and I came after thee. I all but missed thee in the path when thou didst call. Was it for hide and seek that thou didst leave the meeting-house this morning?"

"Whatever the play, 'twas not for such a play-mate," cried Ruth hotly.

He nodded at her, scowling. "I know the play-mate thou dost desire. I have not learned of the world for naught. But now thou wilt come back with me, Ruth Williams."

Ruth's head went high now, she moved out of the circle into the path and stepped away from Beulah between the trees—

but he was by her side. She gave him no look, but pushed on as if one of the trees beside her had suddenly taken to moving along with her.

"Come, Ruth, thou must go no further," he said presently, laying his hand on her arm.

She turned upon him; her eyes flashed, her voice deepened. "Unhand me, James Foster! do not touch me! I command thee!" She fixed him with her eyes. How many she had seen wilt before Deborah's look; why not she make her brown eyes as terrible as the Sister's black?

But still he held her arm, though she moved on a pace, feeling the weight of his hand upon her.

"Nay, Ruth, thou shalt go no farther," he said; suddenly he held her back by one hand, and swung about in the path facing her. "I will save thee, Ruth, from thyself."

"James Foster," began Ruth, choking with anger and disgust at herself and him, "it is the Lord's day and not fitting that we should quarrel or that we should walk together thorugh the woods unless upon a matter of life and death."

"And is not this a matter of life and death?" he asked.

"Thou art right," she said, firmly facing him, "it is a matter of life—"she drew in a long breath and held her head high—"or death."

"Ruth Williams, I am wiser than thou dost think—"

"'Tis to be hoped so," she muttered angrily.

"I know the heart of men of the world, I, myself, have been among them, and I know that thou art but an innocent girl that the Sister has been striving to save from an evil young man."

Ruth gave a little gurgle in her throat. "James Foster, in the midst of my anger thou dost almost make me laugh. Thou art a silly boy. Thinkst thou that all who live in the world are evil? They are not, I would have thee know, the Sister does lead many in the way of righteousness, doubtless, but many go that way with only the aid of the Lord. And as for thee, James Foster, I do think that the double life thou art leading is ten-fold wickeder than—many another—now let me g on."

"Thou shalt not, Ruth Williams," h cried out. "I tell thee I know of th world, their doings are not for thy ear else I would tell thee."

"Thou wouldst better not tell me James," said Ruth easily, "I am n woman of the world as—thou are man."

"But thou soon wilt be—and worse Dost thou not know 'tis a habit of men o the world to seduce innocent youn women with promise of marriage, whe they themselves will marry only a youn woman of their own rank? Dost thou no know that George Trowbridge will marr Dolly Lawton, who is an heiress and gay young woman, and that to thee, h will—"

Ruth's hands worked nervously "James Foster," she said in a low tone "thou hast made me commit sin on thi Sabbath day; my heart is full of hat toward thee—yea, hate so strong that i doth almost make me a murderer. If were a man I would—stand back say—"

She stepped nearer him, her eye blazed into his face, but he did not stir Oh, for the power of the Sister!

They stood closely facing each othe for a moment. Ruth's face was set an flaming, but her heart turned sick within her. She was not all trust, her dealings with the Sister had taught her suspicion a quick flash of doubt illumined many unlovely thoughts. She had not heard from George; suppose he had not received her note, but had forgotten her so soon. It was a bold thing to go to him she would be at his mercy—and there was Dolly—then she fought back her cowardly distrust, she would not go back to shame and disgrace in Beulah and to the Sister; she would press forward. But her heart—doubt had taken from the force of her look. Deborah never doubted her right of way; and again James Foster laid his hand on Ruth's arm.

"Come, Sister Ruth, return with me and the Sister will receive thee gladly."

"Do not touch me," she cried, "do not touch me." But he held her arm firmly and again there rose in Ruth's heart that

murderous hate, that is roused in certain atures trained to deal with spiritual orces when they are brought to bay by rute strength. Every nerve in her uivered with anger, she looked up into is face with an awful look on hers.

"I will not go," she cried, clasping one rm about the trunk of a birch tree at and; but his strong arm was about her, is other hand tearing away her clinging ngers from the slippery bark. Why are en, even the meanest of them, so much ronger than women? She gave a cry f pain, as he wrenched her fingers free nd then—there was a sound behind em and she was suddenly free, while mes Foster with a half-swallowed owl, doubled up on the ground. Ruth ung to the tree dizzily until there was mething else to cling to.

"What is it, Ruth? Has he hurt you—all I give him another?"

"Oh, yea," cried Ruth madly, laughing nd crying, "kill him, kill him, kill him r me."

Then she held George Trowbridge ghter. "I do not mean it, nay, nay, I lt so wicked, I am better now. Let him . Let us go. Oh, how strong thou art. ow glad I am thou art so strong." And en she burst again in hysterical tears d laughter.

They turned down the path side by le, George Trowbridge a little grudgngly, as they left James Foster behind, rise slowly from the ground, staring ter them with a vindictive face.

"Oh," said Ruth, "I fear thou didst rt him. I am sorry," but she set her s, she could not turn her head to look him who had so shamed her. "'Tis d I should hurt one when I am on my y to happiness. But he—said—" she ited.

"What did he say, dear?"

"Naught, naught, and it was my fault at he found me,—I called him." She iled mischievously and again waited, t the serene delight in George Trowdge's face was unstirred by curiosity.

"I thought he was thee. Thou must rgive me for the insult; but when I saw was a man, I thought 'twas thee,—re being but one man in the world for ."

He laughed outright. "Oh, Ruth, where did you learn your ways,—not like any other woman's."

She sobered. "Oh, I pray thee, dost thou think thou wilt always love me—when thou dost see me beside women—like—to Dolly—"

"Why, then I love you best—" he cried—"no, no not best—there is no best—it is all the best—our love. Is it not dear?"

"Oh, yea, it is all best," answered Ruth, turning her sensitive face close to his. "'Tis strange I have no doubt when thou art near."

The coach was ready to drive them to the town when they reached George Trowbridge's home.

"Somehow I felt that to-day you might come. That was why I went toward Beulah. I could feel your need. I thought I could obey your note no longer.

But Ruth gave a little shiver as they drove away. "Nay, nay," she cried, "let us not believe in leadings and prophesyings, my mother did suffer from this and the Sister has it. Let us take what the Lord sends as he sends it."

"When he sends so sweet a thing as you," he answered.

"But—oh, I did not tell thee what I have done—perhaps thou wilt think me hardly fit to be—thy—wife. I did run away while they were at prayer in the meeting-house."

"I'll forgive you, if you'll never run away from me," he said smiling contentedly.

"Oh, but thou must not smile, it was wrong and bold. And—but after all it is not so bad as what I did before. The Sister was very angry and kept me locked in." He clinched his hand, but she touched it open with her finger. "Then I saw it was no use to grow angry and declare things, so I turned meek and sad and she thought my heart was heavy—perhaps she thought I had forgotten thee—" she smiled at him mischievously, "but all the time I was thinking how I could get to thee, and though I was anxious, yet my heart would sing with joy because of—" she paused.

"Because of what?" he asked.

"Oh, naught, but 'twould sing, al-

though I was sad for the Sister and—for myself to seem one thing and be another. It was a new way for me. But I promised not to go without the house when she opened my door. To-day is my first day out, since—I met thee—She took me to church with her, I was so sad and still and—all the time thinking how I would run to—across the fields—and I went while—she was praying for my sins. What will thy minister say to me?"

"That you are too good for me."

"Hast—hast thou told him of me—"

"Yes, he expects you; there is no prophecy to it, I made up my mind that you must come with me to-day. Everything is ready, just as the coach and horses were."

The clergyman and his wife were just sitting down to the Sunday meal when Ruth and George Trowbridge came to the door, and the housewife was as kind as her husband, and insisted that the pair dine with them. It was all delightfully new to Ruth, who had never eaten a meal outside the pale of Beulah since she could remember. She bore herself with that sweet graciousness that had at first delighted George Trowbridge. They were so kind to her, the clergyman and his wife, that at moments she was happy as a child. Once she spoke of the Sister in a sincere note of love and admiration, tinged now with a little regret, and she noted that the old clergyman frowned, and his wife made a quick downward stretch under the table. The innocent Ruth, unlearned in housewifely ways, did not know that the clergyman's toe was trodden on; but she had tact enough to change the subject.

As they rose from the table the old gentleman said: "I would like to see Miss Williams a moment alone before the ceremony. Will you come with me, dear?"

Ruth followed him without hesitation into a front room. She looked about with wonder at the shelves of books, thinking how many Bibles of different bindings the clergyman had. She sat on the little sofa and turned her sweet face upon the man with a pleasant smile of interest.

He pushed back his spectacles a spoke plainly. "Miss Williams, I unde stand from George Trowbridge that t Sister, of whom you spoke at the tab is opposed to your marriage, and that s is your guardian—your only relative is she?"

"I have no relatives, she is no blo kin, but she is my guardian and—" Ru hesitated, her soft eyes grew softer—"s does not wish me to marry George Tro bridge."

"And you think it is quite right come here, without her consent and a me to marry you to him?"

"Oh, I do not know," little so crowded up in her thoat. "Dost th think it is wrong? Tell me, should I back?"

"It depends on the cause of your co ing, why did you come?"

"Why—because George Trowbrid asked me to, and I—love him."

The old man gave her a quick kind nod. "That is enough of a reason sin he is a worthy young man. But what would ask you is,—how much do y love him?"

He went on without waiting for answer. "You know—you must kno that the Sister is a powerful, determin woman, known through all the count as one whom it is better to have for friend than a foe, and you and I a George Trowbridge are running son risk in this affair and must stand t gether."

Ruth rose with sudden dignity. "I w not ask thee to marry me then. I w not bring sorrow upon any, I will away—"

"Not so fast," he said, putting out h hand and still smiling upon her," not fast. I have a little story to tell yo Miss Williams, if you will kindly liste About two years ago there came a m to this house whom George Trowbrid had sent with a note asking my hel The man was not old, but he was weak body and mind. He was a well enou looking man—he had eyes like yours, n dear—but he was worn and half sic As we talked together I found he w one who had known my brother in a other state and of whom I had oft

heard. For many years this man had been living among the Indians, half an exile, half a prisoner, with neither home nor friends. His wife and child had left him for no fault of his. At last he had come back to see them once more; he was returning from visiting them when he came to my house. He had met his child and she refused to recognize him, to give him a kind word after all these years—he was so broken over her treatment that he could not tell me clearly what had happened; but he kept repeating over and over, 'she had a kind face as if she might have loved me'—"

"But I did not know—" Ruth interrupted sobbingly. "I did not know he was my father. Nobody told me. I—I did not mean—"

"I am not blaming you my dear, it was not your fault—not at all. If you cry so I cannot finish my story; shall I?" Ruth stifled her sobs and lifted her face, steady and tear-streaked.

"Yea, yea, I want to know all about my father."

"He went back to the Indians, against my advice and—I think I will tell you—he was the one who stirred them up to that drunken raid, with the hope that they might attack and harm Beulah. He told me this, coming to my house that night. He was half beside himself then, I think, with illness and sorrow. But he meant to protect *you* and when he found that they had attacked George Trowbridge's house he tried to protect him also and so was struck down by them. And that day of the funeral—you remember—I would not stay, because I could not think that the Sister, who had done all the harm against your father, was to triumph over him."

"She—she did not—" began Ruth with pitiful stirring of the old loyalty, "but I wish I had known—"

"Do you know why I have told you all this? Because I am fond of the young man who wishes to be your husband and I cannot bear that he should suffer as your father did. This woman you call the Sister ruined your father's life; he might have been an honored and respected man in his family and in his community; she made him an outcast and a wanderer. I did not know your mother—"

"Do not speak of my mother, do not! She was so good and sweet, and she grieved so at the last because she could not ask him to forgive her."

"Yes, her husband said she was a good, sweet woman, but that she was under the power of this woman, Deborah Stebbins, so that she could only obey her in all she did. Ruth Williams, are you stronger than your mother? In George Trowbridge I believe you will find a kind, good husband. I have known his uncle and aunt who brought him up, and I love him as my own son. I cannot see his life wrecked by this woman whom you still, according to your words, love and admire. Do you love him enough to oppose her power? Will you stand by him and not by her, if the issue ever comes?"

Again Ruth rose from her seat and this time with her eyes flashing through her tears. "Thou hast no right to say these cruel things to me of the Sister and my mother; nor to ask me such questions. Is it not proof of my love that I have come to thee to-day with George Trowbridge; that I have left the roof and home that has sheltered me all my life; that I have given the Sister evil for the kindness she has done me? She had planned that I should follow ner in her work, and now I cannot; she thought I belonged to her, and now I do not. I have left her, I have cast myself on your mercy and on George Trowbridge's. Did I not leave her in the very midst of her praying the Lord for me?"

"You have left her," said the old gentleman calmly, "but will you stay away from her?"

"There is naught more for me to say," said Ruth, "let me go away. I can not prove to thee that while I still love her, I love George Trowbridge much more. I tell thee, naught shall come between my husband and me, neither she nor—"suddenly she smiled—"nor thou."

He held out his hand toward her. "My dear, you have said more than enough."

But she looked past him. "Thou didst say there might be danger in marrying me. I would not have thee—"

He shook his head. "Were there

twice the danger I would do it gladly, not only for you, but because I have a brother, one Ezra Ditmarsh, who suffered some things of the Sister years ago, and I fear I am more glad than a Christian ought to be, to do her this—service."

"Oh, how canst thou speak so of her—to think she has so many enemies and I—was her dearest—friend. And she did so much for me. What have I done?"

A little gleam came into the man's eyes. "But you must have been of service to her in many ways. And I am reminded that your father spoke of property that belonged to your family—and bringing in a goodly income, he seemed to think. Was he wrong?"

Ruth colored. "Oh—nay—it is not much. But I have indeed some, but it comes to Beulah through the Sister's sister in the flesh and brother-in-law. I—I do not want it. I—I could not ask her for it."

He smiled. "It is yours, but doubtless George Trowbridge will be too glad to have you to quarrel about your dowry, having enough money of his own. Perhaps the loss of your property was one cause of the Sister's objection to your marriage outside the pale of Beulah, and to a husband beyond her power."

But Ruth made no reply to him; she turned away, and, dropping upon the sofa leaned her head against the unresponsive wooden frame and sobbed and sobbed until the clergyman, having vainly repeated, "There, there, my dear, I meant no harm," was forced to open the door at his wife's clamorous knocking and leave to her the comforting of Ruth.

"I never heard of such foolishness," said the woman with amazing frankness that struck Ruth even in the midst of her sobs, as irreverent, "the idea of making the poor thing cry on her wedding-day. Of all men I ever knew—and I used to think you had tact, Samuel—and you did once— Go away now and let me comfort her—poor thing."

And nothing could have been more comforting to Ruth, bereft of every woman friend, than to be drawn to this ample bosom, and to be scolded and laughed over. The clergyman backed through the door, and explained the matter to George, with an awkward sense of blame and the fear of a reckoning with his wife.

"It was best for her to know all the truth regarding the Sister," he said to the husband-elect, "and all that marriage implies."

And during the simple marriage ceremony, he felt that the end justified the means; for, though wet-eyed and shaken yet Ruth had a sweet staunchness in her face that satisfied him.

His wife did not chide though he told her all his conversation with Ruth. Before the dust from the carriage of the bride and groom had floated away, "Well—perhaps 'twill do no harm in the end," she said, "they're a sweet couple that I should hate to see that wicked woman get control of. But she'd have her match in George Trowbridge, I think."

CHAPTER IX.

The End and Beginning of Life.

It was one morning, a month after her marriage, when Ruth Trowbridge sat at the desk in the great front room of her husband's house. Through the open windows came the cool, sweet breeze, laden with the fresh scents of leaf and bud with the chatter of the birds and the more harsh and methodical conversation of the barn-yard fowls; it was a morning when all sounds took on a music, all scents a fragrance. Ruth sat at the desk in a gay, flowered gown her husband had bought for her in one of his visits to town. She was writing a letter to Dolly Lawton, in answer to one from her just received. Ruth reread Dolly's letter again between a frown and a smile:

"I am too delighted to write at the news of your marriage and I hope when Mrs. Trowbridge comes to town, she'll not forget her friend of the World, as Aunt Debby would say. To think you dared. But I always knew you had some naughtiness in you, you sly thing. But I'll forgive you, if you'll Call here first and let me take you round and show you to my Friends. I've told them about you and they're Dying to see you. Don't worry about Aunt Debby's Feelings. She'll get over it."

But Ruth read no more for there was a step behind and the next moment firm, cool fingers were laid across her eyes.

" 'Tis hard to guess who it can be," she said with a laugh, as her husband drew her head back and kissed her.

"Always busy?" he asked leaning over her chair back.

She released his hands and crossed her own over the letter she was writing to Dolly. "I am writing to my friend of the world," she said, "a letter full of secrets all about thee. What message shall I give her from thee?"

He laughed and coming around her chair seated himself opposite her. "Give her my love."

"Nay, I shall not, thy love is mine, all mine. I will not give it away! I thought thou hadst given me all thy love."

"I have, dear, I have," he said, bending toward her across the desk.

" 'My true love hath my heart and I have hers.
There never was a better bargain driven.' "

But she shook her head at him. "I fear me 'tis not so good a bargain for thee—dost thou think—that I should say somewhat to the Sister about my money?"

"Why, no, not if it would trouble you. I am willing to see her if you wish me to. If she had any sense of right or justice, she herself—"

"Oh!" cried Ruth, and a look of pain came to her face. "How canst thou speak so, thou must not! Though I have taken all and give thee naught—"

"It is not that, you know it is not that," he protested rising and coming nearer her. "You have given me more than enough; I am more than satisfied, you know; but for your sake and the sake of justice—"

"But we have not decided what message to send to Dolly," she interrupted hastily still with a troubled look on her face. "Nay, thou must not read what I have written," as he bent again over the desk, " 'twill make thee vain."

"I was not looking at the letter, but for that little black box. Put your hand in the corner, please, and take it out behind those papers."

Ruth's white hand slipped out of sight below the pigeon holes. "What dost thou mean, there is no black box here."

"Oh, yes, in that corner. A little oblong box; here I will get it! It takes a man to find things."

Ruth moved to a corner of the desk, leaving him the front, and with one elbow on the edge she watched him with an amused smile as he searched in the space her fingers had just left.

"I do not understand. I thought it was here, I had it and saw it when I came up here first. I cannot think anybody would take it. Dinah is honest and it had no value."

"Why didst thou want it?"

"Because," he said pulling papers hither and thither from any and every corner. "Because my uncle said it belonged to me,—my father gave it to him to keep for me till I was of age. It contained nothing but family documents he said. I always meant to open it, but it had a key hole and I had no key, and I disliked to break it. Then after I met you — yes — after once or twice—I thought, since perhaps it had to do with the family, I would wait till you were my wife and we'd open it together."

"Oh, how sure thou wert," said Ruth shaking her head at him gravely. "Had I known—but I am afraid it would have made no difference."

Then she looked at him so intently that he laughed. "What are you thinking of when you look at me so hard?"

"Of how handsome thou art. Thou dost not look like thy father," her glance went to the middle picture of the three hanging against the wall. "Thou art much more like thine uncle."

"That is because I was brought up by him and he was really a father to me."

Ruth narrowed her wide eyes on his face. "And thou dost look like some one else also. Hast thou no picture of thy mother?"

"No, she died when I was an infant and my father brought me to his sister. He was a Tory you know, a British captain—he did not live many years after my birth either. What is it, Ruth, dear?" For her eyes had opened again and grown soft with tears.

"I was but thinking of my father and

mother—What a sad world it is."

"No, no, 'tis not. Are you not happy Ruth?"

"Oh, yea, thou hast made me so—only—"

"What?" he stopped working over the desk to turn toward her.

"Only—I was thinking of the Sister—I have neither seen nor heard from her since my marriage."

A little frown gathered on his forehead. "Do you want her?"

"Oh, nay, but—" Here there was a knock at the door, then Dinah thrust in her turbaned head.

"A man to see you, Massa, he comes from the fields, say somebody hurt."

George Trowbridge left the room and in a moment was back. "It's Sam, hurt by the falling tree; Lydia wants to go to him, if you can spare her. Do you mind being left with only Dinah?"

"Oh, nay, let her go to her husband. I trust he is not badly hurt. Can I not help by going? Let me get her some bandages and spirits."

"He may be hurt very little. I would not have you come, there is no need. The men are usually more frightened than hurt."

Ruth stood on the porch a little later, watching her husband hurry across the field. Though she was sorry for the man, yet she could not help her little thrill of joy. George turned and waved to her at the edge of the wood. She waved back at him smiling, and stood here some time after he had disappeared. Though the deep blue of the sky and the gay little clouds sailing with no dark intent across its deepness, delighted her; yet to-day she felt her chief pleasure in the rich brown of the ploughed field whose close, moist smell came to her, in the deepening green of the meadows, in the wide lovely sweep of country spreading out on either side. She seemed to have grown more human,—would Deborah have said more earthly?—in this month.

"I would like to put my arms around this lovely world," she said softly, passing her eyes beyond the orchard with its promising rows of light-green, flat-topped apple-trees; its lines of tall, slender pear trees; then beyond another field of dark reddish brown, next smooth, unrelieved meadows of softly swelling green, until her glance rested on the line of woods, yellow-green in spots, with the first buds of spring, here faint lavender, and there, by the pines, dark green. Like a shining crystal ribbon winding in and out through the tree-tops, was the river that flowed by Beulah, it was all Ruth could see to mark her former home. Her range soberly shortened to the guardian trees about her door-yard; then she turned and went indoors to answer Dolly's letter.

She was writing busily when she heard a step in the room.

"How is the poor man?" she asked, without turning, as she finished the last words of her letter.

"Most sad, since thou—"

Ruth wheeled about from the desk rising so quickly that she overturned her chair; she was face to face with James Foster.

"By what right hast thou entered my house unannounced?" she demanded haughtily.

He answered her question by another. "Art thou happy Ruth Williams?"

"Trowbridge is my name now; seeing thee has given me my first unhappy moment, James Foster."

He stood looking at her from out his small blue eyes with a cunning she did not like; she recalled her last fear of him.

"What is thine errand, James Foster?"

"I—I have quarreled with the Sister. I am thinking of going out into the world. I should go even now to the city, but—" Again his look rested on her.

"Go wherever thou dost wish, James, so thou dost leave my house."

"I will not leave thy house, Ruth Williams, till it pleases me. Thou shalt listen to my words, thou must. Dost thou not know that all in Beulah are talking of thee and thy wickedness; but some are speaking against the Sister because of thee. Caleb and his wife have quarreled and I am sent away."

He waited, but Ruth did not speak; she stood before him white and angry, but stiff and still.

"And the Sister is not well, one of her

household,—Caleb—told me that she pined for thee. She has no one to leave her power to, but she will soon have." Again he waited, with that significant gleam in his eyes and Ruth made a hot quick step forward; but it only brought her nearer to him, so near that it was unpleasant and she fell back.

"George Trowbridge is in the field, Ruth Williams, and his men with him. There is only the timid black woman here. The man is not much hurt, doubtless; but I was at hand and told the men to send for help from their master. Dost know why?" he smiled at her and she hated him again as she had that Sunday morning. "The Sister is coming hither to see thee. That is why I have not left yet for the world; because when the Sister has brought thee back to Beulah, I would be there to see. Thou wilt not say to her nay, when she comes to thee. I know her—she will take thee with her to Beulah, and she will be more watchful of thee a second time. George Trowbridge will not find thee here when he returns. I know the Sister's power—I know how thou canst not withstand her."

The color had come back to Ruth's face now; she felt her heart throbbing in her throat, she breathed quickly. "The Sister's presence will not be so unwelcome as thine, James Foster." Yet even as she spoke, she felt again that heart-sickness that came over her when she had been brought into conflict with Deborah's indomitable will. The pain was so poignant that by it she saw again her little hall bed-room, the plate of food on the chest, and Deborah's powerful face threatening her.

"Yea, doubtless," said James, with a quicker wit than she had credited him with, sharpened now by anger. "I thought thou wouldst soon be pleased to return to the Sister."

"I shall be pleased to have the chance to speak to her on some business—" interrupted Ruth, but James held on.

"I thought a few weeks of a life with such a man would sicken thee. Did I not warn thee? But the Sister will take thee; though many would not do so,—and I—even I—"

Ruth had been speechless from anger, but now she found her voice; what a pitiful weapon to help her rid herself of this man!

"If thou dost not leave his house, James Foster, I will tell my husband of thine insults when he doth return and I will not withhold his hand a second time."

The purple came to James Foster's face. "Ruth Williams," he cried out at her hoarsely, "what dost thou think I am? A man of neither flesh nor blood, that I can see thee go to another without a word of protest. Yea, so it hath been because of those long dull days in Beulah and thy staid ways. Who would dare speak of a kiss to thee there, much less ask for one. But now thou knowest much of kisses, and thou shalt give me one here, before I go."

Despite her horror, Ruth's lips fell open and her eyes widened in amused amazement at the sacrilege of his request. She scarce believed her ears; but she must her eyes, as he suddenly stepped toward her. Then she flung out at him wildly with both arms and suddenly eluding him, was out of the door of the room, then on the porch of the house; calling to the dog, to her husband, to the men.

But the dog was with her husband, and Dinah only peered fearfully after her mistress as Ruth ran out on the porch and down the path.

Her former experience in speeding stood her in good stead now, and her familiarity with the terraced steps brought her to the gate ahead of James Foster. Then she gave a cry, a cry swallowed up in the thud of galloping hoofs, the rattle of harness, the irregular thumping of an unwheeled carriage, mingled with the cracking and straining of timbers.

"Stop them, James, stop them!" cried Ruth, heedless of all else, for she recognized the Sister's coach, wheelless, dragging its broken sides in the dirt, the horses plunging on madly with no restraining driver in the overturned seat. James paused and gaped behind her; but Ruth rushed impetuously on into the road and would have flung herself with ineffectual hardihood on the maddened

horses, had she not suddenly caught sight, up the road, of a long, dark, prostrate figure.

Then, with each last horror fast swallowing up the preceding, she forgot the horses and rushed toward the dark, still form. Even as she ran from the house, others were running from the fields; they met there, Ruth, her husband and the men; James Foster, after hesitating through curiosity, at last turned and made off through shame. And he went not toward Beulah, but toward the city.

Ruth was sobbing and crying out wildly over Deborah who lay moveless with her lips in the dust. Near her was her broken coach-panel decorated with the red-flamed torch.

"Ruth, dear, we will take her to the house," said George Trowbridge, touching Ruth's arm as she wiped away the blood and soil from the Sister's mouth. "This panel will make a stretcher."

The light of the torch went out as Deborah's black skirt fell over it. Ruth followed the men with a slow step. The great dog leaped upon her, but she pushed him away.

" 'Twas he that frightened the horses," said a familiar voice behind, and Ruth turned to see Caleb Brown, his brown suit made more brown by the dust of the road, a streak of blood across his fat cheek and his figure drawn to one side. "She would have me drive her, she wanted none to know of her calling on thee to-day; but praise the Lord, I could not hold the horses, they were too fast. She is not dead, Sister Ruth, she is not dead!"

"I do not know, Caleb, I do not know," said Ruth sadly through her tears. "We will do all we can for her now."

"If she be gone, then is my time come," moaned Caleb. "Shall I come within, Ruth ,canst thou help me?"

A fire came into Ruth's eyes beneath her tears. "Nay, I shall have all to do for the Sister. Go to Beulah and ask thy wife to care for thee."

"Save her if thou canst Ruth, and think of me!" groaned Caleb starting off across the fields to Beulah, salving his slight hurts with the consciousness of the sensation his woeful figure would make in the settlement, and with the importance of the ill tidings he had the honor to bear.

A little delayed by meeting with Caleb, Ruth came hurriedly up the steps after the men, and into the house. They had carried Deborah into that great front room and laid her on the sofa. Ruth entered with commands to one man to go for a doctor, to another to bring water, and for Dinah to find bandages. Soon she and her husband were alone with Deborah. Ruth bent over and gently untied the beaver, now fallen to one side, but with the strings still firm below the powerful chin. She drew the hat gently away, and the handsome face unspotted now by the dust of the road, showed whitely gray, framed by the glossy blue-black curls glowing darkly as if they had caught the gleam of life that had left the face. There was but one bruise by the temple, otherwise there seemed no outward hurt. Ruth chafed the Sister's hands, her husband poured spirits between the white lips. Then suddenly the woman's black eyes opened, larger and more fathomless than ever as she fixed them on the empty space just before her.

"I am but a young woman," said her voice, hollow and tense, "but my work is done; there is none to leave behind me, and my name shall perish from the face of the earth. I know my end,—it has come."

"Oh, nay, nay," cried Ruth's warm young voice.

The straining eyes moved toward the sound and fastened themeslves on Ruth's pitiful face; then their glance went, as if feeling the way, to George Trowbridge standing near, and their light became more settled and sane. Now her voice held one of its old full notes.

"Ruth Williams art thou married?"

"She is my wife," said George Trowbridge quickly.

The great eyes went from his face to the three pictures hanging above the couch. Then in the midst of what might have been a smile, she winced as if in agony.

"George Trowbridge, though I be the Sister, yet I would have thee in the presence of God and his holy wit-

nesses—" a spasm of pain caught the words—after a moment she went on—'swear that thou wilt be a better husband o thy wife than thy father was to thy nother."

Under the compelling glance of those yes, George Trowbridge lifted his hand; hen he looked at the picture of his father n the wall and his arm dropped.

"Sister," he said modulating his strong oice to unusual gentleness, "how can I wear this against my father, when I now not but that he was the most loving f husbands."

A wan smile crossed the Sister's face. Ruth scarcely breathed, looking from the nan to the woman with a strange, growng knowledge.

The Sister tried to move her head in rder to glance about the room, and nother agony of pain showed in her ace. "Are we alone?" she asked Ruth.

"Yea," whispered Ruth; she knelt own close to the handsome face and low-moving lips.

"George Trowbridge," said Deborah's oice low and hoarse, but heard by both steners. "Thy father did seduce a young irl from her home and friends by romise of love and marriage. He did narry her—for though wilful and pasionate, she was also wise beyond her ears. Then he did abuse her—" there as a pause—"and after their child was orn, he took him away and she knew not here—not even if it were dead. He was cruel man and at last she left him gladly -and went back to her kindred and he did—become the greatest among omen—"

Her two listeners seemed turned to one, they scarce breathed.

"Their son did likewise harden his eart—against his mother. Ruth put y hand in my pocket—I brought it with e to-day for the lock on my drawer is ose—I think I fell upon it and broke it -Hast thou it?"

Ruth's white hand groping among the olds of Deborah's skirt brought forth a nall oblong box of black, inlaid with earl, now splintered at one end.

"Give it to thy husband, I took it from im—but first 'twas stole from me—Within is his mother's marriage bond—and the ring—" Another contraction of pain—"Wear it George Trowbridge as a pledge to keep my secret inviolate. Though I came with another purpose yet now I see that the Spirit brought me hither to tell thee this thing to-day—I have long—conquered—but now I am overcome—Her voice frailed wearily away.

In the silence Ruth looked up at her husband through her tears. "That is why I loved thee first, because thou wert like her," she whispered.

"She is my mother," he said dully.

Ruth sprang from her knees and rushed toward him as he stood dazed and motionless. "Yea, she is thy mother," she cried, "thy mother and mine."

She drew him forward unresisting; she pulled him to his knees and they knelt before Deborah side by side.

"Wilt thou not bless us, mother?" Ruth whispered it, bending close till her sweet face was near Deborah's; then she laid her head against her husband's shoulder as they knelt there.

Ruth's eyes were hidden; but the man with a new tenderness in his face, could see the awful effort the Sister made to lift her hand.

Ruth felt the touch of the long fingers on her hair, she heard Deborah say in a remote voice; "My son and—" then her hand slipped from Ruth's head and fell heavily to the girl's shoulder; Ruth lifted her face to find that the Sister had swooned again.

Before they had again restored her to consciousness, there came a troop from Beulah, lamenting bitterly and deeply, while they declared their right to bear her to her home.

Deborah came to herself in the midst of her followers, and said: "Yea, I will return to Beulah," and she cast one long look on her son and his wife which they felt sealed their lips forever.

She was borne away in a mournful procession and her children thought they must let her go, not knowing it would be impossible to see her again until after her death which took place in the gray of the next morning.

"But I know," said Ruth when her husband reproached himself for letting

his mother leave his house, "that there was love about her and that she would want to go from this Beulah into the next."

The Sister's followers kept the beautiful clay for many days, while from all the country-side came strangers and friends, Indians and white men to look upon it. Certain of the Brothers and Sisters declared that their prophet was not dead, but was in a trance from which she would soon rise to greater glory. Her son and daughter did not argue with these, but asked, when at last the Sister was laid away in the burial ground of Beulah, for permission to put over her grave a stone.

* * * *

Beulah was not long Beulah, for there was no fitting leader and the sect depending on a single person could not outlive her death.

But the town prospered materially as the years went on and the simple meeting-house was remodeled, under Jonas Ditmarsh's direction, to suit the needs of a well known denomination.

It was not so many summers after her marriage, when Ruth Trowbridge returning from her winter in the city, went first to her chamber window as she always did, to look toward Beulah, beyond th strip of wood now rapidly thinning lik the locks of an old man. And behold church spire was pushing its aggressiv point above the swaying tree tops. mist in Ruth's eyes softened its sharp ness to a curve, though she could not se how the shadow of the topmost point c the steeple, fell like a divine finge across the Sister's grave.

"Alas, see the spire! It is all s changed. She would feel that she ha left naught behind her," said Ruth t her husband who now came into th room.

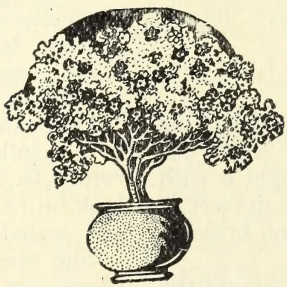
"She has left *us,*" he said easily, wit the content of a man limiting a woman horizon. He stood beside his wife wit a little dark-eyed Deborah Trowbridge i his arms.

"Doubtless men and women are mor than meeting-houses," said Ruth hal doubtfully. "But I fear me she woul not be satisfied."

"Are you not satisfied?" asked her hus band, smiling on her.

"I? Oh,—yes! But she!" Then th little Deborah held out her arms to he mother, and Ruth drew her own fac down to look into the child's young dar eyes so like the Sister's.

(The end.)



Beautiful New England

THE FLUME

Wise pencil of Sir Joshua
That each familiar place
Across the glowing canvass threw
Behind a painted face!

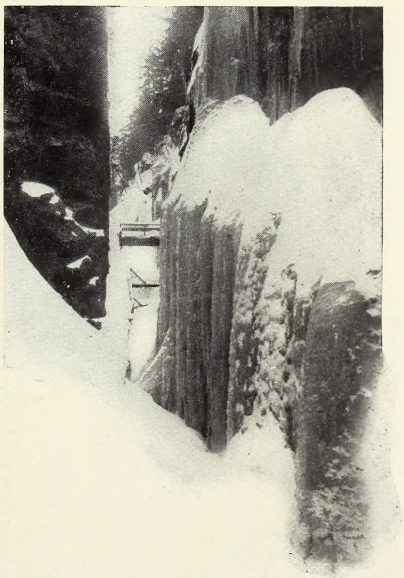
For so each bit of earth becomes—
We speak the name but forms arise—
Far fades the scene—a background dim,
Of dark or sunny skies.

I see thee not, O Lesbia,
Against the cloudy drift,
I see fair Sappho full for song
Her white, white throat uplift.

But here!—the uncarved architrave
No mortal triumph swells;
Lost in the climbing sheer and shaft
Nor song nor story dwells.

The human cry is beaten back
And human frailty
Shall listen, but shall never learn
Thine awful minstrelsy.

Curved on itself, the baffled soul,
Awaits with wings imposed,
The call of ways we may not pass
And doors forever closed.





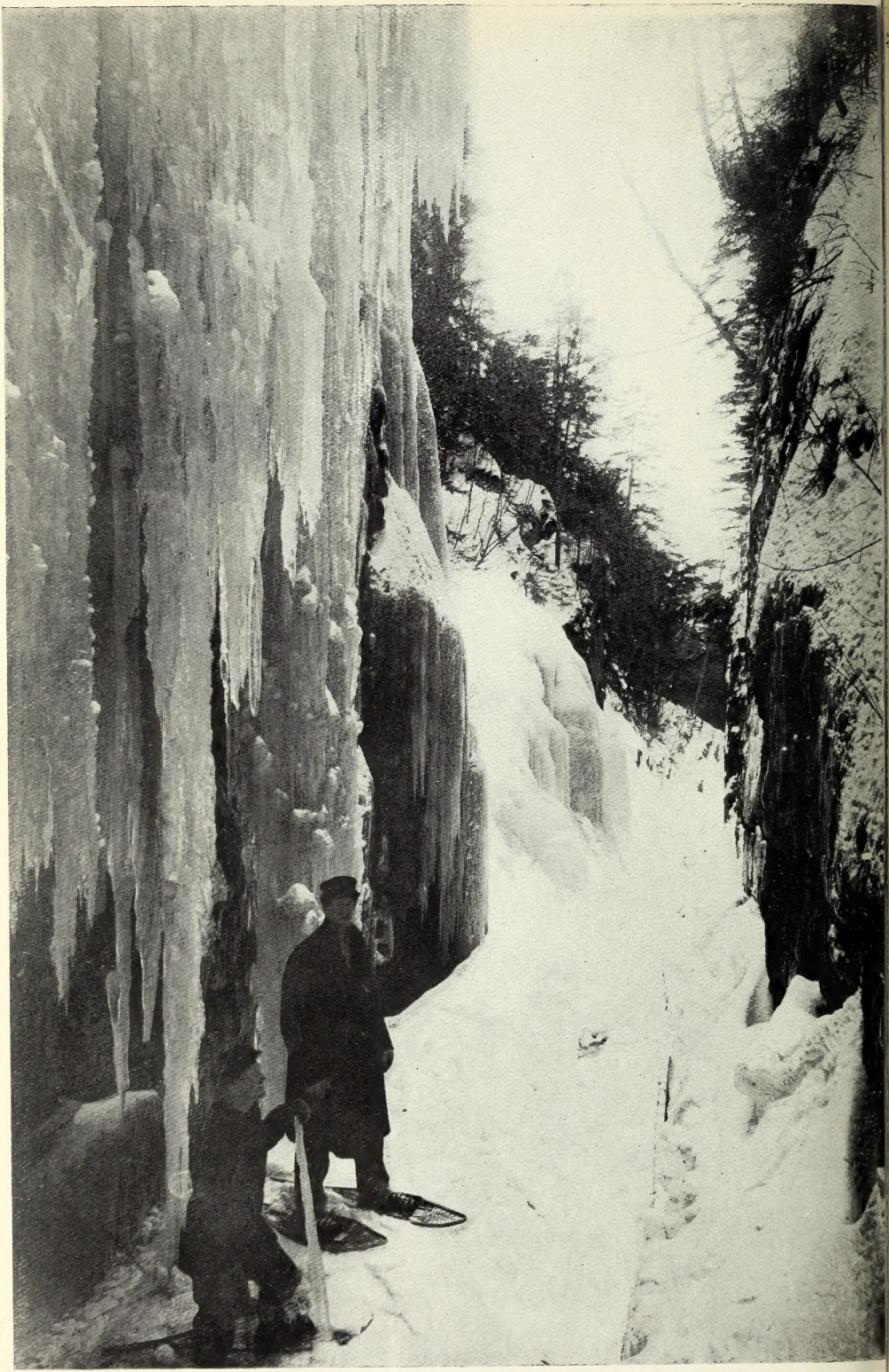
Photograph by Wm. L. Halworth

North Woodstock looking toward Franconia



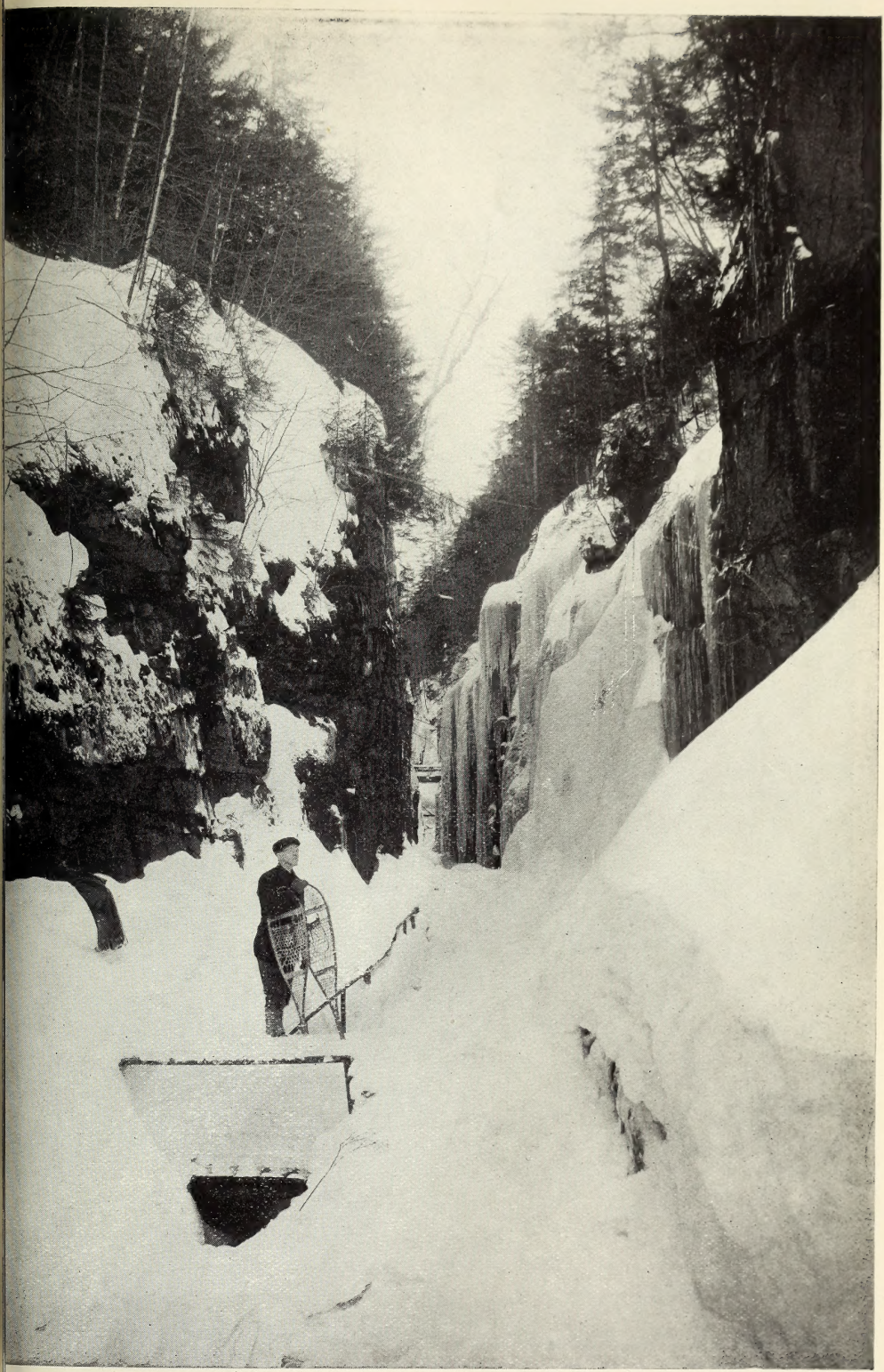
Photograph by Wm L. Hallworth

ON THE ROAD FROM WOODSTOCK TO THE FLUME



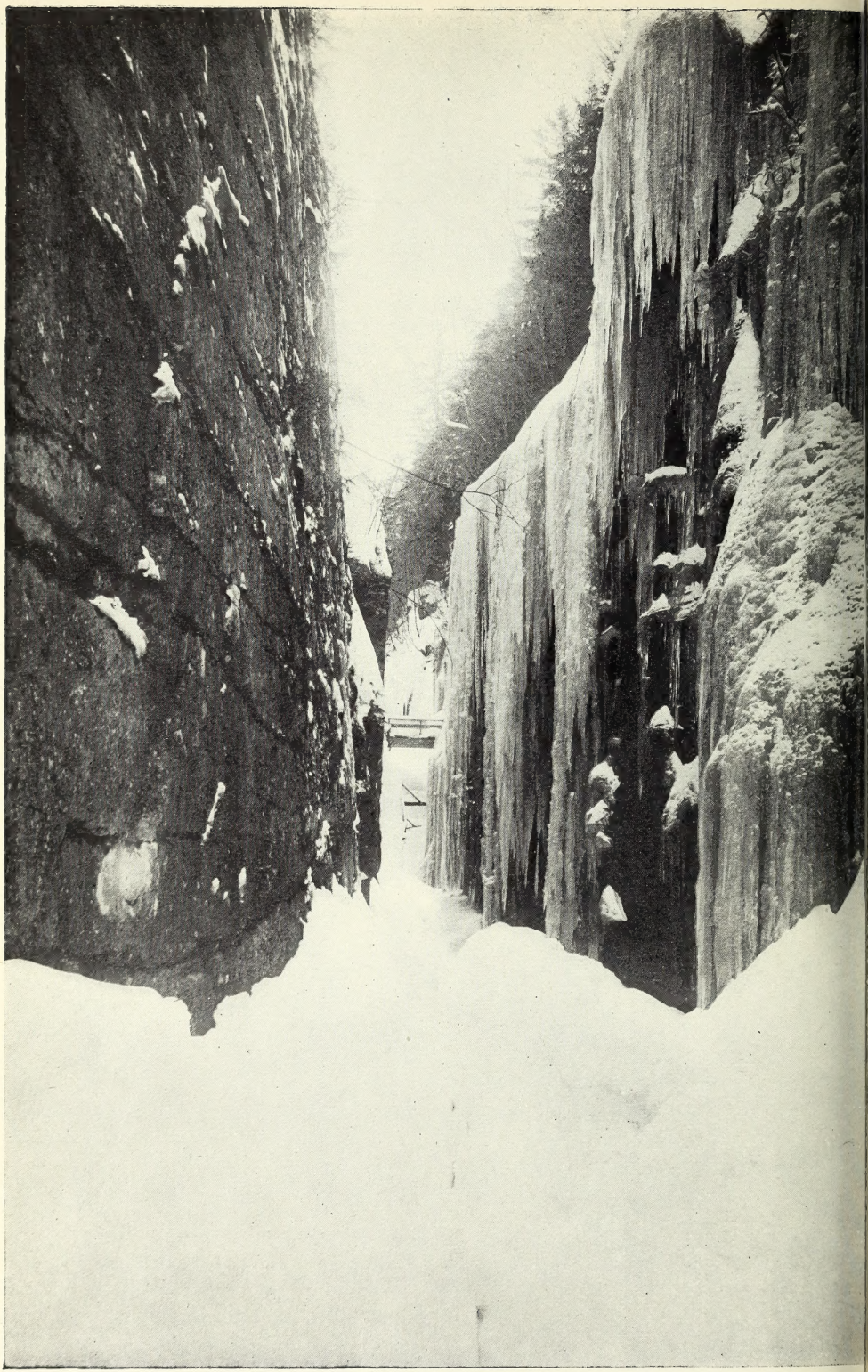
Photograph by Wm.L. Hallworth

SNOW AND ICE FORMATIONS IN THE FLUME



hotograph by Wm. L. Hallworth

LOOKING UP THE FLUME



Photograph WmL. Hallworth

LOOKING DOWN THE FLUME

hotograph by Wm. L. Hallworth

AMONG THE SPRUCES



In the Wake of the Lumberman

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THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER I.

THE CHRISTENING

AS wild as logs leaping clear of a broken jam, twenty lumbermen just off the spring drive jumped from the train as it pulled into angor and whooped their way across ıe platform. Tanned and bearded and ard as nails, they made as great a com- otion as though there had been two ındred of them. For pent-up enthusi- ım, for sheer animal spirits, for naked eef and brawn, they were in fact fully ıual to that number of the putty-faced sts who waited behind the swinging ors to receive them. For when you ve men who are stalwart to begin with ve months of mountain air, five months monastic seclusion among the pines, ve months of swinging an axe from wn to twilight, and add to this a month log-driving where an hourly shaking dice with death makes men reckless, d finally fill their pockets with money d turn them loose in even a Maine city, u have made a goodly company of vages.

Sanderson, a hairy giant in a gaudy ackinaw jacket, led the group. His ack hair was whitening at the temples, d though his eyes were as clear as a ne morning the lusts that burned back them were crimson-streaked. Behind him followed Big Ben and Stevens and Ladoux and Campbell and Trumbull, all hairy, all clear-eyed, all burning within. In the rear followed Pierre Bartineau and Nat Page, the youngster of the group. Though the latter equaled the best of them pound for pound and inch for inch, this was his first season. He stood six feet two, and his hair, blond as a Saxon's, needed cutting. Beneath this his blue-gray eyes stood out like crystal springs. He walked a bit stiffly, like a man with too much hard muscle. He lacked the eagerness of the others and lagged behind, for the hunger that burned within him did not lead to the swinging doors but on to St. Croix—on to St. Croix, where a wisp of a girl who wouldn't more than reach to his shoulders had smiled good-by to him a half-year before. That was all she had granted him—neither more nor less—just a smile at parting, but all winter long that had been enough to gladden the toil of the day. It wasn't much, and the yearning which now grew out of that, as he stood within fifty miles of those black eyes, might seem a weak thing compared to the hardy lusts which drove on his fellows. But consider this—it was mighty enough to control those lusts in him, who not only had more of red blood but more of youth than any man-son of the group. Call it moonshine if you will,

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but, chaste and temperate as the moon's white beams are, it is in them and not in sunshine that the big dreams are quickened which later are born in the heat of the day.

Bartineau lingered by his friend's side while the others moved on. Built like a giant dwarf—short of stature but broad across the shoulders and deep of chest—he considered Nat Page the finest man on earth. He had thought so ever since the

"Son," pleaded Bartineau, who w ten years the other's senior, "take r home with you. Nom de Dieu—I c hoe like the devil."

He spoke eagerly while watching t disappearing group out of the corner his eye with a certain wistfulness.

Nat Page glanced down uneasily the man, who scarcely reached his sho ders, but who was as thick across t chest as himself. He felt embarrassed



READY FOR THE MELTING OF THE ICE

smallpox struck camp last winter, for he might have died then and there, like a rat in a hole, had it not been for Page. His other comrades would willingly have plunged among the grinding ice-blocks on the river to save him from drowning; they would have battled with the twisting, writhing logs to save him or any other of their fellows from that mauling watery death, but when it came to the smallpox—Sacré Dieu, that was another matter. This took a different kind of courage, and only the youngster of the group had proved himself big enough for that.

such devotion from an elder.

"Ye'd better scoot along with th others," he advised.

"Au diable with them," answered Bar tineau promptly.

"There isn't work enough at home fo me," explained Page.

"I won't eat more 'n a dog," persiste Bartineau. "Sacré—I will sleep in th barn and hoe like the devil."

The younger man shook his head wit a good-natured laugh which revealed sound white teeth.

"What about that sister ye was alway talkin' about when ye was sick?"

Bartineau shuffled his feet. True enough, there was Nanette, who was mother and sister to about ten of them.

"Eh, bien," he stammered.

A shout from Sanderson startled them both. The latter, who had a voice like the bellow of an ox, had come running back into the station as excited as an old woman.

"Where's Frenchy and the kid?" he demanded of the world in general.

At that moment the world in general consisted of two commercial travelers, a woman and her three children, a mild-mannered old gentleman, and a half-dozen baggagemen.

Page quickly extended his hand to Bartineau.

"Scoot along," he said. "They're lookin' for ye."

Six faithful henchmen rounded the corner at Sanderson's heels.

"Where's the kid?" they demanded in chorus.

The mother gathered her children around her, and the drummers made as though to help them look. The spirits of these drummers were like rain-washed things compared to the vibrant fever lusts that burned within these forest men. One of the children began to cry, and Sanderson, perceiving the lad's fear, swooped down upon him and raised him seven feet into the air.

"Ye be n't afeered o' me, be ye?" he demanded.

The child began instantly to chuckle, as he felt the strong fingers in his ribs. The mother reached up for her own. Sanderson dove into his pocket and brought out a half-dollar, which he left in the boy's hand, and then with a whoop started off again.

The mother thought better of him and watched with some anxiety to see if he found his own kid. She saw him swoop down upon the six-foot blond giant who apparently bore this meek title.

"Good Gawd," panted Sanderson, "we thought we'd lost ye. This is the first time in my life I was ever twenty minutes in Bangor with a thirst still clawin' at my throat. Come on."

Page looked around as though for some way of escape.

"I've got to get to St. Croix this afternoon," he answered firmly.

"What's that, kid? D'ye think we've nussed ye through th winter fer nothin'? Why, ye ain't ben christened yet!"

"But I've got to get my train," he insisted uncomfortably.

As they began to jostle him towards the street, Bartineau looked up at his comrade for his cue. Though it would have been a foolish and hopeless struggle, he was willing at a nod to throw himself into the fight. During the long vigil in the isolated shack used as a pesthouse, Page had told him something about those black eyes; so, shouldering off the nearest man, Bartineau clenched his fists and waited.

For a second Page swept the circle of faces around him. These were all his comrades. He knew the custom of the drive and had no wish to violate it, but the train to St. Croix left in an hour and he must take that train. He figured that he might go with them and still get back. He nodded.

"Ain't he knowin' fer a young un!" exclaimed Big Ben, praising him with a grin.

Bartineau kept close, and the others formed a sort of loose bodyguard, as though still fearing the boy might change his mind. So they marched noisily past the offices of Bangor's sterling business men—men who were sterling because these same dare-devils were willing to risk their lives for their lumber; so they hooted and shouted down one street after another, ready to argue with any one who challenged their wild freedom; so they came to the swinging doors.

Behind the bar, where only Uno beer, two per cent strong, was displayed, sat old Simmons, like a hibernating bear. He lifted his bulk as Sanderson broke in, and greeted him with a smile from his pig eyes. As man after man followed at the leader's heels until the room was filled, old Simmons glanced uneasily about.

"What is it, gent—beer?"

He was reaching for a bottle of Uno, when Sanderson raised his hand as though about to pronounce a benediction.

"My son," he began in an injured

voice, "it's some forty years since I quit drinkin' pap. It did n't agree with me. It was too all-fired strong, and so I took the pledge. I sweared by all the red-eyed jumpin' devils thet I wouldn't never ag'in tech nothin' but forty rod. An' ter-day we've brought erlong another infant who's goneter take the same pledge. Bring it out—by the gallon."

Simmons looked over the group uneasily, for there were one or two he didn't recognize. But Sanderson leaned over the bar and placed a heavy hand upon the fat shoulder.

"By the gallon," he repeated.

Simmons opened a trap door and brought forth a milk-can. He placed it on the bar and brought out twenty tumblers. Sanderson set the example by filling his half full, and the others followed. Page was last. He hesitated and then half filled his own glass.

"Here's to th' k'd," announced Sanderson, raising his tumbler.

The others nodded and drank off in a gulp the liquid fire that clawed their throats as it went down. The younger man drank little liquor, for he neither liked the taste of it nor needed it to quicken his pulse. He managed to spill most of the contents of his glass on the floor. He tossed a bill in payment of the round upon the bar.

Again the glasses were filled, this time on Sanderson. The stuff went to the heads of these fresh earthy men as swiftly as fire to the core of a pith-pine knot. Almost instantly the talk grew loud and boastful. Some one told a story, a pointless story with nothing to recommend it but its rank obscenity. Page had heard it before in camp, and it had sounded bad enough even then, but now within fifty miles of St. Croix it made him uncomfortable. A roar of laughter greeted the yarn, and Big Ben capped it with one still dirtier. Glasses were filled once more.

Bartineau was beginning to show the effect of his drinks, and Page knew the possible consequences of that. Bartineau went clean raving mad when drunk. He fought and squandered and ran riot until there was nothing left of him but the empty shell of a man.

Edging nearer the Frenchman, Page spoke to him.

"I wouldn't drink another," he said.

Pierre, hot-eyed, looked up. He hesitated a second and then threw glass and all on the floor.

"Eh, bien," he said.

But Big Ben caught the act, and, sensitive enough with drink to make an insult of it, seized Bartineau by the shoulder.

"Thet the way ye drink with me? Eh?"

"It's my fault," Page interrupted. "He's had enough."

"And who th' hell be you?" demanded Big Ben.

"No harm meant," answered Page good-naturedly.

"No harm? Then prove it."

Ben ordered another round of drinks, and once again Bartineau hurled his liquor at the big man's feet. Livid with rage, Ben faced Page.

"An' ye—ye six-foot runt—what be you goneter do?"

Without answering and with a smile still lurking around the corners of his blue eyes, Page very deliberately spilled his forty rod upon the floor.

"I've had enough too," he explained.

For a second Ben stared in livid rage. Then leaping forward, he threw the contents of his own glass full in the face of the younger man.

"I'll christen ye proper," he exploded.

"Gents," pleaded Simmons from behind the bar, "act like gents."

But Bartineau had sprung and was hanging about Big Ben's shoulders, clawing for his throat like a mountain cat. Page reached over and tore the Frenchman loose.

"This is my row—if there's goneter be a row," he said.

"Sacré Bleu," pleaded Bartineau. "Let me have him, let me have him."

But Page handed the squirming dwarf to Sanderson. Even now, with the smart of the liquor still in his eyes, he was remarkably cool. Though Ben was stripping off his coat and the men had closed in to make a ring, he looked on unconcernedly with his big arms folded over his chest.

"Ye're ten years older than me, Ben," he said. "Say ye didn't mean that an' we'll call it quits."

"If ye're skeered," sneered Ben, "I'll keep one hand behind my back."

Page winced at this, but he answered in a slow drawl:

"I'm skeered, but I ain't skeered for myself."



A Typical Crew of a Maine Lumbering Camp

He was honest in this statement. He knew his own strength and the advantage he had in not being in liquor. It wouldn't be a fair fight.

But the big fellow before him had the devil in him, and by now was crazy-mad and crazy-confident. If he was ten years older, he was ten years tougher. And three tumblers of raw whiskey were burning within him. Without waiting he struck out with his right, and catching Page off his guard almost floored him. He rushed again, but this time the latter warded off the blow, and guarding his face with his left took time to shake off his coat.

It took three men to hold Bartineau from the time the fight began until it ended. To the onlookers it seemed like a one-sided contest, for Big Ben did all the rushing, while Page apparently had his hands full in merely warding off the attack. That much, however, he did successfully. Ben could neither break through nor break down his guard. This lasted for twenty minutes by the clock over the bar, and then Ben in a frenzy began to use up his breath in volley after volley of foul oaths. He grew blind and desperate with rage. Time after time he threw his whole two hundred pounds into a blow only to find it wasted by a quick side step.

So another five minutes passed, and then Page caught sight of the time. He had just fifteen minutes left in which to catch his train. Dodging another wild rush, he spoke as Ben recovered himself.

"Call it quits," he pleaded.

"Not till I've pounded ye to within an inch o' yer life," growled Ben.

For a moment the younger man looked worried. Then his cheeks suddenly flushed hectic and he stepped in close. The onlookers moved nearer. Three times Page landed on the bearded face, and then, as Big Ben staggered back, quite deliberately followed him up. With a powerful right swing he struck the big man once more full on the chin, the blow crashing through uplifted arms. Ben dropped in his tracks like an ox under the butcher's mallet.

"Ye've killed him," whined Simmons.

They let Bartineau loose, and he rushed to the side of the prostrate man.

"Sacré if he hasn't killed him; let me finish the job," he panted.

But, shoving Bartineau away, Page knelt by Big Ben's side and for a moment watched his breathing.

"He'll come round," he said as he rose and put on his coat. He beckoned to Bartineau, and as the two passed out the swinging doors, no one tried to bar their way. Once in the open Page shook himself like a big Newfoundland just out of the water.

"I tried to tucker him out," he said, "but he's tougher than an ox."

"He is the son of a yellow dog," declared Bartineau.

At the station Page helped Pierre purchase his ticket back to Nanette. When his own train pulled out, he left the man sitting on a truck disconsolately staring at the bit of green cardboard. He waved him good-by and made his way into the smoker, where he waited impatiently for the train to cover the miles to St. Croix. From here he had a fifteen-mile walk; and this was better, for when he was active the time passed more rapidly.

And yet, when he finally saw the slight figure of Julie Moulton in the yard of the Miller house, where she boarded, he said only,

"How are ye, Julie?"

She looked up with a smile that hardly expressed even surprise.

"Why, hello, Nat," she answered. "Home again?"

But she extended her hand, and the feel of her warm fingers gave him something to dream about all the next week.

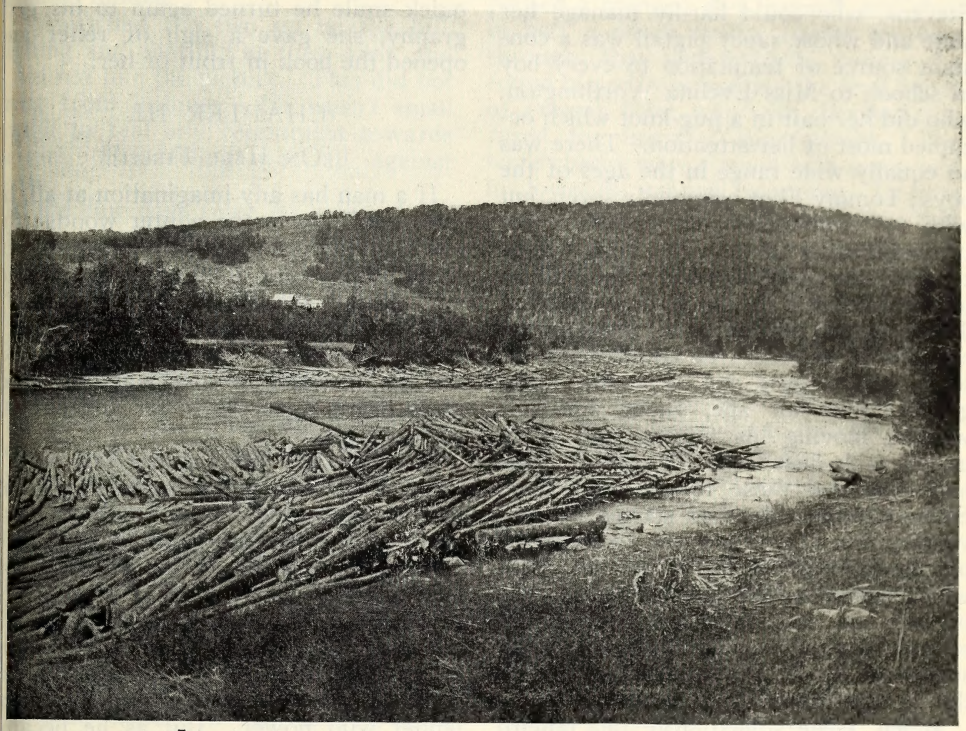
CHAPTER II.

Spring.

Julie sat behind the teacher's desk in the tiny district school which huddles among the trees, like a bird's nest, halfway down the side of Hio Hill where the latter slopes sharply to the intervale at the base of Eagle Mountain. As it happened, she was not studying the text-book on English grammar which she had opened for that ostensible purpose, but the light hair and handsome face of 'Gene Page, one of her pupils. The latter occupied the last bench in the rear of the room—a position of honor owing its popularity, strangely enough, to the fact that it was farthest removed from her pretty black eyes. Except that she was the school teacher and so theoretically should have no interest whatever in her charges save of an educational nature, no one could possibly blame her for filling in the drowsy leisure of the late afternoon in this way. It would be a very anæmic Lady Psyche who could avoid occasional contemplation of those gray-blue eyes, those lean but comely features, that hair which in the sunlight looked as golden as a child's. A man might have made the general criticism that 'Gene was a trifle too comely for one almost full grown, but Julie was as far removed from being a man as it is well possible for any one to be. She revealed her womanhood, as well as the French blood she inherited from her mother, in every slim but well-rounded line, from her jet-black hair and rose-leaf cheeks to the tips of her dainty shoes peeping from beneath virginal white skirts.

Moreover, she was young. She kept this a dark secret as far as possible, but with perfect truth she could claim barely nineteen years, which still left her a month younger than 'Gene. This was not an unusual condition for a school in the backwoods of Maine, but it was an obtrusive fact, nevertheless, in this particular school. Finally, if further explanation of her preoccupation need be given, it was spring. The pines, which

extended in unbroken array from the rear of this box-like building to the top of Eagle Mountain towering high in the background on the left, responded with aromatic redolence to a kindlier sun than they had known for eight months and filled the air with balsamic fragrance. A large bunch of Mayflowers on her desk, surreptitiously left before school opened that morning by Nat Page, added their



IT WILL REQUIRE RECKLESS COURAGE TO UNTANGLE THIS MASS

perfume to that of the pines. In the oaks across the road she heard squirrels at their chattering play. From the greening pastures on the hill she caught, borne on a lazy breeze, the trembling bleat of sheep sounding plaintive warning to their adventurous progeny. Birds whistled and scolded in mating song and wrangle from the near-by bushes. There was a sense of life and freshness everywhere. It came in at the open windows and open door, brightening the whole barren interior of the class room.

Three sides of this room were bounded by blackboards now spattered with the hieroglyphics of fractions and with awkward big-lettered words scrawled during the spelling lesson. To Julie these dead chalk marks looked at the end of the day like white charred bones in a desert. This afternoon, however, a name which seemed to have magic in it had been left like an oasis in the midst of them. It read RIO DE JANEIRO. 'Gene had written it in his pretty, almost feminine hand during the lesson in physical geography. It had no especial significance to her except of its own, but her heart had leaped at sound of it. It suggested blue skies, golden sands, and scudding white-sailed ships. It suggested tropical foliage and coral reefs—romance and adventure. 'Gene had confided in her that when he went to sea he should visit that port. The confession had lighted within her a strange fire. Were she a man it was just what she herself would do. She envied him, and after this read into him every wild dream of her own.

She was seated on a raised platform

behind a wooden desk fronted by a row of text-books, a large ink-bottle, two or three pen-holders, a ruler, a paper bag of confiscated gumdrops, and a thin wooden box of chalk. Beyond this, at rude benches marked and gouged and carved by succeeding proprietors of huge jack-knives, sat her fifteen pupils. Nine of these were girls; six were boys. The former, in home-made dresses of bright calico, ranged in age from Capitola Stevens, who could hardly manage her slate and whose saucy pigtail was a constant source of temptation to every boy in school, to Miss Evelina Worthington, who did her hair in a pug-knot which occupied most of her attention. There was an equally wide range in the ages of the boys; Tommy Flint being only seven, but with a well-developed capacity for trouble-making that would have done credit to one twice his years. Julie Moulton was forced to watch him all over. There was no portion of his anatomy incapable of mischief; he could move his scalp and wiggle his ears, he could grimace like an ape, shoot spit-balls without moving his fingers, and reach unbelievable distances with his feet. She had suspected those feet all day long. Several commotions had started in their vicinity, but she hadn't yet detected the pin arranged in the toe of one stub boot which served as the efficient cause. At present he was crouched innocently enough behind his geography. The latter suggested Rio de Janeiro once more, and this in turn inevitably suggested 'Gene.

When 'Gene smiled, Rio de Janeiro seemed only a careless vagabond's journey away. His eyes grew brilliant, and one forgot the responsibility of his six-foot body, his deep chest, his long arms. He escaped a great many duties with that smile and his ready tongue. To this end he made further use of the fact that he was only a younger brother. Nat resembled him like a twin except that the former was built on still leaner, hardier lines, being two years older.

Suddenly Julie became conscious that she herself was being observed. Her cheeks flushed a dark crimson, as with deep concentration she immediately began a minute study of the ink-spots on her desk. One of these resembled Medus another a full-rigged ship, another t island of Guadeloupe of the lower A tilles. She knew 'Gene was still watc ing her with a lazy smile and knew th he knew she knew it. In sudden rebellic she raised her head with a swift aut cratic challenge. His eyes flamed up i response. His expression became ir solently confident. In her heart Juli trembled for the outcome. When with quick smile he turned again to his ge graphy, she gave a sigh of relief an opened the book in front of her.

CHAPTER III.

On Hell Fire.

If a man has any imagination at all, h lives two lives in the winter woods: th one outside himself, which is made up o hard, biting work, hunger, food, fatigue and sleep; the other within himself which is anything he will. There is muc time for dreams while swinging an ax and the trees and the silence and the quie snow-bound shadows foster and cherish such dreams.

Nat had left Julie in the fall with simple hand clasp and returned to nothin more in the spring, but within him a grea change had in the meanwhile taken place For six months the girl had lived in his heart and shared with him the best o that life. At first she had come into his thoughts shyly, as a woman who to him seemed wonderfully beautiful, wonderfully dainty, with the charm of some tender wild flower. But as he became more familiar with her through daily association, this shyness wore away and she seemed less flowerlike and more maidenlike. With this his dreams grew more personal, more vital, until they culminated during that four weeks in the pesthouse with Bartineau into something surprisingly like the dreams of a lover. So when he came back and found the girl herself unchanged and realized that she, after all, knew nothing of what had taken place within him, much of his shyness returned, and he contented himself with the occasional glimpses of her which he caught as she went back and forth to school.

But within him the yearning for more
ew apace. Before her living presence
e old dreams returned to mock him.
t in spite of this it took him a week to
ther courage to make his way to the
ot of Hio Hill one afternoon with the
termination of meeting her after school
d walking back with her. And then,
er all, as she came along with 'Gene by
r side, his courage failed him and he
nained hidden.

He watched the two go up the hill,
ghing and chatting as they went, and
did not like the picture. This did not
ing from jealousy. He wasn't small
ough to feel any resentment towards
girl. His feeling was all against
'ne.

n the few days since his return from
np Nat had found the breach between
himself and his brother widening to a
nt where it was becoming difficult for
n to control himself. He had never
ed the boy. Since they were children
ether, they had quarreled, though it
l always been impressed upon Nat that
an older brother it was his duty to en-
e. This he had done, and 'Gene had
en advantage of it to go still further in
hectoring.

But now two facts altered the situa-
n: he had come home with new
ndards and 'Gene had grown to man
e. For six months Nat Page had seen
n judged by the stern laws of the
ods, which measure men for what they
and nothing else. By this measure he
w that 'Gene fell far short of the
ture of a man, even though he had the
k of a man. 'Gene would not have
ed a day, for instance, in the same
w with Pierre Bartineau; he was too
fty in his eyes, too loose in his tongue,
eager for himself. In his heart Nat
spected that if ever cornered 'Gene
uldn't even fight fair. In camp such
n are quickly dealt with.

And yet in spite of this the man was
l enough on the outside and in or-
ary speech was both quick and fair-
ken. The trouble seemed to lie
hin. Even as a child 'Gene had been
ular with the petticoats and at logger-
ds with his fellows, and now that he
grown there seemed to be no change
as there should have been a change.

The sky was losing its starkness when Nat started home again. In the distance he heard the jingling of the cow bells as the kine edged nearer and nearer the pasture bars. But he hadn't gone more than a hundred yards before he heard in the bushes back from the road another sound—the broken sobbing of some one trying hard to control his grief. He paused a moment and listened, and then in half a dozen strides forced his way through the undergrowth, where he found himself confronting the frail figure of Tommy Flint, who with clenched fists faced the intruder aggressively. The boy's cheeks were stained with tears, and his lower lip was still trembling. In spite of this the lad looked so pugnacious that Nat could not refrain from smiling.

"What's the trouble, son?" he asked.

"Nothin'," answered Tommy, glancing uneasily over his shoulder.

"Just cryin' for the fun of it?" inquired Nat.

"Who's ben cryin'?" Tommy challenged, his lip beginning to tremble again.

Nat looked away from him.

"Maybe it was a chipmunk I heard."

"It waren't," confessed Tommy. "It was me."

"So?" Nat inquired indiffrently.

For a moment Tommy stared at his toes; then he blurted out:

"Dad's in yonder."

Nat looked up quickly.

"Well?" he asked with a frown.

"He's goneter git converted," whimpered Tommy.

"Well, don't cry about that, son. I reckon it won't hurt him none."

"It ain't that," sobbed the boy, "but he's so darned happy 'bout it he's got drunk as hell."

"Where is he?" Nat asked quickly.

Tommy pointed to a clump of bushes just beyond. Nat strode over there and almost tripped over the prostrate form of the boy's father. The latter roused himself sleepily.

"Tommy," he muttered with profound gravity, "Tommy, ye've gotter be saved if—has to whale ye for it."

He tried to make his elbow, but at sight of Nat dropped back again.

"Hello," he greeted the latter affably.

"Ye'd better get up and get home," suggested Nat.

"Don't bother me," answered Flint. "I've gotter go to meetin' to-night. I've gotter git saved to-night."

"To-night?" answered Nat. "Then ye haven't more 'n time to git sobered off."

Grasping the man by his shoulder, he helped him to his feet. Tommy began to sob again.

"Don't hurt him," pleaded the boy. "He didn't do nothin' to me. Honest, he didn't."

"I'm not goneter hurt him," answered Nat, "but he can't go home this way."

This wasn't the first time that he had brought the old man home sober, and the gentle faded eyes of the wife always repaid him for his trouble. He steadied Flint down the hill and then into the woods where the brook made a good-sized bathing pool.

"Strip," he ordered. "Tommy will stand near the road to see that no one's coming."

"Look a here," protested Flint, "it ain't time to be baptized yet. It ain't fair to baptize a feller afore meetin'."

"I reckon it won't hurt you none to be baptized afore and after," replied Nat grimly.

Flint obeyed reluctantly, for he had been in Nat's hands before and knew the uselessness of argument. Nat led him to the pool and ducked him three times in as matter-of-fact a fashion as he might duck a puppy, and after this made him run ten times in a wide circle around a big pine to bring his blood to the surface once more. By the time Flint was in his clothes again he was sober as a judge.

"Now," said Nat, "you're fit to go home and you're fit to go to meetin'."

Old Flint shook his head.

"I've lost the hankerin'." he affirmed.

"For what?" inquired Nat. "Rum or religion?"

Flint looked up with the grieved expression of a man who has been grossly misunderstood.

"I hain't teched a drop—fer, let me see—"

He brought his brows together in deep thought, as though the date were so far back in the past that he couldn't off-hand remember it.

"Then," advised Nat, "I'd quit religion. And I wouldn't whale the boy any more neither, if I was you."

Again Tommy lifted his voice.

"He didn't hurt me none, honest!"

Flint's face grew serious. If there wasn't a strong line in it, neither was there a vicious line.

"Did I whale ye, Tommy?" he asked anxiously.

"Only 'cause I didn't know how to pray," answered Tommy.

Flint finished tying the laces to his shoe. Then he rose determinedly.

"Well," he avowed with conviction, "you oughter know how to pray. I reckon I'll send you and your ma to meetin' ter night."

Tommy looked uneasy.

"I don't mind the whalin' none," he declared.

"Both of ye had better go home and stay there," put in Nat. "I've got to run along now. Are you straight again?"

Flint stepped back hastily from the edge of the brook.

"Never straighter in my life," he answered quickly. "Watch me walk. Come on, Tommy."

He started off at a brisk gait, with Tommy at his heels. With exaggerated eagerness to prove his point he walked a plumb line. Nat watched the two disappear and then started on.

As he neared the Miller place, his step lagged. His eyes swept every window in the hope that he might catch a glimpse of Julie, but he looked in vain.

The old Page house stood just below the crest of Hio Hill exactly as built seventy-five years before. Except for a few shingles and clapboards nothing within this period had been added to it. It was an unpainted structure a story and a half high, with a long shed connecting with a barn three times its own size. The wind and the rain and the sun had stained the buildings a silver gray. The shingles on the roof were warped and mossy, and many of the clapboards had worked free from their rusty iron nails. The door sills were worn deep and the windows rattled loosely. And yet in spite of all

these evidences of age the old buildings did not suggest decay so much as mellow ripeness; they did not suggest poverty so much as substance. One felt that time had merely tested them. It was the land around the buildings that gave an index to the owner's financial standing and these spoke well for the Page family. Twenty acres were under cultivation, ten more were in orchards, and some fifty acres furnished good pasturage for cows and sheep.

Before the house five tall elms clawed at the sky, their lean trunks extending high above the roof and spreading out into great fan-shaped clusters of limbs. They were just budding. A wild tangle of a flower garden now filled with dead stalks was scattered either side of the front door. The latter was never used except for funerals. In the yard lay a woodsled with rusting runners just where the snow had deserted it. Beyond this an old pung had been ten years in dropping to pieces. Near the well with its long sweep stood a grindstone. In and out around these relics some thirty hens with as many pullets at their heels were scratching the young grass, making the most of what daylight remained.

The barnyard with its narrow miry lane leading into the south pasture lay to the right of the barn. The cows were already waiting patiently at the bars, chewing their cuds slowly, laboriously, thoughtfully.

It was half-past six before Nat finished his milking and joined the rest of the family at supper. These meals were sturdy, serious affairs. Neither Nat nor his father ever attempted conversation, and though 'Gene and his mother exchanged at this time the gossip of the neighborhood it was in jerky sentences with many long silent lapses.

This evening it was not until the pie was reached that any one spoke. Then Mrs. Page rested her eyes upon her younger son.

"I do wish, 'Gene," she said anxiously, "that you and Nat could tend out on some of them revival meetin's down to the village."

'Gene lifted his head with interest.

"What for?" he demanded, as he scented a chance for argument.

"They say that revival preacher is doin' a mighty work," she answered.

"Gideon?"

"The Reverend Elisha Gideon," she answered with mild rebuke. (

"Didn't know preachers ever worked," 'Gene replied.



A SUMMER CAMP

"It's work for the Lord," returned Mrs. Page simply. "They do say that over twenty have ben washed in the blood. Even old John Flint is cavin'—so Deacon Miller was a-tellin' me."

"Has the Deacon himself been washed yet?" inquired 'Gene with a grin.

" 'Gene!" protested his mother.

Joshua lifted his head and winked heavy encouragement at the boy.

"I didn't know, ma," went on 'Gene soberly, "I seen the Deacon yesterday and he didn't look whiter'n snow then." He added, meeting her anxious eyes with innocent childishness. "But maybe it would take more 'n one washin' to clean the Deacon."

"I don't think you oughter poke fun at sech things," she answered seriously.

"Hasn't the Deacon closed in on old Flint's farm?" inquired 'Gene.

"Wouldn't give him twenty-four hours o' grace," put in Joshua.

Mrs. Page moved uneasily.

"I s'pose that's business, ain't it?" she suggested weakly.

"The Lord's business?" inquired 'Gene

without smiling.

"Wal—"

There was the sound of carriage wheels in the yard and Mrs. Page looked at 'Gene guiltily.

"I reckon that's the Deacon now," she stammered. "I told him maybe you boys would go to meetin' with him to-night."

'Gene shoved back his chair.

"I reckon Nat would," he suggested, "but I've got to get my lessons."

The Deacon came in before 'Gene could make good his escape and was hospitably greeted by Mrs. Page. He was an under-sized man with two ferret eyes which peered out from above a shaggy growth of full beard, as though peeking over a hedge. His voice was cracked and his hands trembled. When he spoke, it was always in a tone of complaint. The world was a monstrously evil place to Deacon Miller and needed close watching. He was almost through with it now, and at times realized this with a fear that left him short of breath. He took out a big heavy watch and held it close to his weak eyes.

"Ev'nin'," he wheezed. "Be the boys ready?"

Mrs. Page dodged the question.

"You'll have a cup of tea afore you start?" she begged.

"Service begins a quarter to eight," he reminded her.

He turned to Joshua, who had seated himself by the stove and was now placidly pressing down the tobacco in his corncob pipe. His voice changed to a feeble monotonous singsong.

"Ye'd better come along, Josh. The word of the Lord has gone forth."

Joshua held a lighted sulphur match to his pipe until it burned down to his calloused thumb.

"I reckon you're right," he nodded slowly between puffs.

He was neither skeptical nor indifferent, but he had come to lean upon his wife in all such matters. He firmly believed that she was pious enough to sweep him along, if not the boys, with her.

From the rear of the room 'Gene spoke up.

"Yes," he echoed, "the word of the Lord has gone forth."

They all faced him. There was a quality in his young voice which commanded attention whenever he spoke with a purpose, for it then lost all trace of sharpness and came full and strong from his chest. He was leaning against the wall, but now he stepped forward with his head held high. One might almost have thought him inspired. His eyes grown big, rested upon first one and then another. He caught the Reverend Gideon's very intonation.

"The word of the Lord has gone forth," he repeated, "and oh, my bretheren, the word of the Lord is mighty. All ye who repent not and ain't washed in the blood of the lamb 'll go down into everlastin' Hell fire. D'ye realize the awfulness of that fire, my bretheren? Ye light a match and hold it to your pipe and it feels hot, but a million sech matches burning all to once would be like the Norther's in December 'longside a single spark of Hell fire. Ye put your hand in a burning candle and get scorched. It hurts, but ye'd welcome it like water from a frozen lake—a million miles away from Hell fire. See the wood crackling in the stove yonder!"

He pointed at the hot, warped covers. They all followed his finger.

"Lift the covers and put in your hand!" he exclaimed.

The Deacon withdrew his hands behind his back.

"Open the covers and put in your hands," shouted 'Gene. "Leave them there to sizzle and burn. You'd welcome the cool of that afore you'd reached the outer rim of Hell fire. The scratchin' hurt of them little flames would seem like balm of Gilead to you afore you even seed the *light* of distant Hell fires."

"Hallelujah," interrupted the Deacon fervently.

"For Hell fire burns in a pit a million miles deep and a million miles wide, and every lost soul is plumb in the middle of it with devils a-makin' faces at him over the brim."

"Amen," shouted the Deacon. Mrs. Page sat with her cold hands clasped in her lap. Joshua's pipe had long since gone out. Nat was not moved like the

others, yet he marveled and was more than half convinced that this time 'Gene was in earnest. He had heard of these sudden conversions.

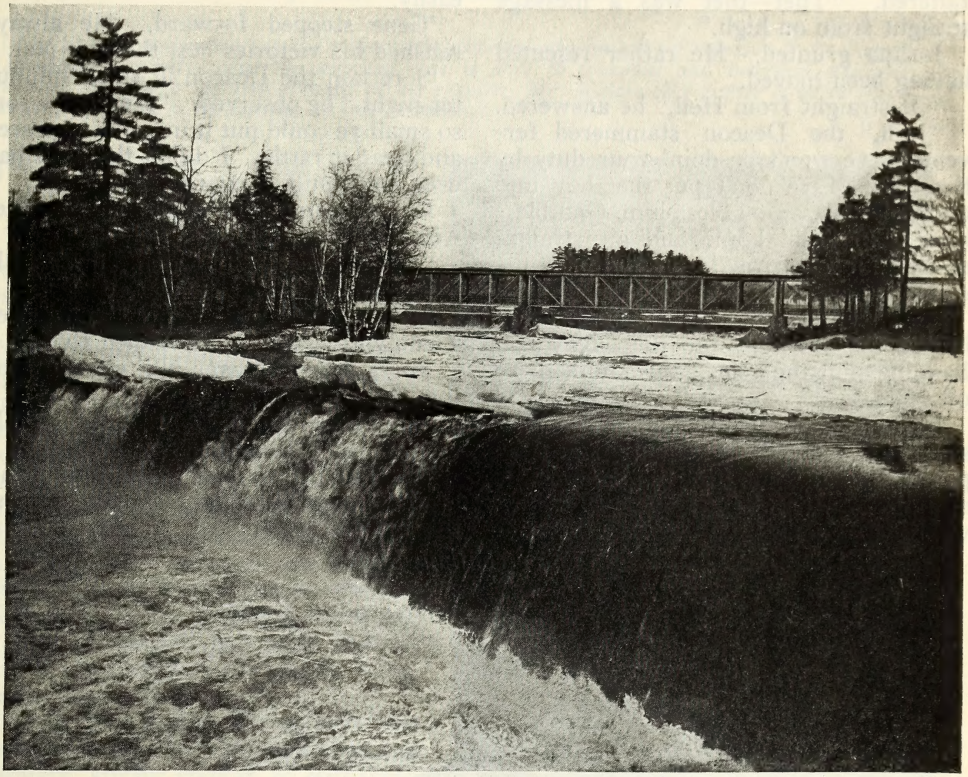
For fifteen minutes longer 'Gene continued his exhortation without pause, without once faltering for words. His cheeks became flushed and his eyes grew bigger than ever. The Deacon broke in more and more frequently with nervous Hallelujahs and fervent Amens. Mrs. Page sat transfixed.

The boy stopped abruptly and the ensuing silence was in itself impressive. He raised his eyes. Standing there so, he looked veritably like some youthful prophet. Then, in a low voice he began to pray—a prayer for those who sin unconsciously, for those who deal harshly with their fellowmen, for those who are sharp in trade. Closer and closer he drew the lines around the Deacon, and yet with such skill that the words might have applied equally well to any of a dozen other men in the neighborhood. He exhorted that such might be kept from Hell fire through the saving grace of the Lord. He pleaded so earnestly that the effect was only to emphasize the implied hopelessness of the plea.

The Deacon listened with startled eyes. His asthmatic breathing could be heard even above 'Gene's voice. He leaned forward with his fingers writhing in terror. Then impulsively he fell upon his sharp knees and raised his bony hands on high.

"Lord—Lord, forgive," he cried.

He made a pitiful figure. Nat watched him with a lump in his throat, without daring to look at 'Gene. He trembled for what might be the awful climax. When 'Gene stopped, Nat kept his eyes on the old man, his body in a cold perspiration of anticipation. But again 'Gene surprised him. He walked past the trembling penitent without speaking and dis-



"Among the grinding ice-blocks"

appeared into the next room.

Silence followed his exit. Nat wished to get out into the air, but he didn't dare move. He was stifled—uneasy. He hated such scenes as these. He heard his mother weeping softly. Then he saw the Deacon rise and take her hand.

"The lad has the gift o' tongues," he faltered. "Thet—thet was a message straight from on high."

Joshua grunted. He rather resented having been moved.

"Or straight from Hell," he answered.

"Josh," the Deacon stammered fervently, "ye won't be doin' your duty by the Lord of ye don't put thet boy into the meenistry. God bless him. God bless him. I'm goin' home and git straight down on my marrow bones and pray the rest of the night."

He staggered towards the door. Nat helped the old man into the buggy and handing him the reins, saw him drive off.

He himself wanted to walk. The clear sky was pierced by countless needle points, and it made him think somehow of Julie. In the Miller house just below, where she boarded, he saw that the windows were still lighted. He started in that direction, but he wasn't more than out of the yard before he was checked by 'Gene's voice. He turned and saw the boy on the front porch puffing at a corncob pipe.

"Where goin'?" inquired 'Gene.

"Nowhere special," answered Nat uneasily.

'Gene stepped forward. He always relished his victories best through Nat.

"I reckon the Deacon 'll smell sulphur ter-night," he observed. "He's got a soul so small ye could put it in a mustard-seed and hear it rattle. I didn't think he had even soul 'nuff to warm up."

For a second Nat studied his brother with some curiosity.

" 'Gene," he finally asked, "d'ye really b'lieve all that stuff?"

"What d'ye think I am?" answered 'Gene with a grin. "A blamed fool?"

For a second longer Nat studied him, then he answered quietly:

"No, I shouldn't say that. I should call ye just a blamed liar."

He waited a moment, half hoping his brother might resent the statement. But the latter only laughed.

(To be continued.)



Teaching Animals and Birds to Talk

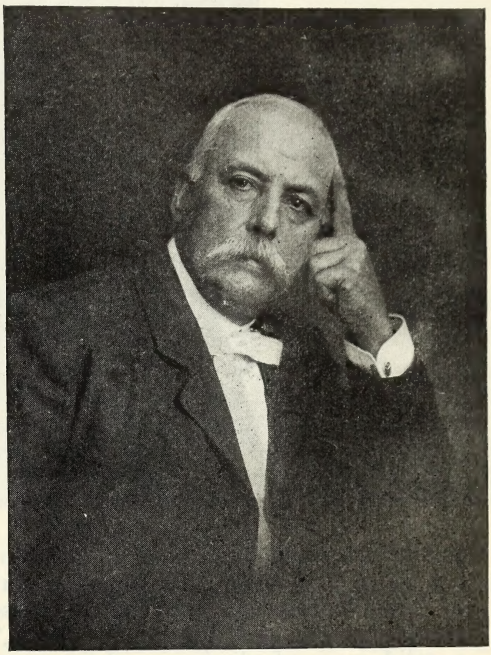
By HARVEY MIDDLETON

(The widespread interest in the remarkable experiments made by Professor R. L. Garner to determine to what extent the monkey race is able to transmit and interpret phonetic expression, calls for a popular account of his results. Mr. Middleton's article is as interesting as it is complete in its account of this research.)

PROFESSOR R. L. GARNER set out alone for Africa in 1892, to find out if there really was a race of apes that built huts for themselves; if there really were apes so domesticated as to act as servants to the black people in those districts, but principally to solve the great problem of monkey speech. To do this it was necessary to penetrate the jungle until the domain of the great apes was reached, and there, armed with a talking machine, procure a record of the sounds they make, to learn to interpret them until they were thoroughly understood, and then in turn to make the apes understand the man by the aid of the talking machine. Professor Garner did not expect to discover any high type of speech, but only such as would serve to express the simple wants of the monkey race.

The scientist's equipment on that first venture consisted of a steel wire cage, ten feet square, strong enough to withstand any reasonable attack from wild beasts; a table and chair, an oil stove; a rifle; camera; a canvas bed, and a great deal of food in the form of condensed soup and meat extract. On arriving in Africa Professor Garner landed at the port of Gaboon, and proceeded by boat up the Ogowe River for two hundred and fifty miles, finally reaching the heart of the Lake Farran Vaz jungle, in the French Congo—a place literally alive with chimpanzees and gorillas.

The professor pitched his great steel cage in the midst of a tropical forest, with terraces of foliage arising on every side, with the vines and mosses and flowers forming festoons and draperies

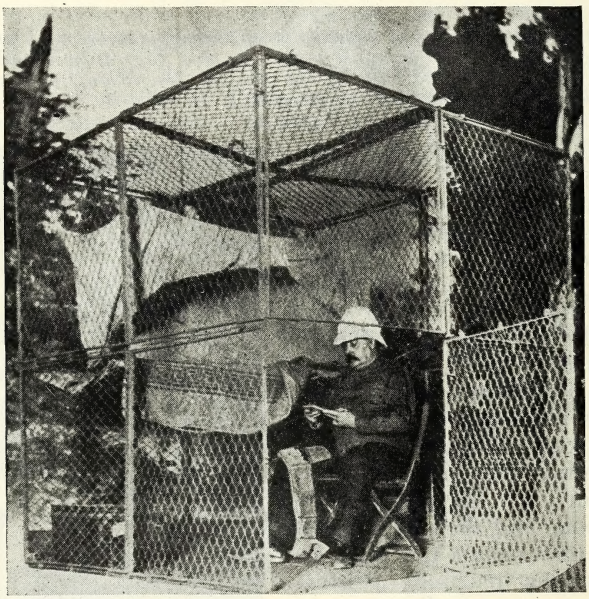


Professor R. L. Garner

all around him, and with the monkeys and birds chattering and singing in the trees overhead. The cage, with a roof of leaves and board floor, was elevated from the ground on four poles, and was painted green to make it inconspicuous among the foliage. Thus for the first time a white man lived in the depths of the African bush and saw nature quite untrammelled, and the denizens of the forest off their guard. Gorillas and chimpanzees clambered past the cage with the same indifference that you or I would show in passing a dwelling in a

great city. Leopards and other beasts of the jungle sniffed at it during the night. Probably no man ever lived before in such close communion with the life of the wild forest. Where he encamped the trees were eight feet in diameter and a hundred feet high, set closely together, and in the intervening spaces were smaller trees about four feet in diameter, not more than sixty feet high,—a sort of "middle forest." Weaving all these trunks together was the "under forest," a solid mass of climbers and creepers, poisonous weeds and thorns, which only lizards and snakes could penetrate. The sunlight never came through the leaves, and the brightest moon made but a green twilight in this jungle. Splendid orchids grew everywhere, and the heavy moist air was acrid with the smell of dying vegetation.

The first night the professor spent in the cage he had for a companion just one native boy. He was awakened in the middle of the night by the dreadful roar of a gorilla. The boy leaped up and, trembling like a leaf, cried, "O Janga, N'jina!" (Listen! Gorilla). "The roar was unlike anything I ever heard imagined," said the professor, "it is o of the most awful sounds in the wor It makes one's blood stand in the vei Paul de Chaillu did not exaggerate in t least when he said that he had heard gorilla roar five miles off. I sat up un daylight with my rifle waiting for t



PROFESSOR GARNER IN HIS JUNGLE CAGE

gorilla to come, but it did not. The bc could not be induced to spend anoth night with me."

Many gorillas were seen during th professor's stay in the jungle. One c them came within eleven feet of th cage. It was a female attracted by th presence of his dog. The dog was en grossed with a bone and did not notic the gorilla's approach. Stealthily creep ing up, she would have seized him ha Professor Garner not frightened her b cocking his rifle. The click of the sprin scared the great brute, and after starin at the white man angrily and curiously she disappeared into the bush. Durin the hundred days that Garner spent i his cage many more gorillas came int sight, but would not approach any neare than about thirty yards. The native

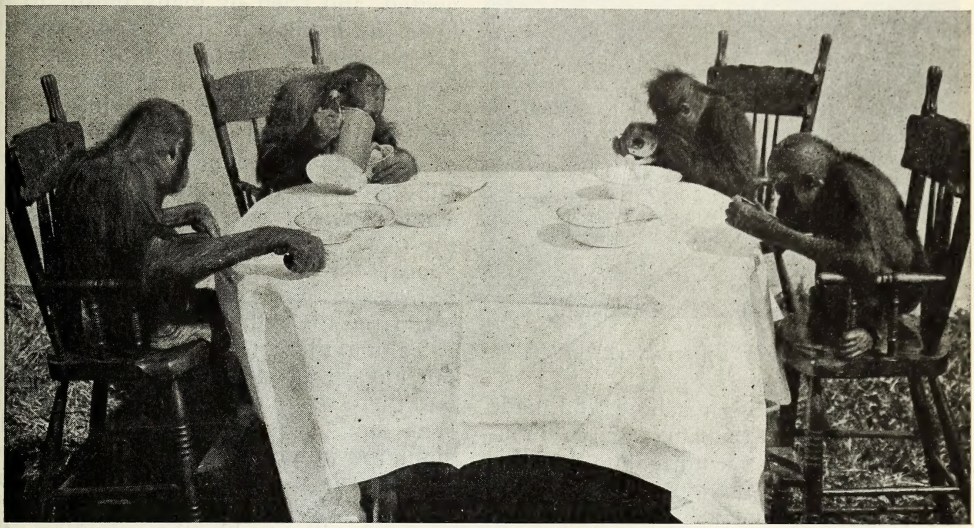
told the professor that the apes were frightened by his white face, and that if he blacked it they would come much closer. The professor thought seriously of taking their advice until he remembered that he had no means of washing himself, and he did not care to remain black all the time, even in the jungle.

Primarily Professor Garner's studies were directed to the speech sound of apes, in order to learn to what extent such sounds were capable of conveying definite ideas without the aid of gestures, and secondarily to translating them into the equivalents of human speech. But as speech is only a materialized form of thought, it is but natural that such investigations should lead to a deeper study of the animal mind in search of the motives and mental processes that culminate in speech. These necessarily involve the organs of sensation, the faculties of perception, and those states of mind commonly called emotions.

During the first expedition the professor was not accompanied by a talking machine, the instrument having failed to arrive at the last moment. After six months in his romantic jungle home Professor Garner returned from Africa with his belief in the conversational powers of monkeys intensified to absolute certainty. Here was what he discovered:

The sounds uttered by monkeys were voluntary, deliberate and articulate. They were always used with the purpose of being understood. A monkey was always conscious of his own meaning and expected that meaning to be understood by his interlocutor. He understood the sounds made by other monkeys of his own species and responded to them. If a monkey did not get an answer to the sounds that he uttered he repeated the same sound until he was answered. He preserved complete silence when alone, using the sounds only to convey some information, want or desire, and not as a pastime. These sounds were made with the vocal organs, and were modulated with the teeth, tongue and lips in the same manner that man controlled his vocal organs. The fundamental sounds appeared to be pure vowels, but faint traces of consonants were found in many words, especially those of low pitch. There was no universal language—no Esperanto — among monkeys. Each species had its own peculiar tongue, slightly shaded into dialects, and the radical sounds did not appear to have the same meaning in different tongues.

In 1894 Professor Garner returned to



A TEA PARTY AT THE BRONX ZOO



PROFESSOR GARNER'S CHIMPANZEE "SUSIE"

Africa with a talking machine, and made many records of the language of monkeys. But it was not until 1903 that this persevering scientist was able to secure the proper equipment and instruments with which to get the best results. In that year he sailed from Philadelphia with one of the most complete and delicate talking machine outfits ever manufactured. These machines were made under the personal direction of Thomas Edison, being provided with a special lot of diaphrams made particularly for the professor's use. These instruments were so sensitive that they were capable of recording the slightest jungle noise. The professor also carried with him a ton of iron with which to construct his jungle cage.

Arrived on his old camping ground—seventy miles south of the Equator—Professor Garner spent over five years without having a morsel of bread or seeing another white man.

Having observed that all monkeys were not equally intelligent or talkative, and that some of them speak more distinctly and act more promptly than others, the professor selected a young monkey and had him placed in a section of the cage screened off so that there was nothing to divert his attention. After he had been accustomed to his new quarters, the professor began a series of experiments. The phonograph was placed near the cage, and to it was attached a device by means of which the machine could be started without being observed by the monkey. For a long time the patient scientist watched and waited, and tried by many means to induce the monkey to utter some sounds. He was finally rewarded, and secured a fine record. At that time, however, he had no definite idea as to the meaning of the sounds. He made five or six records of the principal sounds, and, after carefully studying them and the monkey for some days, he selected two or three of the most distinct ones, and those which appeared to be most frequently used by the speaker, and carefully shaved off the rest from the cylinders.

Taking these records he went to another place a considerable distance away, and there secured another monkey of the same kind. The animal was placed under similar conditions to those under which the records were made. After allowing the second monkey sufficient time to become familiar with the situation, the professor quietly set the phonograph in motion and reproduced the sounds made by the other monkey. As soon as the machine repeated the first two or three sounds the listener became interested, approached the mouth of the horn and responded to the sounds that issued from it. It was evident that he recognized them as the sounds of another monkey of his own kind, and sought to find the author of the sounds. He carefully searched the horn, peered down into it, and watched the outside to see if the speaker came out. Failing to find him, he appeared to regard the thing with some suspicion, and, cautiously withdrawing from it, retired to a corner of the cage.

From time to time the records were repeated to this monkey until Professor Garner was thoroughly convinced that

understood them. In the meantime conduct was carefully noted. While was repeating these sounds to the imal, and trying to gain some definite ea as to their meaning, he realized that erious defect in the experiment was in t having provided another instrument

Qhui ..... Want
Our'h ..... Where are you
Eu-nh ..... Here
Khi-iu-hou ..... Retreat
Chu-h ..... Hark! What?
Khi-iu .....Look out
Whoo-u ..... Food



ONSUL THE CHIMPANZEE WHO DOES EVERYTHING BUT SPEAK. HE HAS FREQUENTLY BEEN THE GUEST OF EUROPEAN ROYALTY

record the sounds uttered in response those reproduced. To remedy this he ranged another machine where it could tch the sounds of the second monkey, d in this manner secured two sets of cords for comparative study. As a sult of his jungle studies Professor rner believes he has the whole monkey nguage in seven basic words. Here ey are:

The professor concludes that the monkey language has no inflections, no declensions, no verbs, that it consists merely of these seven basic words, which, varied in their meaning by the modulations of the monkey voice, make up the language. In his jungle experiences the professor has been on talking terms with twenty-two chimpanzees and nine gorillas. It was with the chimpanzees that he

had most to do, and one of his principal triumphs was in teaching a tame chimpanzee named Moses to utter a word he had taught him. He tried the English "mama," the French "feu," fire, the German "wie," how, and the Nkame "nkgwe," mother. For mama "Moses" learned to move his lips properly, but could utter no sound; for "feu" he actually came to say "vu"; for "wie" he said what sounded like a German "ue," and the Nkami word he never mastered, though the natives claimed that some monkeys had been taught their language.

On returning to civilization recently from this third expedition, Professor Garner confirmed the report that he had not only made great progress in the mastery of the monkey language, but had actually succeeded in teaching certain monkeys English words which they used in connection with objects placed before them. For instance, if an object like a red ball is held up before one of his best specimens the monkey will identify it with the words "redball" uttered as a single word. This does not mean that any monkey can carry on an extended conversation, for that requires more brain than is to be found in any chimpanzee.

The professor went to the jungle actuated solely by a desire to study the monkey language. While there he conceived the idea that it might be possible to take a baby chimpanzee and train it from infancy just as one would teach a backward child by the kindergarten method. He made wooden blocks, such as a child plays with, in colors. He taught the monkeys to build pyramids with these colored blocks, to call them "wood" and "block," and "red" and "white," although they had difficulty with the last word, which they called "hite."

Finally, after he had repeatedly named the colors, he attained such progress with his jungle school that when he called "red" a chimpanzee would pick up the red block. In this way he gradually taught them certain short syllable words, to distinguish the difference between colors, and to try to imitate the sounds he so carefully made. Mr. Garner became so proficient in imitating the monkey sounds that he was able to stan the door of his iron cage, to call ou the monkeys in the trees about him, receive intelligent answering cries showed they understood him.

One of the jungle teacher's most pupils was a chimpanzee named S whom the professor brought back to York. Now about thirteen months she is physically the finest specimen Garner has ever owned, and mentally is quite the equal if not the superio any. Physiologically considered, corresponds to a human child of perh two and a half or three years old.

It has been stated by some scien that chimpanzees are practically c blind. Professor Garner, however, st that in hundreds of careful experim with at least ten different chimpanzee has found that every one of them c distinguish several of the prime co with as much certainty and precisio the average human being.

One simple experiment that the pro sor frequently employs with Susie is a series of six compartments with fastened at one corner by a small sc These lids are stained alternately red green. In the red he always places s lumps of sugar, and in the green bit fruit and nuts. Then by holding be Susie a bit of sugar in one hand an morsel of fruit or nut in the other readily discovered which she prefer the time. Finding this, he places cases before her and says in distinct to "red for sugar" or "green for nuts," she at once opens the color containing food desired. As many as twenty ti in succession she has opened the red without touching the green, and as m as eighteen times she has opened green lids without touching a red c No attempt is made to compel or ind the animal to select any particular co except that the professor uniformly u the same colored lid for a certain art of food.

A month or so ago Professor Gar made Susie a cube, a cylinder, a ball, a pyramid of solid wood. She not o distinguishes the different forms at sig but is gradually learning to distingu the names of them. She knows her o

ne, and knows the meaning of quite a nber of abstract words such as "come e," "go away," "sit down," "place ir chair," "put your foot down," and up," "wait," "no, no," and many ers. But she will make no real effort talk, and rarely utters a sound of her n speech. The professor has tried for ee months to induce her to blow out a tch, but up to this time hundreds of ls have never but once induced her to ke an effort.

The professor obtained, preserved, and ught home from Africa, the vocal ans both of gorillas and chimpanzees. demonstrated that the latter absolute- resembled those of the human being, ough perhaps of coarser texture and r and of a deeper hue of red. The ans of a baby chimpanzee did not sent this difference of color, being of same delicate red or pink as the man vocal organs.

Professor Garner was asked if this in- tigation would bridge over the chasm v existing between the human intellect l that of the monkey. "To a certain ent—yes," he replied, "who can fore- the relation which may yet obtain ween the human race and the Simian e? A knowledge of their language not injure man, and it may be for at good. Their speech is the only eway to their minds, and we can only it learn their secret thoughts and asure the distance from mind to mind. is a curious fact that after testing the nds of lions, bears, etc., and carefully lyzing them, I have discovered that t as the monkey most resembles man his actions and features, so does his ech most nearly of all the animals emble ours. The phonetic basis of speech more closely resembles that of Simian than any other sounds."

"I've long ceased merely thinking that nkeys talk," said Professor Garner, on last visit to civilization. "I absolutely w it. I have talked with them in their ive African forests, and in London, is and New York." The following ident would seem to prove the Garner ory. While in Philadelphia recently scientist, in the presence of many nesses, approached the cage of



CONSIDERED THE MOST WONDERFUL SPEAKING PARROT

a Philadelphian monkey, and said "Whoo-u." (Food).

The monkey turned instantly to its food tray, which lay in a corner empty, carried the tray to Mr. Garner, and extended it between the bars to him, repeating again and again the word for food, "Whoo-u."

Going to another cage, Professor Garner said, "I will tell this monkey to go and take a drink." He then called shrilly "Ch-ew-y!" whereupon the monkey gave him an inquiring look, ran to its dish of water and drank.

"I-ecgk! I-ecgk! I-ecgk" cried the professor with a sharp whistling note in his voice and instantly all the monkeys began to cry, "I-ecgk!" in chorus, and to look about them with quick, frightened glances, and to crowd wildly together in the cage's farthest corners. The panic for two or three minutes was indescribable. Then, in a rich, gay, bold voice, Professor Garner called:

"Nwah! Nwah!" (All is well.) And immediately the monkeys came forth from the corners where they had crouched and crowded, and after a little uneasy chattering and reconnoitering, took up the thread of their lives again.

As an evidence of the interest in this subject, it may be mentioned that in 1906 a chair for the study of monkey language was established in the Chicago University, and three dozen monkeys were imported from Central Africa for experimental purposes.

In 1905 Bostock, the menagerie proprietor, had a trained chimpanzee which he claimed could speak three words, "consul," "please," and "change." This monkey was raised in the south of France and was kept in the constant company of an educated parrot from which it learned to speak. The animal was insured by Lloyd's for a quarter of a million dollars, on condition that it be taken to the south of France during the coldest four months of the year, and it was said that the premium on the insurance amounted to twenty per cent of the policy.

There was a female chimpanzee at the Zoological Gardens in London a year or so ago that had learned from its keeper the meanings of so many words and phrases that the keeper was able to explain to the animal what he wished her to do. For example, she would push a straw through any particular meshes in the net work of her cage which he indicated by such phrases as "the one nearest your foot;" "now the one next the key-hole;" "now the one above the bar," etc. Such proficiency is not attained a civilized or uncivilized child for seve years, so that it would appear that mind of man in childhood or in savag is not by any means so superior to t of the higher animals as is claimed some.

Such animals are speechless by reas of an anatomical accident, and not fr an absence of ideas or ignorance words; yet the faculty of understandi words in so considerable a degree brir us to the very border of the faculty using words with an intelligent apprec tion of their meaning. Now this is fact of extraordinary significance, pr ing that language and thought are confined exclusively to mankind. B on the contrary, the higher animals sha with us the capacity to understand wor —and words, moreover, so definite a particular in meaning as is involved explaining the particular mesh in a lar piece of wire netting. It would see therefore, that if these animals cou articulate they would employ simp words to express simple ideas. For would not involve the exercise of a higher mental faculty to say the wo "Come," than it does to pull at a dress a coat to express the same idea, or utter the word "Open" instead of me ing before a closed door.

Working in this same scientific fie Professor Macnamara of England h demonstrated that parrots and oth birds sometimes understand the meani of the words they use. Scientists lo ago agreed that every bird and fish, i sect and reptile, had a language perfect understood by its fellows and capable conveying news of every possible cond tion that might affect individual or con munity. A moment's thought shows th such must be the case. Lest how can t ærial armies of the birds cover thousan of miles in the fall and spring migration across seas and over mountains in man cases never traversed before. Th animals generally communicate with or another and express needs and wants a mits of no question, though how it is a complished is beyond human observatio An amusing case was that of a well bre terrier belonging to a timber merchant i

a western state. He left his dog at a small country inn, and when he returned for it the landlord told him it was lost. It seems that the little terrier had quarreled with the big house dog, and been so worried and bitten that it was thought that it would never recover. Fourteen days later it crawled out of the yard and disappeared for a whole week. To the amazement of the people at the inn, it returned with a hound much bigger than its enemy, on whom both of them fell forthwith, and all but destroyed it. It was proved that the little terrier had traveled eighty miles to coax away the big dog in question for the purpose of assisting him in resenting the injury done.

In teaching parrots to talk, a certain naturalist began by invariably associating an act with a word. No covering is ever taken from a parrot's cage in the morning without a cheerful "Good morning" from the attendant. In the same way all the birds are bidden "Good night" when the coverings are put on. The birds soon learn the words and their meaning. The naturalist never goes out without coming into the aviary in hat and coat to say "Good-bye."

The old way of teaching a parrot to talk was to stand within hearing, but out of sight, so that his attention would not be distracted, and repeat over and over again the words he was desired to learn. The new way is to "load" a phonograph with the words and set it going. There is in Philadelphia a parrot school conducted on this method. A woman established it and carries it on.

"I used to hide behind a curtain or screen," she said, "and then repeat some little sentence for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes. Like all parrot-teachers, I found the work very tedious and terribly monotonous. One day I suddenly thought of the phonograph.

"We had one in the house, and it occurred to me that I might utilize the instrument upon the bird. I learned how to make phonograph records, and turned out one that said 'Pretty Polly' a thousand times. I tried this upon eight parrots, and the success was even greater than I expected. That is how I came to establish my parrot school."

WHO'S GAME?

By SUI SIN FAR

HE came in the month of June, transformed a patch of wild land into tame, and built himself a cedar cabin thereon. Back of him rose the living forest. The river ran down between the hills and wound around his clearing and beyond until it fell in with the county road, which it followed for some distance. This county road, which traversed many miles of timber covered country and a fertile valley, connected several villages, the most important of which was Zora.

Now, the Lonely, as he was called, had been living in the vicinity of Zora for at least three months, yet never had his face been seen nor his voice heard, in any church building. What glory then was in store for whoever could bring him into a fold! It mattered not whether Baptist, Methodist or Presbyterian. All of the three churches were friendly with each other, and when one gave an entertainment, the members of the others attended in full force.

For a time, therefore, the number of would-be shepherds or shepherdesses who were seeking him, was many; but long before the end of summer, it had dwindled down to two, Mrs. William Bennett and Mrs. Thomas Page; both prominent members of the Methodist Church. These two ladies were untiring in their efforts to accomplish his conver-

sion; more particularly so, as on the occasion of their first visit to him, they had found the occupant of the cedar log cabin apparently quite amiably disposed and "very intelligent." Their report to the minister was to the effect that though the Lonely appeared to be an enlightened man, so far as worldly matters were concerned, his ignorance in regard to spiritual was such that they could not obtain from him any opinion, or even remark, concerning the higher life. As to church, though he had not, in words, refused their invitation, yet he had certainly evaded giving any promise to attend.

The minister thanked them for their kind offices and remarked with a genial smile that it was up to them to bring the stray sheep within the church's influence. He also observed that a worker alone could sometimes effect better results than a plural number, and suggested that each lady should in future visit by herself.

It was October. The heads of all the streams and all the little brooks among the mountains were filled with humpbacked salmon pushing their way upward; the big brown bear, their only lover, save the Indian, fed thereon; the pretty deer lurked in the forest ready to give chase to the sportsman; the quail whistled sweetly, now near, now far away; the partridge had left the fir woods for the grain fields, and the cry of the wild geese was heard in the sky.

In the woods of Washington, there was scrambling and cracking. The sportsman, with his shot gun, his rifle and his dog, was providing much amusement for the denizens thereof. Wasn't it great fun to see him falling over logs, barking his shins, tumbling into ditches and jumping for dear life? Even on the county roads the smaller game were fooling him. What cared they for his sly lurking in corners of fences or behind clumps of bushes? If he did bring down one of their number, were there not hundreds that escaped? And, oh, the joy of escaping!

There was a twinkle in the Lonely's hazel eye as he caught sight of Mrs. Bennett turning from the county road and bending her footsteps towards his hermit dwelling. He laid down a letter he had been reading. It was a three sheet epistle written in a very pretty feminine hand. It began: "Dear old boy," and ended with, "Your girl forever."

The Lonely was not a very young man, neither did he appear to be very robust. His hair was grey and there were a few lines across his brow. But his form was straight and vigorous, and the smile that lurked around his eyes and mouth explained how he came to have a "girl forever."

"Well, Mrs. Bennett, how do you feel yourself to-day?" he enquired as he handed his visitor a chair.

"Mean as ever," she returned. Her quick eyes traveled around the room, taking in every detail; the low cot in the corner, the pile of books near the window, and the rough mantel-piece over which hung a rifle and accessories, also a pair of deer's horns.

"I have come," said she, "to try to interest you in the social we are to have next month and to give you an invitation."

"You are very kind."

"It is for the benefit of the incurably poor of the parish, and we intend to make it a success. All our local talent will be represented, and Miss Howland and Mr. Jackson of Seattle, who are both well known musicians, are to give several selections."

"No doubt of it being a success," heartily responded the Lonely. "If you have any passports I will take some."

"That is very nice of you!"

Mrs. Bennett, much gratified, drew forth from her reticule some tickets and handed a couple to him.

"You might let me have a few more," said he. "I shall run up to Wellspring and Flashlight next week, and will probably see some folks who will be glad to spend a social evening with you. Meanwhile, here's the change for a dozen."

"You are too generous," approvingly rebuked Mrs. Bennett, "but you will come yourself, will you not?"

"I intend to. Oh, by the way, you will see me in church next Sunday."

Mrs. Bennett started and stared in disbelief of her senses. Only the evening

before, she and Mrs. Page, had, after many long weeks of conscientious striving, confessed to each other that the conversion of this man might be dreamed of, but never realized. And now, here he was, actually offering of his own free will to be present at a church service.

"Oh, Mr. Talbot!" she exclaimed, when her scrutiny had convinced her that he really meant what he said, "How glad I am! We had about given up hope!"

"You underestimate a woman's influence."

Mrs. Bennett flushed with pleasure: "Mrs. Page has wonderful persuasive power; personal magnetism, one might call it," she observed.

"Far be it from me to depreciate Mrs. Page's talents," returned the Lonely, "but between you and me, Mrs. Bennett, it is someone else's personal magnetism that will draw me into the congregation of the faithful next Sunday."

"Oh, indeed!"

Mrs. Bennett's modesty prevented her from voicing her exultation; but she was happily aware that she and Mrs. Page were the only church workers that had operated on the seemingly obdurate heart of the Lonely for some time, and if it was not Mrs. Page who had been successful, why then—

After his visitor had left, the Lonely sat down to answer the three sheet epistle.

"My darling girl," he wrote, "got your letter and am mighty glad that I shall see your dear face before next Sunday. That will give us two happy weeks together before I return to work.

"I like the place and am having good sport. The deep blue clear cut mountains never lose their charm. As yet, no one, not even your father, knows who I am. I am leaving introductions for you.

"A couple of good ladies have been making strenuous exertions to turn my steps churchward, but up till to-day I've been a shy bird—almost as good sport to them as the deer to me. However, I have just informed one of the two that next Sabbath will see me in a pew, and she has retired, happy in the belief that her labors are about to be rewarded."

"Good day, neighbor Talbot."

It was the cheery voice of Mrs. Page. The Lonely rose to greet her. After a few preliminary remarks, the lady, like her predecessor, broached the subject of tickets, and a number of the pieces of cardboard were transferred from her hands to the Lonely's.

Her seven year old twins made themselves at home on his knees, and edged in questions between the intervals of conversation. Indeed, their thirst for information was at times rather disconcerting.

"Are you a naughty man?" finally asked the little girl.

"Very!" was the smiling answer.

"I know why," said the boy.

"So do I," rejoined Rosa.

"You never go to church," declared both together.

The Lonely laughed.

"Then you'll think I'm good if you see me there next Sunday?" he queried.

"Indeed they will; but that's too good to be true," said Mrs. Page.

"My dear lady, you're mistaken. I'll be there, sure."

The astonishment of the mother of the twins was even greater than Mrs. Bennett's had been.

"This, of course, is due to my friend's efforts," she said at last.

"Well," returned the Lonely, "Mrs. Bennett has certainly been very kind; but to confess the truth, there is another lady whose influence has been more potent."

"But who scarcely hoped for success," murmured Mrs. Page. She held out her hand to the converted, her face glowing, her eyes shining.

"Dear," wrote the Lonely, returning to his letter, "since writing the preceding paragraph, the news that Sunday will see me listening to your father's sermon, has caused another heart to rejoice. Each of the ladies mentioned above is now congratulating herself that she has accomplished my conversion, and I have not the heart to undeceive either—"

II.

Only the hunter who brings down his fleet-footed deer after a long and weary chase can appreciate the joy and satisfaction of a conscientious church worker

whose efforts to bring a contrary sheep into the fold are at last rewarded.

Both Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Page beamed over their teacups that evening, and each to her husband told the story of her success with the Lonely, the children sitting around the respective tables listening with attentive ears and young hearts swelling with pride.

The next morning, little Rosa Page and Teddy Bennett, playing together in the Page's back yard, suddenly assumed belligerent voices and attitudes.

"Rosa," called Mrs. Page, who was looking out of the kitchen window, "Come right in."

"I don't want to come in," shrieked Rosa, dissolving into tears, "I haven't been a naughty girl. It was Teddy who was naughty."

Teddy was climbing the fence which separated his yard from Rosa's.

"But Rosa was naughty too," reproved the mother, "I saw her scream and stamp her foot at Teddy."

"Because—because he told a story about my mama."

"A story about mama, Rosa!"

Mrs. Page could hardly suppress a smile as she surveyed her indignant little daughter.

"He did, mama. He said it wasn't you who was getting Mr. Talbot to go to church next Sunday. He said it was *his* mother."

The smile faded from Mrs. Page's countenance.

"Said it was his mother," she echoed. "Oh, no, daughter, you are mistaken!"

He did. He said his mother told his father so last night."

"Well, never mind, dear. Come into the house and I will give you a piece of cake."

Comforted with cake and the society of her twin, who had stubbed his toe so badly that morning that he was confined to a couch, Rosa soon forgot her troubles. It was not so, however, with her mother.

Meanwhile, Teddy lost no time in reporting his disagreement with little Rosa Page.

"Mother," cried he, "Rosa says that her mother has got Mr. Talbot to promise to go to church next Sunday."

"Deary me!" exclaimed Mrs. Bennet quite taken by surprise.

"I said that I guessed she meant m mother and not hers. I knew, becaus I had heard you tell father about it la night."

"That is true, son," approved Mr Bennett.

"But Rosa said I was telling a stor She said she heard her mother say tha Mr. Talbot was going to church becaus she had asked him."

"She! Who?"

"Rosa's mother.'

Mrs. Bennett rose hastily. "Teddy, said she, "you and Ida just play in you own yard."

* * * *

For many years Clara Bennett an Fanny Page had been neighbors and th best of friends. They took tea togethe at least twice a week, and never failed t sample one another's pies, cakes, breac sausages, pickles, preserves and home made wine. They cut their little girls frocks from the same pattern and thei little boys' pants from the same piece o cloth. They employed the same dress maker, read the same books and papers enjoyed the same recreations, and oc casionally enlivened their companionshi with an amiable disagreement. They wer both esteemed in the community in whic they lived as broadminded women, bein members of the Literary Club, sewin circle and several other uplifting or bene volent country societies, and by reaso of their social standing, Mrs. Bennett' husband being the superintendent of th logging camp, and Mrs. Page's, the pro prietor of the shingle mill, no social func tion was considered a success withou their presence. The closest tie, however which bound them together, was th church, and for that both had worke earnestly, eagerly and harmoniously—un til their last visit to the Lonely.

But there was a "little rift within th lute," and the music of friendship wa now mute.

For five whole days Mrs. Bennett an Mrs. Page avoided meeting one another kept their children apart, and absente themselves from the sewing circle and th

rsday night service. Mrs. Bennett
d that week and Mrs. Page made
erves; but there were no sweet ex-
ges offered or accepted. Instead of
h, the women went about with set
s, and when any neighbor ventured a
ark concerning Mrs. Page to Mrs.
nett or vice versa, it was received
chilling silence. Needless to say that
behavior on the part of the two most
minent women of the village created
n comment.

III.

ate Lesley, the Minister's daughter,
had been visiting east of the moun-
, returned to Zora on Friday, and
greatly distressed to hear of the
ngement between her two old
ds, which was one of the first pieces
ews that she was told.

"he worst of it is," said her aunt,
igh everyone can see that they are
ring through the unnatural state of
rs; yet they have confided in none.
n't suppose they have even told their
ands."

"f course not!" Kate threw a saucy
e at the Lonely, who had called upon
hat afternoon and been introduced
r astonished father and aunt as her
ée, Professor Will Talbot of the
Wesleyan College.

Who for over three months has been
n or unknown to us as the Lonely,"
emarked the Minister, half jestingly,
reprovingly.

hereupon Kate had explained that
ssor Talbot's physicians had or-
l him to rest up in the western
s, and how utterly impossible such
would have been had he made him-
known as the fiancée of the min-
s daughter.

ter dinner, as Kate and the Profes-
trolled down the garden walk, she
reverted to the trouble between her
ds.

nly something very serious could
caused it," said she. "Ever since I
little girl, they have been as sisters.
s a beautiful friendship, and even
in their anger, I know they are
one another."

d to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain!' " quoted the professor. "Oh, Kate, my bonny, bonny Kate, cease talking and thinking about other people while I am here, or I shall be wrathy with you."

IV.

The next morning, Kate Lesley, passing through the village, met a couple of the Bennett children. Half an hour afterwards, the little Page twins threw themselves into her arms. The result of these meetings was that Kate postponed her visit to the mothers of the children.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. sir," was the greeting that the Lonely received that evening.

"Why! Why?" he stammered.

"Yes, you ought. You, sir, are at the bottom of the whole mischief."

"The whole mischief!"

Kate thrust a letter before him, and pointing to a paragraph which read:

"Each of the ladies mentioned above is now congratulating herself that she has accomplished my conversion, and I have not the heart to undeceive either of them," cried:

"See there. Your own words condemn you."

The Lonely glanced at the writing and repressed a smile.

"I have sympathies," he remarked, "and I know it's hard luck to hunt a buck all over the woods and then see another fellow bring him down."

"But you knew they would have to know the truth sooner or later," replied Kate uncompromisingly.

"The truth, my dear. I told them no untruth."

"You are incorrigible!"

The Lonely's face became serious.

"Well, I'm sorry," said he contritely.

Kate's eyes softened.

"But I had no idea that they would boast of it," he added blunderingly.

"Boast of it!" exclaimed Kate. "Oh, you—you man! Why, they were too considerate even to mention the matter to each other, though naturally enough, they rejoiced over it with their husbands, and the children overheard."

"It was the little pitchers then," observed the Lonely, his eyes twinkling

again.

"Yes, and it was their chatter to-day that caused me to reflect upon your letter."

"And convict me."

"And convict you. You have made miserable two women who are of the salt of the earth."

"The salt in this case seems to be more like pepper!"

"The best of us are human. I love them all the more for feeling as they do."

The Lonely sighed.

"I suppose," said he, "I will have to go and explain."

"Explain!" cried Kate with fine scorn, "add insult to injury."

"Then what am I to do?" he cried helplessly. "Tell me. I am ready for any penance."

Kate stole a side glance at him from under her long eyelashes.

"How do I know," she asked, "that you' have not the heart to undeceive *me?*"

He strode over to her side, imprisoned her hands in his, and said:

"Because there has not been, and is not now, and never will be any question as to the deer I want."

"This shall be your penance," said Kate, lifting a flushed face from her lover's shoulder, "to sit beside me in church to-morrow."

"What!"—in delighted tones—"you will not sing in the choir!"

"No, I shall neglect that duty for once."

"Darling little penance giver!"

"Oh, please don't imagine I am considering your pleasure or mine. I am simply seeking to explain by actions what cannot be explained in words."

"You are eighteen karat gold, sweetheart!"

V.

Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful, calm and quiet. It had been a long and weary week to both Mrs. Page and Mrs. Bennett. Everything had seemed to go wrong; the children had been unusually mischievous and perverse; the husbands more than ordinarily exacting. It had hardly seemed worth while making preserves and cake when no competent critic over the garden satisfied one that they were abou best made, and the new fall suits tha been ordered from Seattle the wee fore did not please nearly so well their arrival as when two pair feminine eyes had scanned them toge It had certainly been trying to Page's nerves when Tommy cried Mrs. Bennett's toothache drops, an from soothing when Mrs. Bennett's band, in an absent minded manner vised his wife, when she complaine being out of sorts, to run over to F Page's—a little gossip might do her

When the woman who did the cleaning for both the Bennetts and informed Mrs. Page that Mrs. Be was in bed with a severe headache former shut herself within her room cried until her own had felt as if a weight were resting upon it. She membered how when she had typ fever Mrs. Bennett had nursed her and day with the tenderest care. wise, Mrs. Bennett, sighing over tro some Johnnie, recalled how many t her neighbor had gathered her res children in with her own brood, and them under motherly wing until her tired nerves had been well rested.

But all the little acts of neighborly and kindness, the restful gossip books, children, dress and village ma were now things of the past.

Sad and melancholy, separate alone, Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. wended their way to church. Hith they had always walked the road gether. Their husbands attended vice in the evening only; their chil went to morning Sunday school.

Down the street came Miss burn, the village gossip, her broad g natured face aglow with the news w her. She was on her way to the Ba Church at the north end of the vil The Methodist Church was situ south.

"Good morning, Mrs. Page."

"Good morning, Miss Hepburn. day, is it not?"

"Just as pretty as can be. Have heard the news?"

"Miss Kate is home."

Not only that. D'ye remember her talking of the Wesleyan College w to whom Miss Kate engaged her- last winter—a professor, if you se. Well, he's here too. Was up at minister's house last night."

You don't mean to say so. Well, that ws. But I must hurry. Good morn-

Good morning, Mrs. Page! Wish I a Methodist for to-day. Miss Kate sing in the choir, of course; but he's to be there."

rs. Bennett, lingering behind, under nce of scolding back the sheep dog would persist in following her, re- d with quiet interest the same news had been imparted to Mrs. Page, followed closely in the hurrying steps of the latter.

the distance rose the inspiring ntains, snow capped and majestic, ky was that of April; blue, dappled fleecy white clouds, the air was wine. Though late in the season, gardens were still bright with color, by the orchard fences the lambs and were feeding, the little ones leaping in the joy of life.

it unheeding all that had hitherto made their churchyard walk so pleasant and refreshing after the week's routine, the two women proceeded, and at last, one, a few minutes after the other, entered the church and took their seats in pews across the aisle from one another.

Down the aisle, in her radiant youth and beauty, came the minister's daughter. Both Mrs. Page and Mrs. Bennett glanced up as she passed between them and felt the brighter for her passing. But who was that leading the way into the minister's pew, unnoticed until he stood beside it, waiting for the minister's daughter to precede him to her seat? Who was that who took his place beside Bonnie Kate Lesley, and with an air of lover-like authority assisted her to remove her wrap? Who? Who?

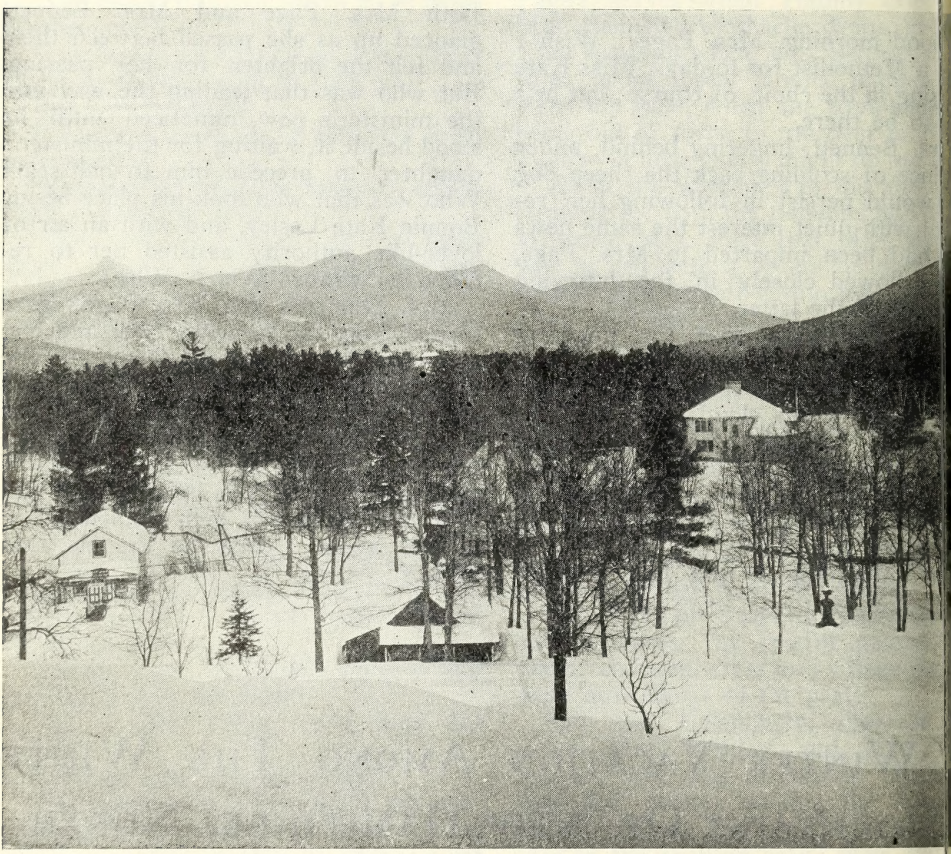
Mrs. Bennett's and Mrs. Page's gaze turned from the Lonely's back and met across the space between them. In one understanding moment they were friends again. Mrs. Bennett made a motion as if to pass her hymnal to Mrs. Page, but the later slipped across to the other's pew, and standing side by side, with full eyes and full hearts, both women joined in the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds."

A Winter Vacation Among The White Mountains Of New Hampshire, North Woodstock, Franconia Notch And The Flume

By WILLIAM L. HALLWORTH

NOT many years ago the idea of spending a mid-winter vacation out of doors among the wild and rugged New Hampshire Mountains would have seemed preposterous, to-day, thanks to the Appalachian Mountain Club and kindred organizations it is becoming increasingly common. No longer do these clubs hold a monopoly on the snow clad hills and the long white trails of the North, for the common man has now discovered their advantages for health and pleasure. He has discovered that there is a wonderful

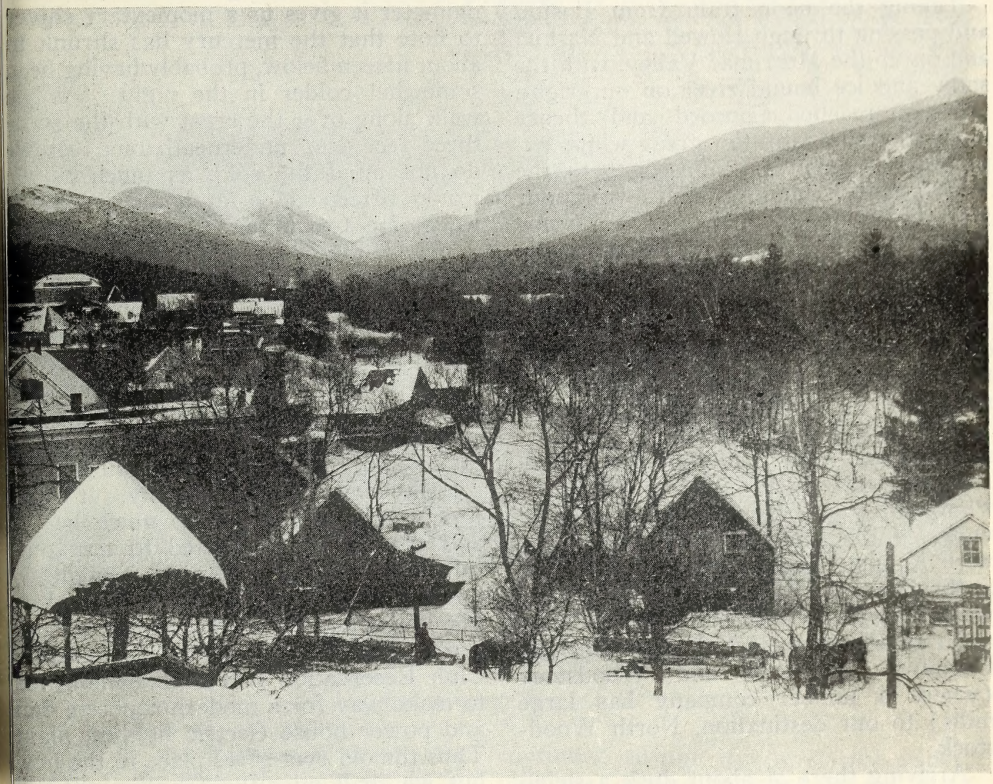
tonic power in the dry and dustless air of the snowy fastnesses of our New England Alps which is better than all the doctors' medicines. The tired business man or worn out society woman would do well to consider this, before setting out for the more enervating climate of the south. A ten mile trip in the frigid north wind will put an edge on the appetite and that vigor in the brain and muscle which Ormond or St. Augustine can never equal. For generations the White Mountains have been the summer playground of the nation; the time has now come when their winter advantages are being appreciated. Many of the best hotels in the different resorts are open the year round and each season sees more of them ready for the increasing number of winter sojourners. No one who has once tried it, will ever forget the charm o beautiful winter scenery of the V Hills, the wonderful witchery of snow embowered forests, or the phy mental and moral benefit obtained his visit. He will come back to the envigorated and with a keen zest fo daily work, which will be worth n more than all the cost of his trip.



North Woodstock in winter

Some may wonder how they wo manage to kill time way up there in cold and lonesomeness of winter. any of those who have been on their nual trip the past season and they speedily enlighten you on the subj The visitor will always find plenty healthy sport to stir his blood and set ears a-tingling. Snowshoeing over long, glittering trails and roads thro the woods and over the mountains,

naturally the most popular form of exercise and pleasure. Provided one is strong and rugged, a few hours' practice soon makes him fairly at home on snowshoes, although he will have many a harmless fall, before he becomes an expert in climbing the steeper paths. At first his feet somehow seem to be in the way of each other and when he falls and flounders about in the deep snow in his efforts to rise, he finds it rather a difficult



Looking toward Franconia

ob to get into an upright position again vithout taking off the shoes. But soon e learns to enjoy the sport in spite of an ccasional tumble. Skiing, tobogganing, leighing and tramping over the hard olled roads are some of the other forty nd nine things you will find time to do keep from dying of ennui. Ice boating, skating and fishing through the ice n the many lakes and ponds, is being njoyed each winter by business men

from the city.

Into the very heart of this cold White Mountain paradise of health and pleasure the writer and two companions penetrated during the coldest days of the past winter. In early February, after our work had been settled up for the year and our books had shown a fair margin of proft in our favor and before the cares and worries of another spring's activities had commenced, we resolved to take a trip among the snow-clad hills of New Hampshire. Coming from the close confinement of the city office and somewhat run down from overwork, we spent ten delightful days of active and vigorous exercise in the cold and bracing air of the Franconia Notch and vicinity, much of the time at an elevation of from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above sea level, with the thermometer often eighteen to twenty-five degrees below

zero and gained an average of nearly a pound a day in weight. The clear skies and pure ozone from the boundless expanses of the North brightened our eyes and brought the flush of health to our cheeks, as no summer vacation had ever done. If you have any doubts on the subject "go and do thou likewise" and you will come back refreshed and invigorated from having spent a winter vacation in God's good fresh air.

Taking the noon train from Boston and passing through Lowell and Nashua and on up the Merrimac Valley, with the snow and ice bound river on our right, we soon reached Concord and thence along the shore of the great white expanse of Lake Winnipiseogee to the Weirs, just a hundred miles from our starting point. The winter landscape along the way had a charm all of its own and travel was as comfortable as in summer. Along the lake shore, scores of small shacks and shanties were settled out on the ice for the accommodation of fishermen, many of whom make several trips from the city each season to "drop 'em a line" through the ice. Astonishing catches are sometimes reported. Leaving the lake, on our way to Plymouth, we began to catch distant views of the Franconias and the Sandwich Range. From Plymouth, which is at the junction of the Baker and Pemigewasset Rivers, we continued on our way up the Pemigewasset Valley through Campton, Thornton and Woodstock (where a lumber company has large mills) to our destination, North Woodstock.

Arriving there at about dusk a sleigh took us quickly over the deep snow a short distance to our hotel where a good supper awaited us, everything being as cosy as in summer. A splendid open fire on the hearth, with steam heat in the rooms and plenty of blankets put us at ease on the score of comfort.

Awaking early the next morning, just as the sun began to rise over Loon Mountain on the East, a great surprise and wonderful sense of exhilaration awaited us, when we looked out upon the winter landscape of this northern clime. One who has never seen the beautiful white peaks in winter can hardly realize what a vast difference there is from their familiar summer dress of verdant green, or their autumnal tints of yellow and gold. What a great change has come about since we last saw them. We cannot resist the temptation to have a short walk out of doors before breakfast to take in all the glory of the scene. It does not seem cold as we step out on the piazza, but as we glance at the thermometer it gives us a momentary shiver to note that the mercury has shrunk to about fifteen below, probably having been somewhat colder in the night. As we walk along over the crust with the snow three feet deep underneath our feet we do not mind the cold, as much as we would fifteen above at home. A brisk walk of a few minutes brings us to the Alpine House—cold and lonesome in its winter dress. From here we got a grand panorama of the Franconia Notch and Mountains and the top of old Mooselauke above Blue Ridge, dazzling white with the rays of the morning sun upon it. The strongly marked peaks of the Franconias were seemingly much higher than in summer, their outlines being more sharply defined against the sky. It was a joy to be there among so much beauty and grandeur. We hated to tear ourselves away from the spot, though we knew a good warm breakfast awaited us. We noticed with regret that the old mill across the way, near the Appalachian Club Reservation had been demolished, to make way for a modern concrete dam and power house electric lighting plant. Thus the old ever gives place to the new, but we shall miss the familiar sight of the ancient mill, as will many others who have travelled this way through the notch, in the lumbering old P. V. stage coach. Many a fat trout have we taken out in years past from beneath the old logs by the mill.

After breakfast we started out on our first day's trip. Between the lumbermen, visitors and natives there seemed to be about as many people astir as in summer. Even building operations were being carried briskly on at beautiful Cascade Park across the way, where a pretty cottage was going up. In the bright sunshine,

how pure, white and glistening everything appeared. What a contrast to the dirty city we had so recently left behind. On ur way through the village we mounted the short but steep hill to the Mountain View House, where the best view in town is obtained. The glorious



On the way to the flume

norama of the Franconia Notch and ountain peaks from this point would be rd to describe; they fill the soul with notions which cannot be adequately exessed in words. The sharp peaks pierce e sky, white and glistening in the orning sun. It seems as if we had alost reached the innermost shrine of the ountains, so close do they appear to us. l the summits are snow covered except here they are so heavily wooded that e dense evergreen shows up through. here is great contrast between the dark d sombre green of the pines and the owy whiteness that nature has spread er them. The new schoolhouse with the snow covered trees in the background lies just below us. The inspiring views strengthen and refresh our tired nerves and we say in our hearts as did the Psalmist, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

After taking some photographs, we continued on our way down the valley, past the coming together of the three rivers and stopped at artists' view which is another splendid view point. Putting on our snowshoes we went up to Professor Harrington's cottage and Parker's Ledge, where the outlook up and down the Pemigewasset Valley was magnificent. Retracing our steps a little we passed through the old covered bridge, past the Fairview House where a broader view of the Franconia Range was obtained and soon reached Woodstock several miles below. From here we went up into Thornton Gore, where the Woodstock Lumber Co. are rapidly thinning

out the spruce. After watching the lumbering operations with great interest we returned to North Woodstock late in the afternoon, by the road on the opposite side of the river. It had been a much longer trip than we had intended for the first day and we were tired and hungry enough to enjoy a good supper and a warm seat near the open fire.

The following morning found us too tired and lame for a long tramp, but we managed in the afternoon to put our feet into our snowshoes and get us to Agassiz Basin, which we found picturesque in its coat of ice and snow.

Getting an early start on the next day, which proved bright and clear, with the thermometer at ten below, we climbed Loon Mountain over the old lumber road. Reaching the summit a little before noon, after a hard climb, we were more than repaid for all our efforts, the day being cloudless and beautiful. The sharp cones of Mt. Liberty, Lafayette and Flume Mountain pierced the sky to the northward, while the heavily wooded Twins were sombre but beautiful in contrast. So thrilling were the sharper peaks of the Franconias, however, that the eye returned to them again and again and we never tired of looking in their direction. Far below us, amid the dense forest, lay snow covered Loon Pond, while high above it to the No. East, dazzling white with the rays of the sun shining full upon it, lay Mt. Washington, some twenty miles away. It was indeed a sight well worth coming so far to see. In a sheltered spot just below the summit we ate up the last crumb of our lunch and descending in much quicker time that we had come up, we reached home without mishap in ample time to do justice to a hearty supper. How much we wished all our friends could have been with us, as vigorous snowshoers climbing up and down the snowy slopes of Loon Mountain, this clear frosty day.

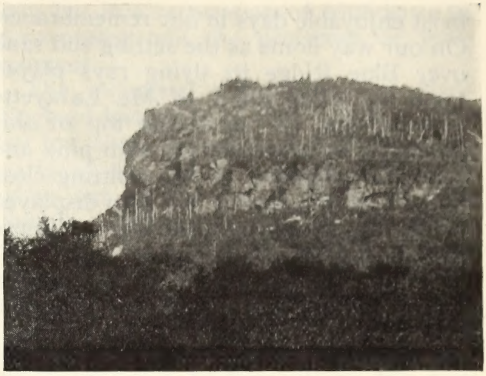
During that night a snow storm set in and lasted intermittantly for several days, giving us a chance to rest and answer our correspondence. On the third night it cleared and the mercury shrunk well into the bulb at the bottom of the tube, putting the thermometer far below zero, but we resolved on an early start for the Flu which proved to be one of the most joyable trips of our visit. The night fore, we had ordered a sleigh to take to the Flume House in the morning a at the appointed hour we started wrapped in many a fur robe and blank On our five mile uphill ride we pas through the thriving lumber settlem of Johnsons, past the Indian Chiefta looking so pensively down on us from top of Mt. Pemigewasset and sc reached the snow clad Flume Hou where we put up the horse and star on our mile walk down the steep hill wards the Flume. All the famil prospects of the summer were now equ ly attractive to us in their winter g of ice and snow, with all the witchery the new fallen white and dazzling cov ing upon them. Down through covered bridge we went, with Mt. Libe and "Washington Lying in State" so h above us.

We did not find the lonesomeness the winter forest to be oppressive, for one who really loves nature can be lo some with the trees to talk with and t one is so much nearer on a level w them, with four or five feet of snow the ground, that he feels a greater k ship with them, when the wind rust gently through their tops. Many si of life were about even in the depths winter. A fat red squirrel chattered us from a tree near by and even at t time of year, life seemed bright prosperous to him. Near the entrance the Flume we started a large flock beautiful white snow birds, wh perched on a tree near by, giving u chance to study them at close ra Tracks of rabbits and mink crossed road at intervals, telling of trips m the night before.

But we must hasten on to the n beautiful sight awaiting us in the Flu As we entered its confines many of familiar marks were obliterated. walk and most of the railing was bu deep in the drifted snow, but the ro wall on the left was nearly as bare a summer, while the right hand side wh the sun's rays have little chance, wa marvel of color and beauty. Huge ma

of icicles hung like stalactites from the top down to the deep drifted snow at the bottom. These bright ice jewels sparkled like diamonds in the morning sun and near the center was a huge mass of solid ice many feet in thickness and in height reaching nearly to the top of the Flume. This immense mass of ice had formed from the water trickling down from above and freezing solid, but its most peculiar feature was the color which it had taken from the mineral matter in the rocks or clay, over which the water had flowed. This colored ice was most beautiful, some being red, yellow, orange and many other shades, the effect being heightened by the rainbow tints reflected from the morning sun on the icicles. In the center, projecting from the base was a huge pedestal of pure ice of a brilliant, bright blue, while the dazzling sun playing on its jeweled sides reflected back its fire and power. Nothing in nature could have been more beautiful. The whole reminded one forcibly of the brilliant coloring of the deposits of the Yellowstone Park. The pure white snow so deep under our feet and in patches all along the walls, with the dark rock occasionally showing through and the green pines and firs overhead, lent a strong contrast to this display of color in the ice.

Taking off our snowshoes and walking on the crust that our progress up the Flume might be more rapid the leader pushed on ahead with the heavy view camera on his back. Suddenly and to our great astonishment, he entirely disappeared from view, as if he had been swallowed up by some monster. The light crust on which he had been walking had given way beneath him and he had been precipitated into the brook through a hole in the snow six feet deep. The sudden drop nearly took his breath away and it almost left his body, as a second later his feet went half way up to his knees in the icy water of the brook, flowing all unseen so far below the surface. Our friend quickly recovered his breath, however, at least enough to cry for help. We were soon at the spot, when with much laughter we got a firm foot hold on the rail at the side and finally succeeded in pulling our fallen comrade to the surface,



"Indian Head" Rock

after much sputtering and floundering. When the snow had been brushed out of his ears and eyes and the camera put to rights again, he was not much the worse for the experience. If the snow had been fifteen or twenty feet deep instead of six it might have been a serious affair. But all is well that ends well and our troubles were soon forgotten in the contemplation of the beauties round about us.

When we reached the bridge and looked back along our way what a scene of rare beauty and splendor it revealed to us, radiant with all the hues of the rainbow as the morning sun was reflected back from its jeweled sides. It was simply magnificent. At one point we stood in a sort of ice cathedral or ice cave with the huge icicles hanging down over our heads, being almost completely surrounded with them. This ice cathedral was one of nature's most wonderful pieces of architecture that we had ever seen. We ate our dinner at the top of the Flume near a mass of beautiful snow and ice, which in summer is the cascade that so many have admired.

Retracing our steps through the Flume in the early afternoon we climbed the long white hill again to the Flume House stables, where our horse was patiently waiting for us. The down hill ride to North Woodstock was made in much less time than the ascent of the early morning and we reached home in time and inclination to finish a good square meal at the regular hour, having spent one of the

most enjoyable days in our remembrance. On our way home as the setting sun sank over Blue Ridge its dying rays played upon the white slopes of Mt. Lafayette opposite and the sides and top of this mountain became brilliant with pink and gold and crimson. It was a fitting close to the riot of color we had seen displayed in the Flume and seemed like a glimpse of celestial glory revealed to man.

So our ten days passed all too quickly, with trips through the lumber camps at Lincoln where the wood butchers a now at work stripping the forests of t Franconias, making up for the futu time when Uncle Sam shall say to ther "Hands off." Then if there is any tin ber left, they must leave these beautif New Hampshire hills as God intende they should be; the great vacation grour of New England for both summer ar winter, where future generations ma find health and joy and strength for t battle of life.

The Uncommercial Club

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

IN the world of art a man is judged only by his best; elsewhere only, or at least overmasteringly, by his worst. The painter of the Sistine Madonna may have produced hundreds of atrocious canvasses, but they do not and should not affect his fame. He is measured for all time by his masterpiece. The author of Twelfth Night and the Sonnets may have written much doggerel. In fact he did, but it is a fact that has no place in a discussion of his rank. The *absolvote* pronounced by the artist's highest attainment not only clears his escutcheon of all artistic failures, but often extends its free grace to quite other derelictions.

I do not complain of this but rather admire that so much of charity has the human spirit attained in one field of endeavor. Indeed, I feel that this mantle of grace needs a broader extension.

Here we have a criminal that for numbers of years fanned into purifying flames the zeal for righteousness of many hearers. In an evil hour he himself succumbs to the flames of another passion. Henceforth (and that is the true pathos of his life) he is doomed, so far as his fellow mortals are concerned, to be judged by his worst. Think of being exhibited forever in the light of your one worst act! If the great painter had done that thing, dastardly crime as it sure was, he would still be judged by h masterpiece. Is this an over-indulgen on our part, of the spoiled children genius or does the insight and idealis of art temporarily lift us to a high plane than that upon which our jud ments are formed? Does it make us, f the moment at least, ashamed of o meanness? I believe that something li that is the truth.

Richeson's self-confessed crime w unspeakably horrible. He betrayed t most tender and sacred confidence human relationships and made delibera use of the trust of a woman in her ho of deepest need to bait her to her deat In the eyes of the state he is a justly co demned man. But what of the churc What was accomplished by that "wit drawal of the right hand of fellowship Bah!

Criminals are not an odd kind of bu They are something more than curio specimens. They have another side th that seamy under side turned up to t inspection of the scientifically minde That dark side of our common natu exists, but it is not confined to class nor is it removable by surgical operati as our scientific friends so confiden

declare. Quite as often the abnormal condition is in the body politic rather than in the individual who, pathologically considered, is quite sufficiently normal without the surgeon's services. The history of Australia is a fact that the scientific criminologist should not fail to ponder in all its bearings. Nowhere has self-government been more highly developed. Whatever we may think of Australian radicalism, no one denies their law abiding and intelligently progressive spirit. Most of us would go farther and credit them with a unique genius for government. Yet this same Australia is a community the back-bone of whose population is of criminal extraction. It is the descendants of the supposedly abnormal convicts of the British penal settlements that have built this state. No surgical operations were performed as a means to this end. These abnormal minds proved to be normal enough when freed from the pressure of circumstance and given a state of their own to govern. And let us be very quiet about it) the deportation of criminals to America was an accepted method of colonization to which certain sections of our own country are much indebted. Not a little of our republican aristocracy derives from this not extensively advertised source. It is easy for us, looking backward, to find more of the abnormality in the England of that day than in these transported offenders. Is it altogether impossible that the men of to-morrow, likewise looking backward, may find the heavy crop of criminals that we are producing in our own day symptomatic of something wrong with us politically and economically?

The bearing of these facts on methods of dealing with convicted criminals is important. The extension of prison bounds and the careful introduction of self-government within those bounds are indicated cures. The abolition of capital punishment is fundamental and imperative. This punishment stands at the head of our criminal jurisprudence, grim and menacing, and extends the influence of its hostile and forbidding attitude all the way down the line. Distrust of the state is the fountain-head of crime and its cure lies in a restoration of confidence in government and the processes of government.

The industrial organization of New England has made of this section a market for labor that brings to us from other parts of the world a large population often out of the lowest walks of life. Such a population is both an asset and a liability. Its inherited attitude toward government is very close to the fructifying point of crime. He must acquire confidence and trust in the essential processes of government. To that end he needs wise leaders among his own people. Those whom he trusts must be friends of the government. One police officer of the right sort (and they are far from being an unknown quantity) can, by his kindly interest as he goes about among these people, do a work of incalculable value. An ill-advised use of the night-stick, on the other hand, can confirm for another generation or two the sullen distrust and smouldering hatred of government which is, too often, the inherited bias of their minds.

Hence the necessity for the suppression of this man Ettor and his kind. If the workingmen would themselves indignantly repudiate his rabid, irresponsible and inflammatory speeches, they would go farther toward establishing their cause than by any other one thing that they could do. If laboring men choose to be represented in conference by a man of that stripe, they can scarcely expect to be met half way. Fair minded men have no disposition to consider the merits of the case under such direction or in an atmosphere of threats.

Nor are we greatly helped to a fair understanding of the situation by the spectacle of the governor of the commonwealth denouncing one party to the strife without public investigation. That is not what governors are for. If Mr. Foss tries to make political capital out of the Lawrence strike, he will make the worst mistake of his career. It is not impossible that blame may be justly placed where Mr. Foss desires to place it. At the present writing the Commonwealth of Massachusetts does not know this to be

true, and the governor represents the Commonwealth. His open attack on Mr. Wood was ill-advised, not in the interests of public safety, and is partly responsible for the later incendiary harangues of Ettor. In addition to this, there is good reason to believe that he was unjust to an able and honest man.

The Lawrence situation, as it appears to-day, January 29th, presents to the world a most brutal spectacle. On the one side is the thinly veiled threat of starvation, on the other, the open threat of thuggery: the wolf versus the club. To an enlightened community such a situation is intolerable. The only available machinery in the state with which to meet the emergency, is the State Board of Arbitration. It may not be ideal, but it is all that we have. It has an honorable record. The way may not be open for increasing its legal authority until its lines of usefulness are more precisely determined. And it is doubtful if the Board desires further authority other than that which comes from the willing allegiance of loyal citizens to the ideas for which it stands.

With what a grateful relief, in the midst of all this clamor of industrial strife, do we turn to the promise of agricultural rejuvenation for New England. "Back to the soil" ought to be a part of our daily litany. It means more for New England than railroads and steamship lines.

I have been reading with much enjoyment a book just issued from the press of Ginn and Company, entitled, "Gardens and their Meaning," a book for teachers of children prepared by Dora Williams, a teacher in the Boston Normal School. To quote from one of her highly interesting chapters, "It must be owned that the agricultural situation in these last years has puzzled the wisest. Agriculture is at present passing through a wonderful period of reconstruction. So serious are the changes now being wrought, that a distinguished member of the British Association has recently said: 'As the nineteenth century had its industrial revolution, so will the twentieth century have its agricultural revolution.' So swiftly are these changes rushing upc us that, in the words of the Lookin glass Queen: 'It takes all the runnir you can do to keep in the same place. you want to get somewhere else, yc must run at least twice as fast as tha It certainly takes a high rate of speed i these days to keep pace with agriculture And again, "Thus the fruits of a garde director's efforts will not have proper matured unless he keeps in view the po sibility of a country life for at least son of his children." With this wholeson aim and progressive spirit, all hail to th school garden! And all hail to this litt book that fosters this spirit.

Let us return for a moment to ou primary idea, that of judging a man b his best.

This grace refers to the man alone- to the estimate which we place upon h character and abilities. It cannot be e tended to *things* and that is just the mo trenchant distinction between comme cialism and uncommercialism.

The seller of goods would exploit th appraisal of the man by stamping i monetary valuation on all that bears h name. Has So-and-so once painted picture that old money-bags bought fc $50,000? Henceforth every daub fro his studio is labeled a genuine So-and-s and a bargain at anything less than th figure.

This lamentation of ours is apropos c the recent exhibition of American art a the Boston Art Museum. The idea wa a good one and much credit is due th committee for the opportunity afforde of seeing side by side for compariso canvasses bearing the names of famou living American painters. But I thin that it is true that none of these me were represented by their best, or an thing like their best work. A note on th bottom of the program conveyed the in formation that prices and conditions c sale could be obtained on application t the secretary. I have no knowledge t what extent the opportunity was take by Boston buyers. But I am very sur that The Girl with the Blue Bowl wa not worth the price of "an Alexander. The same thing was true of the oth

"big names" represented. These men have all done much, much better work than that which was shown in this exhibition. I am quite willing to judge them by the best that they have done, but I am not able to invest their poor work with the credit won by that which is better, any more than I can imagine myself travelling one hundred miles an hour while the Empire State express is backing out of a freight-yard. And I do not care to pay the price of a limited ticket for an excursion of that nature. If these men, none of whom are members and all of whom exhibited as guests of the club, took advantage of the occasion to market a few pot-boilers they ill-requited the hospitality of their hosts. If, on the other hand, this represents their best of to-day, then have they begun to decline and we must cast our eyes about for their successors.

The exhibition afforded another opportunity to enjoy the very effective exhibition of the Art Club's renovated home. There is a work for American art for the Boston Art Club, with its broad democracy and unrivalled opportunity, to which its membership is fully and earnestly alive.

Nothing that the Boston Opera Company has done is more intrinsically interesting than the importation of Mme. Maeterlinck in her husband's "Pelleas and Melisande," albeit Boston was by no means carried away with the presentation. And when Mona Vana was presented with Mme. Maeterlinck in the title role the audience was almost embarrassingly small. Newspaper comment seemed to want to be severe but to feel some restraining influence, some vague consciousness that here was, after all, a somewhat unfamiliar kind of excellence in the acknowledgement of which one was not to be too unreserved, and yet which disarmed, also, too militant a criticism. This excellence was one which ought to have received full recognition and Boston to have been peculiarly grateful to a Boston audience. It consisted in a clear and forcible intellectual apprehension of the central theme of the piece and the absolute subordination of all else to its presentation. There could be no question but that the Mona Vana of Mme. Maeterlinck was the real Mona Vana of the piece. There were many opportunities for digression into which the majority of actresses would have entered with the utmost eagerness and to the no small delight of the lighter portions of the audience. Of these Mme. Maeterlinck appeared to be absolutely unconscious. The papers apologized for her, saying that she was indisposed! And still we talk about the coming of "the new drama." Of that I do not claim that Mme. Maeterlinck was an apostle, but I do believe that she gave us a glimpse of some of its best possibilities. For the benefit of those who were not privileged to see this interesting French artist, a word of description may not be out of place. Mme. Maeterlinck is endowed with a personality peculiarly responsive to certain emotional stresses and apparently quite untouched by others. To everything expressive of the primary integrity of the soul, she is thoroughly alive, but the vicissitudes of the more usual personal relations appear to leave her quite unmoved. At best she spurs herself to something resembling action in such parts, only to relapse before the climax of the emotion is properly reached. She is a mighty poor sweetheart to an ordinary lover; but the extraordinary situation which calls for the full assertion of the soul's integrity finds her moving in an almost ecstatic exaltation. Even her face is then beautiful, although great beauty of feature is not her strong point. She is endowed, however, with much beauty and grace of figure which she employs with a more womanly reticence than is usual on the stage. It is not difficult to believe that her influence with her husband is a great and determining element in his work.

It is one of the "ironies of fate" that Pittsfield, which has needed a good fire down in the neighborhood of the depot for a long, long time, should achieve one up in the heart of the city, where it had reason to be justly proud of its urban atmosphere and attractiveness. But beautiful Pittsfield will rebuild. There

are able men up there in the heart of the Berkshires, men who never do things by halves, and the new Pittsfield is certain to be an improvement on the old. Pittsfield is much farther away than it should be from the mental horizon of Eastern Massachusetts. That beautiful and prosperous section of the state ought to be much closer to Boston in mutual endeavor. And, by the way, is it not a misnomer to call Massachusetts the "Bay State," when so large a proportion of that which is most distinctive and valuable lies beyond the watershed?

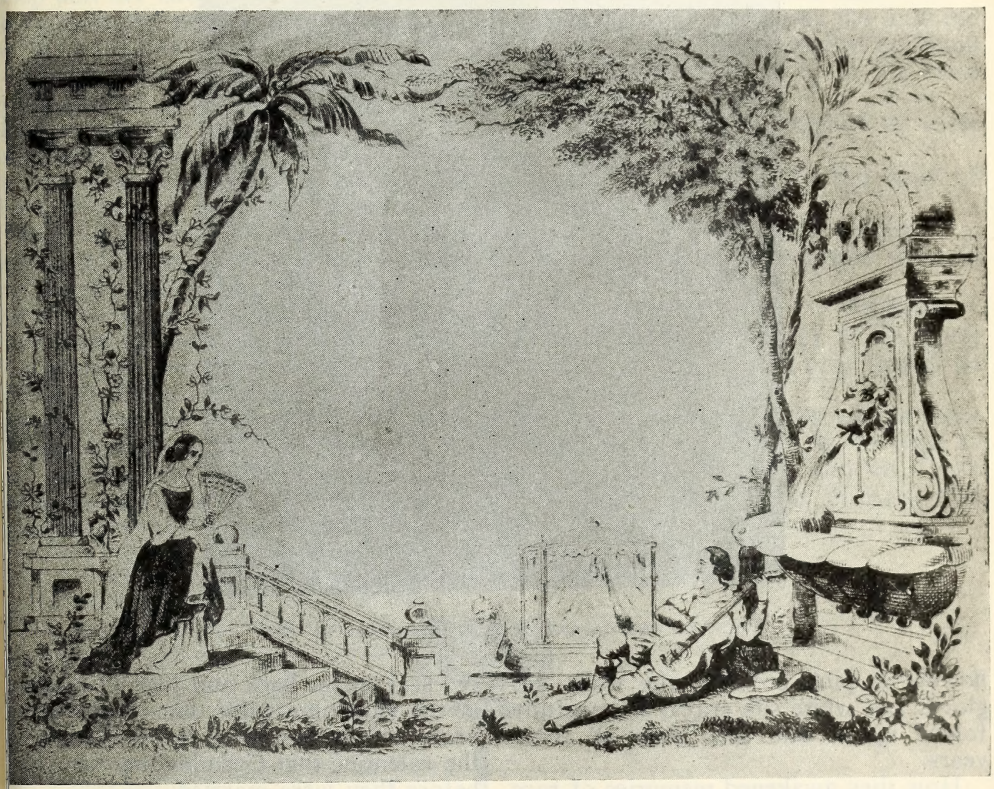
There is exhibited in the rooms of the Arts and Crafts Society on Park Street a large silver punch-bowl which is held as a challenge cup by the Dedham Polo and Country Club. The piece is a memorial to the late S. D. Warren, an enthusiastic admirer of this exhilarating sport. As an example of modern designing and craftsmanship, the bowl is worthy of more than casual notice. The decoration is well restrained and applied with great taste and the workmanship would not shame the daedal workers of Ancient Greece. Modern in conception, it is thoroughly Grecian in spirit, not by imitation, but by inspiration. It is altogether the most beautiful athletic trophy that I remember to have seen. May it be the precursor of a happier day when such abortions as the America's Cup, for example, shall have ceased. The usual "mug" for which the prize winners strive is far from being a work of art. This Warren Memorial Trophy is as notable as an innovation in that respect as it is intrinsically attractive.

Is the work in the economic departments of our colleges and universities of the assistance which it ought to be? Men set apart and supported at public charge (for in its last analysis all teachers are that) to give their entire time and strength to the study of one problem should be able to shed no small light upon it. Is the fault ours that we are not sufficiently docile under their leading? Or is there something radically wrong in the manner in which practical problems are approached by men in academic life? There has always been a feeling among men of business that such is the case. Is that feeling justified? The Uncommercial Club would by every natural sympathy declare for the men of learning and against the men of business. But I fear that we cannot make out our case. Woodrow Wilson's attack on the foreign laborer in America is an instance in point. "Foreign labor" has had quite as large a part as "our natural resources" in building the wealth of America. If we were to attempt to discard "foreign labor," we would first of all be forced to decide what is and what is not foreign, and that, in America, is not so simple as it might seem. Then having made our selection and deported our aliens we would be compelled to close two-thirds of our mills, promptly stop all construction work and step back some fifty years in civilization. Governor Wilson has no idea of doing any such thing. His expression amounts to no more than a petulant outburst and means, "dirty, ignorant and violent people are not nice," an assertion which sheds very little light on our economic problems. The truth is that our academic friends give altogether too much heed to what is and what is not nice. Did you ever enter a house whose mistress could handle none but nice things? Was it a nice house? There may be a far off Utopia where none of the work will soil anyone's hands. It is very far off. Mr. Wilson also says that college boys on their graduation average to be worth about $6.00 a week apiece. There are many of them that are trying to earn that amount five years after graduation. They are the fellows that only want to do nice things. But that is only one of the faults of the academic habit of mind. There is a still more serious failure in the manner of taking hold of a problem. The method of working from hypotheses may be a satisfactory one in laboratory experimentation. It is a mighty poor way to approach a practical problem. Every time that I take a college boy and put him at any branch of our work, I meet the same difficulty. He argues from premises that are sheer assumptions, and works out a campaign that looks pretty but will not

produce a copper. To learn the routine of business and push along established lines is an unwelcome task. It is never what things are, but what they presumably ought to be that interests him. And how he can waste time! Now, I believe in college training and in the college boy. I like his idealism. We need all of that blue sky overhead. But just because I believe in him and in the work that he can do I am very anxious that the evident fault in his training be discovered and eliminated. Academic life ought to be far more influential in practical affairs than it is.

GRANDFATHER'S VALENTINE

By FANNY S. STONE



FRONT OF THE ENVELOPE SENT FEBRUARY 14, 1851

I FOUND it to-day up in the attic just where it stood fifty years ago when it was so full of fascination for us all—the little heavy black leather trunk studded with many large brass nails.

It was Grandfather's trunk, and now as I reached down to open it, a feeling of awe came over me and again I could hear Mother's quiet voice saying, "Remember,

children, you are never to meddle with Grandfather's trunk."

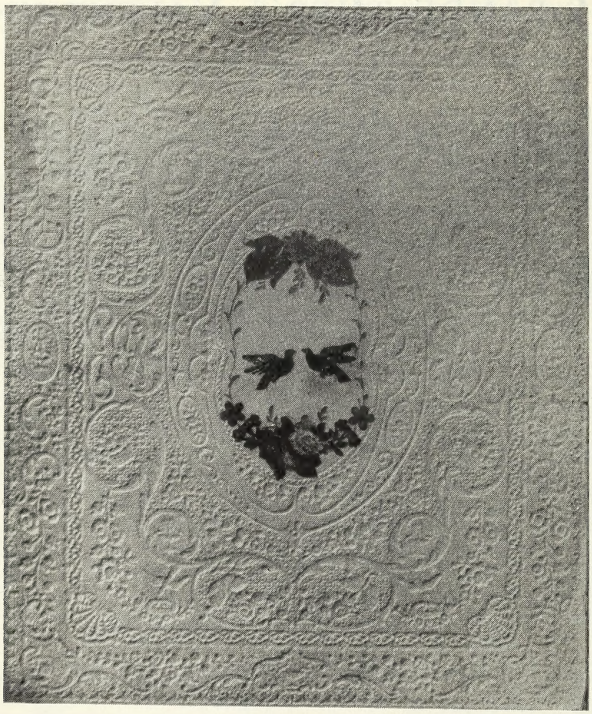
Of course this was what made it so tempting to us, as forbidden fruits always are.

Even now, after many years, the sight of it brought back to me the old fascination and longing and I lifted the heavy lid and took out one after another of the treasures it contained:—Grandfather's wedding clothes; his vest of pearl colored satin, with a faint tracery of vines and flowers in pink brocade; the white kid gloves and white silk cravat so carefully folded up in fine soft linen all these years.

How they awakened memories of rare occasions when Grandfather dressed up in his best and how proud we children always were of him!

Deep down in the tray under all was a very large envelope almost entirely covered with wonderful pictures in gold. There were lovely ladies, gondolas and gondoliers: there were fountains and beautiful palm trees under wnich reclined graceful men, playing on guitars.

It was a red letter day to us when Grandfather opened the trunk and took out the envelope. We, with our hands folded behind us, were allowed just to look at it, while Grandfather told us marvellous stories of the people on the envelope. Wonderful fairy tales that we loved and never forgot, yet all of the time how we longed to see inside the envelope. He would show us the broken red seal on the back and just let us peep at the valentine inside, but it was many years before he told us the real story of the valentine that Grandmother sent him before they were married.



FRONT OF THE VALENTINE SENT FEBRUARY 14, 1851

Grandfather used occasionally to begin it this way, "Long, long ago, children, before you were born or thought of—way back in the fifties, your Grandmother sent me this valentine. She was only eighteen years old and"—but right here Grandmother always shook her head at Grandfather and said, "You

ought to know better than to fill their minds with such nonsense."

Then Grandfather would laugh and say, "Never mind, children, some day when you are older I shall tell you all about it."

The day came when he sat with the valentine in his hand and told us the story.

He made us see the pretty little village in New England, way back in the fifties; the narrow winding path and the dainty little figure of Grandmother tripping along with the valentine clasped tightly at her side. We saw her as she passed the village green, just at twilight, on that February day so long ago. The air was crisp and her cheeks were as red as the scarf about her neck as she hurried along on St. Valentine's errand.

It was in the day of crinoline and her gown was of stone colored merino; her close fitting coat had full open sleeves and her little drawn bonnet of green uncut velvet was cottage shape, as was then the fashion.

In the gathering darkness she climbed the hill to a little brick house with spreading wings (and as Grandfather described the house we children always thought it must have looked like a brooding hen). She glanced quickly up and down the road and seeing no one, crept up to the front porch, carefully opened the door of green shutters, dropped in the valentine and stole away. With fast beating heart she flew down the hill just missing Grandfather as he came home from a busy day at the store.

His mind was full of questioning thoughts. He was wondering what chance he had of winning the girl of his choice. He was half tempted to call on her that evening and learn his fate but—what if she did not care for him after all.

Valentines were rare things in those days and when he opened the door and saw the envelope he did not at first understand.

But his name was on it and written in a familiar hand, so Grandfather carefully tucked it inside his coat and opened the door. He went directly to his own room and hid it away until after supper when he should have more time.

When Grandfather broke the little red seal and drew out the valentine he found written on the back of it, in the same pretty hand, this verse:

Faithful to friends, attached to early scenes;
Always disposed to make the most of means;
In filial duties taking great delight,
Revering those who practice what is right.

Valentine.

Grandfather put it away in his trunk and that evening walked over to call on Grandmother.

He never told us the rest of the story and when we urged him to, he used to look up at Grandmother, and say, "Ask your Grandmother if she is sorry that she sent me the valentine."

More "Mammy" Stories

By JOSEPHINE COMPTON BRAY

THE FORGOTTEN STORY.

"WHAT is dat I heah?" Mammy dropped her broom and stood erect with her head inclined to one side to catch the sound better. She had "Jes been pickin' up" the nursery which was in more disorder this morning than usual.

The children had enjoyed a party the night before, and although it was not late when the little company dispersed, Mammy with her natural habit of taking life as easily as possible, had found ready excuses for leaving things to be righted in the morning.

"I aint got time to do it now!" she had said in apology to herself. "I is jes gwine set um back in de corner til mornin' kaze time I undress dese chillun, an' sing um to sleep it gwine be time fur me to res' too. If Miss Car'line should come in heah, she gwine say dat evry chile mus' put away dyah own toys, so da will learn to keep ordily, but what Miss Car'line know 'bout keepin' order? She wan' raised to do nuthin', an, she can't even take keer uv herself. Ah me! if I hadn't been heah wid her an' 'swaded her not to wear herself out like yuthers do, tryin' to exceed one anothers, 'stead uv doin' her juty to herself, dyah wouldn't uv been nobody to take keer uv dese motherless chillun but me; 'cusin' dyah father who is wuss dan Miss Car'line. Tis de solumn truf dat I often axes myself, if Miss Car'line had to struggle 'ginst all dese things by herself where would she be now?"

Mammy shook her head. Words were inadequate to express the certain disastrous fate that would have befallen Miss Car'line but for her thoughtful interposition. "I ain't never gwine let dese chillun work like da wuz po' chillun, nuther,"—Mammy's tone was decided.—"I gwine wait on um myself, an' raise um up like princes; I is!"

And so Mammy carried out her plans unmolested, and this morning while she was putting away the toys, she heard children running in the hall below, and the slamming of doors.

"What is dat I heah?" she exclaimed again, "I 'clare! I do b'lieve dem chillun done gone off to school bedout my knowledge! an' da ain't got dese jumbles dat's in my pocket fur um."

She hurried down the stairs and out in the yard just in time to see the twins disappearing around the corner of the house.

"Where is yo' goin' Honey an' Sweety?" she called.

The children waited as she hurried towards them.

"Didn't I tell yo' never to go nowhere 'til I see fus if yo' is all right? Is yo' got on yo' gum shoes? an' whah is yo' mittens?"

"We don't want any to-day, Mammy," Sweety replied, looking up at the clear blue sky.

"Well it mout be so, but don' yo' stan' on one foot Honey! put yo' yuther foot on de groun'. Ain't I done tole yo', dat bof uv yo' mustn't never stan' on de same foot at once? Keep bof yo' feet straight down under yo'. De fus thing yo' know yo' gwine be jes like Minnie Smith an' yuther boys an' girls I sees; jes as crocked as a punkin' vine."

"Minnie Smith sits by me in school," Sweety ventured to assert, "and she is a very nice girl."

"I ain't 'sputin' nobody's niceness," Mammy replied. "I is talkin' 'bout things like punkin' an' sweet'tater vines, dat roams all 'round' gittin' in knots, an' choakin' every thing, an' even den it don 'pear like da is satisfied til da done creep through de fence an' 'tacked de cabbage patch. Now what I wants to say is dis, when yo' gits to school an' says yo' lesson, don' answer wid yo' voice way down yonder below zero, but 'nounce yo' words well, every one 'fore yo' speaks at all, an' mine what I says. If yo' meets any mad dogs, or drunken men, or yuther revellin' wile beasts, don' yo' keep on to school, but run quick as yo' ken in somebody's house bedout stoppin' to ring de bell, an' slam to de do', an' tell de people dat Mammy is comin', an' ax um to take keer uv yo' til I gits dyah. Now take dese jumbles to eat when yo' gits hongry, an' go long to school, an' when yo' comes home tonight I gwine have a story ready fur yo'."

Honey and Sweety, released from Mammy, ran off, gleefully shouting to their schoolmates in advance, waving their arms in the air while their feet flew hither and thither, regardless of Mammy's warnings and fearless of her prophecies But they did not forget the story, and that night they waited patiently until they were snugly tucked in bed before reminding Mammy of her promise, for they had learned that it was safest to approach her cautiously, and at the proper time. Mammy was rocking back and forth with closed eyes and folded arms, singing her favorite hymn.

"I heah dat trumpet when it soun'
An' den we will meet in de kingdom,
Lord,
De mornin' star broke in my soul,
Yo, ain't got long to linger heah,
An' den we will meet in de kingdom,
Lord.
(Refrain.)
A few mo' days,



"Mammy"

A few mo' days uv sorrow;
A few mo' days,
An' den we will meet in de kingdom,
Lord.

As I wuz gwine up de windin' stairs,
An' den we'll meet in de kingdom
Lord.
My feet rattled like de charmin' bells,
An' my soul quivered like a feather in
de air,
An' den we will meet in de kingdom,
Lord.
A few mo' days, etc.

De Isrealites shoutin' wid de heavenly
hoas'
An' den we will meet in de kingdom,
Lord.
De mighty warefare's over! over!
De victory's won an' my soul's sot
free,
An' den we will meet in de kingdom,
Lord.
A few mo' days, etc.

De heavenly chariot is swingin' low
An' den we will meet in de kingdom,
Lord;

I mus' git up an' travel on—"

The melody of this beautiful hymn floated on the air; now rising in weird pleading tones, then sinking into sad pathetic entreaties. It was sung as only Mammy could sing it, with a voice of that peculiar sweetness which belongs to her race. No wonder the children were always hushed, and soothed by it. While she was singing tonight, Mammy remembered she had promised a story, and she was not prepared. She usually "cultivated her mine" for something, but in case of "mergency" had to rely on invention. Now as she tried to recall something of the past to relate, her voice sank so low she unconsciously almost whispered.

"Can I get in the chariot too, Mammy?" asked Sweety as the last note died away.

Mammy roused from her meditation and answered confidently.

"Deed yo' ken, Sweety, Dis is de heavenly chariot dat I is singin' 'bout, an' we is all gwine to git in together. When we gits on de yuther side uv Jurden, we gwine be jes de same, an' no distinguish. We is all gwine be de same sheep an' de same Sheepherd. Dat is what de Bible tells us 'bout. He gwine gather de sheep in de fol' an' take de lambs in his arms. I is de sheep, an' yo' an' Honey is de Lambs."

"I thought you said I was going to be an angel and have a harp!" Sweety said in a disappointed tone.

"So yo' is! I ain't tole yo' nuthin' but de truth, we ain't zackly lambs, we jes say so kaze da is white an' gentle. De Lord gwine make it all right fur yo' when yo' gits dyah, an' he will give yo' whatsomever yo' ax him fur, kaze he done sade so, he ain't gwine wait till yo' gits dyah nuther, he gwine give it to yo' down heah; if yo' ask him in faithful prayer."

Both children lay quiet a moment then a happy thought came to Sweety, "I know what I am going to do Mammy!" she exclaimed, "I am going to add a postscript to my prayers, and tell the Lord that I don't want to be a lamb, but an angel, because I want to play on a harp, and then I will fly down here and play to Mamma, and Papa, and you too, Mammy! When you hear something sweet and low, you may think at first it is the wind, but just listen and you will know it is me."

Mammy bowed her head reverently. The child's faith thrilled her with joy. She fancied she could almost hear Sweety's harp now, and she knew that if Sweety were called home at this moment the door of Heaven would be open to her without a question. This beautiful vision was ruthlessly dispelled by Honey who said positively:

"I don't care what Sweety asks for, I am going to have a fiddle any how."

Mammy gasped for breath. "Honey!" she said, trying to speak calmly, "yo' done put me in a perfec' maize, ain't I done 'splain 'nough to yo' 'bout what dyah is in heaven? Yo' won fine no sich things as dem dyah! kaze da 'blongs to ole Satin hisself."

"I know the Lord will let him give me one!" Honey declared, "when he knows how much I want it."

"Honey, chile!" Mammy spoke with much agitation, "ole Satin standin' mighty close to yo'; an' yo' is gittin' 'tirely too neighborly wid him; an' if yo' don' watch out he gwine cheat yo' uv yo' soul fo' yo' knows it."

Honey was so accustomed to vivid pictures of his life long enemy, that he was not so much impressed by this announcement as he was touched by Mammy's emotion.

"Don't yo' trouble, Mammy!" he said sympathetically, "I will do just what the Lord tells me is best. But I am getting sleepy, and you have not told us the story!"

"What story! I 'clare, Honey, yo' done ac so; yo' done make me forgit every thing I ever knowed. Fuss my mine wuz 'sturbed by Dolly tellin' me dat da done 'side at las' to sen her way off yonder to some foreign school. All my 'swadin' ain't done no good, an' I done sade my las' say. I has to

subjugate my will to her legalized father an' mother, but da don' kere fur dat chile like I does, or da wouldn't banish her frum her birthright."

"But Mammy!" said Honey, "Dolly wants to go!"

"I know she been dancin' roun' an' sayin', 'Some day, Mammy, I gwine be a great player like Mathusalah,' but what she know 'bout whah she gwine when she done leave dis habitation uv her predecessors? She been tellin' me 'bout it to day an' I wus so upsot dat I couldn't eat a mouthful uv supper, an' I wuz jes 'ginnin' to 'pose myself wid some tea when heah come sister Susan Bushrod frum Boston. She come out heah to see me 'bout jinein' one uv our 'cieties. She knowd dat I blonged to all dem high toned 'cieties dat all de 'ristocrats jine, an' she wanted me to riccommend her. I tole her dat it wan no easy matter to git in dese 'cieties, dat I had to sen' myself, down ole home to my own brother dat knowd me, to git a paper frum de preacher, an' den have all de deacons sign it, an' sen' it back to dis preacher up heah, an' dese deacons, an' den on to de 'ciety. Even den da seem like da wan't satisfied til I laid down de money. All de time I wuz tellin' her dis, sister Susan Bushrod kep' 'ruptin' uv me an' sayin',

" 'I ain't axin' yo nuthin' 'bout yourself, sister Dinah! I don' kear nuthin' 'bout dat, what I want is—'

"I couldn't stan' no mo' an' I stop her quick as I could, an' say, 'Don' ask me nuthin' mo', sister Susan, we gwine give it up right heah, but fus I gwine tell yo' dat yo' can't jine lessen yo' is under de austrices uv de church. An' I couldn't reccommend yo' mohow, kaze can' nobody jine but de fus quality.'

"Den sister Susan Bushrod ac' like she wuz ragin' mad, an' low dat I done 'sult her, an' den she went on to say dat she done heah some uv de members say, da wuz gwine put me on de financee, kaze I don' come regular to de meetin's. I tole her dat da would have to fine on, dat I wan' 'spected to know what wuz gwine on when I wuz way out heah on de overskirts uv Boston."

Sweety started up in bed, "Mammy!" she whispered, "what is the Fi Nancy? Is it the goat?"

"No, chile! financee is making yo' pay when yo' don come to de meetin's, howsomever I is got to go nex' time, whether, or no, kaze I is goin' to take another degree. I done took four now, an' when I takes dis one I gwine be so high up yonder dat I ain't gwine know sister Susan Bushrod, deed I ain't."

"But the goat, Mammy!" persisted Sweety in a tone of awe, "are you obliged to ride him?"

"Deed I is Sweety! we is all bleged to do dat."

"I saw a goat yesterday when I was driving with papa, and he wasn't any bigger than Towser!" Honey observed as he snuggled comfortably under the blankets.

"But that was not like Mammy's goat, Honey!" Sweety insisted. "Oh! he is terrible!"

"Look heah Sweety!" Mammy spoke athoratively, "yo' jes' lay down in dat bed, dyah ain't nuthin' bout dat goat to scare nobody."

"But you said he had only one eye, and stamped, and snorted, Mammy!"

"Dat wuz jes sometimes Sweety chile, I ain't fraid uv him. Dat goat done knowd me so long dat he is mostly in general as gentle as a lamb."

This new statement of the goat's tendencies reassured Sweety and she obeyed Mammy's injunction to lie down.

Mammy knew there was need of something more to change the tenor of thought in that impressive little mind before Sweety would be composed for slumber.

"When I takes my degree nex Chusday," she talked on cheerily, "I is gwine to wear my full redgiments, an' my white gloves, an' march in front uv de line, an' when we all gits in de hall, I gwine stan' on de platform an' make a speach, jes so—"

Mammy had risen from her seat, and the children's eyes were fixed

upon her. As she spoke she bowed to imaginary forms around her.

"Noble Governor! Worthy Cheifton! Residin' Sister! one an' all! I come heah to-night accordin' to de invitation to speak to yo' all, an' I is proud to reinform de members uv de significence uv de place I holds in dis convicted assemblidge, an' uv de reportance uv my acceptance uv de presumptuous seat I is gwine to take—"

Mammy paused for more words. Sweety was listening attentively, but Honey's eyes were very heavy and he said dreamily:

"If you don't tell the story soon Mammy, I must go to sleep."

"Dyah ain't no story to listen to. Ain't I done tole yo' befo', Honey, dat yo' done scare de story away? I jes gwine set down heah an' sing."

"Hold my hand, Mammy!" said Sweety.

Mammy drew her chair close beside Sweety's bed, and took her little hand between both of hers, as she sang:

"Bye Mammy's little baby."

Sweety laughed which assured Mammy.

"Dat's yo' song Sweety," she said, "an' now I gwine sing a real salvation, one dat will put yo' to sleep fo' yo' knows it, I ain't gwine away; I is right heah."

Sweety closed her eyes but did not release her hand from Mammy's tender clasp. That faithful soul sang until her head drooped, and her voice died away in silence. The moon gliding out from behind the cloud looked in the window, and saw that the twins were peacefully sleeping, and that Mammy had followed them into dreamland.

MAMMY'S LETTER TO DOLLY.

Dolly's going abroad to study music was a great sorrow to Mammy. Whenever the subject was mentioned in her presence she abruptly left the room, she never even alluded to it. When the day of Dolly's departure arrived she moved about performing the last necessary services like one in a dream, and it was not until she had received the final loving assurances from Dolly, and watched her from the window until a turn in the street hid her from view, that the certainty of it all burst upon her and she sank into a chair sobbing bitterly.

The rest of the family were with her, they would accompany her to the steamer and leave her with friends who were going too. They had talked and laughed about it; how could they when this separation was so painful to her? and she wept alone for the dear lamb that would be missing from the little flock she had so tenderly cared for.

It was weeks before Mammy regained any of her usual cheerfulness. The letters that came regularly were so full of descriptions of wonderful sights, beautiful places, and unique experiences, tha Mammy was at last compelled to laugh outright.

"But," she reasoned, with a significant shake of her head, "dat don' soun' to me like she doin' much learnin' she 'pears to be spendin' mos' uv her time in riotous livin', I gwine sen' a warnin' letter jes as soon as I ken git somebody to write it fur me. I knows Isabella will help me an' I gwine ax her to do it dis blessed night."

When they were seated by the evening lamp Mammy looked thoughtfully across the table at Isabella as she said:

"Dis heah what I gwine say ain took frum no books, kaze I can't read. It all comes to me spontaneous, and I wants yo' to' write it down jes' as I speaks it, please."

Mammy folded her hands and began:

"My darlin' Dolly:

"It gives yo' mammy great pledjure to write yo' dese few lines to let yo'

know how I is. I has not been feelin' very smart lately. I has had misery in my side, an' suthin' like insurmation roun' my heart, added to a pain in de bres bone uv my back; but thank de Lord I feels better now. I wrote to my doctor in de hospital 'bout it, an' when he written back de very soun' uv de letter reduced down de pain. Yo' knows he is a very excessful doctor, he ain't out do's now, but he is done 'sended way up in de top uv de hospital over all de yuther doctors.

"He is got a dear little infunt baby dat he sade I might have if I jes' ax his wife fur it; but as she wan' no intermittent fren' uv mine I remitted to do so. When I tole, as I does every body I meets, 'bout yo' goin' way off yonder to some great school, an' how heart breakin' it wuz fur me to let yo' go kaze yo' is so lovely (which is natural born in yo') an' I knowd every body would git intached to yo', he sade he could take in de whole significence as he had done had de same 'specience hisself, an' he would promise me to write an' 'spres his feelin's towards yo; if he wan' so busy.

"Yo' knows, dear Dolly, I did my bes' to 'suade yo' mother an' likewise yo' father uv de 'sponsibility uv castin yo' out in dis fren'less worl' dat a way; but da don' mine it nor take on like yo' Mammy does. Da goes to bade, at night an' sleeps, but my mine is so indisturbed dat I rages in my slumbers. I tole de doctor 'bout dat too, an' he 'cluded he better give me little suthin' mo' to take intermediately, fuss one, an' den de yuther, to ease me up, an' qualify me down; an' dat is why I is able to 'pose dis letter to yo' to day.

"All de family is well an' no complaint among um. De Twinzes, Honey an' Sweety, an' me, has jes had a birthday party. I 'swaded yo' mother to let me have a turkey dinner, an' a ice cream supper concluded in one. It lasted without intermittence from mornin' til night; an' every body ate like da wuz starvin hungry. We had all de fixins an' dyah wan' nuthin' lackin' but yo' an' de corn dumplin'; but de las' meal all we had, wuz so coarse, dat when it went down yo' throat, it tore all de linin' out uv yo', so we 'scused de dumplin'.

"I made some uv my infamous biscuits dat puffs way up yonder in de air. Essie ate three, an' Sweety ate four, an' Honey, he whisper dat ev'ry time he look at me dat wuz de sign fur me to pass de rolls. I can' tell yo' how many yo' mother ate, I counted, an' den I looked away kaze I didn't wan' to 'spose her.

"It made my heart rejoice to see um all a dancin' an' a singin'. De Twinzes kep' a sayin'; 'Dance Mammy, dance!' an' ole Satin wuz nighty busy too, tryin' to git me on my feet, but I shamed him to his face an' sot still."

"Ev'ry body misses yo', an' talks 'bout yo' music; de police man dat goes by heah sade it wuz a perfect charm every time he hyrd dat piano roar; an' another woman shook my han' mo' dan once kaze she wuz glad yo' wuz gone. None uv dese people don' know yo' 'cep through me, an' so yo' see yo' has a great many blessin's an' I hope yo' won' veject to sing dat good ole hymn I learned yo' 'ginnin'—

A few mo' days uv sorrow
An' den we'll meet in de kingdom
Lord.

"It will qualify yo' an' bring peace to yo' when yo' troubled soul is shoutin' fur salvation, which is liable to us all.

"In yo' travels be very keerful, an' don't go wid nobody 'ceptin' it is some 'sponsible person dat knows an' understands dyah selves; yo' Mammy ken see way 'cross de ocean, an' I is allurs a watchin' an' a prayin' fur yo'."

"Be allurs polite, but wear every body as a loose garment; an' don' tell nobody yo' business; kaze da may go off an' scatter it, an' when it comes back to yo' it will be cultivated in such a indifferent manner, dat it will make yo' heart moan. I axed yo' Mother if dat wuz a very uxclusive school where yo' is, an' she sade, 'yes,' so I hope yo' won' have no chance to git tangled up

wid nobody yo' don' know. If any gentleman calls an' ax yo', 'Miss Dolly will yo' take a walk?' Bow lowly an' answer, 'No, I thank yo', sah; I is a stranger, please 'scuse me.'

"Mr. Smith is makin' hisself quite successful wid yo' sister Isabella an' Mr. Jones is also very graceful towards her; I tole her I hadn't fotched her up like some peoples' chillun, who is kept concealed all de while da is young, an' when yo' bring um out in societies, da is jes de same as dum mummies. I sade, too, dat she wuz 'tirely indifferent frum dem, an' she mus' stan' up fur herself an' give um as good as da sen', kaze I has been standin' at her elbow long 'nough an' I ain't gwine be 'sponsible fur her no longer."

"Dear Dolly! don't forgit dat yo' Mammy's prayers is allurs wid yo' dat de Lord will keep yo' safe, an' therfor' yo' mus watch fur ole Satin, kaze he is all de time sneakin' roun' when yo' leastwise 'spects him."

" 'Fore I forgits it, I mu' tell yo' dat Mrs. Hamilton's two daughters who used to be in de Hydron an' Hachet concerts, is now singin' in de Boston Observatory."

"I has jes' been in de city to de funeral of one uv my church brothers. He belonged to every link in de society chains to which I had jined myself. We all wore our regulars, an' went in mournin' on our rosettes."

"Honey an' Sweety stan's highly in school, but I don' think much uv de teacher. She is all de time corruptin' um fur every little thing they does, sich as eatin' de jumbles I puts in dyah pockets to 'sport um till da gits home, an' whisperin' kaze da feels dyah tongues gittin stiff; an' I thinks dat I is jestified in sayin' dat she 'spects too much uv sich little chillun dat has jes' been commoted out uv de infuntry class."

"Yo' members dem fine, pretty mottled colored pullets we had when yo' wuz heah? Well! Da has proved so productive dat de whole yard is 'luminated wid chickens, so we has done 'cided to keep um all 'scusin' de ole yaller rooster; an' we has already done 'sposed uv him in a big pie. It took two whole days to git him tender an' den he wuz tough. I wish yo' had been heah to 'joyed him wid us."

"I is mos' at de en' uv de news, but 'fore I closes I mustn't remit to tell yo' dat ole Dobin' is lame in one uv his lef' hine legs, an' sides dat de Governor is dade; He wan't doin' nuthin' when it happened but jes' settin' in his cheir. De doctor testified dat he died kase his heart 'fused to beat. De whole State is in a uproar 'bout it."

"Dear Dolly, Mammy ain't got nuthin' mo' to say. I hope dis letter will reach yo in due season, an' dat yo' won' forgit to pray an' don' pay no 'tention to ole Satin, kaze he gwine do his bes' to keep yo' on de anxious bench jes' like yo' wuz a sure 'nough sinner. De onliest way to git shed uv him is to pray; an' keep at it night an' day. I is prayin' too, dat our Father will allurs keep yo' close under his shadder; an' at las' crown yo' wid de crown uv life.

"Yo' lovin',
"Mammy."

When the letter was finished Isabella looked up with a smiling face, but Mammy had closed her eyes and tears were falling on her lap. Isabella arose and quietly left the room, but the dejected picture was before her and she returned to offer words of sympathy, but found that Mammy was on her knees and about to offer prayer. In a moment Isabella was kneeling beside her. They bowed their heads and Mammy's voice rose in earnest entreaty.

"Father uv Heaven! God uv eternal love, we comes to thee to night bowed in 'fliction. We begs to ax fur thy protectin' keer over de chile who is a wanderer in a strange lan'. We gives her in thy tender keepin'. Be thou oh! Father, a leadin' line befo' her, an' a protectin' gardian behin' her, so she can't wander off nowhere an' git los', an' 'sist her wid thy ready han' to stan' up against all temptations, an' so qualify her actions dat she may be worthy every day, an' every night, to

have another star shinin' in her heavenly crown, an' another string added to de harp which thou hast prepared fur her, an' when she is done wid all dese yearthly things, oh! Father, let Gabril blow de trumpet loud to 'onunce her comin', an' open de do' wide to let her in to tny glory fur ever an' ever, Amen."

When they arose from this prayer Isabella saw that Mammy's face was now bright and shining, and she spoke confidantly when she said:

"I am sure your prayer will be answered, Mammy."

"Deed it will, honey, kaze I knows it, I knows it, good night."

MAMMY'S VISIT TO THE SEA SHORE.

When it was decided that Mammy could take Honey and Sweety to the sea shore for a day's pleasure, Mama suggested that they should plan to be as free as possible from care, and not be burdened with unnecessary encumbrances. Even the luncheon could be carried in a box which could be easily disposed of when emptied. Mammy, however, did not accept these propositions graciously.

"I ain't never hyrd uv nobody goin' to a picnic in no sich a way as dat," she exclaimed contemptuously, "when I goes I is goin' de right way. Ev'ry body allurs gits hongry 'fore da starts, an' de Twinzes dazelves ken eat up dat little box 'fore we gits half way, to say nuthin' uv me. An' den when de box is throwd away we ain't got nuthin' to do but jes' starve to death."

She looked pityingly at the twins, whose joyous anticipations were utterly crushed by the prospect of not having a piece of pasteboard with which they could appease their hunger, and the nursery was filled with cries of distress. It was useless to try to reason with Honey or Sweety. They were so sure that Mammy's prophecy would be fulfilled that they already began to feel starvation hovering near, and they obstinately refused all offers of consolation until it was decided that Mammy, as usual, should have her own way.

"Come now! let Mammy wipe yo' eyes an' don't cry no mo'," Mammy said, "kaze it's done been 'cided dat we is goin' like oncivilized folks an' it are time fur all we to git ready right now."

When the day arrived and they were ready to start, Mama was obliged to retreat inside the door to give vent to suppressed laughter, and the older children declared that they would never go any where with Mammy again. It was not the first time that Isabella and Dolly had expressed this intention, for as they grew older they realized more and more that Mammy lacked what they believed to be proper respect for public opinion. Certainly Mammy was an object for some criticism, as she stood in the gateway, trying to adjust her luggage and watch the twins, whose attention was now centered in the basket, which they both insisted on carrying.

"Put dat basket down dis minute!" Mammy said, "an' don' nary one uv yo' tech it no mo'; gittin' all de things mixed upside downside. I is gwine to tote it myself; yo' jes' stan' dyah till I gits fixed. Howsomever yo' ken bof take yo' cloaks. Don' yo' be puttin' yo' han's behin' yo' like yo' don' want to do it, kaze it is gwine to be late fo' yo' gits back, an' de piercin' win' mout riz up an' chill yo' to yo' bones."

It was a hot July day, but Mammy had made every provision for a change in temperature. For convenience she put on her own cloak and folded a thick veil across her bonnet which she tied closely under her chin. Now she must plan to carry her woolen shawl, the twins bathing suits and rubbers, the lunch basket, and the can for water. There was nothing that could be dispensed with but the can for water, and she could not make up her mind to leave that for she said:

"I done learn frum 'sperience dat at none uv dese kine uv places yo' goes to; yo' can't git a drap uv free water lessen yo' pay fur it. If it wuz tea or coffee, or de likes uv dat, yo' wouldn't keer, but it ain't nuthin' but natural runnin' water, an' I ain't gwine be posed on dat a way if I draps under my load. If I can't do nuthin' else I gwine ask de Lord to help me, an' if yo' call on de Mighties' uv de Mighties' de answer will come like de gentle rain from heaven. I heah Miss Car'line read dat frum de bible de las' time de Sheakspere club met wid all we, an' I wuz standin' outside de parlor do' listnin'."

When Mammy had gathered her bundles in her arms, and taken the basket in one hand she found her prayer had been answered, and she had another hand left for the can of water. She could not lead the twins but she spoke encouragingly.

"Come 'long now, Honey! yo' take hol' uv Mammy's frock on dis side, an' Sweety on dat side, an' we gwine git dyah mighty soon."

They trudged along slowly but reached the station in time for their train. Mammy's face beamed with satisfaction when she found herself in the cars with Honey and Sweety opposite her. The packages were safely wedged between them and heaped on the floor and seat beside her.

For at least a week Mammy had been preparing for this event, and now she could hardly realize that they had started. The standing passengers viewed them hopelessly but not without curiosity, and Mammy who was always socially inclined was pleased to give her attention to a lady who asked if the children were twins.

"Yes m'm," Mammy answered. "It is jes' as I allers says, da wuz twins frum dyah fuss birth, an' in all my nussin', an' I has nussed many thousand chillun in my day, twos an' threes at a time, I ain't never had none dat wuz better qualified dan dese."

"Did you come from the south?" asked the interested passenge·.

"Oh, yes m'm, I wuz borned an' raised dyah, but dese chillun wan't."

"I am half northern and half southern," spoke Honey.

"And me too," added Sweety.

"Cert'ny," said Mammy, "you is jes' zackly de same an' no distinguish; bof uv yo' is half an' half chillun. Yo' see," she continued, addressing the lady and feeling proudly conscious that she had secured the attention of others, "de way uv it wuz dis; dese babies wan' born fo' de war an' not till after dyah mother wuz married to a northern man an' comed up hyah to live. Dyah wan' nobody down ole home dat wuz willin' to come up heah wud her but me, an' I tole ole Miss, who wuz her own mother, dat I didn't think it ought to be lowable fur Miss Car'line to go way off up yonder in a oncivilized lan' wid a strange man, she jined her 'pinion wid mine an' I comed. I tell yo' I done thank de Lord many a time dat he did ben' my mine to follow Miss Car'line, kaze if I hadn't been heah to stop her when she tried to rush roun' an' work like dese people up heah, she would hev been dead an' buried a hundred times. I jes' say,' Miss Car'line, honey! yo' looks tired, go long up stairs an' take a nap I ken do every thing bedout yo'.' An' she would answer, 'I is tired, but I is 'fraid people will think I is lazy.' Den I say, 'Well I don' see nuthin' else fur yo' to do but jes' to lay down an' die an' let some yuther stepmother 'buse yo' husband an' 'pose on yo' chillun.'

"Dat make her give in, an' do as I say. Den I pull de curtains down so nobody won't see dat we ain't workin' hard, an' I set down in de big rockin' cheir an' res' too. If any body come to call I thanks um kindly but tells um dat Miss Car'line so busy dat she 'quests me to 'scuse her. I has been standin' up fur Miss Car'line jes' so ever since she fus lef' down ole home. It 'pears like I wuz elected intentionly to take keer uv her, kaze she wan' use to doin' nuthin' fur herself, an' I wan' nuther. I wuz took frum de quarter when I wan' bigger dan nuthin', an' fotched up to de Manor

House, an' all dat I did in dem days wuz to wear a starched white ap'on way down to my foots an' wris'es, an' set on a cricket an' rock de cradle. I didn't do nuthin' but nuss, an' I is still at it, but fur all dat I is a natchal born cook too; I is. Sometimes when Miss Car'line have been 'vited out an' come back, de fuss thing she says to me is, 'Gim me suthin' to eat Mammy! I is mos' starved.' When I ax her what she is been eatin' all dis time she been gone, an' she tell me she been sawin' on a lettuce leaf wid a fork, an' eatin' a half oyster in de shell, an' de likes uv dat, I 'gin to think it are high time she wuz hungry. I tell yo', Miss Car'line an' me ain't used to no sich stingy way uv livin'. She tells me dat in dese days de elect don't have no sich big dinners as we allurs had down ole home, but I don' like it no how, an' when all we 'spects de minister an' yuther intermittent fren's, I gits Miss Car'line to let me have de coas' clear to myself an' she ax no questions, but jes' go in de parlor an' ascertain de company.

"Den I plans it all my own way an' has de supper 'cordin' as I want it. I knows dat preachers allurs likes good livin'. Da don' wan' no half oyster, da wants a plenty to eat, an' a plate to eat it on an' I jes' wish yo' could see dat table when da all gits sot down! Dyah eyes glissen an' dyah mouf water, an' da don' know which to take de mos' uv, de fried oysters or de chicken on tos' an' all de time da lookin' out de corner uv dyah eyes at de hot waffles."

"De preacher he nod to me to fetch him 'nother cup uv coffee an' den when he take it he speak low an' says as how he ain't seed nothin' like dis supper in no hotel, an' it pears like he ain't had nuthin' to eat since he wuz heah las'. Den I makes him a curtsy an' says:

"I knows it, sah! I knows yo' is a minister uv de gospel an' speaks de truth."

Mammy was now reminded by the lady that they were nearing the end of their journey and she turned to the twins. To her dismay she saw that they both were engaged in devouring jelly cake in which their faces and white dresses had shared.

"Didn't I tell yo'!" she exclaimed, "not to tech nuthin' till yo' gits dyah?"

"No Mammy!" answered Honey with a shake of his curly head, "yo' said he was hungry all the time!"

"Honey eated it first!" said Sweety, "an' I telled you."

"Well I didn't heah yo', howsomever dyah ain't nuthin' to do now but to put on dese heah cloaks, an' when yo' reaches de shore I gwine wash out de spots while yo' paddles 'roun'. Don' yo' pull 'way frum me, but mine what Mammy say an' bime by I gwine let yo' ride on de horses."

The twins had rebelled at putting on their thick garments, but the prospect of riding the flying horses caused them to submit. Just then a boy in shabby clothes and looking ill-fed passed through the car. Mammy hailed him.

"Where yo' gwine, sonny?" she asked.

"Nowhere!" answered the boy curtly.

"Yo' looks like a good boy," said Mammy," an' if yo' ain't got nuthin' to do come 'long an' take dis basket fur me an' I will give yo' ten cents."

The boy readily agreed.

"Yo' keep close to me an' de twinzes," Mammy charged him, "an' don' yo' let de top get off de basket 'kaze some uv de dinner mout fall out."

The boy's eyes blightened as he promised, the car gave a jerk and the conductor glancing in, stepped forward and hurried them off in a peremptory manner. Mammy stood a minute looking at the moving car.

"Dat conductor," she muttered, "ain't got as much manners as he ought to been born wid. Howsomever I ain't gwine to hol' nuthin' agin him 'kaze we mout have been carried way off yonder an' 'fore we knowd any thing been sot down right 'mongst de heathens."

They followed the crowd that was pressing towards the entrance, the boy and the twins passed through the gate, but when the gatekeeper took Mam-

my's ticket he detained her.

"Are those your children?" he inquired.

"Yes sah!" replied Mammy, "da is mine, 'scusin' de boy, I promised him ten cents to tote de basket. De babies is twinzes, an—"

The man took no further notice of her but continued to call. "Five cents for children!"

Mammy, finding herself pushed aside, and seeing that the twins were already out of sight, reluctantly paid the fifteen cents and entered the grounds.

"I had to do it," she said, "but I knows it are an inquisition."

She looked anxiously around for the children but they were nowhere to be seen. Her alarm increased as she hurried along the wide avenue and across the winding paths, stopping whenever she met a kindly face to ask:

"Please sah! is yo' seed any little twinzes goin' 'long hyah, an' a basket an' a boy?" and always receiving the same answer. No one had seen anything like her description. She had heard of Charley Ross and trembled when a covered wagon appeared. She stopped the driver.

"I done los' my baby twinzes," she said, "an' I thought da mout be shet up in dis cart! What yo' got in dyah?"

"None of your business," replied the man sharply, as he jerked the reins.

Mammy was sure she detected guilt in his face and was about to call for help when she glanced at the passing vehicle and saw through the open end that it contained only ice cream.

Where were the children? She staggered on not knowing where she went. A whizzing sound aroused her, and looking up she found herself in full view of the flying horses. Her countenance changed as she uttered a cry of joy for there were the red cloaks waving in the air. As she drew nearer a shout from the riding twins greeted her. The boy with the basket came towards her. She did not notice that he carefully wiped his mouth on his sleeve before he spoke.

"We waited for you, an' told the man you was comin' and he let the children get on the horses. And I been all this time doin' nothin' but taking care of this basket." He spoke in a tone of injury.

"I ain't blamin' yo' fur nuthin' nor findin' no fault wid yo' nuther," Mammy said, "I 'spects yo' done de bes' yo' knows how, an' dyah is yo' ten cents."

The boy quickly disappeared, and a little later Mammy with Honey and Sweety was seated on the warm sandy beach, watching the incoming tide and enjoying the cool breeze. The basket was now the object of interest but to Mammy's consternation she discovered that a part of the choicest delicacies was missing.

"Who done dis?" she exclaimed, looking around as though she expected to see the thief. Then turning to the twins, "Is yo' chillun been eatin?"

"No!" replied Honey, "we didn't want nussin' but to ride the horses, but the boy said he was werry hungry."

"And he said, too," added Sweety, "while we were ridin' he would eat jes' a little bit of cake."

Mammy never gave vent to the extent of her indignation before the children. She always felt the responsibility of example, and whenever their words began to border on excitement she would say:

"Dyah now! Stop right dyah! 'How many times I done tole yo' dat real ladies an' gemman never gits mad." So now she restrained her anger as she wiped the jelly stained little faces, removed the dresses and buttoned on bib aprons. When they were comfortably seated, she gave each a plate, fork and spoon, not forgetting to remind them as she always did of the dignity of their social position.

" 'Member now! dat yo' ain't no po' chillun if yo' is eatin' in yo' laps an' no table. Yo' is allurs jes' de same as kings an' queens."

She helped them bountifully and then went down to the water to wash the stained dresses and relieve her

mind.

"Dat boy is certny one uv dem sheeps dat comes to yo' in wolfs skin, but nem mine jestice gwine claim its own. De hemp is growin' fur him now an' it ain't gwine ripen 'fore it's wanted nuther!"

She spread the little garments on the hot sand to dry and went back to the twins. In her absence they forgot the exhalted state to which they be-



"MAMMY" AND HER CHARGES

longed, and being hungry had ignored any assistance save that of their fingers. Honey had quickly disposed of his choice bits and wanted to share Sweety's but she stoutly refused until he pathetically said:

"Well, berry soon you won't hab any little brudder!"

"You can hab it Honey! You can hab it!" Sweety cried, but she did not yield without tears, and these she was brushing away when Mammy returned.

"What de matter wid yo' Sweety?" she asked, tenderly, but her questioning eyes were on Honey. Neither of the children spoke.

"Is yo' been 'posin' on yo' little sister?" she asked, still looking at Honey.

"I des eated some of her candy frostin'!" he replied without raising his eyes.

"Is dat de way yo' treats one anothers? Is dis de way yo' does when yo' Mammy done try her bes' to raise yo' up in de fear an' admiration uv de Lord? What mo' I gwine do?" She looked helplessly around. The twins were always penitent when Mammy's cheery countenance grew clouded with her lecture, and now they both ran to her and buried their faces in her lap.

"Dyah now!" she said soothingly. "Don' cry no mo'. Put yo' arms 'round yo' necks, an' kiss one anothers, an' we done make up."

All along the shore before them

were scattered pleasure seekers, some strolling idly up and down, groups of people were seated on the rocks and sand, and some in boats were drifting far out where the sea gulls dipped their wings in the white, foamy crests.

Honey and Sweety clapped their hands gleefully as the bathers rose and disappeared in the glistening water. Bare footed children ran by, and some in bathing suits lingered near, watching Mammy and the twins.

"I knows by 'sperience," said Mammy, "dat it ain't no use to argufy 'bout tuckin' up close, da will git wet, an' I done brought yo' flannel night clos' an' I gwine put dem on yo'!"

The interested children who stood looking on drew nearer, and spoke admiringly of the twins and asked if they might take care of them.

"I mus' put on dyah bathin' suits fuss," Mammy answered, "I don' like to 'spose um to dis hot sun but I don' see no roof to go under."

The children kindly formed in a line for a screen. Mammy did not pause as she glanced at them but she said:

"It ain't no particular use fur yo' to do dat, kaze everybody knows dese babies ain't nuthin' but angels nohow. Howsomever da is ready now an' I is gwine to trus yo' to lead dese chillun keerfully, an' don' yo' take um no further dan down dyah to de waters edge. I is comin' myself presently, I jes' gwine set heah a little while an' eat my dinner an' watch yo'."

She was very careful to partake sparingly from the lunch basket because she said:

"De Twinzes gwine git hungry agin' an' I can do bedout it."

The sun shone full upon her as she sat there looking at the merry group before her. A smile lingered on her face, her eyes were full of tenderness, then they closed.

Her dream was not a pleasant one. It was full of confusion, she recognized the boy of her morning acquaintance running off with the lunch basket in which the twins were confined; she heard their cry and sprang up with the terror of one who believes his worse fears are verified. She rushed across the beach. The tide had gone out and far away across the wet sand and shallow water she saw figures. A young man in bathing suit was running by. She stopped him, "Oh, sah!" she cried, "my twinzes is drowned. Da is two little boys an' girls out dyah in de water in dyah flannel night gowns. If yo' will go out dyah an' fetch 'um to me I will pray to de Lord to bless yo' as long as I live."

He looked amused and was about to laugh but the earnest appeal and agonized countenance deterred him, and he followed the direction in which she pointed and soon returned bearing under each arm a plump little form which he deposited before Mammy. She led them to her little camp and there they stood wet and dripping, but with faces still glowing from the effect of exercise and delight.

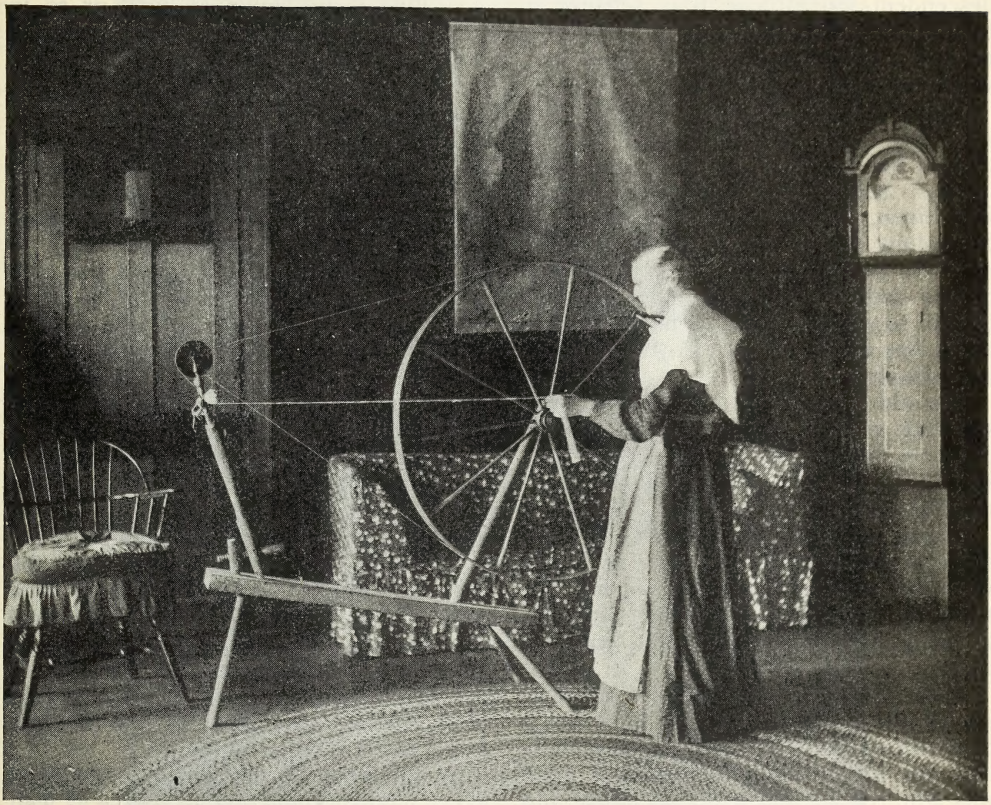
Mammy knelt before them, "Thank de Lord fur dis deliverance!" she exclaimed reverently, "he done save yo' frum de rivers uv waters. I hyrd yo' in my sleep when he called my name jes' as plain as he did little Sampson." (Mammy sometimes confused Bible names.) "If it hadn't uv been fur dat yo' bof would uv been little angels now sure 'nough, an' den what would yo' ma hev said?"

Later in the day when the conductor of the train bound for Boston passed through the car he paused to look at Mammy who sat with an arm around each sleeping child. Their heads lay comfortably against her, while her own was bowed on her spacious chest. He smiled as he gently drew the ticket from between her fingers. Afterwards when Mammy referred to this trip she said:

"I never ken forgit it, 'specially de time when I seed dem babies in de water, an' every hair in my hade stood right up. But de nex time we goes, I gwine take de close line 'long wid me, an' I gwine tie Honey on one en', an' Sweety on de yuther en', an' I gwine stan' on de shore an' hole it, an' when I see um drowning' I gwine pull um in."

The Spinning Woman

By CLARA NEWHALL FOGG



Drawing out yarn

SPINNING has ever been an honorable occupation for New England women and not so very long ago, Maine had her spinning woman who with her quaint fashions and old world ways was a fascinating personality to the young poet, Longfellow, when in his boyhood he visited his grandparents at the Wadsworth homestead in Hiram.

In the living room is the spinning wheel used by generations of the Wadsworth family and still capable of as good work as in those days when its musical whirr made cheery accompaniment to the crackling of the flames in the open fireplace.

The illustrations used with this article show a descendent of the Wadsworth-Longfellow family who dwelt in the old homestead where the poet passed long hours listening to the music of her wheel.

Spinning was a profitable industry back in the earliest history of New England and from the time of the keeping of sheep, the great spinning wheel was whirring in every home. Sheep raising was encouraged and when dogs killed the sheep their owners were compelled to kill them and to pay double the cost of the sheep.

Women, girls, and even boys were required to spin and many of the descendents of those first settlers so loved the work, that like Longfellow's relative, they continued to spin and weave as long as they lived.

Flax was cultivated and the Massachusetts Bay Colony owed much of her success to her diligence in the spinning industry. Sometimes a bounty was offered for "linen, grown, spun, and woven in the colony." The young people worked hard to excel and there were spinning classes and contests. Every family had to spin so many pounds of flax a year or pay a fine and there was great rivalry in the industry.

The old records tell how at one time, spinning wheels were seen on Boston common when "three hundred young spinsters" spun for prizes as to the quantity and quality of their work.

Young maids liked to spin and indulge in day dreams of what life had in store for them, the old people, like the spinning woman, lived again in their spinning, the dreams that had come to pass.

Wool spinning has been described as one of the most flexible and alert series of movements in the world and it may be that for this reason the Colonial maid was admired for her graceful figure and dignity of carriage.

The spinner stood slightly leaning forward, lightly poised on the ball of the left foot, with her left hand she picked up from the platform of the wheel a long, slender roll of the soft carded wool about as large round as the little finger, and deftly wove the end of the fibres on the point of the spindle. She then gave a gentle motion to the wheel with a wooden peg held in her right hand, and seized with the left the roll at exactly the right distance from the spindle to allow for one drawing.

Then the hum of the wheel rose to a sound like the echo of wind; she stepped backward quickly, one, two, three steps, holding high the long yarn as it twisted and quivered. Suddenly she glided forward with even, graceful stride and let the yarn wind on the swift spindle.

The wooden peg that the spinner held served the purpose of an elongated finger and was called a driver, or wheel-peg. It was nine inches long, an inch or so in diameter; and at about an inch from the end was slightly grooved that it might catch the spoke and thus propel the wheel.

Six skeins of yarn a day was considered a good day's work; and in the backward and forward steps that she took, the spinner walked over twenty miles.

Sometimes the spinner wound the yarn directly upon the wooden spindle as it was spun; or at the end of the spindle was placed a spool which twisted with the revolving spindle and held the new spun yarn. The spool was usually a corn cob or roll of corn husk.

When the ball of yarn was as large as the spool would hold, the spinner placed wooden pegs in certain holes in the spokes of her spinning wheel and tied the end of the yarn to one peg. Then she took off the belt of her wheel and whirred the big wheel swiftly round, thus winding the yarn on the pegs into hanks two yards in circumference; these were afterward tied with a loop of yarn into knots of forty threads and seven of these knots made a skein.

In the days of the young settlements every woman knew how to weave as well as spin and there was even a trade of hand weaving for men to which they were apprenticed. In his grand-mother's kitchen young Longfellow watched the weaving, and in other country villages of Maine, one finds the old industry still preserved. Over in the eastern part of the state many of the old looms are in use, and until the death of the kindly spinner of the Wadsworth family, her loom and spinning wheel were never idle.

The loom was an important article of the household furnishing with its frame

of four square timber posts, seven feet high. From post to post, across one end, was the yarn beam, six inches in diameter. The warp threads were wound upon it, stretching to the cloth beam at the front of the loom.

that the size can be increased or diminished, and so take on and hold firmly any sized skein of yarn.

This cylinder is supported on a center shaft that revolves in a socket and may be set in a heavy block on the floor or



WINDING

To prepare the home-spun yarn for use on the loom, a skein was placed on the swift, a revolving, cylindrical frame like the one of the illustration. It is made of strips of wood arranged in such a way

fastened to a table or chair. The spinning woman preferred the former method.

Both quills for the weft and spools for the warp are wound from the swift by a

quilling wheel, small wheels of various shapes, some being like a flax wheel but more simple in construction. The quill or bobbin is a small reed that is pierced from end to end and when wound is set in the recess of the shuttle.

One who is permitted to see the old time weaving in these modern days can understand the skill it required in the pretty weavers of Colonial times.

From Bangor, Maine, women who seek to preserve the old methods of domestic industries, drive to the quaint farm houses along Penobscot shores, and there find spinning-wheels and hand looms, still operated by those who cling to the ancient ways. In Bucksport one finds beautiful rag carpets of softly blended hues, woven by women who add to the scanty income of the farm by their skill in this pleasing industry.

From the heavy flaxen thread of the past, the warp of these carpets is now a heavy cotton twine, and the weft or filling is narrow strips of the many colored rags that are carefully hoarded by the thrifty mistress of the farm.

Like the swifts and spinning-wheel of the Wadsworth-Longfellow house, these family heirlooms, when found to-day, have been preserved for generations back, treasured relics of the spinning woman and her well loved handiwork.

Shoddy, Its Manufacture And Use

By L. D. H. WELD

THERE are two reasons why shoddy is of peculiar interest to the American people at present: the first is that agitation for the reduction of tariff duties on wool and woolens always calls forth many public utterances about the baleful effects of using shoddy in the manufacture of cloth; and the second is that the preliminary figures recently published by the Census Bureau for the 1910 census, and made use of by the Tariff Board in its report on wool, show interesting and important changes in the extent to which shoddy is used by the wool manufacturers of this country.

Aside from these two special reasons for present interest in the subject, the public should know more about what shoddy really is, what purpose it serves, and whether or not its use is legitimate. There is perhaps no article of general consumption which is so universally condemned and so commonly misunderstood. The very word "shoddy" is a synonym for cheapness and inferiority. As applied to clothing, it is vaguely associated with old rags and filth, and even disease.

The principal reason why shoddy is and always has been in ill-repute is that goods made of an admixture of shoddy and new wool are commonly sold as "all wool," whereas the wearing qualities of such goods are disappointing and make the purchaser believe that he has been cheated. As a matter of fact a suit may be "all wool" and yet contain a large proportion of, or practically nothing but, shoddy, becaues this material in reality is wool. The difficulty is that it is practically impossible for the purchaser of a suit of clothes to tell by the look or "feel" of the fabric whether it contains shoddy. Furthermore, there are various grades of shoddy, some having wearing qualities not much inferior to new wool and others being vastly inferior, often containing an admixture of waste or re-worked cotton.

Shoddy is made from cast-off woolen rags, and from this point of view represents one of the best examples of the utilization of waste or by-products which modern industry has to offer. The quality of shoddy depends upon the rags from which it is made. The *American Wool and Cotton Reporter* quotes prices

on nearly one hundred different kinds and grades of rags and tailors' clippings, varying in price from twenty-three cents per pound on "white mixed softs" to half-a-cent per pound on "old satinets." It is evident that shoddy made from "new rags" such as the clippings and trimmings discarded by tailors and garment makers must be superior to that made from "old rags," or those which have seen service as parts of worn garments. It will also be pointed out below that shoddy made from loosely woven or knitted fabrics is superior to that made from hard-woven or heavy felted fabrics.

The organization and functions of the rag trade are not without interest and importance despite its unsavoriness to those who do not make a living therefrom. It begins with the "rag-man" or junk-collector who travels through the streets with his old ramshackle wagon, collecting from house to house such articles as his persistent cry may tempt the good housewife to dispense with. The rag-man sells to a junk dealer, a man often engaged in a large and lucrative business. The junk dealer roughly sorts his various purchases, according to quality, into four or five grades and passes them on to the "rag-dealer." The "dealer" sorts his wares more carefully, dividing them according to colors as well as qualities, removes the linings from old garments, and makes the various grades or sorts into bales, each securely bound with wire or hoops, for transportation to the shoddy mill. Tailors' clippings and trimmings the rag-dealer purchases direct from tailors and ready-made clothing establishments, so that they do not pass through the hands of the junk-dealer.

Upon their arrival at the shoddy mill, the rags are again sorted, this time very carefully; those containing cotton are thrown aside for the "extract" process, and the rest are graded according to colors, with a view to the use for which the shoddy is intended. By the "extract" process is meant the elimination of cotton and other vegetable matter by a process of carbonization or subjection to acid and heat which destroy the cotton fibres and leave nothing but pure wool. Wool thus obtained is called "wool extract." After buttons, cotton threads in seams, and other extraneous matter have been removed from the woolen rags, they are ready for the "grinder" or "shoddy-picker."

The rag grinder is a powerful machine which consists mainly of a large heavy cylinder closely covered with steel pins or teeth. The rags are fed slowly between strong rollers, and as they come in contact with the teeth on the rapidly revolving cylinder, they are torn to shreds and thus reduced to a fibrous state. They have now been made into shoddy, ready to be shipped to the woolen mill where it is spun into yarn and eventually woven into cloth.

This brief description of the process of manufacture makes clear what shoddy really is. It is nothing more nor less than reclaimed wool fibre, obtained by tearing woolen rags to shreds. This tearing process naturally breaks up the individual wool fibres to a certain extent, and thus renders shoddy inferior to new wool, because the value of wool depends largely on the length of its staple. If "soft" woolen rags, such as flannels and blankets, hosiery and other knit stock are used the tearing is not so severe and the shoddy obtained may be of fairly long staple and of good quality,—especially if the stock used is "new" and has never been subjected to wear in the form of a garment. On the other hand, if "hard" woolen rags are used, such as broad-cloths, heavily felted overcoatings, etc., the grinding results in shoddy of a much shorter staple. Shoddy made from this latter class of rags is often called "mungo." The term is said to have originated in the North of England during the first half of the past century, when the proprietor of a shoddy mill gave orders to an employee to run some hard woolen rags through the grinder. The employee protested that such rags would not go through the machine, whereupon the proprietor avowed "they mun go."

Shoddy is also inferior to new wool in that it has lost some of its original qualities. Wool fibres are covered with tiny serrations or scales which fit into each other and make the fibres cling together. It is this "felting quality" which makes

woolen goods shrink when rubbed in warm water; but it is also this peculiarity, together with its elasticity and strength, which enables wool to withstand wear so well. After cloth has been worn and then passed through the shoddy picker, many of the serrations are worn off and the fibre loses much of its original life and elasticity; for this reason, clothing made from shoddy, although *fully as warm* as new wool goods, does not wear so well and loses its shape more quickly.

The shoddy industry began in England about 1813, in or near Batley in Yorkshire. This town, and the adjacent town of Dewsbury, have always been and still are the leading shoddy producers of the world. Englishmen started shoddy factories in Germany in the forties, and by 1850 many of the large shoddy and mungo firms on the continent had begun business, showing that the growth of the trade was very rapid. In 1860, Samuel Jubb of Batley, wrote a book entitled, *"The History of the Shoddy Trade: Its Rise, Progress and Present Position."* At that time, when shoddy manufacture was deemed worthy of a published history in England, the industry was hardly more than in its incipient stages in this country.

Although the early history of shoddy manufacture in the United States is somewhat obscure, the first rag picker was probably operated in Marlborough, Ulster County, New York, about 1832, by an Englishman named Richard Ardict. He shipped his machine from England to New York as a rice threshing machine, in order to evade the English laws prohibiting the exportation of textile machinery. Apprehended by the English authorities, however, he was forced to serve time in jail, only gaining his liberty on the payment of a fine of twenty-five pounds sterling. He then came to New York where his machine had arrived safely, and set it up at Marlborough in what was known as the Hepworth Mill, where he carried on the business for many years and whence he removed his plant to Esopus, New York.

In 1836, another Englishman named George Archer emigrated to the United States, bringing with him a complete set of drawings of shoddy and woolen machinery, and carried on the business for many years at Little Falls, New Jersey. He later removed to Paterson and engaged in the manufacture of shoddy machinery. Finally he settled down in Marlborough, New York, where he continued to make shoddy machinery until the time of his death, in 1875, at the age of seventy-two.

In 1840, Reuben Daniels of Woodstock, Vermont, placed in operation a shoddy picker which he invented and constructed independently and which differed considerably from the English models. In 1846 this machine came into the hands of A. G. Dewey, the most distinguished among the early pioneers in this country, and he used the old Daniels picker in his plant at Queechee, Vermont, until 1862, when he substituted for it the English pattern of rag picker which was then coming into general use in this country and Europe.

It is not clear what became of the two earlier enterprises, for Mr. Dewey claimed that during 1846 and 1847, or until the Rays commenced operation in Franklin, Massachusetts, in 1848, he was the possessor of the entire shoddy business in the United States. There is also a story that Mr. Dewey bought rags of Cyrus W. Field of Atlantic Cable fame. It is said that Mr. Field attempted to take advantage of the new market offered for soft wool rags by boosting the price to 3½ cents a pound, but that Mr. Dewey resisted the advance and, since there was no one else to use the rags at the time, the price fell to 2¾ cents.

In 1860 the Census reported thirty establishments engaged principally or solely in the manufacture of shoddy, and the value of the output of these thirty mills was $403,000, which probably represented about 5,000,000 pounds of shoddy. The Civil War gave an impetus to the industry, and it was during those days that shoddy earned for itself a reputation from which it has never recovered. Uniforms and blankets were made of such inferior material that much distress was caused among the soldiers. There is extant a Civil War rhyme which expresses the popular feeling of the time:

"Around the bar-room fires these wintry nights,
Drinking whiskey toddy,
While shiver, shiver, in the camps,
The men they clothed in shoddy."

The industry continued to grow however until in 1890 there were ninety-four establishments, representing a capital of $3,754,000, and turning out products valued at $7,887,000. In 1900 the total output was slightly less than in 1890, or $6,731,000; in 1905 it had increased to $8,406,000; while according to the preliminary figures recently issued by the Census Bureau, the value of products for 1910, or to be more exact, for 1909, was $7,434,000, an increase over the 1900 figures but a decrease from the 1905 figures. Taken all in all, the shoddy industry seems to have remained practically at a standstill for the past twenty years, while the wool manufacturing industry has nearly doubled in the same time. This alone is not a fair criterion of the extent to which shoddy is used in the manufacture of cloth, however, because many woolen mills make their own shoddy and do not rely on the output of those mills which make this product exclusively.

In tariff discussion it is often stated that the use of shoddy is increasing in the United States, and that this is due to the high rates on wool and woolens. Without going into the question of wool duties, an examination of the figures seems to prove that the popular impression regarding the increased use of shoddy and other wool substitutes was correct until the 1904 census year. The recently published bulletins of the Census Bureau for the year 1909, however, show that there has been a pronounced decrease in the use of these materials, both relatively and absolutely.

The following table shows the relative amounts of shoddy and new scoured wool used in the census years 1899, 1904, and 1909 by woolen and worsted mills, exclusive of those making carpets and rugs and felt goods.

	1899 Pounds	1904 Pounds	1909 Pounds
New wool	192,706,000	241,280,000	289,703,000
Shoddy	68,663,000	102,279,000	53,621,000
Total shoddy and wool,	261,369,000	343,559,000	343,324,000
Proportion of shoddy,	26.3 pr. ct.	29.8 pr.ct.	15.6 pr.ct.

It will be seen from these figures that the proportion of shoddy to the total amount of new wool and shoddy increased from 26.3 per cent in 1899 to 29.8 per cent in 1904, but that it decreased to 15.6 per cent in 1909. The explanation of this change is to be found in the fact that during the past few years the manufacture of worsted fabrics, owing to popular demand, has increased enormously at the expense of carded-woolen fabrics. Shoddy cannot be used in making worsteds; it enters only into woolens. The census figures also show that the amount of cotton used by wool manufacturers was less in 1904 than in 1899, and still less in 1909 than in 1904. The inevitable conclusion is that to-day wool manufacturers are using fewer wool substitutes and making higher grade fabrics than formerly. Inasmuch as the tariff has remained practically the same since 1897, it hardly seems safe to argue that high duties lead to the use of adulterants in woolen cloth.

On the other hand, there is rather conclusive historical evidence that low duties on cheap grades of cloth result in the importation of fabrics composed principally of shoddy and cotton, and an increase in the use of these materials by domestic manufacturers. The duty at present is prohibitive on cheap woolen cloth, and also on shoddy and rags. In 1894 rags were made free, and the duty on cheap cloth was only forty per cent. In the year ended June 30th, 1897, before the Dingley Act went into effect, we imported 14,685,000 pounds of cloth at an average value of thirty-one cents a pound. The price makes it evident that this cloth was very inferior in quality. It came mainly from England, and English journals of that day commented on the great prosperity of the shoddy district in England, and did not hesitate to say that this was due to the low tariff duties of the United States. They questioned the desirability of exporting such worthless stuff to this country for fear of injuring the reputation of English goods. Our domestic manufacturers, in order to meet this foreign competition, were naturally forced to reduce their costs by using cheaper ingredients; and that they did so is borne out by the fact that in 1897 they

imported 28,000,000 pounds of rags. Since the Dingley Act went into effect, in that year, the imports of rags, shoddy, and cheap cloth have been practically nil.

England uses a greater proportion of shoddy in its cloth manufacture than does the United States. The Bradford (England) Chamber of Commerce estimates that in the year 1900 there were 654,600,000 pounds of wool and other animal fibre used in the United Kingdom, of which shoddy constituted 19.7 per cent; and that in 1907 the proportion of shoddy had increased to 24.7 per cent. In 1900, according to the United States Census report, there were used by wool manufacturers in this country 394,370,000* pounds of new wool, and 71,496,000 pounds of shoddy, making a total of 465,866,000 pounds, exclusive of mohair and other animal fibre. Shoddy constituted 15.3 per cent of the materials in that year, as compared with 19.7 per cent in Great Britain. In 1909 the United States used 551,065,000 pounds of raw wool in the woolen and worsted, carpet, and felt industries alone, and 56,982,000 pounds of shoddy, making a total of 608,047,000 pounds, of which shoddy constituted 9.4 per cent, against 24.7 in 1907 in England. It will thus be seen that the proportion borne by shoddy to all wool materials is not only greater in England than in the United States, but that since 1900 the proportion has increased in the former country and decreased in the latter.

The decline in the use of shoddy in the United States since 1905 has been accompanied by a most remarkable development of our export trade in this commodity, and more especially in woolen rags, the raw material of shoddy. Our own trade statistics do not give the exports of these commodities separately because until recently they have never been important enough to record. Great Britain, however, imports millions of pounds of rags from all over the world, and her trade statistics show that the imports of shoddy into England from the United States increased from 11,200 pounds valued at $901 in 1905 to 1,185,282 pounds valued at $75,188, in 1909; and that the imports of woolen rags from the United States rose rapidly from 120,960 pounds valued at $5,196 in 1905 to 19,745,600 pounds valued at $748,295 in 1909.* These figures alone prove conclusively that the use of shoddy has fallen off considerably in the United States during the past five years.

Inquiry into the relation between disease and the use and manufacture of shoddy reveals nothing to substantiate the popular impression on this point. It is obvious to those who know anything of cloth manufacture that clothing which contains shoddy is just a healthful and free from germs as that made of new wool. The oilings and washings during the preliminary stages of manufacture, and the boilings and scourings through which all cloth passes in the finishing operations, render it absolutely sweet and clean. It might seem, however, that in the handling and sorting of old rags there is a splendid opportunity for the transmission of disease.

In 1894, government experts representing all the leading countries of Europe met in a conference at Dresden to consider evidence on the dangers of the traffic in rags, with a view to its possible prohibition or limitation. The conference was unable to unearth evidence that infection had ever been carried in rags, and, what was most surprising, it had to report that the same could not be said of new wool! There has been no talk of concerted action toward prohibition since.

In England, the shoddy industry is concentrated in Dewsbury and Batley and a few neighboring towns. The medical officer of health for Dewsbury said in 1907: "It is perfectly true that no epidemic disease has ever been traced to rags"; and the health officer of Batley said, "The town is practically without industrial disease. We are freer from industrial ailments than towns like Brad-

*The figures for the United States are those reported by the Census Bureau as the quantity of wool consumed by wool manufacturers "in condition purchased," and hence do not give the total consumption of wool 'in the grease." Neither do they include mohair and other animal fibre, nor the wool used in hosiery and knitting or other textile mills.

**Annual Statement of the Trade of the United Kingdom for 1909.

ford where rags are not worked at all, but only wool." In 1907 the death rates for Batley and Dewsbury were 18 and 18.1 respectively, while the adjoining town of Ossett—in which 92 out of a total of 143 workshops are devoted to working rags—had a five year average of 17. These death rates vary in no significant way from those of other densely populated manufacturing towns where cotton and wool are the principal materials handled.

The United States Bureau of Labor discussed the possibilities of disease in the rag and shoddy trades in its report on "Mortality from Consumption in Dusty Trades," published in its 1908 Bulletin. It cited testimony that in England the workers in shoddy mills often suffer from "shoddy fever," a catarrhal trouble accompanied by headache and high temperature, and caused by inhalation of dust thrown off in the manufacturing process. Those who have been accustomed to the work are not affected in this way, while those new to the employment often suffer at first; but even these soon recover when they leave the factory for a few days. There is no evidence to show that this ailment occurs to any extent in the United States. The rags are oiled before being put through the shoddy picker, which is always enclosed, and the dust is carried in conduits to the outside of the building, so that very little escapes to be breathed by the workers.

The Labor Bureau Report closed its account of the shoddy trade with the following significant statement:

"There are no official vital statistics of this occupation, but it is evident that while the circumstances of the employment are apparently decidedly objectionable and while the dust generated during certain processes is considerable, the evidence that the employment itself is distinctly injurious to health is not a matter of trustworthy record, nor is it even conclusively evident that there is any particular amount of disease caused by employment even in the most objectionable branches of the industry which have to do with rag sorting and grinding, which will be subsequently considered as a separate occupation."

In spite of this lack of evidence of the transmission of disease, rag handling and sorting are dirty and disagreeable occupations. The workers, who are usually low types of foreigners, become infested with fleas, and do very little to take care of themselves. It is surprising that investigators have not been able to establish any definite relation between the occupation and the transmission of infectious disease; but surely there must at least be some lurking danger, and precautions such as the fumigation of rags should certainly be encouraged. At the same time, the facts above cited are conclusive that the prevailing impression is ill-founded.

Wool always has been and always will be a relatively scarce and valuable commodity. The production of wool in Europe has declined tremendously during the past century. Not much over a hundred years ago, England used to export it in large quantities; now she is the greatest importer of wool in the world. In the United States, sheep raising has declined in the Eastern and Central states, and only the unfenced ranges of the West have permitted the total production of the country to increase during the past fifty years. This is due to the fact that as civilization advances land becomes more valuable for other purposes than for wool growing. Mr. C. W. Wright, in his recent work on *Wool Growing and the Tariff* prophesies that the high-water mark of American wool production is reached, and that inasmuch as more and more of the land suitable for sheep raising is being fenced off and utilized for other purposes, a decline in the industry is inevitable. The wool-consuming population of the world will have to rely more and more on such countries as Argentina and Australia where the onward march of civilization has not as yet destroyed the conditions necessary for sheep raising on a large scale. Although these distant countries have more than made up for the decline in European countries, the wool production of the world has not kept pace with the increase in population.

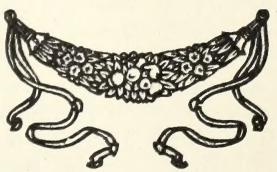
In view of these facts, the importance of shoddy, or reworked wool, is evident.

Under conditions as they are at present, clothing containing nothing but new wool is too expensive for the ordinary laboring man; if there were no such thing as shoddy, cotton and linen would be the only substitutes that could be used in making clothes for the great mass of humanity. The utilization of shoddy has been of inestimable value, in that it has made possible the manufacture of good, sound, warm, clothing, far superior to any that could possibly be made with cotton or other substitutes, and at a price within reach of millions of people who otherwise could not enjoy the necessary warmth and comfort of woolen goods!

The Textile World Record of January, 1909, speaking of the value of shoddy said:

"The average annual per capita consumption of wool for the world, exclusive of the tropics, is 20.1 ounces. This quantity if made into cloth without any admixture of shoddy or other material, would produce 14 ounces of light weight cloth, say a piece about 42 inches square. That would be little more than enough woolen material for a vest and a pair of stockings. Without a large quantity of wool substitutes besides this new wool, life would not be possible for the greater part of the population now living in the temperate and cold climates. This fact should be taken to heart by those who are prone to denounce shoddy as a swindle. The shoddy mills of Batley and Dewsbury are turning out a product as necessary to the existence of mankind as is turned out from the wheat fields of the Canadian North West."

Although shoddy is equal to new wool in warmth and healthfulness, it is inferior nevertheless in wearing qualities; and the purchaser of a suit of clothes has no way of telling how much or what quality of shoddy,—or how much cotton, for that matter,—the suit contains. To remedy this evil, many bills have been introduced into Congress to provide for the placing of labels on all goods, which shall state the proportion of shoddy content and thus guard the public against the use of adulterants in clothing, much as is done in the case of food products. Splendid as this would be theoretically, there are some practical difficulties in the way of bringing it about. In the first place, it is impossible in many cases for even textile experts to detect shoddy after it has been woven into cloth; and, in the second place, as explained above, there are various grades and qualities of this material, some of which are little inferior to ordinary new wool and even superior to some kinds of coarse wools. With popular prejudice as it is, such a law would undoubtedly lead to an unjustifiable and unnecessary demand for goods made of new wool, which in turn would raise its price as well as the price of clothing. Only those who would be willing to undergo the humiliation of buying suits labelled "50 per cent shoddy" could buy at a price which is within the reach of the great majority of the working population. If, however, this should lead eventually to a better understanding of the value and usefulness of shoddy on the part of the public, the latter difficulty might be overcome. At any rate, it is unfortunate that such a prejudice exists, and it would serve a useful purpose if the public could be educated to the fact that shoddy is clean, reworked, wool, rather than filthy rag dust mixed with cotton and stuck together, as a cart-tail politician recently described it in New York City.



For Playgoers And Music Lovers

Miss Viola Allen, who is one of the most popular actresses in the gallery of American players, is scoring one of the biggest hits of her career in Rachel Crothers' latest play, "The Herfords," at the Plymouth Theatre. It is one of the plays where mother-love supersedes all. In "The Herfords" Miss Crothers presents a strictly modern theme, truly natural and emphatically appealing. The play deals with the story of Tom Herford, a sculptor, and his wife Ann, also a sculptress. The couple who are devotedly attached to each other have one child, a daughter. The mother who gradually has become deeply absorbed in her work, carelessly neglects her home and in order that she might devote more time in the perfection of her art, has sent her girl to a boarding school. A competition for a prize on a model of a big pubilc building finds both husband and wife contestants. The latter in her anxiety to outdistance her husband, and finally succeeds, as the big scene of the play finds her the successful winner of the coveted prize, has not only lacked a mother's affection for her child, but also the love, affection and sympathy of her husband. It is around this particular point that Miss Crothers has constructed a most powerful play, and satisfactorily answered by her in the final scene. "The Herfords" deals with the problem question of man and wife, and is one of those plays that no woman should miss seeing. Miss Allen is seen at her best in the role of the sculptress, while the others in the cast including Charles Waldron, George Fawcett, John Westley, Grace Elliston, Jessie Izette, Beatrice Prentice and Emily Varian all perform excellent work. The play which has been staged by the authoress is sumptuously set in three scenes.

Elsie Ferguson has started a new possibility for the actresses of America by the presentation of "The First Lady in the Land." This is one of the first plays dealing with American history with the wife of a president as a heroine, and thus it comes in the line of a decided innovation. There was a most unusual homage for Dolly Madison when she was the mistress of the White House, but nobody thought of making a play for her until Charles F. Nirdlinger, who wrote "The World and His Wife" did "The First Lady in the Land" for Miss Ferguson. There was just a bit of justifiable romance added to the facts of history to be more acceptable for stage purposes, and as a result the play now at the Hollis Street Theatre is one of the features of the day. The only other wives of presidents ever introduced in drama were Martha Washington and the wife of Abraham Lincoln, but in each case they have been subordinated to their more famous husbands.

Bessie McCoy, who heads the cast of "Ziegfeld Follies" at the Tremont Theatre, may well claim that she has danced to the two extremes. A year ago, when she was the star of "The Echo" the "hobble skirt" was the fad for the fair sex, and Miss McCoy thought that she would try a *pas seul* in one. It was one of the hardest things in the world, for the skirt was so tight that she came perilously near measuring her length upon the stage almost every night. As a result it is a pleasant change to take up the "crinoline dance" of the "Follies." In this she has an exact duplicate of the enormous hoopskirt of wire that was worn years ago by the ambitious belles, and when Miss McCoy dances about in it she hits the wings at almost every set. A quadrille in crinoline would be an actual impossibility with skirts like Miss McCoy's, unless it was danced in Boston Common.

Ethel Clayton, who is one of the leading members of the cast of "The Country Boy" at the Park Theatre has her chief

chance, like the others, in the second act of the play, where she is one of the victims of the cheap theatrical boarding house. She is supposed to play a chorus girl—off the stage—showing the footlight and once she was the leading lady at the Park when Emmett Corrigan produced "Keegan's Pal," which was written by Paul Wilstach, long with Richard Mansfield. However, Miss Clayton has kept



Ethel Clayton in "The Country Boy"

fascinator as she appears at the supper table and turns the head of the country boy. Miss Clayton was not Broadway-born by any means, and those who knew of her early life in Illinois wondered how she was able to show so much realism of type. She had first gone on the stage in Shakespearian plays with H. Sothern, her eyes open when in New York, and by a study of types manages to give as much naturalism as if she had always been in the "merry, merry chorus" herself. She has been in musical plays, however, and once was with Bessie McCoy in "The Follies of 1911."

Alice Hegeman, who plays Madame

Dondidier in "The Pink Lady" at the Colonial Theatre, seems doomed to hide her personal appearance forever, for she has made so great a hit in eccentric comedy characters that now she never has a chance to play in *propria persona*. She first came in the lime light when she succeeded Emma Janvier with Richard Carle in one of his musical comedies, and she was so successful in reproducing her angularities that nobody knew the difference for a time. Then Miss Hegeman went with Anna Held and "Miss Innocence" for a couple of seasons after which "The Pink Lady" was placed upon the stage, and in that she seems to be a permanency, for after Boston she will go with the others of the American cast chosen to present the comedy in London.



Elsie Ferguson in "The First Lady in the Land"

The week at the Castle Square beginning Monday will be of no little importance to theatre-goers outside of as well as in Boston. On that day Mr. Craig will offer for the first time on any stage his second annual Harvard-Rad-

cliffe Prize Play. Its title is "The Product of the Mill," and its author and the winner of the prize given by Mr. Craig is Miss Elizabeth Apthorp McFadden. Selected after a careful reading and comparison of many plays submitted in competition for the prize, and prepared through careful rehearsal during several weeks, it pomises to arouse a wide-spread interest.

The play will be a strong one emotionally, and it possesses every advantage of a mingled emotion and humor. Its plot concerns the search of a mother for her boy kidnapped in childhood, and there will be a series of elaborate stage settings, including the interior of a Southern cotton mill in full operation. Sixteen speaking characters, besides minor personages make up the dramatic personae, and in the cast will be John Craig, Mary Young, Henrietta McDannel, Grace Lathrop, George Hassell and Donald Meek. The mother will be played by Miss Young, and it will be a part that will give her skill as an emotional actress full scope, and Miss McDannel as the boy will undoubtedly duplicate her great success with Peter in "The End of the Bridge."

The opening night will be a gala occasion, for the theatre will be thronged with Radcliffe students and their friends anxious to give the play a hearty send-off on an auspicious career and a long run.

On Monday, February 12th, Mme. Alla Nazimova, the Russian actress, famed for her Ibsen roles, will present a translation of a comedy by Pierre Wolff, entitled "The Marionettes." In the original this is a really scintillating comedy full of that brilliant chatter that is as fascinating as it is un-American. It is the tale of a little mouse-like and provincial wife who regains the love of her husband by blossoming into a gay butterfly. Mme. Nazimova delineates whatever character she does with peculiar and striking vividness. Some of the coming attractions are:

"The Wedding trip," a new comic opera by Reginald DeKoven, will be given at the Shubert Theatre in the near future.

"The Galloper," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Climax," "Under Two Flags," "Little Johnny Jones," and "Fifty Miles From Boston," are forthcoming productions at the Castle Square Theatre.

Mr. Hammerstein is planning a summer opera season and the "Pall Mall Gazette" seems to approve, provided the performances are at popular prices.

London newspapers look philosophically on Mr. Hammerstein's trials and tribulations. His plan of giving a summer opera season is approved, provided the performances will be at popular prices. "In this way," says the "Pall Mall Gazette," "there can be no doubt that a large public could soon be attracted; otherwise, one fears, in the present conditions of things, success would not be so easily found. It is a question of wha' the return is for the money expended. For the guinea stall London operagoers expect the best the world can produce, and this is still, for the most part, of foreign origin. How, indeed, can it be otherwise when native singers find but small encouragement to take to the operatic stage? As to running an opposition season to the Grand Opera syndicate, the question to be debated is whether there is room for two foreign opera performances at the same time. Do we want the 'Traviatas,' 'Lucias' and the like in duplicate, or, seeing that Covent Garden holds the performing rights of so many of the modern popular operas, can Mr. Hammerstein bring out new works likely to prove sufciently attractive? A little healthy rivalry would doubtless stimulate the older organization; but, in the main, the competition suggests a wasteful and fruitless effort."

Margaret Anglin has been scoring great success in Baltimore in Henry Arthur Jones' new play, "Lydia Gilmore." The heroine is the wife of a doctor in a quiet provincial community. The doctor is a less stationary nature and he falls in love with his neighbor's wife and in keeping a clandestine appointment with her, he meets the husband, quarrels with him and shoots him. Though disillusioned, Lydia fights for his

life and the future of their young son. Honor and truth fall before maternal love.

Sir Edward Elgar has been pointing out to a Daily Telegraph interviewer the enormous misunderstanding that prevails as to the amount of money to be made by the individual composer out of his own music. He estimates that there are not many more than one hundred first-rate symphony orchestras existing that have their own important musical library. If each of these purchase the full score and parts of a new symphony it will be, roughly, the maximum; on the other hand, if a novelist sells 2,000 copies of a book it is put down as a failure. Did ever a modern musician, he asked, sell



Miss Viola Allen at the Plymouth Theatre

2,000 full scores? To emphasize his point that it is only from pianoforte or violin music that the composer can make a living—ballad-makers were not taken into consideration — Elgar cited examples from his own experience. When he visited Turin in November to conduct a concert he found a superb orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five, which for years had had his "Enigma" Variations in its repertory, and had played the work on tour under Toscanini as a show piece.

Now, said Sir Edward, in not one year since the Variations came into being (1899) have his fees from their performance amounted to a sum sufficient to pay the cost of the manuscript paper on which they were originally written. Yet the Variations are played hundreds of times each year in Europe and America. Out of the multitude of the performances last year Elgar gathered $3.50 into his own exchequer. The case of "Gerontius" is almost worse, for the composer's average yearly income from its performance is about, and not more than $125. This is not the fault of the publishers, but of the public and the musical societies, who will play any music that is "free." Amateur actors in the country will readily pay $5 for the right to play some farce, but not one penny piece can be extracted for the musical composer, whose work is rejected if his performing right is insisted on—if, indeed, it exists.

On other subjects, too, the foremost English composer talked with his interviewer, and with especial eloquence when he touched on the teaching of music. Richard Strauss once pointed out in a speech that caused no little stir in England at the time—some eight or nine years ago—that Elgar's technic is so entirely his (Elgar's) own precisely because it grew alongside and together with the ideas expressed by the technic. Far too much stress is laid nowadays upon technic qua technic, thinks Elgar. Of course you must teach a child to write; teach him syntax, prosody. The fine art of the teacher is to guide the elementary power of selection of both idea and the expression of it.

Elgar says that his own "teachers" were the authors of the great books he read in order to "find out" for himself, to develop his own power of selection; and he points to the fact that he was not told in his youthful days to prefer Mozart to Gossec, but learned for himself and by himself where lay the truth, and why. Teachers, he maintains, do not leave enough to the pupils; they are too doctrinaire, and, as it were, too definite.

The work at present engrossing Sir Edward's attention is a setting for chorus, orchestra and contralto solo of the Ode with which the late Arthur O'Shaughnessy opened his little volume of poems entitled "Music and Moonlight." The most familiar stanza of the Ode is the one that runs thus:

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams:
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

It is expected that the novelty will be heard first in the course of the present year at one of the provincial festivals, probably either Birmingham or Hereford.—Musical America.

A recent editorial in a New York paper embarked upon a discussion of the relation of Maurice Maeterlinck to that musical clientèle which does not consider Debussy's music (Pelleas and Melisande) real music. This editorial remarks that M. Maeterlinck is not of this clientèle but is one of the benighted litterateurs who can not bear music of any sort and that he would be fully as annoyed upon hearing Beethoven or Mozart. "M. Maeterlinck's blunt definition of music as "unnecessary noise" will gratify many estimable gentlemen of some culture to whom attendance at the opera and an occasional recital or symphony concert is a painful social duty. There are more people than we ever know of who cordially detest music, though they must endure it. Yet no truth can be plainer than that a perfect man should have a perfect comprehen-

sion of music and a liking for it. It is one of the noblest gifts the human race possesses, and the person who does not like music is sadly deficient and to be pitied."

Now really this is only a popular conclusion, a quasi-musical conclusion and is akin to the dictum of the matinee opera goer (feminine of course) who pulls

will argue that philosophy is utterly unallied with music and that it is ridiculous to insist that a study of philosophy would help anyone's appreciation of music. In fact if they did not make this assertion instanter I should hesitate to progress until they did so, and "got it out of their system." A few of such "battings at the air" is stimulating. In answer I would



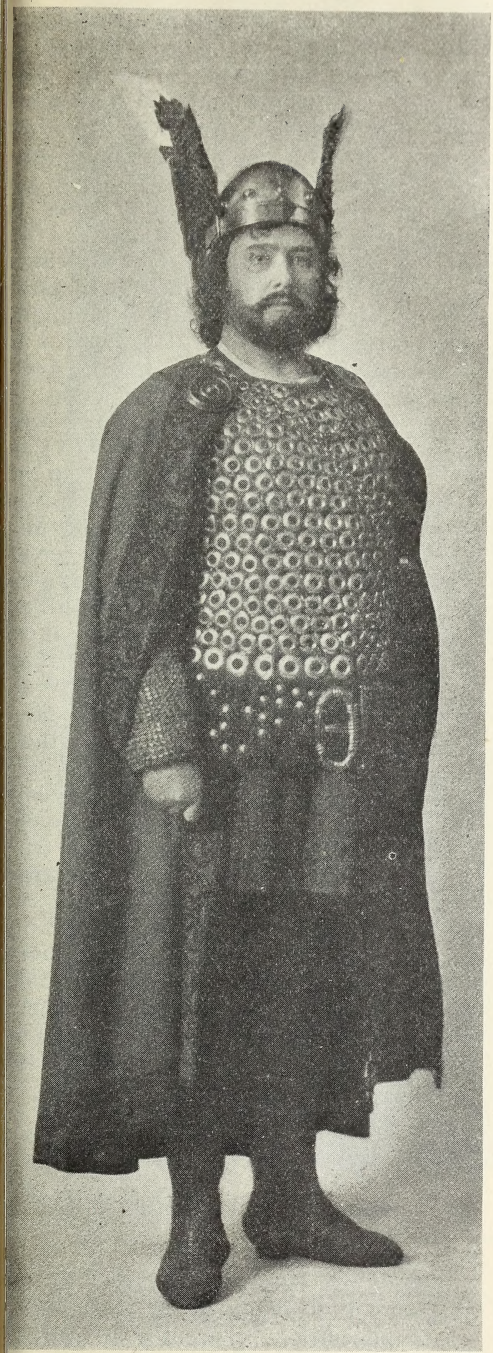
Alice Hegeman in 'The Pink Lady"

modestly at her glove finger as she coyly says: "I *really* can't understand anyone who doesn't love music." And you feel like saying to her, "And I wish the world weren't so thoroughly filled up, cranny and crevice, with posing fools." It seems that every artistic dictum of the last fifty years has revealed and is revealing more and more, the lamentably shrunken condition and attitude of our artistic life *because of the decline of an interest in and a knowledge of sound philosophy.* Now I know people who say that that is not what I mean at all. You might as well say that you know several great philosophers who don't know a thing about music and can't bear it: the answer would be that I knew several physicians who were valuable as cancer specialists but who died of cancer themselves, but were they or their science any the less valuable or influential? Such an instance is merely an accidental bit of irony on the part of fate. The point that I would make is this;—that the mind that is philosophical in a big sense (and to be



BESSIE MCCOY IN THE ZIEGFIELD 'FOLLIES"

such it must be trained philosophically to some extent) is conscious of the fact that *all art is one;* that in spite of the fact that music is a beautiful *art,* that painting is a beautiful *art,* etc., etc.—there is a consummation that is beyond the pales of technique, of tone, of color or of cataloguing; beyond the pales of any so-called art. In other words the evidence of this is that occasionally there is a man to whom the perpetuation of cosmic impression, the sensitive interpretation of some phases of universal life are the chief aim and his achievement. To do this, to make it appeal to some one of the five senses of man he *must* use some medium-tone, color, histrionic ability or what else. *But* his mind is not concerned



JACQUES URLUS IN "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE" AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

entirely with the laws of this medium, whatever it be, because he is the more concerned with the greatness of the thought. Therefore, because he is not encased in the artistic fence and pickets of tone, harmonic sequence, color technique or histrionic gesture, he should not be judged along with those so-called "artists" (and they *are* artists) who do bow and courtesy to the laws of their medium. Debussy is one of them,—Wagner is another and each in their time have been eligible to the accusation that they are not *musicians,* in one sense, at all; not because they innovated constructions of their own and wilfully departed from the trodden law-path. That is another type of sinner, such as is represented by Richard Strauss and Dukas. In other words, these bigger souls,—and they are always philosophical—do not stop at music itself. For the most of us, music or a picture or an opera is what we do catch upon and we are indeed a queer make-up if we have a well known studio and can not bear music or if we are a well-known pianist and can not abide Bernhardt or if we are a well known writer and want none of any of these other things. A general assimilating of the so-called arts—of all of them—is the property of the ego-artistic folk. For example, I know several famous singers who not only do not appreciate but do not understand a symphony concert. I know several famous artists who would go to sleep at an opera or at any sort of musical recital but occasionally they go because they feel they should be seen there or because friends *suppose* they would love to go and pilot them there by invitation. These ego-artistic folk are not all as honest as were Byron and Southey (both masters of lyric verse) who stoutly disclaimed any liking for music.

Now there is much truth in the fact that music is one of the noblest gifts that the human race possesses and that he who hath no ear for it is sadly deficient and much to be pitied. And when you mouth this utterance you should wave your arm with a flourish and make it to include all these ego-artistic posers and the allies of some one form

of art who honestly growl about music being mere noise, as well. After all these who are partakers of this sin by omission are a lamentable lot, for the fact of the matter is that *music is too much for them.* Now that is a real lack and whatever their stunt in life be, it would shine brighter if their lives were enriched by music.

But these few philosophically big souls ought not to be victims of the above trite anathema—that he who hath not music in his soul be a queer one. The fact of the matter is that there are a few folk on this scintillating mud ball called the earth, for whom music—the compressed and enchained art—*is not enough.* For these few the reason is that to them music is but a faint symbol, a symbol striving as it were, to express universal truths which they understand much better than almost any one else can express. To many good prosaic folk and to many realistic programmists, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—the Pastoral is a beautiful picture and they just love to hear the thunder and the storm, etc., etc., but what could it express to a soul as sensitively attuned to nature as is Maurice Maeterlinck's,—a soul who kens, as it were the great message the voice of the storm, of the elements themselves. Why, I think he is merely the greater musician because he refuses to call it music. Would not old Wotan be a verbacious cacaphonous old fool to a soul to whom the silence and meaning of sun and earth and forest is as eloquent as it is to Maeterlinck. It is not that music is too much for him, but because he sees so far beyond it that he refuses its premise. I do not see how any one could read the scene in the Graveyard or in the Forest or in the Land of Memory, in the Blue Bird, and not feel sure that this contriver of this beauty understands very sensitively all that music ever has or ever can mean.

If we of this age were as generally given to a more philosophical understanding of values we would not be as ready to draw conclusions from a seeming fact. A man who is very "big" in his philosophical interpretation of the universe,—a man who sees far into the value of life is not likely to care to have it translate or at least, he does not care to read (for him) poor translation of it. Fo example Plato, who would banish all poet from the Republic. And he is anothe example of a further phase of my argu ment. Such a seeming contradiction o the part of these philosophic souls i always vented upon an allied art. I d not suppose there is any art whic should be any more dependent upon phil osophic law than should and *is* the high est poetry. And here Plato who wa somewhat of a philosopher had no feel ing that poetry had a lawful function. do not think it at all unlikely that it wa because poetry (so-called as an art) i no wise met him even half-way in it interpretations because his whole sensin of things was so entirely beyond an poet's attempt. It is an instance where philosophically-knowing soul sees mor rhythm in chaos than he does in polishe metal and gold, he sees more rhythm i the sea and in the lull of the forest tha he does in any Sea Symphony or Wal desrauchen. And is this all-philosophe such an artistic sinner after all? Rather isn't the fact apparent that our whol artistic woof is woven out of poorly dyed and cheaper thread than it shoul be. We have such an abundance of trit laws and forms which we try to measur to every one's length

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On Wednesday afternoon, February 14th, at three o'clock in Jordan Hall Miss Maggie Teyte of the Chicago Opera Company, will give a song recital. The program is with one exception composed of songs by French composers.

PROGRAM.

Prose Lyriques
De Rêve
De Grêve
De Soir
Ballade de Francois Villon
Ballade des Femmes de Paris
Chansons de Bilitis
La Chevelure
Fêtes Galantes
Clair de Lune

By Debussy

Soir G. Fauré



MISS MAGGIE TEYTE IN "MIGNON." TO BE HEARD IN RECITAL AND OPERA IN BOSTON

Extase	Duparc	C'est l'extase langoureuse
L'Invitation au Voyage	Duparc	Il pleure dans mon cœur
Chanson d'Automne	Reynaldo Hahn	L'ombre des arbres
Les Fontaines	Reynaldo Hahn	Fêtes Galantes
L'Ane Blanc	G. Hue	Les Fantoches
Ariettes Oubliées		Colloque Sentimental

Ariettes Oubliées
Aquarelles, No. 1—Green
By Debussy

Miss Teyte is the principal lyric soprano of the Chicago Opera Company. She is an English girl and her early study was done at the Royal College of Music in London. Later she studied with Jean De Reszke in Paris. When but seventeen she made her debut at Monte Carlo as Zerlina in Don Giovanni. Her first appearance at the Opera Comique, Paris, was as Glycere in "Circe" in 1907. Her fame, however, is due to her appearance as Mélisande in Debussy's opera on June 12, 1908. It has been said that she was allowed to take the part because Mme. Marguerite Carré had no time to learn it and being jealous of Mary Garden, did not wish her to be recalled so she decided to get an unknown singer. Miss Teyte also sang in Beecham's Opera Company in London in operas by Mozart and in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." Her first appearance in the United States was at Philadelphia on November 4, 1911, as Cherubino. She is the wife of M. Eugene Plumon, a young French lawyer. The Pall Mall Gazette has described her as an ideal Mélisande; "pretty, petite, with an air of mediæval mystery about her acting which is thoroughly in keeping with the part.....a vision of golden hair, with the delicate outline, soft and harmonious, of some figure detached from a stained glass window." The Pall Mall Gazette, which made this statement was one which was published in 1909. I have a sneaking idea that it is from thence that some of our good Boston music critics imbibed all of this current gush about Mme. Maeterlinck's stained-glass Mélisande effects. Now this epithet may have applied to Miss Teyte at the time the Pall Mall ejaculated the epithet but it is only transferred rather than accurate in its application to Mme. Maeterlinck's Mélisande. There are those who see this opera as a weird, half-light, half-real and half-silent thing—and perhaps Miss Teyte does it thusly. There are others who see it as a piece of a simplicity and intimicacy the like of which has not occurred before in opera,—the unfolding of a delicate little soul which unfolds so innocently, so quietly that you feel that you have been very close to this little breath of life. And then when Georgette LeBlanc Maeterlinck was this, still and silent in her subtle unfolding of Mélisande's little soul, these Boston folk were wonder struck because she simply was Mélisande, instead of portraying Mélisande, took their cues from the old Pall Mall quotation and decided that Mme. Maeterlinck was posing as a series of stained-glass, mediæval figures.

On Thursday evening, February 29, at eight o'clock, the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, will give a concert in Symphony Hall. The choir is composed of two hundred and twenty-five singers and will be assisted by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor. This will be the only concert given by this organization in Boston.

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto is generally acknowledged to be the finest chorus in the country. It consists of one hundred and twenty women voices and one hundred and twenty men. It is a voluntary organization but at the beginning of each season, each member must undergo a rigorous examination and there is always a waiting list of several hundred singers eager to join its ranks. The society was organized by Mr. A. S. Vogt, a choral conductor of great ability and he has organized and maintained its almost unique state of discipline. H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught is is Honorary Patron and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal is Patron. Sir Edmund Walker, C. V. C., is Honorary President of the Society.

On Saturday afternoon, February 17 at three o'clock in Jordan Hall, Mr. Leo Slezak, the famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be heard for the first time in Boston in a song recital. Mail orders should be addressed to L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall.

A most unusual concert will be that to be given by Sirotta, the Jewish "cantor" of the great synagogue in Warsaw. Sirotta will sing at Symphony Hall on the

evening of Sunday, February 25. He is known to the Jewish world of Eastern Europe for his remarkable voice and style in the music of the liturgy and that of semi-sacred tradition. Sirotta is an expert and a most satisfactory singer in German and Italian music as well, and such pieces will also stand on his program here. He is on his way to America to give concerts in cities in which the Jews are most numerous and where there is likely to be a considerable clientèle which will await his appearance with eager curiosity.

Saturday afternoon, February 24, in Jordan Hall, a final recital by Miss Gerhardt, the ablest singer of German songs that has come hither in many years. Richness of voice and interpretative skill distinguish her.

Wednesday evening, February 28, in Sanders Theatre, at Cambridge, the sixth of a series of concerts to trace the history and the progress of opera instructors in the department of music at Harvard will lecture briefly, and singers from the Boston Opera House will sing illustrative pieces.

A Notable "Composer's Recital."

A recital of unusual interest and merit was given in Jordan Hall under the auspices of the Boston Music Company (Schirmers). It was a recital of works by our own composers and it is to be hoped that such a worthy venture will become one of the musical events to be anticipated at least once a season. There are many reasons for hoping this: such a recital could not help being interesting if for no other reason than that of curiosity as to what America is doing: also, such a recital ought to be encouraged if we have any interest in the furtherance of a truly "Musical America." Perhaps that is just what is the trouble with us. We are always sitting in some one's parlor and playing the musical martyr—as far as American music be concerned. "What a shame that the 'atmosphere' in America is not the artistic oxygen that that of Germany contains,"—and worse. I shall look serious over such remarks when I know that these musical "hangers-on" have *really attended* such a recital as this recent composers' recital was; when some of these "musicians" of the mob learn the great lesson of appreciation of worth when it occurs rather than dreaming over it.

However, things seem to be looking up. This recent composers' recital was really enthusiastically received and appreciated.

The songs were sung by Mrs. Florence Stevens Low, the violin pieces were played by Miss Bessie Bell Collier.

Mr. Shepherd's sonata was powerful in idea—an orchestral sonata as it were. It is a work remarkable for sanity construction and satisfactory ensemble. The ideas are large but well reasoned with,—that is the effect of the whole is one of serious admission of his premise. Many composers catch upon a theme or idea of high seriousness but by the time they have done their best with it we decide it was too much for them. Mr. Shepherd holds the interest throughout in this sonata.

Mr. Converse's sonata is expressive and melodious. The slow movement has an exceedingly beautiful sustained and appealing melody. The themes are interesting and the work has distinction.

Mr. Eichheim's songs are beautiful and in the Debussy manner. Of course we in America have, in Charles Loeffler the embodiment of all that subtle poetic expression and mystic beauty that we are likely to experience. Charles Loeffler is of the upper strata of American art. In him music speaks from the heights of poetry of delicate and chaste emotion and more. Ergo, we can not but have him in mind for the achievement of what Mr. Eichheim only touches upon.

Mr. Gebhard's "Intermezzo" should be a very popular piano composition. It is refreshing and interesting,—and the whole recital was really that very thing for it seemed to prove that in the main American composition can do much more than strive or imitate. It was an exploiting of some very real and very worthy American individuality that we listened to. May the Boston Music Company arrange for us another such event!

Books Of The Hour

"Memories of a Manager," by Daniel Frohman (Doubleday, Page and Company), is a volume of Reminiscences of stage life at the Old Lyceum and of experiences with the players and stage folk who have been of public interest for the last quarter century.

In Mr. Frohman's preface he says that the book is not a literary presentment of ideas and criticisms of the stage and its people, but a statement of facts, incidents and experiences of stage life and some random observations during twenty-five years of management.

Some of the chapters are: "Early Days of the Lyceum Theatre," "Sothern and the Highest Bidder," "Some Early Triumphs and First Appearances," "The Lyceum Stock Company"; "Experiences with Authors" is a most interesting chapter. There is something of the irony of fate in his story of how Bartley Campbell backed his sail. He had been struggling as a dramatist until a drive was taken with a friend. They drove by many beautiful residences and to Campbell's inquiry, "Who lives there?" came the reply, "Maggie Mitchell the actress." And again, in answer to the same question, "Mary Anderson," and so the homes of various well-to-do Thespians were shown him. "And where do the authors live?" he asked. "Oh, they live in New York or on some farm." "Oh," he said, and he began to think deeply. The following year he was being driven about Paris and the homes of prominent theatrical people were shown him. One splendid mansion was owned by Victorien Sardou, another by Alexander Dumas, another by Georges Ohnet, etc. "But where are the homes of the great actors?" "Oh, they live in apartments." Seeing how safeguarded were the opportunities for authors, he began afresh to write and also manage his own plays.

Mr. Frohman tells how the "Colonel Sellers" of Mark Twain was not the "Colonel Sellers" in which John T. Raymond made a fortune. He also tells an interesting anecdote of his becoming embroiled in a lawsuit with Mark Twain over his rejection of a play of Mark Twain's and how they played nightly games of pool with unruffled amity at the Players Club while the trial was going on. The suit was continued, but upon the breaking up of Mr. Clemens' publishing firm Mr. Frohman withdrew it.

A very interesting account is given of Dion Boucicault's last efforts at the drama, and a rather unique version of "Shakespeare at the First Rehearsal of Hamlet."

I think the most romantic and charming account is that of the American triumphs of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and of Madame Modjeska and also of the astounding and unparalleled success of Kukelik, the violinist, who was brought to this country by Mr. Frohman.

The book is abundantly illustrated with thirty-six illustrations, every one of them chosen because they have some appeal to the public—either past or present.

"The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) is a series of four lectures by Thomas R. Lounsbury, L. H. D., L. L. D., Professor Emeritus of English in Yale University. These lectures were delivered at the University of Virginia according to the establishment of the Barbour-Page Lecture Foundation. This Foundation was established through the generosity of Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page of Washington, D. C. In 1907 Mrs. Page donated $22,000 to the University, the annual income of which is to be used in securing each session the delivery before the University of a series of not less than three lectures by some distinguished man of letters or of science. The condi-

tions of the Foundation require that the Barbour-Page lectures for each session be not less than three in number; that they be delivered by a specialist in some branch of literature, science or art; that the lecturer present in the series of lectures some fresh aspect or aspects of the department of thought in which he is a specialist; and that the entire series delivered each session, taken together, shall possess such unity that they may be published by the Foundation in book form.

Perhaps in no better way can we know the purpose of the book than by repeating some of Dr. Lounsbury's initial remarks: "I purpose in the present course of lectures to give an account of the literary career of Robert Browning from the publication of his first poem in 1833 to his marriage and departure for Italy in 1846. The story of the works he produced during this period demands, of course, recital; but the principal aim which I have had in view is to bring out distinctly how he struck his contemporaries; to make clear the causes that transformed the cordial welcome he received during the fourth decade of the last century into the indifference and neglect which waited upon him during the decades immediately following; and finally, to make manifest the nature of the agencies which brought about the remarkable and peculiar revival of his reputation during the closing years of his life. Accordingly, it is his literary career that comes almost exclusively under consideration. Only so far as it bears upon the comprehension of that are any records given of his personal life. Most even of this will be found comprised in the opening lecture.

Criticism of the work he produced during this period is necessarily involved in any discussion of his career. But there has been no intention to go into it largely, far less exhaustively. About the value or correctness of what of it is here given there will assuredly be difference of opinion. The inferences drawn, the views expressed, are likely to encounter the dissent of many of you, perhaps even most of you. At all events, I have not needed to come to this university to find those who deem them wrong and some who call them abominable. The justice of critical conclusions must be left to time to determine, when the likes and dislikes of the present, its fancies and its fashions, have passed out of recognition and almost out of remembrance.

But though the future can test most satisfactorily the truth of opinion, it is usually at a disadvantage in testing the truth of fact. It is for the present to detect and expose falsity of statement, before frequency of repetition has hardened the general mind into settled beliefs which, through laziness or indifference, men refuse ever after to discard or even modify. While, therefore, I ask no one to accept the judgments here expressed, I think I may venture to insist that the facts I shall give in controverted matters cannot be successfully disputed. This is a point of some importance, because about certain events in the poet's career there has already begun to gather a mass of mythical statement, which is found duly recorded in the accounts furnished of his life. It is all the more important to correct it now, because certain of these erroneous assertions have for their support the authority of Browning himself. Some explanation of this sort seemed desirable to premise before entering as I now do, upon the main subject itself."

The titles of the lectures are "Pauline and Paracelsus"; "Strafford and Sordello"; "Bells and Pomegranates"; "Pippa Passes"; "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon"; "A Soul's Tragedy"; "Lyrics." Decline and Revival of Browning's Reputation. This last chapter is a very just view of the partial cause for the unappreciative treatment which Browning received at the hands of the English.

Dr. Lounsbury considers that there was no doubt that Browning's thought, always worth considering, often profound, frequently failed to get itself clothed in adequate expression. This peculiarity is most noticeable in the pieces in which the intellect is acting as the pure intellect and not under the stress of emotion. You are interested in the idea, you are at times lured on by the quaint manner in which the idea is expressed or illustrated. But this ought not to be the aim of the poet as poet....

he will never be recognized for all time as having done it effectively who fails to appreciate the fact, and to act upon it, that an essential characteristic of the highest poetry is the form which gives it distinction.... More than once she (Mrs. Browning) charged him with perplexing readers by presuming their knowledge of what he knew, but which in some cases they could not possibly know, or in other cases could not fairly be assumed to know. She objected also to the frequent roughness of his versification. There was in him a tendency—almost a habit, she observes, to make his lines difficult to read. "Not that music is required everywhere," she wrote, "but that the uncertainty of rhythm throws the reader's mind off the rail and interrupts his progress with you and your influence with him."

Dr. Lounsbury's closing remarks are of interest because of the stand which he takes in regard to form as a necessity to the existence and perpetuation of poetry." ....I do not believe that there is any lasting pleasure in formlessness, any genuine vitality in articulate phraseology, that I express here a view which is opposed to that which has of late had wide acceptance. Poems of his there are which will never cease to be cherished as long as English literature endures. The verse of his which will reach the widest circle, which will meet everywhere with the keenest appreciation will be, as it has been, that which offers fewest difficulties either in the way of comprehension or of diction. The poems of Browning's that will carry his name down to remotest posterity will be those that are the least representative of him in the eyes of no small number of his present admirers.

Longmans, Green and Company, New York, have issued an interesting work which is a Frenchman's appreciation of a famous American. The title is "William James," by Emile Boutroux, membre de L'Institut. The work is translated from the second edition with the author's sanction and co-operation by Archibald and Barbara Henderson. ($1.00 net.)

"Beginning with a sketch of the career and works of "William James," in which the intimate charact r of the union which existed between the man's life and his philosophy is clearly attested, the author proceeds to outline, briefly but comprehensively, the various phases of his philosophy as they unroll in his psychology, the point of departure for James, through the psychology of religion—which justified for him his wider reach—on to the pragmatism of his method and the suggestions of his metaphysical views of a radical empiricism. Then follows a chapter on his pedagogy and a concluding summary."

"The Wrong Woman," by Charles D. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, $1.25.

Many readers have a warm spot in their hearts for the author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," and a smaller number, but perhaps a more discriminating group of readers, love even more Mr. Stewart's "Partners of Providence." Now he takes as his real subject the Texas sheep country, and especially the way in which the lonely shepherd cares for the young lambs. This does not sound like a notably promising subject for romance, yet through the introduction of a light-hearted and wholesome girl, a would-be school-teacher, who has lost her way on the prairie, and is rescued and treated with true courtesy and helpfulness by a ranch-owner acting for the time as shepherd, Mr. Stewart manages to combine local background with a curious story of misunderstanding in a novel way.

The book is written with a deliberateness which some will find provoking and others will find delightful, and is gently and agreeably humorous.

Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles. By A. E. Gallatin. The John Lane Company, New York, $2.50.

This little book is printed with all possible delicacy and fineness, and is a thoroughly tasteful example of typography. Its reproductions of pastels, water-colors, and chalk drawings by Whistler, and of a few pictures by Winslow Homer and others, are almost beyond praise in their execution. Mr. Gallatin's discussion of the relative values of these pictures and

the predominant qualities in the methods of the artists thus represented is sound and interesting.

Little, Brown and Company, Boston, have a complete issue of the novels of E. Phillips Oppenheim, the "Prince of Story Tellers" and master of plots,—ingenious plots they are, and attractive characters who weave their way through the maze. Few popular modern novelists have the power of casting a spell over the first page, the power of prompt fascination in as marked a degree as has Mr. Oppenheim. He is one of the greatest story tellers of the day and his imagination knows no bounds. His wide knowledge of the world and of men gives to his romances a distinction which raises them above the ordinary tales of romantic intrigue.

Some of his latest novels are: "Peter Ruff and the Double Four,"—

Mr. Oppenheim is at his best when dealing with the plot and counter-plot of the underground politics of Europe. The adventures of Peter Ruff, who first establishes himself as a crime investigator and private detective, and later becomes the chief of one of the most powerful secret societies of Europe—the "Double-Four"—will appeal to all lovers of the Oppenheim type of fiction. Peter Ruff is one of Mr. Oppenheim's masterly character creations. Whether Peter is outwitting John Dory of Scotland Yard, or circumventing the bold plans of Count von Hern, the Austrian spy, he is cool, shrewd and resourceful; while the all-powerful "Double-Four" is one of the most amazing organizations that the fertile mind of Mr. Oppenheim has ever invented.

"Havoc" is another of his recent novels.

The opening chapter of "Havoc" tells of a secret meeting of great crowned heads of Europe aiming at the invasion of England, and the efforts of the Austrian secret service to regain important papers relating to the project is the *motif* of this enthralling story. It is a tale full of complications, surprises, and exciting incidents, in which English brains are pitted against Austrian craftiness, with a beautiful opera singer playing an important part in events.

The "Moving Finger" is unexcelled for excitement and mystery. Henry Rochester, a wealthy member of Parliament, gives Bertrand Saton, a young dreamer, sufficient money to afford him a place in the world he is thirsting to enter, and tells him to go forth and succeed, but if he fails, to swim out to sea, and swim until the end comes and he sinks. Here is a story with a complicated love interest told in Oppenheim's best vein, one that pulsates with life, and is truly startling in some of its relations.

The "Lost Ambassador" is full of excellent delineation of plot and fascination. It is a straightforward tale of mystery, the plot of which hinges on the sale of two magnificent new battleships by an emissary of the Brazilian government. In dramatic power, in intricacy of plot,—most of all in its swiftness of incident,—it is as good a story as Mr. Oppenheim has ever written. The scene shifts rapidly from Paris to London hotels, and then to the country, and there is a rascally maitre d'hotel who is sure to interest you.

Mr. Oppenheim has now written the story of his own career. This characterictic biographical material is incorporated with other interesting information regarding this "prince of story-tellers"—estimates of his work, description of his many books, etc.,—in an attractive booklet which his American publishers, Little, Brown and Company, Boston, will mail to any address on request. The booklet contains pictures of Mr. Oppenheim and his family, his English home, illustrations from his recent books, etc.

Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" has at last been produced on the professional stage. Written forty-three years ago, and one of the few permanent best sellers not out of copyright, it is indeed strange that "Meg" "Jo" "Beth" and "Amy" have not before been presented to theatre goers. It was after eight years of effort that Miss Jessie Bonstelle, an experienced New York theatrical woman, was able to secure from the nephew of Miss Alcott the dramatic rights of the book. She then turned to Miss Marian



ORCHARD HOUSE, CONCORD, WHERE "LITTLE WOMEN" WAS WRITTEN
(Courtesy of Little, Brown and Company)

DeForest, a Buffalo newspaper woman, to write the play; the manuscript was next sent to William A. Brady, the New York theatrical manager, who accepted it without ever having read the book and a competent company is now playing to large houses in the Middle West.

It will be recalled that Miss Alcott herself was fond of the theatre. She wrote plays which she and her sisters gave in the old barn connected with "Wayside," the old Hawthorne house in Concord, and according to Frank B. Sanborn, the only survivor of a notable group of Concord literary folk, Louisa was at one time thinking of adopting the stage as a profession.

When Miss Alcott died in 1888, her heirs were her two nephews, one of whom, John S. Pratt, adopted the name of Alcott. He and his brother, Fred Pratt, controlled the copyrights of the many successful books which their aunt wrote and enjoyed the large income thereof, but there appeared to be a division of opinion as to the advisability of granting dramatic rights. Finally, opposition to Miss Bonstelle's project gradually passed away. The surviving nephew, John S. P. Alcott, now a Boston business man, was assured that the story would be faithfully reproduced, making due allowance for necessary dramatic changes, and with the aid of many of the identical properties and costumes used by the March girls in their home-made plays, including Jo's (Louisa's) boots, the four acts are said to give a faithful presentation of the eventful life of the March (Alcott) family in Concord. Three of the acts are laid in the living room of the happy family, and the fourth in the orchard at "Plumfield." The principal characters transferred to the stage are Mr. and Mrs. March, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy, Aunt Mach, Mr. Lawrence, Laurie, Prof. Bhaer, John Brooks and Hannah Mullett.

The dramatization of "Little Women" recalls the joys and prosperity which its original publication brought to the Alcott family forty-three years ago. At

that time Miss Alcott had written two books, "Hospital Sketches" and "Moods,' neither of which had a large sale, together with some short stories, but the improvidence of the head of the house, A. Bronson Alcott, the philosophical dreamer, left the family in debt, and above all things the ambitious and talented Louisa dreaded debts.

In September, 1867, Thomas Niles of the old Boston publishing firm of Roberts Bros., asked her to write a girls' book, and in May of the following year they repeated the request through her father. Her reply was "I'll try."

An old idea she had in mind of a homely story called "The Pathetic Family," recurred to her, and she set out to describe the early life of her home. In June she sent twelve chapters to Mr. Niles who thought them dull; "So do I," is Louisa's entry in her diary. But she worked away and by July 15th, had finished the book.

In August, 1868, Roberts Bros. made her an offer for the story, but, at the same time advised her to keep the copyright, instead of selling it outright. "An honest publisher and a lucky author, for the copyright made her fortune," is Miss Alcott's comment in her diary in 1885.

Published in the autumn of 1868, several thousand copies of "Little Women" were sold before the year closed, and a welcome check was sent out to Concord by her publishers, who demanded a second volume for spring. The so-called sequel, now a part of the regular book, was finished on New Year's.

The success of "Little Women" was not confined to this country. Not only did it become a great favorite in England, but it was translated into French, German, Dutch, and other languages.

Miss Alcott was thirty-six when the book paved her way to some of the luxuries of life which had long been denied her. After the wants of her immediate family had been generously provided for, a trip abroad was made possible, but while in Rome she was saddened by the news of the death of her well-beloved brother-in-law, Mr. Pratt.

It was by writing "Little Men" that she found the most comfort, for the thought of her sister and nephews was constantly in her heart, and she wrote the book so that they might never want.



LOUISA M. ALCOTT
(Courtesy of Little, Brown and Company.)

It was only during the last year that steps were taken to preserve the Orchard House in Concord where "Little Women" was written. Though the efforts of the Concord Woman's Club sufficient money was raised to purchase the property and make the necessary repairs, and the house now stands as a permanent memorial to Louisa M. Alcott. This plain old-fashioned wooden dwelling is one of the shrines that all strangers to Concord never fail to visit.

That the staging of "Little Women" will stimulate renewed reading of the book, is the opinion among booksellers, despite the fact that "Little Women" is probably the most popular copyrighted juvenile to-day. Over a million copies have been sold in the various American editions, while its sale in England has been phenomenal.

"No woman can read 'The Garden of Tortures'; few can read any of Mirbeau's novels." Such is the impression recently conveyed by a professor of French in one of our universities concerning the work of the much disputed French novelist and dramatist who stands to-day at the head of the ultra-realistic school, but whose books are almost unknown in this country. Not since Benjamin R. Tucker was prevented from

publishing his translation of "The Diary of a Chambermaid" by the interference of the postal authorities, has a second attempt been made to introduce any of the more important works of Octave Mirbeau to the American public. The reason may be that given by the French professor that they are too repellant to women, and that books of that type will never be read in the United States.

And yet critics are not lacking in France who claim that this strange Octave Mirbeau is the one giant of contemporary French letters, that notwithstanding the unpleasant and often disgusting atmosphere of his books, he is a crusader of the beautiful, and the creator of a new standard of esthetics. "He is our only novelist of genius, declares Victor Méric in his lively series of portraits called *Les Hommes du Jour*, "the only one the French can place beside Tolstoy, of whom he is not far from being the disciple—not considering his philosophy." It is perhaps not an insignificant fact that Mirbeau has won great popularity with the radical Russians, who know his work through translations by Viera Korzukhina, E. Morokshin, V. Tutchalski and others. The Germans are apt to put him in the same class with their own Frank Wedekind, whom he is not unlike. One of the first plays to be staged by the new company of German players who have been appearing at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, was "Der Dieb," a version of one of Mirbeau's mordant one-act satires, "Scrupules." Except for this, and the unsuccessful "Business is Business," produced several years ago, Mirbeau is unknown to the American stage. Although the real discoverer of Maeterlinck, he is almost unknown to American readers—unless as the writer of the preface of Marguerite Andoux's prize novel "Marie Claire."—Current Literature (January).

Little, Brown and Company, the authorized American publishers of Henryk Sienkiewicz, announce for immediate publication a new book from the pen of the famous Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz, entitled "In Desert and Wilderness." In his latest story the author of "Quo Vadis," "With Fire and Sword," etc., carries the reader through wild and savage Africa, at the time of the insurrection of "The Mahdi," in the company of two kidnapped children and a few Sudanese, Bedouins, and Blacks. The events of the story revolve around a little girl of eight and a brave, manly boy of fourteen, who cherishes and protects her. The author's extraordinary power of observation and faculty of description make the almost impossible events seem real and life-like. The pages of the book glow with the atmosphere and color of the desert, and teem with adventure after adventure. The translator is Max A. Drexmal who rendered into English Mr. Sienkiewicz's previous novel "Whirlpools."

Industrial Peace

By PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM

CARLYLE once said that the time approached when one who had no light to shed on industrial problems could make no claim to leadership. If that time was only approaching fifty years or more ago, when the famous Scotchman thought and wrote, it surely has now arrived. What we wait and watch for at the present moment as they whose eyes watch for the morning, is some one who will lead us out of our social wilderness where at times we seem completely lost, and bring us safe into the land of co-operative energy and mutual good-will. No one is listened to for long at the present time, and no one is looked upon as a leader, who has not something to say, whether of a radical or conservative nature, in regard to the social problem. You can hardly open a single newspaper, or read a single book, or listen to a single public speech or sermon, that you do not find the matter referred to,—sometimes foolishly it may be, and often ignorantly, and frequently with deplorably narrow and mistaken zeal; but still referred to. And this means just one thing, and it means it most distinctly. It means that the age we live in is not, as we say so often, a scientific age, it is a social age. It is an age of human interests and human relationships, in which the dominant and all-pervading question does not concern the physical evolution that has been, but the social evolution which is yet to be. The task of the century just passed was a mechanical task,—of invention, discovery and adaptation. It was well and nobly and even dramatically performed by engineers and promoters, and men of organizing genius. It led, as some one well has said, to the practical bridging of the ocean, to the conquest of the air, to the hollowing of the mountains, to the harnessing of mighty rivers, to the spanning of enormous chasms, and now, at last, and the greatest of such things yet, to the cleaving apart of this huge continent by a mighty water-way through which the East and West will become united as the waters of two great oceans meet and silently embrace. All this, and how much more, has been splendidly accomplished.

But it remains for us to do something different and something even higher. Theirs was a task of mechanical engineering; ours is a task of social readjustment. It was for them to seek out and develop natural forces; it is for us to harmonize and regulate human forces. They devised and constructed mechanical appliances for lightening human labor; it rests with us to arrange things for uniting the world of labor to the world of general social needs. As matters stand at present, man has put apart what God had joined together, and hand laborers and laborers of the head are hostile to each other, instead of working for a common end with mutual good-will. To bring these things about is a matter of ethical engineering. It calls for social readjustment, for a development of justice, forbearance and co-operative zeal.

For more than a generation now a great deal of the bitter feeling, of the stern self-sacrifice, of the willingness to suffer, and of the joy of struggle which once became displayed upon the actual battle-fields of life have been transferred to the plains of daily business and commercial enterprise. The earth of financial prosperity periodically trembles beneath the fierce contentions that are carried on in many trades and forms of industry. As the actual war-clouds of the world have tended steadily to break and drift away, we have carried over into

realms of daily toil and occupation many of the terms belonging to the field of actual battle. We speak of the opposing camps of capital and labor; of the declarations of war which one or the other makes; of the victories which are gained; of the losses which are suffered; of the manœuvers which are planned, and of the principles behind which each side comes to be entrenched.

Who of us does not deplore the fact of strife and waste like this, and dream with fondness of a time when industrial peace shall reign? For this great end there are thinkers rising up who bend their brows in study. There are statisticians gathering facts, and philanthropists who toil with eager energy and patient zeal. What we look for, and what, for my own part I believe we must discover or devise, is some adjustment of conditions; some scheme of social or co-operative toil, by which friendliness, and not hostility as now, shall be the natural and easy thing. It is too much the case that the highways of industry are so constructed that people, who otherwise would be friendly, are led to struggle and contend with one another. In one of the great transfer stations of the Boston Elevated Railway a large sign at one time hung and perhaps may still be seen there. It was placed above the narrow gates that open on to the platform where the trains draw in. The sign requested people in polite and earnest words, not to *push, jostle against, tread upon, bruise,* and *fight with* one another as they passed out to the cars. In other words, here was a condition of things under which ordinary people of good manners and friendly instincts, were transformed into selfish and struggling brutes.

The new inventions that we wait for, consequently, at the present time, are *social* inventions;—contrivances, that is, for lessening human jealousies, and lifting human toil and trade to a broader and a higher plane. Thus far, as I have said, we have invented and achieved things chiefly in the realms of mechanical appliances, and we have left society, in large part, to work out its own salvation. For myself, however, I often have the feeling that a little change, a slight adjustment of some sort, as simple in its way as the device of utilizing steam, or harnessing electric power, will some time come and transform the entire realm of social and industrial relationships. This system we are living under at the present time, by which some are the givers and others the recipients of wages, and which divides the world of industry into two opposing camps, is not necessarily a permanent system, nor has it always been in operation. It is an outgrowth, or evolution, from an earlier and still less worthy system. Society is growing, and of recent years it has grown too fast. The system of slavery, which prevailed in early times, gave place to feudalism, which was semi-slavery. Then at a later time, and that not long ago, the feudal system gave way to the wages system, which is a kind semi-feudalism. The Barons and Overlords of yesterday, it has more than once been pointed out who had serfs to cultivate their land, are the trust magnates and the capitalists of to-day on whose wishes and perhaps whose whims our laborers are more or less dependant. What we need, therefore, and what perhaps we can work out only slowly, is some adjustment of relationship which shall make good-will more natural and easy; which shall minimize industrial disparities, and magnify the ties that bind us all together in one great and growing family.

We talk with careless ease of "social service." But social service, as it fast is coming to be interpreted, is not merely ministering to the needy and distressed; it is not only organizing clubs and classes in degraded sections of our cities; it is not simply teaching trades and manners to the immigrant and ignorant,—wise, benificent and beautiful as all such action is. But social service, in its larger and deeper aspect, "means the application of Christian principles and the spirit of Christian teaching to the organization of human society in order," as some one well has said, "that the systems and processes by which the poor are multiplied in such great numbers, shall normally and naturally pass away."

Even Charity, as it gets more scientific, comes to be more searching. Our modern

charity is not satisfied to say that intemperance is the cause of poverty; or that shiftlessness, or incapacity, or mistortune, or illness, or that all of them together, constitute the cause. It is not content to say just that and nothing more, for that is only half the truth. We are led back, and we go back, to the very industrial system under which we live, and there we find in uncertainty of work and insufficiency of wage, the fountain head of poverty and want.

Take such a condition of things as came to pass in the City of Lawrence. I make no pretence of knowing which side is in the wrong; but I am very sure that neither side is wholly in the right; and I am surer still that the worst thing about it all is the system which conduces to bringing such a state of things to pass. There are many elements that entered into it; elements of shortsightedness, as well as selfishness, and among them, is a lamentable lack of uniformity of labor legislation in our different States. We shall continue to have trouble, and unnecessary difficulties will beset the paths of our captains of industry, whose lot is hard enough already, as long as the legal hours of labor are one thing in Massachusetts, and another thing in Rhode Island and New Hampshire, and still another thing in Georgia, Mississippi, and the Carolinas.

But back of all such superficial things as these remains the fact that the social system, or at least the industrial system, under which we live, is not based upon the noblest principles. We are better individually than we are collectively, and the Christian principles that we profess in private life have yet to be applied, with transforming power, to the spheres of commerce and production. The time will come, I feel convinced, when such a state of warfare as came about between our two industrial classes in Lawrence, will be looked upon as no less barbarous and needless, than we should consider nowadays an actual war between Lawrence and Lowell, or the Cities of Worcester and Woonsocket.

The social classes need to be interpreted to one another. If there is vindictiveness that often breaks forth into violence on the one side; there is far too often superciliousness, which is born of selfishness, upon the other. We speak in pitying tones of the ignorance of workingmen who fancy they can work less hours and draw the same amount of pay. But how about the ignorance as to human nature, on the part of employers of labor, who give no notice that wages are to be reduced, and leave the laboring man to find out what has happened when he opens his little pay-envelope on Saturday. The revulsion of feeling that ensues is natural, and one can hardly wonder that vehement, and it may be violent, action is the consequence. Moreover, the seeming ignorance of the working man, in this respect, is not as dense as one might fancy. If the question is asked, Why should any one assume that wages will remain the same with fewer hours of work when payment is by the piece? The answer is ready and complete. And the answer is, That time and time again just that has happened! The history of the last half century is a history of constantly shorter hours and continually higher wages. "In the economic history of the last fifty or sixty years, in the United States and Great Britain," writes Professor Laughlin in his Latter-Day Problems, "it appears that money wages have risen by about fiftv per cent. for unskilled labor, and to over a hundred per cent. for higher grades of work, while the hours of labor per day ha\e been lowered considerably." Such being the facts of history it was not such an ignorant assumption after all on the part of the Lawrence operatives, as some have been inclined to claim, that wages need not be reduced.

In all of this, however, it may be asked, does the State Board of Arbitration and conciliation seem to have counted for so little? Peace and arbitration go together in the world of international affairs, and one wonders why the two are not more common than we find them in the sphere of industry, where the application of the principle would seem to be much easier. The explanation is, that public opinion does not yet *insist* upon conciliatory measures, and that our State Board can only offer in a

friendly way its services. If either side is unwilling to have the matter investigated, the hands of the Board are tied and it cannot make a move. In other words, the State has authority to quell riots and disorder, which follow in consequence of a strike, but it has not power to insist upon its machinery being tried before a strike is declared. What is needed is greater government authority, and the employment of a stronger hand before extremes become resorted to. If public opinion were only aroused to the point of standing behind such legislation, it might be provided as it is in Canada under the Industrial Disputes and Investigation Act that all matters of dispute *must* be submitted to investigation before a strike on the one side, or a lock-out on the other, is declared. If, after the matter has been inquired into, and a report has been made in all fairness and goodwill, an agreement cannot be arrived at, then, of course, the extreme step of warfare would have to be taken. It does seem, however, that State action to the extent of requiring that the causes of disagreement be looked into and reported upon and made public before a strike is declared, would be the next and natural step. In all these periods of industrial warfare there is one party that has not been sufficiently considered, and that is the *general public*. The public is sometimes the heaviest sufferer, and the inconvenience which is caused is often most extreme. We are inclined to pity the operatives who go without their wages, and we feel compassion for their families who suffer so much as a consequence. We overlook, however, the small shopkeepers—the local grocers, butchers, dry goods dealers, who, through no fault of their own, are suddenly deprived of trade, or perhaps obliged to extend credit to their customers who, otherwise, will probably trade elsewhere when the strike is ended. These are the people who need to be considered and who must be educated, together with all of us who suffer less directly from these periods of strife.

It was suggested that the State should contribute money for the relief of suffering in Lawrence. This is closing the stable door, however, after the proverbial theft has taken place. What is needed, is, that we go back to the time when disagreements first arise and devise some means by which differences may be amically settled. The end, no doubt, is still far off; but the way is slowly opening to our feet, and the prospect is not wholly dark. Benjamin Franklin was asked on one occasion how it happened that he saw so distinctly into physical conditions and was able to make such interesting discoveries. His answer was, "By always thinking of them." And so, no doubt, out of our present perplexities and serious unrest, there will come in time some way of social adjustment which will be so simple as to amaze us that it was not long ago discovered.

New Hampshire Women In The Revolution

By BERTHA LOUISE COLBURN

THAT New Hampshire soldiers, both officers and men, played a leading part in the war of the Revolution is now universally conceded; that the women of the Granite State also performed memorable deeds is not so well known. Opportunities for spectacular deeds of heroism must necessarily have been few in a state which was the scene of no battle, and through whose borders no organized band of the enemy marched; yet the stories of Madam Seavey and the Ranger's flag, and of Prudence Wright and the tory, show unsurpassed heroic patriotism. The courage which endures hardships and actual

privation New Hampshire women had abundant opportuni v to show.

Most of the towns in the state were then new and small. A few in the southeastern part, like Portsmouth, Dover and Exeter had been settled before 1643; but old Dunstable lying along the Merrimac to the south, although chartered in 1673, had but one settlement on Salmon Brook, for sixty years. Th. bloody Indian wars forbade advance into the wilderness, and although after Lovewell's fight in 1724, twenty-eight new towns were chartered, it was not till after the final conquest of Canada by the English in 1763, that the settlers were free from Indian attacks. In 1775 the population of the state had reached 82,200, yet only one town, Portsmouth, boasted 4,000 inhabitants. Londonderry numbered 2,000, while only twelve others exceeded 1,000—Amherst, Barrington, Chester, Dover, Durham, Epping, Exeter, Hollis, Hopkinton, Newmarket, Salem, and Stratam.

Thus we see that while in a few of the older towns the comforts and refinements of life were enjoyed, in most of the towns there was only the rude life of the frontier. Yet the fire of patriotism burned even more brightly in the rude cabin than in the mansion. The King's treatment of his American subjects was an exciting topic of conversation among the colonists, and the women held quite as firm opinions as the men. When the tax was placed on tea, it was the women who said: "We will drink no more tea"—the "we" in this case meaning "I, my husband, and children." So they put away the tea-caddy, and instead of tea brewed "liberty-tea," which was made of loosestrife, sage, ribwort, strawberry, currant, raspberry or plaintain leaves. For sugar, the early settlers had long made a kind of molasses fom corn-stalks, and boiled down maple sap. "Sweetened water," flavored with spice, was a favorite drink with Colonial dames. The famous, figured stoneware bowl belonging to Mrs. John Carr of Candia, was filled with these unstimulating drinks when her neighbors, during the war, came with their sewing, to spend the afternoon with her. Thus it preserves memories of Revolutionary sacrifices, as well as of later conviviality, when it served as a punch bowl in Mr. Carr's tavern after the war.

When the news which Paul Revere brought out from Boston reached New Hampshire, the men everywhere dropped their work, and their wives helped them in their hasty preparations for departure. The response to the alarm was as prompt from the small settlement as from the older town.

In Antrim, every man but two started at once for Massachusetts. Of the two who remained, one, John Gordon, soon after determined to fight against his King as he had in the past fought for him, and the other, William Smith, who was sixty years old, followed the next morning with provisions. All night the women of Antrim worked, preparing needed articles of clothing, and especially provisions for their loved ones, and in the morning they met "bowing in tears and supplication to God," being led in prayer by the pious William Smith. Then he set out with his horseload of supplies for the seventeen men on the march, and John Gordon was the only man of the fourteen families left in town.

It is probable that such scenes as this were enacted in many a New Hampshire town that stirring Nineteenth of April.

The alarm did not reach Peterborough till daybreak the following day. In two hours Mrs. Thomas Morison and her energetic daughters had made her husband, son, and hired man ready for a long journey, and they started, the young men on foot and Captain Morison riding, their provisions in a bag slung across the horse's back—a large baking of bread just taken from the oven in one end, and pork in the other.

In Lyndborough, the wife of Captain Levi Spaulding, with nimble fingers, helped make the paper cartridges to supply the sixty men in her husband's company.

In Nottingham, Abigail Butler, sister of General Joseph Cilley and Captain Cutting Cilley, was the wife of a tavern-keeper—Zephaniah Butler. Finding her husband and two sons were to march the next morning to the seat of the war, and that they had not adequate clothing, she

set her maids to work. Two sheep, one black and one white, were caught, and half the fleece sheared from each. Then the wool was carded, spun and woven into cloth. All night they worked, and by four o'clock in the morning, the hour of starting, the garments were cut and made. Mrs. Butler was left sole manager of tavern, farm, and servants, but we are not surprised to learn that everything throve under her energetic direction.

The news that "the British were coming, killing cattle and murdering people," not only called the men to arms, but in some places filled women and children with terror.

In Chester, after the men had marched to Cambridge, the report spread that the Redcoats had already reached Sandown. The wife of Captain Stephen Dearborn, with the help of her eleven year old son Richard and two other lads, turned her cows and calves together, and started with them toward the home of her next neighbor, Mrs. Caleb Hall. Mrs. Hall with five children, the eldest eleven and the youngest eight months, joined her, as did Mrs. Moody Chase with her three children from the next house.

Mrs. Wells Chase and her son fell into the mournful procession, which was soon swelled by the occupants of the next dwelling, Mrs. Nathaniel Woods, with her three children, the youngest only two weeks old. As they travelled on they met Mr. Moody Chase who contradicted the report. The procession turned, but the women were too frightened to spend the night alone, so they kept garrison at the two Chase houses.

In the same town, the wife of Joseph Calif, who lived on the main road, buried her pewter, so that the British might not appropriate it and run it into bullets.

William Graham's family listened fearfully all night to the reports of distant muskets, which daybreak investigation proved to proceed from the barn, where the horse was stamping on the plank floor.

In Weare Mrs. Samuel Philbrick, whose husband was away on business, told their hired man, Samuel Cilley, to mount a horse and ride until he found out the truth of the report. He went as far as Dunstable before he learned what had really happened.

The dauntless Mrs. Elinor Johnson of Greenland, when she heard that the British had landed at Rye, instead of running in the opposite direction, armed herself with a rifle, and valiantly started to meet them. It was probably fortunate for the Redcoats that they were miles beyond her rifle-range.

The most amusing thing, however, was done by Mrs. John Muzzy of Weare. Calling her children around her, she said: "We will make sure of the maple sugar before the Regulars get here." The delighted children obeyed so heartily that the sugar was all gone in a very short time.

Many of the patriots who started "to meet the regulars" returned when they learned that the Red-coats had retreated to Boston, but many enlisted, some serving a short time, and some during the whole or most of the war. While they were away the home work fell upon their wives. We have found the names of some of these women who so bravely and capably assumed the responsibility of the home.

One woman of rare endowments, who successfully managed her husband's farm and business while he was away, was "Molly Reid," as she was familiarly called. She was the wife of General George Reid of Londonderry, and during the seven years he commanded in the war, she cared for her family of young children, and took entire charge of the farm. In one of her letters to her husband, she argues with all the acuteness of knowledge various matters relating to farm, stock, etc., but concludes with the very deferential remark of an obedient wife: "All this with your advice, not otherwise." Mrs. Reid has always been regarded as a pattern of female excellence. General Stark, an intimate friend of the family, once remarked: "If there is a woman in New Hampshire fit for governor, 'tis Molly Reid."

Mrs. Abigail Reed, the wife of Colonel James Reed of Fitzwilliam, was another woman left, like Abigail Butler of Not-

tingham, with the care of an inn and large property, when her husband, at news of Lexington, raised a company of men and marched away. Fitzwilliam had been settled only five years, but Mrs. Reed was fortunate in having the assistance of children—the youngest of her nine being nine years old. Three of her sons were with their father at Bunker Hill when he designed the parapet of stones thrown across the beach to the Mystic river, behind which such effective work was done. Abigail Reed was an energetic woman, able to turn brain and hand to anything, and not only during his absence did she look well after her husband's affairs, but when in the second year of the war, he was stricken with an illness from the effects of which he lost his sight, she continued to manage his financial affairs until her death in 1791 (August 27, Keene).

Many women who found themselves left with the care of farms, were either without the means to enable them to hire their work done, or were in small settlements where there were few men, as in Derryfield, where every man but two capable of bearing arms hurried to Lexington. Fortunately women in the pioneer towns were not strangers to field work, hence when the men dropped their hoes, they could take them up.

When Captain James Aiken of Bedford, enlisted in June, 1775, his crops were in the ground. The whole work of the farm, including the harvesting, was done by his wife assisted only by her children, the eldest of whom was but eleven.

William Hawkins of Wilton, served during the whole war, and his capable wife maintained her family of small children without outside assistance.

Alice Mills, the wife of Colonel Charles Glidden, who settled in Northfield in 1769, often added to the stock of family provisions, during her husband's absence in the war, by skillful use of the old flint-lock gun. She cut her own firewood, going to the deep woods with a team of steers, felling the trees herself, hauling them home, and preparing them for the huge fireplace, aided only by her young children.

Mrs. Simon Gilman on her little clearing in Sanbornton is said to have suffered great hardships during her husband's absence in the war, in 1783; but she possessed a vigorous constitution and great strength, for we read that she had helped her husband fell trees when they settled there three years before, so she does not receive as much of our sympathy as does her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Gilman.

This Mrs. Gilman was Hannah Magoon of Exeter, who had accompanied her young husband to the log cabin in the forests of Sanbornton several winters before. She had been living in easy circumstances at her home in Exeter, and the privations of frontier life appalled her. When her husband enlisted in May, 1778, for eight months, her sufferings became real. Often while he was absent, she had no provisions, and the milk of one cow and wild berries sustained her and two nursing children. It would seem that pride prevented her from making known her destitution, for the town had voted "to provide for the families of the soldiers."

Town records all over the state show such entries as the following: April 27, 1775. Voted that our selectmen inspect the families of our men that have gone to the army and if they find any in want, to provide what is necessary at town's cost."

"June 15, 1778. Voted that the selectmen shall supply the soldier's wives with the necessaries of life at the rated price and that the town pay the overplus."

"July 5, 1779. Voted that the overseers of the poor take care of the Continential soldiers' families, and have particular regard to the families of those that have died in the army."

Some of these soldiers' widows were left with property, or with well-to-do relatives, and did not need financial assistance; but all needed and received loving sympathy.

The first one to be widowed in Hillsboro was Eunice Jennison, wife of Captain Isaac Baldwin, the first man in the town to volunteer at the news from Lexington. He fell mortally wounded at

Bunker Hill, one hour after the beginning of the battle—the second man killed. His wife was left with five children under twelve years of age. Fortunately she had a father and brother to aid and comfort her.

Lieutenant Thomas Dearborn of Candia, was killed at Rhode Island in 1778, struck in the head by a cannon ball from the British battery while assisting a wounded man to climb a wall. At the very time he fell, his wife, sitting by the window at home, looked out and distinctly saw her husband coming up the street. Joyfully she ran to the door to greet him. Alas! no one was in sight, and with a sudden conviction that it was a vision of ill-omen, she fell senseless to the floor. As she had four small children dependent upon her, it is a relief to learn that she afterwards accepted the offer of Joseph Palmer to share his heart and home, and later added more olive branches to her garden.

The women of those days suffered heroically. They urged their husbands and sons to march to war, although they knew they might never return. Said one old lady in Peterboro, questioned about it years afterward: "I was willing that my father and brothers should run their chance with the rest."

News travelled slowly, and the anxiety which those at home endured when rumors of terrible battles or of defeats reached them, was almost as hard to bear as the certainty that a loved one had fallen; yet after the term of enlistment had expired, and the husband came home in safety, he was urged to serve again as soon as the call came for more men. When the old soldier returned to the ranks, and was welcomed with: "Well old fellow how came you back again?" the usual reply was: "The old woman drove me off."

That the thought of their patriotic wives at home was a continual inspiration to the Continential soldiers, inciting them to bravery and endurance, is shown in the many letters of the period which have been preserved. Those sent by General James Miller of Temple, to his wife Ruth, breathe the spirit of lover-like ardor and the utmost devotion.

General Stark continually kept in mind the thought of his spirited wife, and every school-boy is familiar with his speech to his soldiers just before the battle of Bennington: "Boys, there are the Red Coats; we must beat them or Molly Stark's a widow."

The General won the battle, although he lost his favorite horse, which was stolen on the field.

The little part played by Mrs. Stark at the evacuation of Boston is not so well known, although Mrs. Stark often told the story afterward.

She was visiting her husband in camp, when Washington ordered a strong force to enter Boston by Roxbury Neck, and another force under Stark to pass over on rafts and carry the battery on Copp's Hill. General Stark directed his wife to mount her horse, and after the embarcation of the troops, to remain in sight and watch the result. If his party were fired upon she was to ride into the country, spread the alarm and rouse the people. The troops passed over unmolested, and after she watched them land, advance up the heights, and take possession of the guns, there was no more for her to do.

The women of New Hampshire urged their husbands to rush to the relief of Ticonderoga in July, 1776, as readily as they had to hurry to Lexington in 1775. There were the same preparations for a hasty departure.

Lieutenant Ebenezer Kilburn of Gilsum, ordered his company to meet at his house, and finding that many were destitute of provisions, hurried home to help his wife prepare food. They built fires in all the fireplaces, and set the two brick ovens to heating. Then two bushels of flour were emptied into the kneading troughs, and Mrs. Kilburn prepared the bread in small loaves, and set it to bake in the ovens, or before the fire in the fireplaces. In two hours the bread was baked, and supplemented by the week's supply which Mrs. Kilburn had baked the day before, was set out on long tables in the dooryard for the men.

women were noted for their skill at wheel and loom. In September, 1776,

Mrs. William Moore of Peterborough, was a native of Londonderry, whose

her brother, young Nathaniel Holmes, who had been in the war as waiter to Lieutenant Furgerson, and afterwards to Major Duncan, and who was now visiting her, was urged by his brother-in-law to enlist. As the boy hesitated, Moore offered to make his wages equal to ten dollars a month, and Nathaniel replied that he could not go because his clothes were all worn out. Hearing the conversation, his sister said: "Billy, you furnish the shoes, and I will furnish the clothes." There were only two pounds of wool in the house, but Mrs. Moore ordered all the sheep brought to the barn that night, and next morning four early lambs were robbed of their fleeces. The wool was colored, spun, woven, and made into the necessary garments within twenty days; and the young soldier was ready to join Captain Findley when he came through the town on his way to Saratoga.

The wheel and the loom were seldom idle in those days, and the homespun cloth, when made into garments, long out wore modern factory products. There are still in existence two linen shirts which Josiah Gordon of Bedford, who joined the army in 1776, wore through the war, and brought home when it was over. They were made from flax raised on his father's farm, and hatcheled, cut, and fitted by his mother.

Major Aaron Whittemore at one time during the war received orders to march the next morning. He badly needed a new pair of trousers, but a soldier's orders allow no delay, and it was already the middle of the afternoon. His wife Molly immediately arose to the emergency. She sent him out to shear a black sheep; then she carded, spun, and wove the wool, and made it into the garments needed for the morning's march.

Martha Harris of Salem, supported herself during the absence of her husband, Joseph Harris, by weaving cloth to sell. With her cow and garden, she made a good living until disaster came. The "little house on the hill" took fire. Willing neighbors saved her great loom, but the cottage burned to the ground, and only the huge chimney remained in its original position. With undaunted courage, she placed her massive square-framed loom against the chimney, and, securing pieces of boards and nails, built herself a house. In this she lived until very old, when receiving a pension for her husband, she built a small, new house on the same site.

When our soldiers, in the hard winter of '77-8, were shivering at Valley Forge, the women at home, mindful of their suffering, made them comfortable garments. Twenty or more men from Hollis were among the sufferers, and in January, 1778, there were contributed and sent to them from that town: "Fifteen shirts made of good merchantable cloth. Twenty pairs of good woolen stockings, twenty pairs of good merchantable shoes," besides many other articles.

Mary Torr, wife of Judge Ebenezer Thomson of Durham, was one of the most active women of the period in working for the Continental soldiers. Not only did she spin and weave with her own hands, but she directed her household in making clothing to fit out a company for the army. She was a leader in the whole community, and a tower of strength to all who came under her influence.

Probably the most celebrated band of women meeting to sew for their country during the Revolution, was the "quilting party" of Portsmouth ladies who met, the summer of 1777, to make a flag for the Ranger. Captain John Paul Jones, who had been appointed by Congress to command the Ranger, in the same resolution of June 14, 1777, which adopted the stars and stripes as the national emblem, naturally desired to hoist the new flag over the newly launched Ranger. Unfortunately the shops of Portsmouth could not furnish enough silk to make the banner. When this reached the knowledge of the patriotic young women of the town, they pledged their silk gowns, and meeting at the home of Madam Helen Seavey, they cut and made the banner according to specifications furnished by Jones. Madam Seavey's sacrifice was greater than the others, for the thirteen white stars in the "new constellation" were cut from the bridal dress in which

she has been wedded the previous May, to a young officer of the New Hampshire line. The names of four other members of the "quilting party" have been preserved—Mary Langdon, Caroline Chandler, Augusta Pierce, and Dorothy Hall, niece of Elijah Hall, second Lieutenant of the Ranger.

The stars and stripes were without doubt quilted together with those fine and even stitches for which our fore-mothers were noted. The banner was completed, presented, and hoisted on the Ranger on the nation's first birthday, July 4, 1777, Captain Jones making the trip from Boston for the purpose. That was a famous banner! Not only was it the first stars and stripes to be hoisted on a U. S. man-of-war, but it was the first to be saluted by a foreign power when the Ranger met the French fleet in the harbor of Brest, February 13, 1778, and the first to compel a regular British war ship to strike flag in token of surrender, when the Drake was captured, April 23, 1778—the only flag that ever went down flying on the ship that conquered and captured the ship that sunk her.

Jones, considering the flag his personal property, kept it with him when he took command of Bonne Homme Richard. He desired to bring the flag home and give it back untarnished into the fair hands that had given it to him, as he explained to Miss Langdon when he returned to America. "But Miss Mary," he said, "I couldn't bear to strip it from the poor old ship in her last agony, nor could I deny to my dead on her decks, who had given their lives to keep it flying, the glory of taking it with them." "You did exactly right Commodore," exclaimed Miss Langdon, "that flag is just where we wish it to be—flying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship that ever sank in victory. If you had taken it from her and brought it back to us, we should hate you."

Some women helped their country's cause merely by their beauty, grace and social charm; others by their ready wit, or their fertility of invention. The names of many accomplished hostesses have come down to us. The wife of Joseph Gilman, a wealthy merchant in Exeter, was a superior and highly accomplished woman. Mr. Gilman was a member of the State Committee of Safety, and his house was their meeting place, and a resort of all the Whigs in that locality. They found comfort and inspiration in the pleasantries of Mrs. Gilman. It is related, however, that Samuel Adams in one of his visits during the darkest hours of the Revolution, was so depressed that even Mrs. Gilman's sprightly conversation could not rouse him to cheerfulness. The French officers in America often visited Mrs. Gilman, especially enjoying the hospitality of a woman who was accustomed to the elegancies of life, and could so easily converse with them in their own tongue.

The woman who entertained the most celebrated guest during the war was the wife of Meshech Weare, who was afterwards President of New Hampshire. Her guest was General George Washington, who was an intimate friend of her husband, and relied much on his counsel. Washington took command at Cambridge, July 2, 1775, and soon after visited Hampton Falls to consult Meshech Weare upon affairs of state. He drove over in a carriage drawn by four horses, and was entertained by Mrs. Weare in a manner becoming his position. The old Weare house is still standing, although it has now passed out of the possession of the Weare family. Many persons remember seeing the chamber where Washington slept quite as he occupied it, with old-fashioned wall-paper, and high-post bedstead hung with curtains of homespun linen.

Although the guests entertained by Mrs. High of Jefferson were not so distinguished, perhaps more presence of mind was required of her than of most hostesses. It was in the latter part of the war when Colonel Whipple was at his little settlement at Jefferson, that the English, wishing to know the sentiment of the people in this locality, sent the Indians to capture him. Colonel Whipple had been friendly with the Indians, so he readily admitted them; and when he learned their purpose. told them he would go with them, but must first change his clothing. He retired to his bedroom, and

then devolved upon Mrs. High, his housekeeper, the task of entertaining the dusky visitors with bountiful amounts of food and drink, and taking up their attention by arousing their curiosity concerning articles in the house. Meanwhile Colonel Whipple escaped through the bedroom window to arouse his men in a distant field. The Indians, when they saw armed men approaching, fled.

Another woman visited by an unwelcome guest was Mrs. Joseph Patch who lived in the little settlement of Warren. The patriotic soldiers patrolling the border, on the lookout for the Red-coats who never came, were continually being changed, and frequently they were quarrelsome from drink and idleness. Mr. Patch had been accused of being a tory, and one day, while he was away on a hunting trip and his wife was staying with her mother, two or three soldiers went to his house. Mrs. Patch had noticed them crossing the clearing, and it was not long before she espied dense clouds of smoke ascending from the direction of her home. She hurried up the hill, but was too late to save anything. One of the soldiers had set the fire with his pipe! Neighbors helped rebuild the house, but Mrs. Patch's indignation was not soon cooled. One day again, in the absence of Mr. Patch, when she and the children were at dinner, an old soldier walked in, and without ceremony began helping himself to food. Soon he became impudent and then threatening, but Mrs. Patch was resourceful. Drawing herself up firmly, she said to her little boy: "Go to the barn and tell your father to come in instantly; I'll see if I am to be abused in my own house." The boy started on his errand, and the soldier departed as unceremoniously as he had come.

The Tories of New Hampshire were shown little sympathy by their neighbors. In families which were divided in loyalty to "King or Country" the disputes waxed bitter, and patriotism was often stronger than family affection. The loyalty of Prudence Cummings Wright, a sister of the noted Hollis tories, Samuel and Thomas Cummings, was proved by her capture of the tory Leonard Whiting, also of Hollis. Prudence Cummings was born in Hollis, but had married David Wright of Pepperell in 1761, and lived just across the line in Massachusetts. After the news from Lexington, when the men had marched away under Colonel Prescott, the rumor of approaching Regulars caused a band of women from Pepperell and Holl s, clothed in the apparel of their absent husbands, and bearing such weapons as they could find, to collect at Jewett's Bridge over the Nashua River, to dispute its passage by any foe. Prudence Cummings Wright was their commander, and when Leonard Whiting approached on horseback, she caused him to be seized and searched, and after dispatches were found in his boots, he was taken to Groton jail. It is said that Thomas Cummings accompanied Leonard Whiting and the two heard the women talking as they approached the bridge. Thomas, recognizing his sister Prudence's voice, and knowing her fearless, determined spirit, turned back; Captain Whiting, being a military man, was not much impressed, so rode forward and was captured.

In mentioning the Tories of New Hampshire, I must tell the dreadful story of one woman living in the southern part of the state. In his centennial address delivered in Hollis in 1830, the Reverend Grant Powers said: "In the year 1779 the small-pox broke out in the town, supposed to have been communicated by the Enemy of our Country, and two houses were improvised as hospitals." Tradition says the disease was spread by a woman named Simons, living on the edge of Nashua. She obtained the coat of a soldier who had died from small-pox; kept it wrapped in a blanket for several days; and then, putting on the blanket, visited house after house, ostensibly on some petty errand. She accomplished her purpose; there were at one time in one of the pest houses one hundred patients. Five persons died from the disease, and three from inoculation. The woman herself fell a victim of the scourge, and her husband was sentenced by his angry neighbors to a life quarantine upon his farm. When he died they buried him face downward, on his own hill-side, with feet pointing up hill in sign

of disgrace, as if to say: Thus perish all traitors."

A pleasanter story connected with the dread disease which wrought such havoc in the army, is an account of the small-pox parties in Portsmouth. It was just before the introduction of the modern vaccination for kine-pox, and "all who wished to be secure from taking small-pox in the natural way were vaccinated for it, and withdrawn three or four weeks from intercourse with the world." Ladies invited several friends to come to "take small-pox" at their homes, and as they were not much more ill than from modern vaccination, they spent their quarantine pleasantly enough. Parties of the wealthier folks went to Shapley's Island, which was used as a "Pest Island" for many years, and spent a month there as gayly as at a fashionable watering place.

Some one has said that the only battle of the Revolution fought in New Hampshire was in Wilton. The report was spread in that town that a family on Cram Hill was harboring a deserter, and the Committee of Safety was sent to investigate. The five men decided to send one of their number, a peace-loving individual, ahead in order that the family might not be unnecessarily alarmed. If he found the deserter he was to stay and engage him in conversation. When he did not return, his companions advanced, and arrested the supposed deserter. He proved to be a stout fellow who resisted strenuously, and was actively assisted by the women of the household. The daughter, who had fallen in love with him, hung to his coat tails, while her mother, catching up the fire shovel, was about to throw coals of fire on the committee, but was with difficulty restrained by the peace-loving neighbor who begged her "not to do anything rash." So she contented herself with pulling a souvenir of hair from the head of one of the men. When the committee finally arrested their man and marched from the house, they gave evidence of a hard-fought battle, for one had his cue half torn from his head, one had rents in his garments, and one had lost the cape of his great coat.

The life of Rebecca Haseltine, wife of Captain Peter Coffin of Boscawen, so well illustrates the energy and resourcefulness of many of the Revolutionary wives where names are now forgotten.

Mrs. Coffin was a woman of firm convictions and intensely patriotic, so when the duty was laid upon tea, she put away the few ounces in her caddy, and would not have any of it used until the act was repealed. At the time when the men were hurrying away to Ticonderoga, in July, 1777, Mrs. Coffin heard that two soldiers who had been ordered to march the next morning, had no shirts. She had a web partially woven in her loom. Seizing her shears, she cut away what she had woven, and sitting up all night, cut and made the two shirts, ready for the men in the morning. Ten days later, she gave birth to her fifth child, Thomas; and in a month, at the news of Bennington, her husband who had been out in the previous campaign, started once more, leaving to her the care of the farm. The wheat was dead ripe, and the birds were devouring it, but how was it to be harvested? Nearly every able-bodied man in town had hastened to Vermont to drive back the enemy.

Then Mrs. Coffin remembered that Mr. Enoch Little had older boys. So leaving her four oldest children under the care of a boy of seven, she took her infant in her arms, mounted her horse, and proceeded toward the cabin of Mr. Little. Three sons were away in the army, and there was left at home only Enoch, a lad of fourteen.

"He can go," said Mrs. Little, "but he has no clothes." Mrs. Coffin looked at Enoch, clad in worn tow-and-linsey trousers and ragged shirt, and did not hesitate.

"I can provide him with a coat," she said. Taking a meal-bag, she cut in it three holes, one for his head, and two for his arms, and in the latter she sewed for sleeves, the legs of two of her own long stockings! Then she went out into the field, and laying her infant under a tree, bound the sheaves; and thus the grain was harvested.